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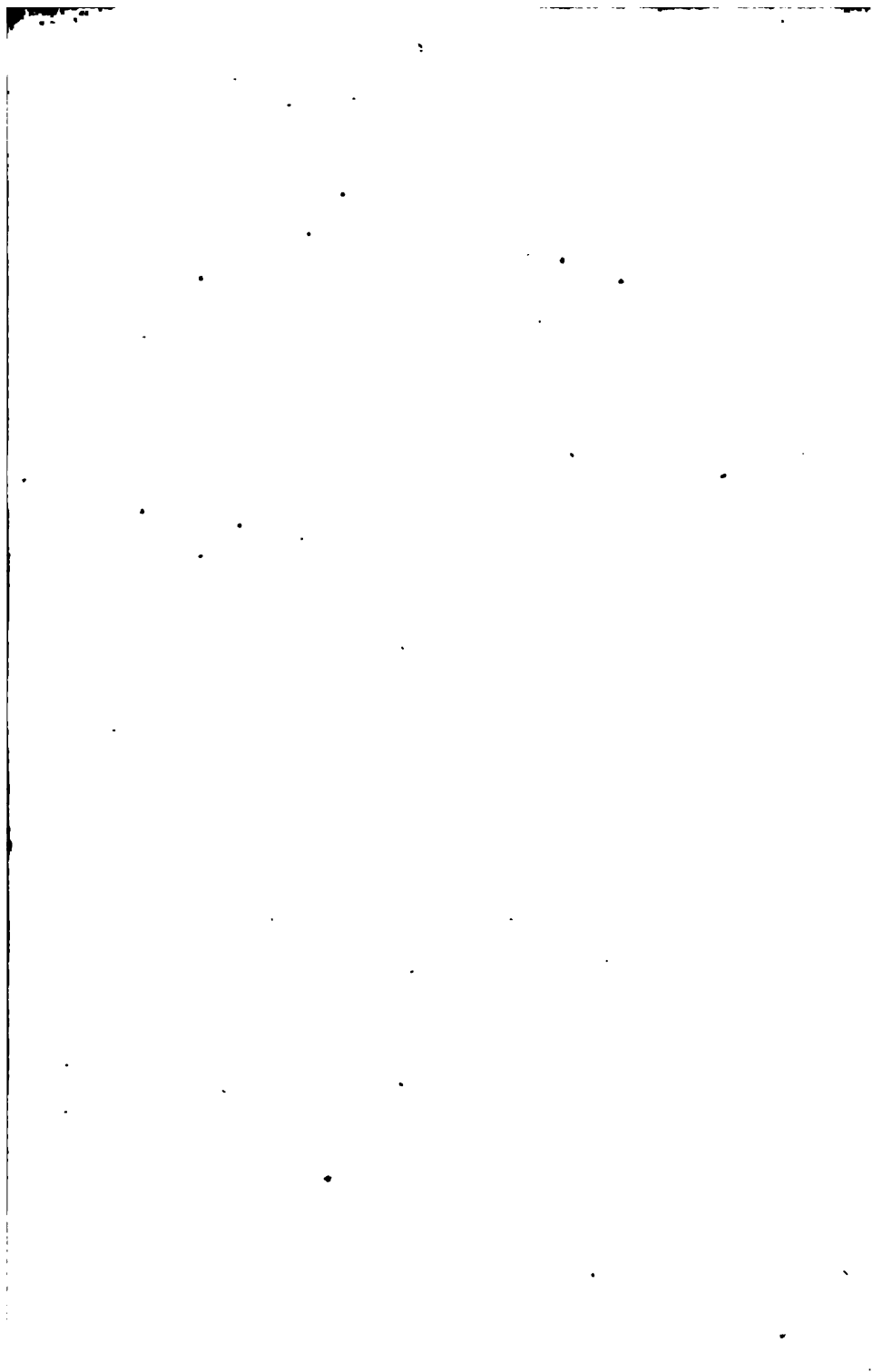
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THE
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INDEX TO VOL. II.

- ADDRESS, 1.
A Chapter on Poetry and Poets, 606.
Advice, 137.
A Stroll in and about Oxford, 425.
A Serenade, 25.
Atys, 557.
Autobiography of a Reporter, 321.
Cartouche (a Tale), 616.
Catullus and his Songs, 77—113.
Clouds of Aristophanes, a Scene from, 162.
Ebenezer Elliott, 228.
Entomology, 233.
Epigram, 240.
Errors of the Press, 258.
Examination Papers—Classical Tripos, 109, 514.
 Senate-House, 191, 395.
Extracts from the Memoirs of Satan, 595.
German Anthology, Specimens from, 135, 332, 445, 584.
Homeric Hymn to Bacchus, 362.
Ishmael, 568.
Latin Elegiacs, 56.
Latin Verses, Haymaking, 255.
Literature and Imagination, 58.
Living Dramatists of England, 33, 266, 374, 485.
Lucian, Dialogues from, 290.
Meletemata Paideutica, 3.
Miscellanea Æsthetica, 178.
My Soul was dark and desolate, 484.
Original Poetry, 603.
Our Green Bag, 209, 569.
Pencillings of Undergraduates, 26.
Plato and Mr. Sewell, 448.
Poland, 11, 122.
Porson and other University Prize Poems, 307, 657.
Prince Seraphim ; or, The Fallen Angel, 68.

INDEX.

Queen Melior, 219, 334, 462.

Reviews—Peacock on University Reform, 89, 138.—Faber's Poems, 98.
—Church Principles, 342.—Latin Poems of Walter Mapes, 497.—
Tennyson's Poems, 629.

Schiller, a Scene from, 352.

The Emperor's Funeral, 10.

The Later Latin Poets, 559.

The Martyr's Grave, 232

The New Name, 364.

The Poets of England who have died young, 5, 470.

The Recent Histories of Rome, 533.

The Samphire-Gatherer, 241.

The Sonnet-Writers of England, 236.

The Spectre Ship, 590.

Trip to Tintagel, 365.

University Intelligence, 103, 180, 292, 386, 504, 640.

Vision of the Heroes of Poland, 502.

Wine, 160.

Withered Leaves, 483.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS.

IN commencing a second volume of the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, it is not only our bounden duty, but at the same time our earnest wish, to tender to all our friends and supporters, whether in the character and capacity of subscribers, constant readers, contributors, reviewers, or well-wishers, our most sincere and hearty thanks. We think, too, that we may now, without incurring the charge of either unwarrantable arrogance or too sanguine anticipation of future prosperity, safely add our congratulations to them all, individually and collectively, upon the enviable position in which their much-valued exertions have, in so short a time, succeeded in placing our periodical. We feel a pride and a pleasure, in having reared, as we trust, to a healthy and vigorous maturity, unblighted by the blasts of malevolence, unscathed by the attacks of enemies, and unchilled by the cold and discouraging presages of despairing friends, our first and dearest literary progeny, which we had long fondly hoped, but till now scarcely dared to expect, would one day become a general favourite in an extensive circle of admiring patrons and kind acquaintances. At first indeed, we are bound to avow, the dreadful mortality which had invariably hurried to an early grave the sickly offspring of less fortunate parents, afforded us grounds for just and painful apprehensions. We had witnessed every one of our infantine predecessors (peace be with 'em, poor little innocents!) follow each other in rapid succession, and sometimes almost before they had seen the light of day, to their long home, unfriended, unpitied, and we must certainly add—for truth compels us to reveal the humiliating fact—*unknown*. We do not attempt to disguise,—nay, we avow, without the least reluctance,—that symptoms of a weakly and unsound constitution did unquestionably begin to develop themselves very early in the life of our own little favourite: But they were checked in their progress by care, attention, perseverance, and zeal. Our paternal solicitude was awakened, but our hopes never deserted us; and we were soon cheered by perceiving every unfavourable appearance rapidly give place to a firm and healthy tone, and a vigorous and regular CIRCULATION. And

that unremitting attention and progressive excellence may ensure increasing patronage, we now venture confidently to anticipate.

To our enemies—for that we had at first to contend against much uncalled-for and unkind opposition, we are compelled to avow with regret—we bear no malice whatever, and only hope that they will confess and amend their errors by becoming immediate subscribers. Such is the severest penance we wish to impose upon them. But we would at the same time suggest to them, not in anger, but with the gentle tone of kindly expostulation, that those who cannot write, can very easily abuse; that, if a periodical be bad, to withhold and discourage contributions is certainly the last way in the world to make it better; that to attack and overthrow a lone and friendless struggler into existence is a very easy, and therefore a very trifling achievement; and that, lastly, what they do not like, they are not solicited either to purchase or to read.

To our funny friends of the *Anti-Symposium*, we tender our sincere thanks for the substantial service they rendered us in procuring us greater notice and more extended circulation in the earlier stage of our career. We beg, however, to suggest, that if No. II. of that extremely talented publication be much longer in making its appearance, the contributors to, as well as readers of it, will probably soon begin to repent of ever having concerned themselves about it.

And now, when we have experienced generally the kindest reception within as well as without the University,—when we have met with favourable notices from many reviews of the highest literary character,—when, in short, we begin to feel ourselves placed in a new and perhaps still more difficult situation, in which increased reputation has entailed upon us additional responsibility, and demanded still greater exertions on our part,—we call upon all our literary friends to sustain the character they have themselves earned for our Magazine, and assure them of the deep sense of gratitude we have ever entertained for their kindness, their promptitude, and their assiduity. We desire not to confine ourselves to literature of any one particular or exclusive kind: we would have, as hitherto, the serious combined with the comic, the grave and learned with the light and playful, the original with the imitative, the ludicrous with the sublime. We would relieve and contrast truth with fiction, poetry with prose, strict philosophy with graceful narrative. But, if we should be deemed henceforth to assume higher ground, and thereby unfortunately lose the favour of some who look solely for articles of a lighter character and less sterling worth than our periodical be now found to contain; we must beg them to consider, that the title we have ventured to assume, justifies—nay, demands, that decent gravity should supersede mere empty frivolity; and that, if not equally amused, they will certainly be more profited by the altered style and higher pretensions of the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

MELETEMATA PAIDEUTICA.

AN essayist that, at the present time, and after the scanty attention that has hitherto been bestowed upon the subject of education, should lay down any *general* assertion as to the comparative importance of any particular line of study, irrespective of other considerations, would justly be suspected of hasty assertion and incomplete induction.

The same charge might be laid against the unqualified advocate of any particular method of tuition ; and against the partizan of any particular intellectual faculty.

The province of education has yet to be satisfactorily defined.

The meaning of the word has yet to be clearly expressed.

The *aim* of education has yet to be universally agreed to.

Does education prepare the boy for the youth, the youth for the man, or the man for a higher state ? Is it to extend over our childhood, our boyhood, our adolescence, or our life ? These are questions to which the schoolmaster, the philosopher, and the sceptic each give different answers.

Again ; is it intended to give us absolute information respecting truths, events, and phenomena ; or merely to train our faculties, so that we may collect such information for ourselves ?

And, beyond all this, what is the true value of intellectual power and acquired knowledge ?

How far in points of education is the intervention of a second person (the teacher) essential ? The answer to this depends upon the view we take of the end and aim of education. This again determines the duration of our educational discipline, and by the length of its duration, we, in a certain degree, determine its nature.

The intervention of a second person gives the idea of tuition. Tuition is, or is not, co-extensive with education, according to the end and aim of the latter, and according to the extent of its duration ; since no man is under tuition to the end of his natural life.

The following observations will lay down distinctions, fix terms, and indicate trains of reasoning ; but they will not be exhaustive in their extent, nor yet systematic in their form. They will be discursive, suggestive, and critical.

A distinction must be drawn between our *special* studies and our *disciplinary* studies.

The study of law to a lawyer, of medicine to a physician, of geology to a geologist, is in each case a special study ; that is, one to which, for its own sake, they apply their intellectual powers. Here they study for the sake of acquiring knowledge, irre-

spective of the general improvement of their mental faculties. They labour for an *acquisition*.

With the *disciplinary* studies it is otherwise. We learn by heart, or master Euclid; less however (especially in our early years) for the sake of acquiring knowledge, than of exercising a habit, of acquiring a power, of developing a faculty. The *disciplinary* studies take their value from their effect upon the mind, and from their tendency towards adapting it for the pursuit of *special* knowledge.

The remarks above do not involve the assertion, that either the special or disciplinary studies are special or disciplinary *without admixture*. A special study may (to a certain degree) have a disciplinary effect, and *vice versa*.

In point of time, the disciplinary studies take precedence of the special ones.

They are less generally necessary. Nature may so favour individuals, as to make them independent of them. Our natural powers may enable us to remember, to reason, to practice: our natural powers will not teach us Law, Greek, or Mineralogy.

The *quantity* of special study depends upon the extent of the field of the subject-matter. It is wider in the study of the complete classics, than in that of Latin or Greek alone.

It is also (since knowledge accumulates) greater in an advanced stage of the world, than it is in an early one.

The *quantity* of disciplinary study depends upon the extent and nature of our faculties. The natural mathematical powers of a Newton require less educational development than those of a Shakspeare: the natural æsthetic powers of a Shakspeare require less educational development than those of a Newton.

The choice of our special studies depends upon our internal predilections, and upon external circumstances.

These two may be at variance, and when they are so, they complicate our views of education.

In respect to the nature of our disciplinary studies, the following questions (among many others) have not been sufficiently discussed; it has not even been determined how far they are capable of being solved.

1. Which of the mental faculties are, *cæteris paribus*, best worth developing. What, for instance, are the respective values of memory, classification, invention, judgment, &c. &c.?

2. The degree to which a variety of faculties may co-exist in one and the same mind; in other words, how far certain powers are incompatible, *e. g.* poetic fancy, and philosophical scepticism?

3. What relation the development of a given faculty bears to a given period of our life; *e. g.* how far youth is a period when our memory is at its best?

4. The comparative activity of the mind under circumstances where knowledge is pursued with difficulty, and under circumstances where it is acquired with ease.

From this last question important considerations arise.

What we learn from the instruction of a second person (or under other advantages), we learn most rapidly.

What we learn with efforts of our own (i. e. a greater degree of self-education), we make most thoroughly our own.

The one method is best in our special, the other in our disciplinary knowledge.

Here then is a conflict of two difficulties. It will depend upon the *efforts* made, whether, after a long course of study, we go forth with great acquirements and deficient power, or great power and deficient acquirements.

To have gained self-reliance, we must have overcome difficulties.

To have attained acquirements, we must have enjoyed facilities.

In listening to lectures the mind is comparatively passive ; it is at any rate recipient rather than inquisitive : by listening to lectures, however, we may enlarge our acquirements to an indefinite extent.

In collecting knowledge for ourselves the mind is active ; whilst its power (within certain limits) increases with its activity. This, however, is not the way to attain great acquirements.

In the first case we are taught on the *professorial* system ; in the second there is self-education. The *tutorial* system is intermediate.

To discuss the merits of these systems irrespective of the nature of the subject taught, the age of the learner, and a long list of *etceteras*, is to deal with a general question, where we ought to consider it in its special circumstances.

The independence of our mind is in the reverse proportion to the influence of our teacher.

The extent of our acquirements is in proportion to the degree wherein one man's knowledge is infused into the mind of another.

The effect of education in furnishing the mind with acquired knowledge is the *objective* operation of education.

The effect of education in improving the powers of the mind is its *subjective* operation.

The disciplinary studies have a subjective operation.

Which is of the greatest value,—power, or acquired knowledge ? The answer depends upon the special circumstances of the case.

Numerous as are the points that constitute the value of acquired knowledge, they are reducible to one or the other of the two following classes.

1st. The pleasure (whether direct or indirect) that it confers upon the individual possessing it.

2nd. The good (moral or physical) that it confers upon the human race in general.

In reference to the first class, the words *direct* and *indirect* have a meaning. The pleasure that the antiquarian, for instance, derives from his peculiar study (no matter in what it consists) is

a direct pleasure, irrespective (though not necessarily so) of any external advantages (such as wealth, caste, fame, &c.) that it procures him.

The pleasure the successful lawyer feels in counting his fees, or in pressing the woolsack, (whether arising from the gratification of his avarice or his ambition,) is an indirect one, irrespective (though not necessarily so) of the pleasure that arises either from the pursuit of learning, or the proud consciousness of its possession.

In respect to the second class, the division into moral and physical has a meaning also. An error may arise from ignorance, and be dispelled by knowledge. A new phenomenon may be discovered in the external world, and this may, by being applied to the useful arts, enhance our physical enjoyments.

We possess the best kind of knowledge when we know the subject-matter of our special study in its details, and all other subjects *in their generalities*.

Between a knowledge of things in their generalities, and general knowledge, there is a difference with which it is well to be familiar.

A knowledge of all subjects in their generalities may be extended over the whole range of human learning, over physical and speculative science, over history, art, and literature.

To know a thing *in its generalities*, is *better* than to have a general knowledge. To have a general knowledge (the word being used in its current sense) is to have the knowledge of many facts (often isolated facts) relating to many (often unconnected) subjects.

Men are often praised for possessing general knowledge, and from this mischief comes; since they are thereby made ambitious of having the credit of it.

Knowledge of this kind is a knowledge of facts; and knowledge of a small (comparatively speaking) number of facts differs from the knowledge of multiplicity of facts in degree only. In other words, it is a knowledge of detail (or *minutiæ*) as far as it goes.

The knowledge of a subject in its generalities consists chiefly of two elements.

First, (and most especially) in a comprehension of the *lines of reasoning* by which its facts (and consequent upon these its higher generalizations and laws) are arrived at.

Secondly, in a comprehension of the importance of a given subject, and a clear view of its relations with other subjects, and above all a due appreciation of its bearing upon other branches of knowledge.

To tell uneducated persons of the grandest phenomena in astronomy, is to excite their admiration only. They hear a fact, and wonder at it. Ignorant of the evidence upon which it rests, and (further still) incapable of conceiving that such evidence can exist, they deal with the thing as a mystery, taking it upon

faith only. The same persons, however, may know, in respect to the heavenly bodies, all about their distances, and all about their dimensions.

General knowledge is a knowledge of facts, the *memory* being the faculty most employed, and (as being so employed) most developed.

A knowledge of things in their generalities, is a knowledge of trains of reasoning, the *understanding* being the faculty most employed, and (as being so employed) most developed.

The moral element of our nature is more especially influenced by the intellectual in one of the three following ways.

I. The will, through the operation of consistent principles formed upon firm conviction, is strengthened.

II. The charities, in the way of the toleration of dissentient opinions, through the operation of the knowledge of human fallibility, are enlarged.

III. The sympathies with the intellectual employments of great men (no matter in what department), a truly *moral* element of our nature, are extended.

Now it is the knowledge of trains of reasoning, rather than the knowledge of detailed facts, that strengthens the will, enlarges the charities, and extends our intellectual sympathies.

The effect of education in (directly or indirectly) increasing the comforts (moral or physical) of life, is its *utilitarian* effect.

The effect of knowledge in ennobling man *as man* (irrespective of either self-seeking or world-seeking views), and as serving to approximate his nature to that of beings superior to itself, is its *psychological* effect.

Given two departments (either in science, literature, or art,) in one whereof we shall know many facts, while we are uninformed as to the evidence upon which they rest, and the points to which they are applicable; and another, whereof we shall only know the bearings, and the trains of argument, without any acquaintance with the details: it shall be the latter that interests us most. Of this we may convince ourselves by either attending to our own minds or to those of our neighbours.

The knowledge then of things in their generalities (the word being used technically in the sense given above) is, in and of itself, best worth having. It is also (in a given degree) the most attainable.

It was necessary to qualify the assertion above by the words in the parenthesis. It is only in a *given degree* that the knowledge in point is most attainable. To know facts sufficient to pass with the mass of men as a person of varied acquirements, is easier than to train the mind to an average comprehension of unfamiliar lines of reasoning. It is in this degree that the knowledge of a given quantity of detail is the most attainable. The

value thereof is, however, in the reverse proportion to its attainability.

The contrary takes place when the knowledge aimed at is in a *high degree*. To appreciate any discovery in any department, not only in its absolute magnitude, but in its bearings also; to sympathize with pursuits immeasurably disconnected with our own; to understand (if not to fathom) the true powers and the nature of great intellects,—all this, the privilege of few, is still by persevering labour attainable. To know detail *proportionately* is not so.

In all this there is no undue disparagement of the knowledge of detail. The accumulation of facts has its value in its proper place, viz. the consideration of the special part of our education: and that this special part of education be either overlooked or undervalued, there is little fear. Wherever there is a professional education, there there is a special one also. Wherever there is a decided bias of the mind, there also is there a tendency to one. Ninety-nine hundredths of the common acts of life are performed on the strength of our special education. Surely it is safe to assert (even at the expence of a repetition) that the importance of a special education is not likely to be undervalued.

Of the faculties of the mind most strengthened by a disciplinal education are,—1, The understanding; 2. The power of classification; 3, The faculty of taste.

Of the faculties of the mind most strengthened by a special education are,—1st, Memory (the power of classification, when strengthened, being strengthened as subordinate to memory);—2nd. The power of habit.

For the *exclusive* development of either of these classes of mental power, we pay as prices—

For the first, a tendency towards transcendental modes of thought;

For the second, a tendency towards exclusive and contracted views.

Irrespective of its value as a part of special education, a knowledge of detail is (in and of itself) of value. It gives to minds naturally theoretical a practical cast. It serves as a ballast.

How far are particular times of life particularly adapted to particular points of disciplinal education?

The power of habit may be cultivated earlier than the power of reasoning.

The same may be said of the power of memory.

The power of classification is of most value when the power of memory declines.

The æsthetical power is (in a degree) a power of habit.

The study of the classics develops (*pari passu*) our power of memory, and our habits of æsthetics.

The study of mathematics develops our powers of reasoning.

For the development of our powers of classification we recognize no disciplinary subject-matter.

Nor have we any for the development of our powers of distinction.

For the development of our senses we have no disciplinary subject-matter.

The value of such a development is felt in medicine, mineralogy, and the arts of design.

To determine how a given subject (or power) can be attained with the least cost of labour or time, is to determine a point of educational economy.

A habit is best formed by beginning early in life: a foreign language is best learnt in the country where it is spoken.

The first of these assertions involves a point of educational economy in the way of *time*: the latter a point of educational economy in the way of *place*.

The propriety of teaching foreign languages in English schools is to be viewed in the latter aspect, and with the special conditions of age and external circumstances.

To determine what subjects can best be studied together, is a point also of educational economy—a point of educational economy in the way of arrangement.

Subjects *allied* to each other are in some cases best studied together.

In other cases subjects *contrasted* to each other are best studied together. The propriety of combining studies is to be decided chiefly by the intellectual character of the student.

Indefinite competition develops indefinite excellence.

Intellectual labour is followed (in a degree) by intellectual weariness.

This is more or less permanent.

A permanent state of intellectual weariness is a reaction.

The price that we pay for the indefinite excellence arising from indefinite competition is the tendency to reaction.

The principle that (irrespective of the dangers of reaction) encourages indefinite competition, is the *maximum* principle. The opposite is the *medium* principle.

The comparative merits of the two have not hitherto been accurately calculated.

The points in education of the most practical importance seem to consist in the consideration of (a) the disciplinary studies; (b) the comparative merits of professorial and tutorial instruction; and (c) the advantages and disadvantages of the *maximum* and *medium* principles.

THE EMPEROR'S FUNERAL.

DECEMBER xvth 1840.

"Lorsque le char funebre passa sous l'Arc de Triomphe, ce fut un moment solennel; il s'arrêta un instant sous ce monument glorieux, il reprit sa marche vers les Invalides."—*Le Moniteur Parisien, Mercredi, 16, Dec. 1840.*

HARK! cannons roar, and trumpets wail, and roll the distant drums!
Now, Paris! pour thy thousands forth,—thine exiled Emperor comes:
Wafting no glory on their wings, his eagles now advance,—
His last ambition but a grave! a grave in his fair France.
Long legions head the funeral host, th' imperial bier beside,
Old soldiers march with moistened eyes, and grey-haired marshals ride;
Slow streaming thro' the multitude, the mourning columns show,
Unblent, as where thro' Leman's lake, the Rhone's blue waters flow.

Dim is December's cloudy noon, like pilgrim's amice, grey;
In sunshine glance nor helm nor lance, of all that long array,
'Till, as beneath yon stately arch, his own proud arch of fame,
Trophied with many an emblem fair, with many a valiant name,
A moment halts th' imperial dead, inhearsed in golden car,
(Cannon and clarion pouring their stern music free and far)—
Shines out a sun of Austerlitz, so famed in martial story,
To brighten with his splendid smile, Napoleon's latest glory.

Chief of the lion's iron heart,—the eagle's arrowy eye!
Whose voice could quell thy fiery France, when most her rage was high;
Whose sword—sole slender heritage!—like magic wand could bring
Around the throne itself had brought, full many a satrap-king;
Matchless in arms, in council grave, unmatched—in all sublime,
Sublime in thought and noble deed, sublimely dark in crime;
In thy loved capital once more, thy spirit flings its spell
O'er countless thousands breathing here a long and loud farewell.

Of all this wide and voiceful sea of life from every land,
Is scarce a son of thy fair France, or guest from British strand,
Exile from pleasant Italy, or old poetic Spain,
Daughter of all the fair-haired North, from Moscow to Almayne;
Stranger from golden Tagus' tide, or balmy southern isle,
Fierce Cossack from the Euxine shore, or Mameluke from the Nile,—
That hath no drop of kindred blood engulphed in that red tide
That flowed to swell thy victories, or tame thy soaring pride!

Soldier! thy wild ambition came to Europe's farthest home,
Filling the peasant-cot with woe, with fear the royal dome;
Like wild tornado fiercely came—fell powers and princedom then
So swiftly past, then all arose in order old again:
The Bourbon hath his kingdoms three; black Austria's eagle proud
Shadows the blue Italian sky with wings like thunder-cloud;
Nassau, Braganza—Frederick's line—each hath his ancient throne,
What regal name hath past away—what sceptred hand? Thine own!

Peace to thine ashes, Fallen One! thy rest be long and deep,
Where o'er and round thee banners wave, and ancient soldiers sleep;
For aye, thy name shall many a tongue in many a mood recall
To triumph o'er the tyrant's doom, to mourn the hero's fall:
Enthroned in history's storied fame, shall justice sternly frown,
And tell of Condé's murdered heir, of Moscow's blazing town,
Of treason foul to noble Spain, of Prussia's long-wept Queen,—
While some fond hearts can all forgive, and sigh for St. Helene!

S. K.

POLAND.—No. II.

We design in our second notice of the History of Poland to indicate the avowed object of the enactments of the Treaty of Vienna, to illustrate the spirit of those enactments, and to show, by a comparison of the provisions of the Charter of 1815 with the subsequent acts issued by the emperors and their satraps, and the general line of policy pursued by them, how that treaty has been violated, in defiance of every principle of justice, and in the very face of the solemn assurances which were given, and the awful oath which was taken, by the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas; by the former shortly after the publication of the treaty, and by the latter on his accession to the throne.

The real object of the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna (as regards Poland) was to give to the Poles an actual political existence, instead of a perfect national independence. Europe had been so long and so fearfully convulsed with war, that, in its anxiety for peace, it forgot to be just—Alexander was hailed the liberator of the nations, and in the universal desire for repose, the enormity of his demands was overlooked—the treaty was ratified—peace was obtained, and Poland was the purchase-money. The Polish nation had no voice in the matter—Europe constituted herself the sole judge, and deemed it sufficient to make known to the victims of her unrighteous sentence the decrees which she had passed. The order accordingly was conveyed to the inhabitants of the Duchy of Warsaw, now become a kingdom of Poland, to take the oath of allegiance to the new king. The resources of the country were exhausted. The Poles had not a shadow of hope. They considered the treaty, which was imposed upon them, as an effort on the part of Europe towards a system retributive of the injustice of the Three Partitions, and as such they received it. The Charter was published on the 27th of November of the same year. The Poles pledged themselves to be faithful to the king and to the Charter. Alexander pledged himself to maintain the Charter, adopting it for himself and his successors. Thus, whatever might be the inherent defects in this instrument by which Poland was disposed of, it is evident that the oath of the Poles on the one hand, and the pledge of Alexander on the other, rendered the observance of the constitution reciprocally obligatory. We will now proceed to illustrate the meaning and tenor of this Charter. The following is a literal copy of the first article of the general act in the Treaty of Vienna:—

“The Duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of the provinces and districts which have been otherwise disposed of, in the following Articles is reunited to the empire of Russia. It shall be irrevocably bound to it by its *Constitution*, and be possessed by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, his heirs and successors in perpetuity. His Imperial Majesty reserves to himself to give to this *State*, enjoying a distinct administration, the territorial extension which he shall deem fit; he will take with his other titles, that of Czar King of Poland, according to the customary formula used for his other possessions.

“The Polish subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall obtain a re-

presentation and national institutions, regulated according to the mode of political existence which each of the governments to which they belong shall judge useful and fitting to grant them."

It is to be observed, that Poland is here represented as consisting of two distinct divisions. First, we have the Duchy of Warsaw erected into a new kingdom, and bound to Russia by its constitution—mark the words, by its *constitution*; and, secondly, we have the Polish subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, guaranteed a *representation and national institutions*. It is necessary to indicate of what these two divisions consist. The Duchy of Warsaw is composed of Warsaw, Kalish, Plock, Lomza, Cracow, Sandomir, Lublin, Siedlce, Posen, and Bromberg,—in all ten departments, of which the two last mentioned are excepted by the first paragraph, having been ceded to Russia, as is also Cracow, with its territory, which had been erected into an independent state. The Poles referred to in the second paragraph are the inhabitants of the Polish provinces, subject to the Three Powers, with the exception of the inhabitants of the Duchy of Warsaw, which by the treaty is constituted an independent state. The Polish provinces under the dominion of Russia are nine—namely, Wilna, Grodno, Witepsk, Mohilow, Minak, Volhynia, Podolia, Kiow and Bialystok. Subject to Prussia are the two ancient provinces, Western Prussia and the Nets district, and the recent acquisitions of Posen and Bromberg; and subject to Austria is Galicia. With regard to Prussian, Poland and Galicia, it is sufficient to observe that the Duchy of Posen *enjoys the right of making known her grievances* by means of provincial assemblies, and that a mockery of a Diet is established in Galicia, and graciously convened whenever it is agreeable to the will of the Sovereign that it should receive his orders. Our business now is with Russian Poland and its magnanimous possessors.

We have seen that the sovereignty of Poland was granted to the Russian emperor by the Congress of Vienna solely on *this* condition, that the new kingdom thereof form a separate state, and be united to Poland only by its constitution. The Emperor of Russia possessed no authority to destroy this constitution: He had no right to withhold the advantages guaranteed by the Charter from the provinces under his dominion. The execution of the Charter was confided in him by the Congress of Vienna. He was pledged to its maintenance by solemn assurances and by a formal oath. We will proceed to prove this. On the 27th of March, 1818, the Emperor Alexander convoked the first Diet; the express object of which was to show that the restoration of the kingdom was guaranteed by the avowal of Alexander himself, by the Treaty of Vienna and the Charter. On this occasion the Emperor employed these memorable words:—

"Your restoration is decreed by solemn treaties; it is sanctioned by the Constitutional Charter. The inviolability of these exterior engagements, and of this fundamental law, secures henceforth to Poland an honorable rank among the nations of Europe—a privilege the more precious, as she has long sought it in vain in the midst of the most severe trials."

Further than this, in the conclusion of the Charter it is expressly declared that the constitution is obligatory not only upon Alexander, but upon his successors, and, accordingly, in consonance with this de-

claration, we find the following document subscribed by the Emperor:—

“ Believing in our conscience that the present Constitutional Charter will answer our paternal purpose, which is to maintain amongst all classes of our kingdom of Poland, peace, union, and concord, that are so necessary to their well-being, and to secure the felicity which it is our desire to procure for them ; we have given, and do hereby give, this Constitutional Charter, which we adopt for ourselves and our successors, especially enjoining all public authorities to concur in its observance.

“ Given at our Royal Palace at Warsaw,

“ 15-27th November, 1815.”

The whole of what has been said establishes these three facts—

1st. That the Duchy of Warsaw was given to the Emperor Alexander on the condition that a constitution should be granted to it, and that the Polish subjects of Russia should obtain national institutions and a representation.

2nd. That this constitution was thus given, and that the Poles were summoned to take the oath of allegiance to the king, and of fidelity to the constitution.

3rd. That the Emperor Alexander accepted the constitution both for himself and his heirs, and entered into engagements to preserve it inviolate.

We shall now attempt to show that his promise has never been observed—that the provisions of the Charter have been most shamefully disregarded—and that the intentions of the Congress of Vienna have been completely frustrated by the policy of the Russian Autocrat. We shall dwell largely on the infractions of the Charter by the Emperor Nicholas, but shall content ourselves with a brief and simple enumeration of the principal instances in which the Emperor Alexander has failed to redeem his pledge.

The 91st Article enacts that the Diet shall deliberate upon the increase or diminution of imposts, contributions, taxes, and political expenses of all kinds ; on the best and most equitable method of distribution ; on the formation of the budget of receipts and expenditure ; and upon all subjects which may be referred to it by the Sovereign. In contravention of this article, from the year 1815 up to the present hour, no budget has ever been presented for the legislative sanction. Again, it is provided by Articles 17 to 23 inclusive, and by the 26th Article, that personal liberty and freedom of the press be inviolably upheld. In contravention of these articles, we beg to assure our readers that personal liberty and liberty of the press have not even existed in Poland. The Grand Duke Constantine (of whom we shall speak more particularly in another part of this paper) violated both according to his caprice. The 29th Article directs that all public offices, civil and military, be filled by Poles only. In contravention of this article, offices were given to Russians in Poland, and they were thrust into employment, and even into the councils of ministers : not to mention that Russians had the supreme management of the inquisitorial commissions, and were the sole directors of the iniquitous system of espionage. The 41st Article requires that the king shall nominate natives as commercial and diplomatic agents ; and there never were such agents appointed. The 81st Article prescribes that foreign affairs, in as far as they relate to the kingdom of Poland, shall be confided to the Polish

Secretary of State ; and no Secretary of State was ever allowed to transact the foreign affairs of Poland. Again, the First Article of the Treaty of Vienna provides that the Polish provinces of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall obtain a representation and national institutions : not only have they never received the advantages promised, but they were deprived of the separate legislation which they had enjoyed previously to the Treaty of Vienna. The Lithuanian code and the publicity of the courts of justice were abolished. The national language was proscribed, and the Russian introduced into all that related to government. The greatest intolerance was exercised towards the Catholic religion, and the system of public instruction was abolished. All the administrative relations between different parts of the same provinces were destroyed, and the centre of operation established at St. Petersburg. Military service alone qualified for the enjoyment of municipal rights. Thousands of persons suspected of the "crime of patriotism" were imprisoned, on the allegation of a single spy, and were sent to work on the fortresses, or condemned to the service of private soldiers in regiments at a distance from Russia, banished to Siberia, or doomed to hard labour in the mines of Iskutzk, Tobolsk, or Nercynsk. Thus, in the year 1826, more than one hundred pupils of the University of Wilna—of the Lyceum of Krzemieniec—of the schools of Kroz, of Swislocz, of Kieydany, were separated from their families, and dispersed throughout the distant provinces of the giant Empire. So severe was the military system of Russia, that the recruits, with limbs in chains and heads shorn for facility of recognition, were driven to commit suicide, or to maim themselves, in order to escape the twenty-five years of fearful service to which they were condemned. Further, the usages of the civil tribunals were prohibited in cases of political offences. Inquisitorial commissions, composed of the hired agents of government and the vilest spies, were appointed to take cognizance of all such crimes. Martial law was exercised in these provinces, by the Grand Duke, for the space of ten years ; and, to crown the hideous catalogue of enormities, the majority of the public functionaries were sent from Russia to countenance and uphold these flagrant acts of tyranny. And thus it was that the magnanimous Alexander fulfilled his solemn promises, made in the year 1818 to the members of the Diet of the kingdom of Poland, when he said, "It is my wish to extend to my other subjects a participation of the advantages which I have bestowed upon your country." We will now see whether Nicholas maintained the Charter more in accordance with the spirit of its enactments and of his own promises than his predecessor.

On the 25th of December, 1825, the present Emperor ascended the throne, and on that occasion he addressed the Diet in the following terms :—

"Poles, we have already declared that our unchangeable desire is, that our government should be but the continuation of that of the Emperor Alexander, of glorious memory ; and we consequently declare to you, that the institutions which he gave you shall remain unaltered. I, therefore, promise and *swear before God*, that I will observe the constitution, and that I will use all my efforts to maintain the due observance of it."

Now in one sense the Emperor fulfilled his engagement, for his

government has too truly been a continuation of that of Alexander, of glorious memory. But it was to maintain the declared, and not the actual government of his predecessor that he pledged himself. It was to preserve the *constitution* inviolate that was given by the Charter of 1815, and which had not been formally annulled by Alexander, that he swore before God. Well then how did he redeem his pledge, how did he keep his oath to God and the people? Why, thus:—By an ukase issued on the 26th of February, in the year 1832, and which the diademmed perjurer was pleased to call an organic statute, he totally annihilated the political independence, if so we may call it, of the kingdom of Poland. He had sworn to maintain the relations in which it was placed by the Charter of 1815, and we find him declaring that all provisions of former laws which might be deemed contrary to his ukase of 1832, were thereby abrogated. He had “sworn and promised before God, and upon the holy Gospel, that he would maintain the forty-fifth Article of the Charter, whereby it is provided that all his “successors to the throne of Poland are *constrained* to be crowned kings of Poland, in its capital;” and we find him enacting in the third Article of his organic statute, that the coronation of the emperors of all the Russias and kings of Poland shall be one and the same ceremony, and shall take place in Moscow. Articles 31, 86, 91 of the Charter provide that the Polish nation shall have for ever a representation composed of the king and the two chambers forming the Diet, which shall have the legislative power and enact laws, vote supplies, and deliberate on the formation of the budget. Article 53 of the statute creates in the place of the Diet provincial assemblies, which shall have a *consultative* voice in the examination of all matters *submitted* to them; while by Article 31 of the same document the “*annual budget of the kingdom of Poland shall be in the last report submitted to the examination and confirmation of the Russian council of state.*” In Articles 138 and 141 of the Charter, the judicial order is asserted to be constitutionally independent, and the judges not removable. The 57th Article of the statute declares that the judges nominated shall retain their functions *until they are revoked by the Emperor*. The Charter (Arts. 154, 156,) provides that there shall be a Polish army, and that it shall retain its nationality in every respect. The statute (Art. 20) enacts, that “our army in the empire and in the kingdom shall compose one common body, without distinction of Russian or Polish troops.” The Charter declares in the 159th Article, that the punishment of confiscation is abolished, *and shall not be revived in any instance*. The statute declares in the 12th Article, that the punishment of confiscation shall be enforced against state crimes of the first class, as may be hereafter determined by particular laws. The civil and military orders of Poland, viz. that of the white eagle of St. Stanislaus and the military cross shall be continued. So says the Charter. The orders of the white eagle of St. Stanislaus and the military cross shall be considered as Russian orders. So says the Emperor Nicholas. Finally, the Charter declares itself obligatory on Alexander and his successors. The statute of Nicholas, by the very circumstances of its publication, abrogates this sacred duty.

To delineate more minutely the infractions of the constitution of the Charter, would occupy more space than is consistent with the nature of

an article like the present. Enough has been said to prove the perfidy of the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas ; and to show how effectually the design of the Congress of Vienna has been frustrated by the systems of the very men to whom the execution of its purpose was confided. We will now leave the principal actors in the drama, and see how ably the inferior characters were supported by those to whom they had been assigned. Conspicuous among these was Constantine, of whom we have already spoken. He was selected by his brother Alexander, as one in every respect qualified to promote the darling object of his heart—the destruction of the nationality of Poland. A discretionary power, which the Emperor himself did not possess, was conferred upon him ; and prerogatives, which the master could not arrogate, were delegated to the servant. Violent and ferocious, cruel and despotic, full of savage instincts, and callous save to crime ; without reason or understanding, but a very Greek in cunning, Constantine was admirably fitted for the furtherance of those perfidious and tyrannical projects, the realization of which was so earnestly desired by Alexander. By him the liberty of the press was suspended ; the Muscovite censorship established ; all foreign books and journals, except such as were approved by the censors, were prohibited ; individual liberty was violated, and military law introduced. The following anecdotes will serve as illustrations of his caprice and cruelty.

An officer was one day going through his exercise before the Duke. He performed the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory manner, until he was suddenly ordered to turn his horse in full career. The animal was restive, and refused to obey either bit or bridle. The command was repeated, and again the officer endeavoured to obey ; but without success. The rage of the Duke became excessive, and vented itself in furious imprecations. "Halt !" at length he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets, with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was obeyed. The officer, who had now subdued the restiveness of his horse, was commanded to leap the pyramid. He did so in safety. Without a moment's delay the command was renewed, and again the noble horse and gallant rider stood safely on the other side. A third time the command was given. A general who was present now interceded for the officer ;—the result of his intercession was his own arrest. The command was renewed, and a third time horse and rider cleared the glittering bayonets. Rendered furious by disappointment, the Grand Duke exclaimed for the fourth time "Forward !" and a fourth time the horse leaped the pyramid, and then with his rider fell exhausted. The forelegs of the noble animal were broken, but the officer arose unhurt. With face pale as death, eyes widely glaring, and trembling knees, he advanced to the Grand Duke, laid his sword at his feet, and thanked him in a faltering voice for the honour he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service. "I take your sword," said the tyrant ; "but are you aware of what may be the consequence of this *undutiful conduct* towards me ?" The officer was sent to the guard-house. He was never again seen.

Among the prohibitions of Constantine, was the "Mazurka of Dom-browrke," a favourite song among the Poles, commencing with the words "Poland has not yet perished, still we live." Constantine was

one day traversing the streets of Warsaw, when the singing of this Mazurka attracted his attention. He ordered the vocalist to be sent to prison. The messenger whom he sent to execute his will, shortly returned to the Grand Duke, telling him it was impossible. "How," he exclaimed, "impossible! Go, and bring him before me." "But, your Highness, it is impossible;—it is a *canary*." "No matter," replied the Duke; "carry it to the first guard-house, and have its head taken off." The messenger returned. The canary was *apprehended, and actually underwent the punishment of decapitation.*

We come now to the spy system and its kindred evils, terrorism and persecution. This hateful system originated in the suspicions of Alexander, after the first violation of the Charter, about 1819, when the persecutions against different societies commenced. The irritability and agitation of his weak and ill-regulated mind rendered it necessary that he should know the extent of the dissatisfaction which prevailed. The violations of the Charter increased yearly, and consequently the number of spies increased also. Under Nicholas, the spy system reached its height. The establishment of the secret police was the work of Constantine, whose efforts were seconded by the infamous Novossilzeff, afterwards a member of the senate of St. Petersburg. Its objects were the speedy corruption of the Poles, and the rapid annihilation of the constitution. Constantine's scheme was this:—The central police, which at first comprehended only the ordinary constabulary necessary for the preservation of order and tranquillity, was at the head of the whole national police, and was directed by Count Mostowski, the minister of the interior. Constantine, who was dissatisfied with the constitutional character of the minister, demanded permission from the Emperor to separate the police from the home department, and to model it on that of Russia, where the military general governor is entrusted with it. The police was accordingly divided into two departments; there was the public police, and there was the secret. The secret police was under the particular protection of Constantine. The Grand Duke himself was the principal. Novossilzoff was his aide-de-camp. Lubowidzki, Vice-president of Warsaw, had the management of the police. Rozniecki was general of the gendarmerie; and Suminski was director of the post-office. The springs of this "infernal machine" were set in motion by the Grand Master himself, through the medium of the Russian general Kuruta, who was in fact the paymaster of the force. Such were the prime agents. Now for the inferior officials. The spies were most of them, but not all, persons of the very lowest extraction. They scrupled not to commit a robbery, if the Grand Duke found it necessary for his purpose. It is recorded of one of them, that he broke into a convent at Warsaw, with his pistol in his hand, designing to take the life of a priest, whose money had excited his cupidity. He was, however, baffled in the attempt, and in order to effect his escape, threw himself from the window to the pavement, and died of the fall. Indifferent to consequences, hardened in guilt, and certain of the protection of Constantine, the spies hesitated at no crime, and were deterred by no danger. Some of them were robbers, others highwaymen, others murderers. Some were gamblers, and some septuagenarian profligates. Amongst these last was Rozniecki, who, under pretence of directing the political ten-

dency of the drama, procured himself to be appointed a director of the theatres, in order to have a better opportunity of intriguing with the young *Danseuses*, while the public prisons were employed for the detention of the unhappy victims of the jaded sensualist. Yet this man was by two emperors rewarded with Russian and foreign orders; among which was one for his "eminent services." Even religion itself was desecrated in favour of these miscreants. One was distinguished by the fictitious name of "Jesus;" and another decorated with an order called the "Cross of Jesus Christ." The sacred Trinity was invoked to assist them in their impious purposes; the formula of the oath which they were required to take, and to which their signatures were attached, not visibly, but concealed beneath a large wafer-seal—for they dared not publish their names to the world—ending, "So help me God, one in Holy Trinity, and all the saints, to fulfil faithfully this oath." These spies all received regular pay,—some daily, others by the month, or when they brought any unusually important intelligence. Makrot alone received in five years the sum of 168,000 Polish florins.

To the support of this secret institution all the operations of the country converged, as rays to one focus. The *public police* was adapted to the purposes of the secret police, all its inspectors and overseers being, *ex officio*, engaged to promote its objects. Most of the *custom-house officers* were either spies themselves, or were in the pay of spies. There was a *bureau of passports* appointed to apprise the police of the intended departure of the persons applying for them. If the secret police or its principal made any objection, the passports were at once refused. *All strangers or lodgers* were reported by the proprietors of the houses in which they were domesticated. In *hotels and taverns* the *waiters* were spies. Then there was a *bureau of servants*, most kindly established for the speedy accommodation of families. The only suspicious point about it was, that no one was allowed to procure servants elsewhere. The consequences of the introduction into any house of a servant from the bureau, were the corruption of the servants whom he found already there, and the total destruction of all confidence and family comfort. The inmates were obliged to speak foreign languages, in order that their conversation might not be intelligible to the servants; and no ball or dinner could be given without its attracting an assemblage of mysterious and suspicious personages. By this means not a single circumstance escaped observation; and so vigilant and so numerous were the creatures of the Duke, that Constantine, when exasperated at any disorder, was accustomed to observe, "Be assured, that of three persons who meet together, one belongs to me." "And he was right," says one intimately acquainted with the workings of this system.* "He had succeeded so far in corrupting public morals, that near relations were diffident of each other, and fathers distrusted their sons. After all, he could not arrive at the omniscience he so much boasted, on account of the very corruption of the tools which he employed for its attainment. The police agents became soon well known to the public, and were avoided. The excess of their watchfulness threw a damp on the habitually free and social meetings of the people: and the consequence was, that by

* Michael Hubs.

diminishing public assemblies and public amusements, the spies were defeated in their own object. Still, Constantine's suspicious character needed food, and his thirst of vengeance, victims. In want of more precise and definite intelligence, they were obliged to observe from their lurking-places the countenances, the gestures, the composure or passion with which individuals conversed, and to attend to all external signs, which, as they knew, passed with the Grand Duke as revolutionary signs,—such as the Polish national dress, the cut of coats, the red lining of cloaks, white hats, or long hair, which were sufficient to expose those who wore them to his suspicion and violent persecution. All despots feel indignant that, masters as they are of the outward, they cannot master the inward moral world. This incapacity was most grievously felt by the despot of the Belvidere. Impotent as he was in this respect, he boasted of possessing the gift of divination; and on seeing a victim brought before his presence, he would say that he had long since seen in his eyes and features all the evil which was concealed in his bosom. This of course was a proper hint to the spies in what manner his prejudices might be best flattered. Their information, if it happened to coincide with the Grand Duke's gift of divination, was sufficient to place any one on the brink of destruction. A sign of guilt was taken for guilt itself;—the Duke was infallible. The decree existed,—it needed only a legal form. Both the means of legalizing his capricious deceptions, and corrupt judges, willing to prostitute themselves, were found out; and the consequences were imprisonment, flogging, hurling the wheelbarrows, and transportations. No distinction was then made between classes, natives, or foreigners, because Constantine knew no other distinction than that of ruler and slave. Among the papers of the Vice-president a list of persons was found, who had been arrested and brought to the Belvidere, among whom were some foreigners. In one of the schedules, the punishment they were destined by the Grand Duke to suffer was marked; but whether they suffered it, or were liberated, could not be satisfactorily ascertained. Had the papers of the Vice-president and General Rozniecki not been destroyed, we should certainly have seen many mysteries of the subterranean dungeons of the Belvidere brought to light, whence the cries of unknown suffering victims were occasionally heard ascending to the upper rooms of the palace, probably to gratify his Royal Highness. This we assert to be true, on the testimony of persons of the Grand Duke's own household, who had themselves heard their cries, and who were initiated in many other secrets of the palace. Rumours, which nobody dared to repeat loudly, were not unfrequently whispered of some person arrested and suddenly disappearing. These rumours as to the mysterious fate of such individuals, apparently gained more credit in consequence of a confession which the late executioner at Warsaw made on his death-bed in the presence of some persons, that he had been forced to perform nocturnal executions."

It is not to be wondered at, that under this execrable system of Constantine,—a system which, engendered by suspicion, and continually receiving fresh sustenance from the consciousness of ill-faith and injustice on the part of its organisers, transformed the appearance of guilt into crime itself, and created offences when it could discover none,—it

is not surprising, we repeat, that the number of prisons in Warsaw should be greatly augmented. Before the commencement of the progress of suspicion in 1818, Warsaw had never possessed more than one prison, and one bridewell. Under the regime of the Grand Duke, it had an accession of six; so that there were now eight in all. Moreover, all buildings of strong and massive construction were devoted to the holy purposes of detaining and punishing the refractory children of this royal father. Among these may be mentioned the spacious monasteries of the Carmelites and Dominicans, the nunnery of St. Martin, the barracks of the regiment of Chasseurs of Volhyma, and the house of the Commandant of the place. The choicest of the state prisoners, however, the most suspected of the offending children, were placed immediately under the eye of the gracious Czarewicz in the Bruhl Palace, and in the Belvidere, where the father's hand could deal the chastisement which the father's heart suggested, and the tender parent watch the daily improvement of each separate offender, resulting from his happily devised system of punishments, or, in extreme cases, where all hope of amendment was vain, could inflict the last penalty on the incorrigible child. O beautiful and sacred system! exquisite development and illustration of the relation subsisting between child and parent; *perfect beau-ideal* of the paternal principle so piously lauded, and so strenuously upholden by the quarterly reviewers and the Oxford scholars! In Prussia we discern traces of thy glory. In Austria it is brightly, but still imperfectly revealed: but in Poland, Russianized Poland, it bursts forth,

"Not, as in other climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

In other lands thou art worshipped but with curtailed rites, and with strinted sacrifices; but here,

"Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine."

Yes; here the paternal smile is truly winning (it is bestowed on workers of all iniquity); here the paternal frown is intensely edifying; (it is given to all those who revere religion, and love their fatherland.) Sacred and beautiful system! art thou not rightly praised?

To continue. That the feelings of the nation might be more particularly observed, all places of public resort were subjected to the most jealous and unceasing scrutiny. Theatres, promenades, taverns, and assembly rooms were regularly inspected by the spies of the police. In the state prison of the Carmelites, within its walls and gates, and at various distances throughout the street in which it was situated, were stationed different detachments of this hateful order. There was a large room in a house immediately opposite, admirably adapted for the furtherance of their projects. Accordingly, it was lined by the police, and converted into a spy observatory. Here the members of this noble fraternity were accustomed to report what they had seen or heard, or thought they had seen or heard. If a passer-by chanced to pause a moment in the street, or if he raised his eyes to the windows of the prison, he was noted down as a suspicious person, and, as such, denounced to the Grand Duke. Uladislaus IV., the elected Czar of Russia, had founded on the banks of the Vistula, a convent of Car-

medulians. It was surrounded by the tall and shadowy trees of an ancient and venerable grove. Bielany—for such was its name—was the favourite resort of the idle and pensive inhabitants of Warsaw. The poet and the philosopher, the devout and the gay, loved to meditate in its calm retreats, or to seek amusement in its less sequestered scenes. Into this Eden the serpent entered. The patriot Society of Kosyniery had been formed there. Intelligence was given to the Government. Its members were imprisoned. But the tyrants were apprehensive of evil, and spies and gendarmes were commissioned to overawe the patriot spirit of Bielang. Even the abodes of the dead were desecrated by the visitations of these perpetrators of all iniquity. The inscription which recorded the actions of the good, or commemorated the triumphs of the wise; the flowers which were strewn on the grave of the parent or child, and the verses which covered the tombstone of the friend, were equally the objects of the distrust and detestation of the tyrants; they were all defaced or removed.

The Post-office supplied a rich fund of secret intelligence. A Board was there established, called the "Perlustration Board," for the express and sole purpose of examining all letters, and making extracts from them, when it seemed advisable, before they were forwarded to their places of destination. Segtynski, a Russian colonel, was at the head of this board, and the other officials, who were considered to occupy places of the highest trust and honour, received salaries equal to those of the chief functionaries of the state. Two copies of extracts were prepared, one for the Grand Duke, and the other for the Emperor. The latter was forwarded weekly to St. Petersburg. In a similar manner were the resolutions of the Administrative Council, and the correspondence of the Ministers with the Secretary of State in the Russian capital, dispatched, and answers received, such answers at least as Constantine thought good to return, for it is to be observed that the Board of Perlustration was immediately under his controul. Hence it follows that the Emperor could know nothing but what the Grand Duke pleased to communicate to him. Among the letters which were intercepted, and laid before the Ducal spy, were those of Prince Radziwill, Counts Potocki, Branicki, and General Kniaziewicz. In the archives were found extracts of communications of M. Durand, the French Consul at Warsaw, to Prince Polignac, and letters of M. Oechsner, the Austrian Consul. Letters of a Prussian officer sent by his king to the Russian head-quarters in Turkey; letters of the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Bernstorff, and of Colonel Wachtel, as well as of many other Russian allies, were also intercepted. In fact, Constantine hesitated not to break any seal, whether private, public, or diplomatic.

On one occasion, it was reported to the Duke that a deserter had worked as a journeyman in several breweries belonging to respectable inhabitants of Warsaw. Among these were Zawadzki, and son, and Joseph Raplinski. In defiance of all the provisions of the Charter relating to the law of arrest, he condemned them first to imprisonment, and then to hard labour, as convicts, not suffering them to say one syllable in their own defence. One of these citizens, James Zawadzki, an old man of seventy years, had let out his premises on lease, and did not inhabit the house in which the deserter was said to have been

found. He averred his utter ignorance of the transaction—but in vain. “Constantine,” he exclaimed, with hands uplifted to heaven, “Constantine, I cite you before the judgment-seat of God!” The populace trembled; exasperation was at its utmost height; but an imposing array of military force suppressed all attempts at resistance.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Alexander, liberal ideas began to be disseminated even in Russia. At one period the Emperor himself pretended to be the champion of freedom, and promised to reunite all Poland under one national government, which should harmonize with the associations of the history of the past, and should accord with the exigencies of the age. The idea was eagerly seized by the Patriotic Association, which from that moment endeavoured to accelerate, by every legitimate means, a union so greatly to be desired. But no sooner was Constantine acquainted with its generous efforts than he opened his campaign of persecution against the Polish patriots, with a perseverance perfectly appalling. Omitting the observance of all the ordinary legal proceedings, he arrested more than fifty persons, and instituted a committee of inquiry under the infamous Novosilzoff. So barbarously, so iniquitously did this committee conduct its arrangements, that two young Poles, Zyc and Dzwonkowski, unable longer to endure such a scene of atrocity, deprived themselves of existence. Without the slightest pretext of any proof of a conspiracy, he summoned before courts’ martial, for state crimes, numerous persons, of whom only one was of the military profession. Against three of the accused his rage was displayed in an unprecedented manner. These were Dobrogoyski, Dobrzycki, and Lukasinski. The counsel of the accused were prohibited from demurring to the jurisdiction of an incompetent tribunal; and by insinuating to the judges that it was expedient to pass a severe sentence, they were induced, under a promise that it should not be carried into execution, to condemn the accused to solitary confinement during the term of several years. This punishment, it should be observed, implies the loss of all political rights, the suspension of all civil rights, compulsory labour, and a bread and water diet. Against this iniquitous sentence one judge alone had the courage or the virtue to protest. This was Colonel Skizynecki. This dissent, however, weighed lightly with the Duke. The sentence was passed, and formally announced to the public as the result of an unanimous decision. In spite of the promises to the contrary, it was carried into immediate execution with the most signal severity. Dobrogoyski died in irons, Dobrzycki was retained in captivity even after the expiration of the term of imprisonment allotted to him, and was only liberated in consequence of the Revolution of the Twenty-ninth of November. Lukasinski was carried off by the Grand Duke, who, more like a madman than a judge, had his victim chained to a piece of cannon. The proceedings against Lukasinski gave publicity to the Patriotic Polish Association. When, therefore, the Revolution broke out in Russia, its origin was attributed to the existence of this Society. Accordingly, from the 26th of February, 1826, not a day, not a night passed without some arrest. The prisons, the barracks, the monasteries were filled with the victims of tyranny and suspicion. Apprehended by military authority, denied the advantage of an appeal to the laws, these unhappy men experienced the

most barbarous treatment : separated from each other, they were thrust into narrow cells, deprived of air and light, and strictly prohibited from holding any communication with their families. During the inquisition they were summoned at midnight to appear before the Committee. Neither promises nor threats were spared, in order to extort from them a confession. Several of the accused sank beneath this rigorous treatment, and amongst others the Abbé Dembeck and Pawlikowski. Sakinski, and many others, had recourse to suicide in order to escape the horrors of their imprisonment ; while those who were finally liberated, preserved in their shattered constitutions the memorial of imperial justice.

We must not omit in this place to commemorate the lofty and independent bearing of the Senate of Poland. After the Committee had exercised the most unceasing vigilance for the period of a year, it found itself unable to produce charges, of even the most frivolous nature, against more than eight persons out of the many hundreds who had undergone—and some of whom were actually still undergoing—the complicated sufferings of their prison-house. It was the object of the Grand Duke to transfer these eight persons to a military tribunal, although the accusation brought against them was cognizable only by the court appointed for this purpose by the constitution,—namely, the court of the Senate of the Kingdom, in the capacity of *High Court of the Nation*. Constantine in consequence applied to the Emperor for permission to effect this transference. The Emperor, however, refused to accede to his request. The High Court was assembled, and Bielinski, who, in 1821, had performed the duties of the office of Presidency, in right of his seniority in the chamber, was again called upon to discharge the same duties, by virtue of the same right. The Grand Duke, imagining that the age and infirmities of this noble senator would render him easily flexible to his will, readily sanctioned the appointment, nominating as vice-president General Vincent Krazinski, who had unreservedly devoted himself to the service of Constantine, in the hope that the virtuous Bielinski would not be long able to support the fatigues of his important post. The senator soon discovered the reasons which led to his appointment, and resolved to frustrate the expectations of his enemies, even at the risk of his life. In accordance with this resolution, rather than suffer the presidentship to devolve on another—well knowing who that other would be—he was never absent from a single sitting, although his debility was so great that he was obliged to be conveyed thither in his arm-chair. The most complete success crowned this self-sacrifice. The Senate acquitted itself nobly. The first act of the High Court was to annul the whole proceedings of the Committee of Enquiry as illegal and iniquitously unjust. The Duke endeavoured to gain time ; but after the labour of a year, which by every imaginary artifice he augmented and prolonged, the High Court, with the exception of the Vice-president, acquitted all the accused of the crime of treason, and limited the sentence pronounced against five of them to short periods of imprisonment. Three were entirely acquitted. On this the Grand Duke arbitrarily forbade the publication of the sentence, and appealed to the Emperor, who, from his head-quarters at Varna, confirmed the resolution of Constantine, and ordered the ministerial council of the

kingdom to draw up a circumstantial report of the proceedings of the High Court, and at the same time to signify his displeasure to its members, by a general command not to quit the capital till further orders. Bielinski, in common with all the senators, resolved to make no appeal against a mandate so oppressive and insulting. A report was, however, presented to the Emperor, full of force and dignity, and drawn up by Bielinski himself. Soon after the council of ministers, in which the infamous Novosilzoff was entitled to sit as consulting member, and two of the members of which had sat in the Committee of Enquiry, finished its investigation into the conduct of the High Court, by declaring it perfectly conformable to the laws. The surprise of the Grand Duke and the Emperor was only equalled by their anger. In order to prove what little importance he attached to the decision of the High Court, and by aggravating the punishment of the accused to make the judges feel the effects of his displeasure, Constantine transported Grzymala, Plichta, Krzyzanowski, Majewski, and Zablocki, an old man of seventy, to the prisons of St. Petersburg. After a confinement of several years, in which they were deprived of air and light, and kept in an all but immovable position in their narrow cells, they were suddenly thrown upon carts, and in five days conveyed the four hundred leagues which separate Warsaw from St. Petersburg. On their arrival in this latter city, they were thrust into the subterraneous vaults of the citadel, through the walls of which the water oozed, where they were confined for eleven months, with wet pallets to rest their bodies on ; with scanty sustenance, but just sufficient to preserve life, and utterly destitute of all the assistance which age and infirmity require. After the Turkish campaign of 1828, and the adverse position which Austria assumed towards it, the Russian cabinet felt that this was not the time to adopt fresh measures of severity in Poland. After nine months' delay, the order arrived for the publication of the sentence of the Supreme Court ; but this had no influence on the fate of the prisoners, who were not set at liberty till long after. The decision itself was read in an unprecedented and illegal manner, being communicated to each of the accused separately, and applied to his special case, under an absolute prohibition to take a copy or make any note whatever on it. Even then, as if determined to brave the constitution, the laws, and the public shame, the Autocrat, on his own private authority, excepted Krzyzanowski, and one other of the unfortunate sufferers, from all participation in the benefit of the sentence ; and, under the pretext that they were subjects of the empire, carried them into the interior of Russia, where all trace of them has since been entirely lost.

With this illustration of the cruelty, perfidy, and illegality of the proceedings of the Emperor of Russia and his royal brother, we close our remarks for the present. We have endeavoured to show in this paper, that the Charter has been repeatedly and shamelessly violated ; that neither personal nor civil liberty has been respected ; that the resources of Poland have been exhausted, and her wealth pillaged, by the iniquitous management and undisguised robbery of the Autocrat and his myrmidons ; that the misery which has been inflicted on her children is infinitely fearful ; and that the designs of the allies at the treaty of Vienna have totally failed of their effect,—the Emperors, and those to whom

they delegated their authority, not only having neglected to establish the constitution, which was guaranteed by the other powers, and which they had sworn to establish, but having, in defiance of the declared will and purpose of these powers, despotically destroyed the constitution, first, by tacitly refusing to admit the provisions as obligatory, and omitting to see them carried out, and then by an open, shameless, and iniquitous proceeding—the publication of the celebrated Ukase of the 26th February.

A SERENADE.

I.

O LADY sweet, unveil, I pray,
The beauty of thine eyes;
The moonlight sleeps upon the bay,
The moon upon the skies:
And gentle sounds and odours rare
Are floating on the evening air.

II.

Oh, thou art like a beauteous bird,
In some enchanted isle,
Whose melody is only heard
Where lips of fairy smile;
And I, a bird of wandering wing,
Beside thy shrine of green would sing.

III.

In my heart's temple will I throne
Thy love in light serene,
There silent, beautiful, and lone,
To reign a sovran Queen;
And thou, sweet Lady, Lady mine,
Shalt be the priestess of this shrine.

PENCILINGS OF UNDERGRADUATES.*

"To point a moral."—DR. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER V.

"——— Heartless things
Are done and said i' the world, and many worms
And beasts and men live on."—SHELLEY.

ON the borders of the New Forest is situated the pleasant hamlet of * * * It is a thoroughly *rural* village. It has no staring houses of red brick, no modern attempts to combine elegance with economy—nothing that gives it the appearance of a suburb to some large smoky town. Its inhabitants are contented rustics, working hard all day, and returning home at night to enjoy their pipe in the ingle corner. They—God make them happy!—know as little of the proceedings of the great world around them, and are as little concerned in the changes that are taking place, as the gable ends of their own old-fashioned houses. They will bide their time anyhow. The squirrel that leaps from bough to bough, among the branches of the patriarchal forest, is scarcely more at his ease.

There are two or three families, commonly spoken of as families of gentility, residing in the place. There is the clergyman of course, and his lady, and the children, with the governess to take charge of their education. And about half-a-mile from the vicarage is the residence of a gentleman, who is said to be living on his private fortune. And this is not unlikely, since he has a son at College. His daughter, who, with her brother, and an old housekeeper, (for the gentleman is a widower,) forms the whole of his family, is the favourite of the village. What housewife of * * * did not love Miss Constance? What rosy-cheeked urchin did not hail the sound of her light footstep as it crossed the threshold, or passed the precincts of the wicket gate?

There was still another of the genteel folk; though some of the villagers, in their discourse of him, would repeat the old proverb, "handsome is that handsome does." He had been very thick with the predecessor of the present incumbent. He was some relation, people supposed; for when the old curate died (in his time the rector held two livings, and seldom resided at * * *), he resigned his only child into his charge. And no one, not even her friend Constance, was more beloved than was the parson's child, the gentle-hearted Amy. It was said that the brother, before he went to College, had fallen in love with her, and had even made proposals,—but nobody knew for certain, only they were always together, rambling about the forest in each other's company on a summer evening.

Farmer Furrow was not reckoned amongst the gentry of the place. In fact, he would have been very indignant at the supposition that he aspired to be any thing greater than a plain English yeoman. And so

* Continued from vol. i, page 477.

he was considered, a fine noble-hearted character, who paid cheerfully his tithes and offerings, went to church regularly on a Sunday, and kept his children to their work on a week-day, milking the kine or following the plough, as farmer's children should. There was no strumming on the piano in *his* house ; and as for novel-reading——bah !

But we have not described the church, that dear old building, with its tower completely mantled with ivy, looking so snug and comfortable ; its narrow wood porch and pointed windows, its tiled roof, turned hoary with age, and overgrown with lichen. And the church-yard, surrounded by tall trees, and made holy by the hillocks and grave-stones of many a "rude forefather of the hamlet." A peculiar solemnity invests its repose ; it is never desecrated by the tread of cattle, or the shouts and sports of children.

The high road, along which the coaches passed, was about two miles distant. A pleasant walk on a summer, or an autumn, evening, when the air was fresh and healing, as it often is even in the latter season. The countryman, as he turned his horses from the broader road, would slacken their pace, and suffer them to wind along that green lane at leisure.

It was a fine evening at the end of September : the sun was setting amongst pyramids of golden clouds. The hare started from her form, and coursed gaily down the field without fear of molestation. From the tower of a distant church, the wind brought the sound of a merry peal of bells.

A young man, well dressed, and wearing about him that inalienable *something* which distinguishes the gentleman, was slowly pacing along the lane conducting to the village we have described.

He was very young, and very sad. As he stopped occasionally to gaze upon the scene around him, as if it brought back old recollections, and the feelings of still younger days, a tear gathered beneath his eyelids, and wanted little encouragement to overflow.

"It is Mr. Fitzherbert, surely !" said a countryman, who had come close upon him during one of his reveries.

And so it was. And Fitzherbert turned round, and welcomed the old gardener, who had been in his father's service since his sister's birth.

"I don't think they knows of your coming at the house yonder. There's the young Missis has been talking about you, because she know'd you would worry yourself after Miss Amy. A sad story that, sir."

"Leave me, Sanders—leave me, there's a good fellow. And, Sanders, don't say at home that you have seen me."

It was Fitzherbert—the Fitzherbert who, with brighter prospects than those of most young men, and with advantages that rarely fall to a student's lot, had entered upon college life. He had flung them to the wind.

Did he ever regret,—ever pause,—ever struggle to extricate himself from his position ? He did. He did, indeed, more than once. But he was enslaved to his senses, and from their thralldom he wanted the energy to be freed. He could not conquer himself.

And now—now there came upon him the memory of all the past. For *she* was a bright vision that had always interposed between him and ruin—the Amy of his sister's letter ; the first love of his boyish days,

never forgotten, even when dissipation was at its highest, but still loved on, in his heart's depth, unchangeably.

How he had loved her, at first in secret, and wooed her image in his dreams! How in the village in which they had been brought up together, she had entwined herself around all hearts! The poor ever have complaints to make, and she would listen; ever little sorrows to tell, and she would comfort. She was, in truth, their very witch of Atlas, infusing sweet sleep into their eyelids, and cherishing their rest with pleasant dreams, and soothing the hours of toil, and beautifying the time of relaxation. On every cheek there was a smile to greet her, and a curtsy dropped from bride and matron, and from those who, from being made the one, soon hoped to become the other, down to the prattling child that toddled by the shealing door. And she was so beautiful, besides being so good. The very night was envious of her dark curls, they wore such a raven blackness. The evening star, that brought the labourer to his household gods, was not more welcome than the light of her deep eyes.

The sweet village, those delightful haunts, the pleasant sunshine, and the merry birds. Why was it that they came back now, vivid as ever, and perhaps more beautiful from their contrast with the present? Once their image had been of daily recurrence: garnered up in his soul, they had sent forth Memory to walk hand-in-hand with Hope.

He held his sister's letter in his grasp; and over the delicate characters, traced so neatly by a female hand, his eyes wandered abstractedly. He had not done it—he was in no way the cause of this rash step.—He—

And Amy had no father—no mother. Her guardian, the man to whom on his dying bed her father had consigned her, a girl of sixteen, was one of those whom this wise world terms prudent; in other words, a cold and selfish being. A fortune—a little fortune, the rigid savings of her poor father, who had served the altar, and whom the altar had rewarded by giving him seventy pounds a-year, was confided to this guardian's charge. He was not exactly a relation—that is, a blood relation, but some tie bound them together,—the father and the *friend*.

The orphan was very beautiful; the guardian was a single man!

* * * * *

In a small well-furnished parlour, seated before a comfortable fire—it was not cold, but it was still a September night—a being, hitherto unknown to the reader, but to whom he will be speedily introduced, was employed in sipping from time to time small quantities from a glass of port-wine negus: or shall we rather say that he derived employment from the multitude of his own dark thoughts?

His appearance was not prepossessing. He was a tall stalwart man, in height upwards of six feet. His limbs were compact, and well proportioned to his body. His muscles were full and prominent, indicative of great strength and activity. His features were bold and striking, and though not handsome, were regular and well modelled. The expression of his countenance, however, was far from pleasing: it betrayed the obliquity of his purpose, the defiance of his character. A perpetual sneer was lurking about his upper lip; a sarcastic disposition disclosed itself in his smile.

About the room, scattered here and there confusedly, were different articles of female workmanship and apparel. There was a harp in one corner, but its strings were loose; in another, a rosewood work-box, but its contents were disordered. There was no presiding goddess—no light fairy form glided through the apartment, disposing all things in their proper order.

The mind of its occupant was evidently ill at ease. He fidgetted in his chair—he got up and paced the room: again he resumed his seat, and again he arose. At length, moving towards the window, he hastily unclosed the curtains and gazed into the night. The earth was bright with the beams of a September moon.

"I wonder where she is *now*," he murmured, and turned away. His eyes fell upon a portrait hung against the opposite wall. It was that of a clergyman in bands and cassock—a mild meek face, venerable with hoary locks, and the life-like canvass revealed a benignant smile. "Pish!" he cried, in a disconcerted tone. And then, ringing the bell, he commanded the attendant to remove the picture.

CHAPTER VI.

"Take thy farewell of peace,
Oh, never look again to see good days,
Or close thy lids in comfortable nights;
Or ever think a happy thought again,
If what I have heard be true."

CHARLES LAMB. *John Woodvil, A Tragedy.*

THE imprisoned girl awoke at length from the deep slumber into which she had fallen. To a spectator, if such could have beheld them, it would have been an interesting sight to have seen with how sincere sympathy, and with what earnest solicitude, her companion kept watch beside her. Amidst silence unbroken as the night, and with the dim rays of a rushlight to supply the place of the broad day that reigned without, seven hours passed away. There was no fire to cheer,—no food to nourish,—no comfort, but what that wretched chamber could supply.

The old harridan had not returned, and they had remained unmolested during her absence; and when the captive had been made sensible of this fact from the lips of her new friend, it seemed not unreasonable to indulge the hope of escape, which the events of the morning had almost extinguished.

But how far the girl would feel disposed to aid her purpose, or whether she might not rather interpose to prevent it, remained a matter of uncertainty. Feelings of pity were evidently awakened in her breast: of her own sex, and almost of her own age, what interest could she have in accomplishing her ruin? And if she made the attempt, there they were alone,—and the poor prisoner, as this reflection crossed her, cast a glance upon the strong arms and hardier frame of her companion. No! the truth was too clear—that companion must not be made an opponent.

Could she not bribe her? Alas! what article of value sufficient for

temptation remained in her possession? Her last coin had been transferred to the old sybil. About her person she had neither gold nor jewel. If she purchased her freedom, it must be by tears and entreaties.

It was a mild face that gazed upon her. It was altogether a gentle form that stood before her. Why could they not fly together,—those two girls—scarcely more than children in their ages, but crushed beneath a burthen almost indefinite?

"Am I not in Cambridge?" she asked mildly.

Her companion answered by a slight assent.

"And —— College—where is it?"

The distance was less than two miles. What made her enquire?

"Two miles! Ah! if *he* knew that I was here!" And with that exclamation her features brightened up,—she rushed to her companion,—she clasped her by the neck.

"Oh! my dear, dear friend, you have not the heart to keep me here. Will you let me go? Will you take me to where *he* lives?"

"To where who lives? Have you any friends in Cambridge?"

"Yes, one."

"Is he a relation?"

"Yes—that is—no—not exactly," and the poor girl blushed and turned away.

"I understand—a sweetheart—a lover. Can you trust him? You would put yourself in his power. Might he not betray and desert you?" Oh, no! What a suspicion to hear breathed of *him*!

"You have known him long?"

From infancy. They had been brought up together,—in the same village—almost in the same house.

"His name?"

She seemed to hesitate for a moment, but drawing closer to her companion, she whispered in her ear—"Fitzherbert." She held down her head then, and turned away.

She turned away, and the change which passed over the features of her confidant was unnoticed. But there was something in the tone of the elder female, as she repeated the word "Fitzherbert" that caused her to look quickly up, and sent back the blood from her suffused cheeks, tingling to her young heart's core.

"Do you know him?" she tremblingly inquired.

The girl—the wretched girl, whose very bread—hardly earned—had been bought with the wages of prostitution,—whose very kisses had been purchased for money,—whose love had been bestowed for gold upon the drunken libertine, was not proof against the innocence of the young heart unveiled before her. Not slowly, but with the vehemence of wild grief, the tears gushed from her eyes, as she threw herself upon the bed, and buried her face in the coverlid.

Surprised and alarmed,—for she could not comprehend what there was in the name she had mentioned to cause the ebullition of anguish which she now beheld,—the poor child joined her tears with those of her companion, and sobbed in concert.

And thus some minutes passed, till the elder girl, being recovered from her burst of passion, addressed herself to moderate the fears of her charge.

"And did you tell me his name was Fitzherbert, and of —— College?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes! for pity's sake, if you know anything of him, tell me all."

"I have heard, or rather read of things happening so strangely," said the girl, more as if musing with herself, than in answer to the other's solicitation. "Alas, my poor friend, you are likely to see him,—and before long too. To him, and such as him, too many owe their ruin."

See Fitzherbert,—and soon! But what was the meaning of those dark words? What license could couple ruin and *his* name together?

And then, while the poor child listened, the elder girl—with more feeling than discretion—proceeded to communicate the fact, that for the very purpose of ministering to the libertine passions of that youth, she had been kidnapped and confined,—in that old building—in that darkened room. That the old Jew, in the exercise of his *profession*, had become acquainted with Fitzherbert and his associates,—had been engaged by them to assist in their dissolute practices. That an appointment had been made for that night, and that Fitzherbert was to effect her ruin!

And it was for this that the poor orphan, flying from the home which no longer had its shelter for her, had, day by day, cheered her fainting spirits and flagging steps. It was for this that, calling to mind their many ramblings in the village, or in the deeper recesses of the forest, and dwelling upon the avowal of that boyish passion; remembering, too, that under the canopy of heaven she had no friend but *him*;—it was for this, that with little money in her pocket, and without protection or defence, she had borne up against all hardships,—resolute in all,—enduring all.

Constant to one thought herself,—recurring to it always, and ever and ever, night and day, sleeping or waking, cherishing its delightful existence,—it never entered her mind to doubt of his fidelity. He loved her. She had heard it from his own lips. Loved her,—aye! tenderly, as his own life. Years since, when they were both children, they had plighted their earnest troth, and with all the ardour of a young girl's passion, her whole being had been wrapped up in him. To muse on him in the moonlit evening walk,—to gaze into the bright sky, and deem that, at the same moment with her own, his eyes might be fixed on the same planet,—to frequent the same paths they trod together,—to haunt the scenes which most he loved,—to read the books which most he praised, making her mind a copy of his own,—were her constant and beloved employments. She had no hope but for his success,—no wish but for his happiness,—no ambition but for his regard.

And now! She was but a child, and, ignorant of the construction which the world would put upon such an act, she had flown to him, when all the rest of the world forsook her. How things chanced as they did,—how, a wanderer in a strange place, she had fallen into the hands of those whose interest it was to accomplish her misery, admits of an easy explanation. And well might the heart of a young girl sink within her, weighed down by the anticipation of so great a wrong. But that *his* should be the hand to accomplish it,—that *his* should be the action that was to bring about the misery of a whole life,—amongst all the horrors that her situation conjured up—O God! O God! it had never created *that*!

And did she believe it now? Whose lips had borne witness,—whose tongue proclaimed the design? Who was her informant, but a creature of the lowest class, in the service of her persecutors,—perhaps an agent of their plans? Balance such testimony against love and confidence, and the scale is quickly decided.

The conversation which had taken place between her and the Jew during their former interview, and which, though we left it unrecorded, served, as we saw, to increase the tumult of mind under which that person was already labouring, had revealed to him the same fact which the poor captive had now communicated to her companion. He had hastened homewards, shunning the eye of man, and cowering beneath the flood of light which the new-born day poured forth. And brooding over it,—for the intelligence staggered even him, though to the girl who waited his return he braved it out as confident of success,—he saw nothing in the result but the death-blow of his whole career. A story like that must get abroad. He sought Fitzherbert, therefore, for the purpose of deferring the appointment; and not meeting with that gentleman—who had indeed left Cambridge—he repaired to the apartments occupied by Mr. Parker, where a conference took place; the particulars of which will hereafter appear.

And now all the energy which the prisoner could summon to her command, was directed to one purpose—that of escape. In the girl who shared with her the solitude of the deserted building, she had lost all confidence. In her own mind, she had convicted her of the vilest deception. She turned from her with contempt and abhorrence.

Not a word was spoken. She had formed her design, and her situation inspired her with courage. The girl who guarded her,—guarded her, she was convinced, under the specious mask of sympathy,—was older, stronger, more powerful than herself. It was only to wait, however; there would soon be an opportunity.

And there was. The girl, overcome either by sorrow or by want of rest, seated herself on the bed, and reclined upon her elbow for support. Her long dark hair fell over her shoulders, hiding her face from view.

There was a log of wood upon the floor—a short thick stave. Lifting it gently from the ground, and stealing on tiptoe to the bed, she raised it in the air as high as her strength would serve, and then brought it down with her whole force upon the head of the unconscious girl. The blood gushed forth, and the victim fell prostrate at her feet.

She fled. She fled—through the dark chambers,—down the oaken stairs,—finding her way as if by instinct. And when she arrived at the door that opened upon the common, as luck would have it, it was unclosed; it had not been fastened since the crone departed in the morning.

She fled—towards the town, as it happened, dashing her way through mud and mire. The night threatened to be stormy, and the wind howled along in wild and fitful gusts.

(To be continued.)

THE LIVING DRAMATISTS OF ENGLAND.

NO. I.—PRELIMINARY ESSAY.

WE love the pomps and vanities of this sinful world, as certain gloomy doctors have chosen to call the rich variety of pleasure and instruction with which existence teems for man. We love the stirring action and crowded streets of great cities, their stately squares, reposing in the silent grandeur of nobility and wealth, their gay and bustling thoroughfares, vocal with the busy hum of men, their splendid palaces, their rolling equipages, their rich and gaudy shops;—nor love we less their narrow lanes and obscure alleys, choked up with squalid poverty, where lean and sallow misery, with her dire companions, vice and blasphemy, holds her midnight revels, or insults the sun with sights that seem to mock the cheerful brightness of his rays. In a word, wherever human passion is developing itself—whether it be in a prison or a palace, in the statesman or the felon, in the court beauty or the gin-reeking hag—we can find instruction, and that high pleasure which arises from the contemplation of actions, having their sources in principles which we recognise as existing within our own bosoms, and with which we are impelled by the necessities of our common nature to sympathise. At times, indeed, we turn sickening from the ghastly spectacles that too often meet our view, and rush, as we would from some infected lazaretto, into the bright, breathing world of green fields and blue skies; and there, idly sauntering by “the murmurous haunts of flies on summer eves,” we inhale the fresh cool air, and drinking in long draughts of beauty, raise our souls in gratitude and love to the Great Spirit, “whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man.” But our life is not as the life of the bird, that lightly carols in the morning sky, or of the dumb fish that flashes with golden splendor through the crystal wave; we were not made merely to love, and sing, and praise our Maker, by the unthinking gladness of existence;—we have a higher and more difficult task to perform; and though it be necessary to recruit the wearied spirit, and prune the ruffled wing by solitary thought, amid the lovely and purifying scenes of nature, our own hearts will tell us that action is our proper sphere,—that to do and to suffer, to struggle with the passions “that tear us with rough strife through the iron gates of life,” not to retire into a self-seeking quietude from the busy stage, is the way best to fulfil the great and ennobling ends of our sojourn upon earth. And, as it is our duty, so is it to most minds a constant source of pleasure to mingle and take a part in the scenes that are daily enacted in the world: we have human sympathies that must be gratified, as men, as fathers, as brothers, as lovers, as citizens; human feelings that must find objects; restless impulses within us, prompt to action, can only become operative in society. Moreover, as the exertion of sympathy is necessary to our very existence, how, in return, do we long

for the sympathy of others. What delight does it give us to find others thinking our thoughts and sharing our emotions, presenting us from the varying circumstances under which character and passion are nurtured, that similitude in dissimilitude which is the secret of all our enjoyment in literature and art. This sympathy which we cannot help feeling with human actions, together with the pleasure that arises from its exercise, is the principle of all imitative art, and particularly of the drama, the most intellectual species of art, and explains also how it is that we derive pleasure from the exhibition of what in itself is painful.

But we are aware that many persons, and persons too of delicate feeling and refined intellect, are disposed to condemn this sympathy with the darker side of human nature—at least its exercise in literature—as tending to harden the heart and blunt the moral sensibilities: they tell us of the surgeon who looks on with cool and scientific indifference upon the tortures and agonies of the victim writhing under his knife; of the soldier, to whom the cries of the wounded, and all the ghastly sights and heart-piercing sounds of the battle-field and the captured city, are matters that call forth no feelings of commiseration and regret: and they argue with apparent plausibility, that by habituating ourselves to the contemplation of wickedness and degradation, we lose the shrinking horror, the mimosa-like sensibility, which is the surest bulwark, as well as the loveliest grace of purity and virtue. Now, to say nothing of the fact, that virtue never shines with such transcendent lustre as by contrast with its opposite, we conceive these views to be founded on a very limited and narrow idea of virtue itself, as well as of the ends of literature. Christian virtue is not a maiden with vermeil-tinted lip and roseate cheek, wandering at her own sweet will through flowery vales, by murmuring brooks, or reposing in delicious languor on mossy banks or purple couch, lulling herself to sleep with the soft airs of summer eve, or the warbled music of the grove; but rather a steel-clad warrior with iron nerve and weather-beaten front, girt up to do battle with the monsters that beset his path onward to a better world, both for himself and his weaker companions.

It is not virtue, it is not religion, to shrink from facing the danger and temptations of the world, and in the calm and peaceful bowers of retirement to listen in trembling fear to the storm that howls without, and hug ourselves in self-gratulation on our secure shelter from its horrors. No, rather should we imitate the pious monks, who face all the horrors of the Alpine tempest, to relieve the cold and sinking traveller, who, without their timely aid, must perish. But we must go armed to this moral warfare,—we must go armed with a knowledge of the strengths and weaknesses of the human heart, of its exalted dignity and its miserable degradation, of its immeasurable power either for good or evil;—we must go armed with a strong and enduring faith in the resistless charms of goodness and in its ultimate triumph, in the restoring and life-giving qualities of the faintest spark of this moral elixir, that glows with dim and almost expiring brilliance in the deep recesses of the heart; with the power of perceiving and nursing this spark till it become a flame; of appreciating and drawing forth that soul of goodness in things evil, which like the purifying salt preserves

even the vilest from entire corruption, and redeems aught that bears the stamp of man from utter loathing and contempt. If this, then, be the truer character of virtue, if it be essentially active, and aggressive, and self-denying, how little can that literature contribute to its education and support, which exhibits only the nobler and brighter traits of human nature, which dwells with fond complacency on scenes of heroic self-sacrifice, of devoted tenderness and constant love. It may indeed be said that the delight we derive from the contemplation of such scenes naturally forms the mind of the beholder upon their model; and doubtless this is in a measure true, if the exhibition be not robbed of half its lustre, half its power of attraction, and nearly all its hold upon our sympathies, by the exclusion of that weakness and degradation, which, completing the humanity of the picture, makes us feel that men and not demi-gods are enacting before us the strange and solemn drama of existence. In truth, the task of the poet would be soon and easily performed, and of little worth, if it merely consisted in setting up a lovely statue for the worship of the heart. It is by no such gentle process that the diseases of that heart must be cured. As well might you bid the pale and plague-stricken look upon the fair and breathing form of health, and rise up themselves strong and pure. The hurricane rushes through the air, the volcano rages in the bowels of the earth, the thunder and the lightnings roll and flash, men's hearts quake with fear,—but there is life and health in the storm, and a benignant angel smiles as he prepares it to sweep away the plague. Thus, too, must the poet come like the angel of life, veiling his goodness and his light in black clouds and threatening storms; he, too, must roll his thunder, till the hearts of men quake for fear; he must lay bare the horrors of a guilty conscience, the bleeding heart of remorse, the death in life of cold unfeeling selfishness, the mad excess of crime, till poor shrinking nature gasp and shudder, and turn horrified away from the mirror held up to its deformities. But the tempest passes, and in the calm, still, breathless quiet that succeeds, wisdom, and love, and pity, and humility drop like balm upon the lacerated heart. But beyond all this we believe it to be entirely false that a familiarity with scenes of vice and misery tends to blunt our sensibilities. Of course no one will deny that a constant repetition of such scenes will take from our nerves that fine edge which causes us to turn sickening away without the power to relieve; but that such a mere animal sensibility as this is to be ranked with the virtues, is as absurd as it would be to give a delicate sense of smell or touch or hearing a place among them. On the contrary, we should argue that really to feel for the woe or the wickedness of another, we must view it closely, we must trace it in its dire effects, in the sunken cheek, in the bursting or the withered heart; then only can we know how the iron eats into the soul, and then only can we know how truly to sympathise with or to help the sufferer. The mistake has, we imagine, arisen from confounding the mere passive looker-on with the active and sympathising man. Of course an impression that awakes no mental activity in the person impressed, loses force every time it is repeated; and too many persons use both life and literature, as if they were sent here merely to see others do and suffer, without sharing their emotions or participating in their actions. But it is not such a lifeless and idle

spectator as this, who either fulfils his duty in the world, or enjoys the richest pleasure. It is not for such that "poets' hearts have bled before they ripened," it is not for such that they have "learned in suffering what they teach in song;" but it is for him who yields himself up to their guidance, with a patient and genial docility,—who, throwing himself out of himself, can weep with them, and laugh with them, and tremble with them, and exult with them, and then, made wiser and better than before, can go and apply their lessons of truth to real everyday life.

Above all would we endeavour to impress upon those who object to the exhibition of vice and misery, the wide and comprehensive charity which it is calculated to call forth, if the exhibition be true to nature. How often do we forget the profound maxim of the poet Wordsworth,

"That he who feels contempt

For any living thing, hath faculties which he has never used."

That thought with him is in its infancy—

"—O be wiser thou,

Instructed that true knowledge leads to love."

How apt are we to look with contempt, or even loathing, upon the vicious, especially if they be poor and miserable; and yet we are all brothers,—all children of one Father, all victims of the same disease, all looking to the same great Physician for health and life: if we had been placed in the same circumstances, had enjoyed no more advantages, had been left as much to ourselves, we might have been as bad as the worst; and we should remember, that a man is good or bad in the exact proportion which his conduct bears to his circumstances. It is the feeling of this universal brotherhood and community of nature which forms the highest lesson the poet has to teach; and he does it (as we remarked before) by detecting the latent spark of virtue, the soul of goodness in things evil, by showing us that none is so utterly lost as to be irreclaimable, or insensible to the voice of kindness and of pity. And when is such homage paid to goodness, as when we feel it so excellent a thing, as that the least grain of it will spread fragrance through a human heart otherwise rotten and corrupt? Alas for the cant and hypocrisy of an age, when lessons of such profound tenderness, such touching truth, can be branded with the names of licentiousness and immorality!

These remarks apply more immediately to the works of the modern romantic school, especially the French; but the principles upon which the objection is founded will, if carried fully and consistently out, condemn not only those at whom it is particularly aimed, but most of the works of our old dramatists, and in fact almost all the higher creations of the tragic muse. For as long as the drama continues to be a faithful representation from nature, so long must its predominant hues be dark and gloomy; as long as it continues to echo "the still sad music of humanity," so long will its song be sorrowful, though sweet. Moreover, such is the deep corruption of human nature, that while its efforts on the side of good have generally been puny and infantile, in crime it has displayed the full matured strength of its gigantic energies; and as power is the soul of tragedy, crime and suffering must be its external

form. This is the true reason why vicious characters are so often the most interesting and striking ; and we should blush to repeat the stale and atrocious libel upon virtue, that the exhibition of a perfect character must of necessity be devoid of interest from its want of prominent features, and the absence of all individuality. But an imperfect man can only draw imperfect characters to the life ; he sees no perfect models to draw from,—he has not a model within his own heart.

We have, then, briefly and imperfectly endeavoured to suggest an answer to an objection which would overthrow almost all dramatic literature. We shall now proceed to consider certain objections that apply exclusively to the theatrical representation of the drama. And, first, we hear persons of strictly religious principles objecting to the theatre, as the source of half the profligacy and licentiousness of the age. And what do they mean by this, or how do they prove their assertion ? They point to the characters of performers, to the low and vicious persons that congregate in a theatre, to the immoral tendency of many plays that are performed. Every person of common sense will at once perceive that the two former charges are irrelevant to the question at issue, unless it can be proved that the bad characters of certain performers, and of some portion of the audience, are so intimately connected with dramatic representation as to be inseparable from it,—a task which would, we think, puzzle wiser heads than are likely to attempt it. With respect to the third charge, we with pain acknowledge its truth ; but it is by no means without a remedy, by a very moderate degree of prudence on the part of those whose business it is to inspect dramatic works previous to representation : and if it were not thus to be remedied, it is a very weak ground on which to found an unsparing onslaught upon theatres in general, without regard to merit or demerit. Persons who are disposed thus indiscriminately to attack dramatic representation, we shall answer in the eloquent language of Walter Scott, who thus closes his able essay on the drama. He has previously been suggesting several improvements in the management of theatres, and then concludes :—

“ Such an arrangement might, indeed, be objected to by those who entertain a holy horror of the very name of a theatre, and who imagine impiety and blasphemy are inseparable from the drama. We have no room left to argue with such persons, or we might endeavour to prove that the dramatic art is in itself as capable of being directed either to right or wrong purposes, as the art of printing. It is true, that even after a play has been formed upon the most virtuous model, the man who is engaged in the duties of religion will be better employed than he who is seated in a theatre and listening to the performance. To those abstracted and enrapt spirits, who feel, or suppose they feel, themselves capable of remaining constantly involved in heavenly thoughts, any sublunary amusement may justly seem frivolous. But the mass of mankind are not so framed. The Supreme Being who claimed the seventh day as his own, allotted the other six days of the week for purposes merely human. When the necessity of daily labour is removed, and the call of social duty fulfilled, that of moderate and timely amusement claims its place as a want inherent in our nature. To relieve this want, and fill up the mental vacancy, games are devised, books are written, music is composed, spectacles

"and plays are invented and exhibited. And if these last have a moral
 "and virtuous tendency; if the sentiments expressed are calculated to
 "rouse our love of what is noble, and our contempt of what is base or
 "mean; if they unite hundreds in a sympathetic admiration of virtue,
 "abhorrence of vice, or derision of folly,—it will remain to be shown
 "how far the spectator is more criminally engaged, than if he had passed
 "the evening in the idle gossip of society, in the feverish pursuits of
 "ambition, or in the unsated and insatiable struggle after gain,—the
 "graver employments of the present life, but equally unconnected with
 "our existence hereafter."

This we conceive to be as unanswerable as it is elegant.

The next class of opponents with whom we have to deal, are, though less numerous, far more formidable than the last; consisting entirely, where the opinion is not taken up from mere ignorance or affectation, of persons whose power of realising and working out the conceptions of a poet, and of appreciating the most subtle and delicate touches of creative genius, is so strong and vivid, as to render the finest stage performance feeble and ineffective in comparison with their perfect idea. To increase the difficulty of our task, the originator of the objection which we allude to, was at once an ardent admirer of the theatre, and the most refined and genial critic of his day. The name of Charles Lamb is in itself sufficient to prejudice an argument on questions connected with the drama; and when we find him aided and abetted by Hazlitt, it may well seem hopeless to overthrow a theory supported by their combined skill and genius. At the same time, much as we reverence these two great names, we believe it will hardly be denied that both Lamb and Hazlitt were, what is vulgarly but expressively termed "crotchety," and we have therefore less delicacy in endeavouring to combat their assertions on the point. The former of these writers has, in an essay on "Shakespear's Plays, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation," endeavoured to show that, in proportion as a play is intellectual, in proportion as its plot is artistic, its passion subtle and high wrought, its diction just and poetical, its reflections profound and impressive, its characters deep and original,—in exactly that proportion is it incapable of being adequately represented on the stage; and Hazlitt, in the following passage, among others, certainly seems to side with Lamb, in a notion which, if true, would do more to render the theatre unpopular with men of taste, than all the nonsensical cant of purists and of pietists. He thus speaks at the conclusion of his fourth lecture:—"In short, the great characteristic of the elder dramatic writers is, that there is nothing theatrical about them. In reading them, you only think how the persons into whose mouth certain sentiments are put, would have spoken or looked; in reading Dryden and others of that school, you only think, as the authors themselves seem to have done, how they would be ranted on the stage by some buskined hero or tragedy-queen. In this respect, indeed, some of his more obscure contemporaries have the advantage over Shakespear himself, inasmuch as we have never seen their works represented on the stage; and there is no stage-trick to remind us of it. The characters of their heroes have not been cut down to fit into the prompt-book, nor have we ever seen their names flaring in the play-

"bills in small or large capitals." I have quoted Hazlitt for his great name; but in reality C. Lamb's essay contains the pith and marrow of the objection, and to this I shall now confine myself, commenting upon particular passages as they successively come under our notice.

Mr. Lamb, happening to take a turn one day in Westminster Abbey, is highly offended at the absurdly exaggerated eulogy inscribed beneath the statue of Garrick, in which he is put upon a perfect level with Shakspeare; and thence takes occasion to express his wonder at the common mistake of complimenting any performer who may please the town in any of Shakspeare's great characters, with the notion of possessing a mind congenial with the poet's. To quote his own words:—"How people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read and recite the same when put into words; or what conception that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man which a great dramatic poet possesses, has with those low tricks upon the eye and ear, which a player, by observing a few general effects which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c. usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass. To know the internal workings and movements of a great mind—of an Othello or a Hamlet for instance,—and the when and the why and the how far they should be moved; to what pitch a passion is becoming; to give the reins and to pull in the curb exactly at the moment when the drawing in or the slackening is most graceful,—seems to demand a reach of intellect of a vastly different extent from that which is employed upon the bare imitation of the signs of these passions in the countenance and gesture, which signs are usually observed to be most lively and emphatic in the weaker sorts of mind, and which signs can after all but indicate some passion, as I said before, grief or anger, generally: but of the motives and grounds of the passion, wherein it differs from the same passion in low and vulgar natures—of these the actor can give no more idea by his face or gesture, than the eye (without a metaphor) can speak, or the muscles utter intelligible sounds." Now I think it can hardly be denied, that in protesting against the vulgar error of raising the actor to a level with the author, Lamb has rushed into an equally false extreme in his estimate of the talent requisite to form a good actor. It certainly does not show equal genius to originate poetical conceptions and images, and to recite them when put into words: but in order to recite them properly, in order to convey to an audience the author's ideas, both of sentiment and character (and perfect acting is just this), we imagine that the actor must put himself, by a strong effort of imagination, into that central point of view from which the author himself drew his character, and detect and seize upon that leading idea which atones the varied aspects under which his hero appears, and gives to his conception that unity which is the last perfection of art; and in order to do this, we do assert, in spite of Mr. Lamb's ingenious eloquence, that he must possess an intellect,—not, mark, of the same extent, but at least congenial with that of the poet. Would not any one suppose, from the contemptuous expression "low tricks upon the eye and ear," that Mr. Lamb had written the preceding remark after having been present at some provincial exhibition of Shakspeare, and suffering the most excru-

ciating torture to which a man of taste can be subjected? And yet in the next breath he speaks of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble. Can we think it possible that the spell of the Siddons consisted in a low trick upon the eye or ear? No; she was greatly moved herself, and therefore she greatly moved the thousands that nightly hailed the triumph of theatric art. Let any one read her life,—her remarks upon those characters of Shakspeare she herself acted; let them read of the horror and fright which overpowered her as she poured forth the workings of a blood-stained and unresting conscience in that fearful sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, so entirely did she forget herself in the character she was personating; and after that, talk of low tricks upon eye and ear. Then again, was it for a mountebank's skill in these same low tricks that Campbell has addressed John Kemble in such magnificent strains as this:—

“Thine was the spell o'er hearts,
Which only acting lends;
The youngest of the sister arts,
Where all their beauty blends:
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime:
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.

“Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Young Kemble's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste;
Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.”

But to return to Mr. Lamb. The last sentence of his that we have quoted, is founded upon an entire misrepresentation of the province of the actor. His province is, as we have before said, to seize upon the individuality of the character he has to personate, and to represent it to the audience; not, as Mr. Lamb seems to demand, at the same time that he is *Hamlet* or *Othello*, or any other character of the sort, and in reality feeling their passions and emotions, to deliver, if I may so express myself, a running commentary of look and gesture, explanatory of these passions and emotions, shewing how beautifully they fit into the character, and how “they are most regular, when most irregular they seem,” and all that sort of thing, of which *Hamlet* and *Othello* must have been themselves entirely unconscious, and of which the good actor must seem entirely unconscious, however much he must have dwelt upon these ideas in his private studies, if he would produce in full force the main effect of his art—the representation of individual cha-

acter. In fact, this evident self-consciousness on the part of an actor would utterly destroy all illusion, and is, in brief, a transference of the province of the critic to the actor, being moreover in utter violation of the well-founded practical maxim that no one can at the same time be an interested sharer in an action and a proper judge of it.

Again, speaking of the pleasure he had derived from the performance of one of Shakspeare's tragedies by the two actors mentioned above, he says: "It seemed to embody and realise conceptions which 'had hitherto assumed no distinct shape. But dearly do we pay all 'our life for this juvenile pleasure,—this scene of distinctness. When 'the novelty is past, we find to our cost that, instead of realising an 'idea, we have only materialised and brought down a fine vision to the 'standard of flesh and blood; we have let go a dream, in quest of an 'unattainable substance." Of course we can only speak for ourselves; but we imagine that most persons will agree with us, that in a drama representing the actions and characters of human beings, this sense of distinctness complained of, is the very thing wanted to complete our realisation of the poet's ideas; and that the hazy, dream-like notion, in which the men and women of the play pass before the mental vision, like figures in the dim twilight, or those incorporeal shadows that flit through the sunless dwellings of Hades, neither body nor soul, bare negations of existence, is exactly what every reader strives most earnestly, though too often vainly, to be freed from. But we think the secret of Mr. Lamb's strange liking for indistinctness of conception may be traced to the remarkably passionless and reflective character of his own mind. Estimating passion and action merely according to their subjective values, he pays no regard to, and manifests no sympathy with, their objective manifestations. The high-wrought creations of the tragic muse are not to him beings in whose joys and sufferings his heart sympathises, with whom he trembles or exults, weeps or laughs; but purely psychological studies for the intellect. That we do not misrepresent him will be evident from the following passage:—"The glory "of the scenic art is to personate passion and the turns of passion; and "the more coarse and palpable the passion is, the more hold upon the "eyes and ears of the spectators the performers obviously possess. . . . "But in all the best dramas, and in Shakspeare's above all, how obviously it is, that the form of speaking is only a medium, and often a "highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession "of that knowledge of the inner structure and workings of mind in a character, which he could otherwise never have arrived at in that form of "composition by any gift short of intuition." Now we are by no means disposed to deny that the study of character is a very interesting employment for the mind, but we are at a loss to conceive how this study can be impeded by our having, in addition to the bare words of the author, the aid of tone, gesture, and look, suited to the sentiments uttered, and in conformity with the general view taken of the character by a judicious actor, whom we of course suppose equally capable with the spectator of forming a just and artistic conception of the poet's meaning, and who has the advantage of long previous study directed to this very point; for we shall take the liberty of differing with Mr. Lamb as to his first assertion, and lay down on the contrary, that in

plays where the chief object of the author is the development of character rather than the exhibition of passion, there the art of the actor is applied to the same end. Similarly, in answer to another remark he makes on Shakspeare's plays, "There is so much in them which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye and tone and gesture have nothing to do," we should ask Mr. Lamb whence he derived his knowledge of all this "with which eye and tone and gesture have nothing to do?" Of course he would answer that he deduced it from an analysis of the sentiments and actions attributed to the character by the poet. And has he not the same words, the same actions, (with the only difference that the former are admirably spoken, the latter admirably represented,) on which to base his deductions at the theatre, that he has in his own study? In fact, he seems to have written his whole essay under the notion that no actor could recite the words of Shakspeare properly; and talks of actors "mouthing," and actresses "drawing," as though those whose chief study is to speak properly what is set down for them, were the only persons in the world who could not speak it properly. Thus a little further on he says,— "The practice of stage representation reduces every thing to a controversy of elocution. Every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator." If the giving their appropriate tones to the varied passions that strike upon the chords of the human heart, be playing the orator, we trust that every actor and actress will still continue to do so; but if Mr. Lamb mean, that in order to produce an effect, it is necessary, without the least regard to the consistency of the character personated, to rant and rave, we can only pity his ill-fortune in never having witnessed good acting, or his want of candour in his eagerness to support a paradoxical and whimsical theory.

But we hasten from these more general remarks to his notices of particular characters; and first let us take *Hamlet*. Thus eloquently does he discourse:—" *Hamlet* himself—what does he suffer meanwhile, by being dragged forth as the public schoolmaster, to give lectures to the crowd. Why, nine parts in ten of what *Hamlet* does, are transactions between himself and his moral sense; they are the effusion of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners, and the most sequestered parts of the palace, to pour forth; or rather, they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to words for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light and void abhorring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once? I say not it is the fault of the actor so to do; he must pronounce them *ore rotundo*—he must accompany them with his eye, he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone, or gesture—or he fails. *He must be thinking of his appearance all the while, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it.*" The italics in this last passage are Mr. Lamb's, meaning, we imagine, that he had made a capital hit, and settled the matter at once. No doubt the actor is thinking of his ap-

pearance all the time, but if he lets the spectators see that he is thinking of it, he is but an indifferent artist. The old quotation "*ars celare artem*," is not so recondite but that it might have occurred to Mr. Lamb; however, he evidently imagines the italics to have stopped the mouths of all adversaries, and concludes triumphantly, "And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring *Hamlet*." He afterwards recurs to the subject, and speaks of *Hamlet's* mockery of *Polonius*—his harshness to *Ophelia*—as points inexplicable at the time, and only to be forgiven afterwards, on a patient consideration of his character. "At the time," he says, "they are harsh and unpleasant, yet such is the actor's necessity of giving strong blows to his audience, that I have never seen a player in this character, who did not exaggerate and strain to the utmost these ambiguous features, these temporary deformities in the character." Again we say, we pity Mr. Lamb's ill-fortune in never having seen good acting,—but it by no means follows that good acting is impossible. "There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio*, than your philosophy has ever dreamed of." Then, a little further on, "It is natural, people say; that is, the words are scornful, and the actor expresses scorn, and that they can judge of; but why so much scorn, and of that sort, they never think of asking," as if a fine actor did not study each particular scene and speech, not by itself, as an isolated piece of declamation, torn from its living place and principle of continuity in the play, but with reference to the whole character, as one grand and harmonious conception. Indeed, Mr. Lamb seems to entertain about as high an opinion of an actor's skill in his art, as one would of the celebrated Greek painter's, who, in order to produce the ideal of beauty, culled the loveliest features from the loveliest women of his land, and dovetailed them without regard to fitness or unity. To this whole criticism on the *Hamlet* of the theatre, we subjoin, as a complete and triumphant, answer, a critique which we have luckily preserved, on the performance of *Hamlet*, at Covent Garden, when under the able management of Macready, the first of living actors. We have marked particular portions in italics, as being direct refutations of the very charges Mr. Lamb has chosen to bring forward.

"Mr. Macready made his first appearance for the present season last night, in the character of *Hamlet*. He was welcomed with the most enthusiastic plaudits. Critically to notice his exhibition of this most intellectual, subtle, and complex of *Shakspeare's* delineations of character, would be to analyse the play itself; with this difference, however, that, owing to stage traditions or associations, and the want of adequate philosophy and poetry in the commentators, whose interpretations have stuck to the original, this drama is generally regarded as a most obscure and perplexed composition; while the performance of last night, by its persuading consistency, power, and beauty, made the truth of the conception and the spirit of the author evident. It was an intellectual illustration of *Shakspeare*, of the same rank, in its higher sphere, as the grand scenic and artistical embellishments of the bard for which this theatre is now distinguished.

"It seems to us that Mr. Macready has given his last and finest touch to this character, by throwing into it more of that elastic lightness of manner which, on some previous occasions, we have desiderated. With deep feelings, ample reflectiveness, and the consciousness of a preternatural destiny, *Hamlet* is anything but ponderous or lachrymose. He is of a buoy-

ant spirit. There is a levity that delights to play around the grandeur of the greatest minds. Infinite nature itself is often sportive amid its majestic works; *Hamlet* is impressible to the last; and we believe that the church-yard rhymes about "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay" rather smack of a mock heroic revulsion than continue the ingenious speculation which introduces them. *Hamlet* loses none of his dignity by the quiet smile on the lip, and the humorous comment in the eye by which the actor makes him confide the mental sarcasm to his college companion and chosen friend *Horatio*.

"Mr. Ward played the *Ghost* most impressively. His clear, deep, monotonous enunciation, unvaried by any tone of passion, and only diversified by just emphasis enough to mark the meaning, sounded like a voice from the grave. The words "Remember me," after his form had sunk from sight, were as if an unembodied spirit had made the air articulate. The reverent earnestness of the appeal to the *Ghost*, as given by Mr. Macready, its freedom from all weak fears or unnaturally alternating emotions, and the subdued manner of *Horatio* and *Marcellus* (Mr. Serle and Mr. Herve) in the few words they exchange with him before they become alarmed for his safety, imparted an extraordinary reality to this scene, making as palpable as can be imagined the influence of a supernatural presence.

"In the celebrated soliloquy, the abstracted and inward tone at the commencement; the irregular step, as of a frame whose movements were undirected by conscious volition; the upturned face, and eye that would read in the heavens the secret of futurity, passed by beautiful transition into the collected pathos of life's calamities, and the self-accusing emotion that is veiled in the terms of a general reflection; as these again melted into the loving confidence of the greeting to 'the fair Ophelia.' When that innocent but ductile tool of others offers *Hamlet* his letters and love-tokens, Mr. Macready's look of surprise is immediately followed by one of suspicion; his keen glance round intimates the suspected presence of concealed listeners; and the question, 'Are you honest?' the forlorn exclamation, 'I did love you once!' and the fixed, searching look after the demand, 'Where is your father?' reveal to us the bitterness of wronged affection, tampered with where it trusted, foiled in attempting to touch the heart it prized, and almost maddened by finding that not only friendship but love could be twisted into the web of guile and guilt, wherein power sought to entangle him. It was reserved for Mr. Macready's performance to vindicate *Shakespeare* in this scene which critics and actors have so often given up as inexplicable. Aggravated by the falsehood of all except *Horatio*; teased by incessant attempts to pluck out the heart of his mystery; perplexed with doubts of the supernatural appearance; and stimulated by the opportunity which the players afforded him, the actor rises with not less truth than fearful effect into a state in which real excitement beyond all rational control blends with the affectation of 'antic disposition,' and he paces the stage with hurried and triumphant gesture, as one summoning crime to discovery and judgment."

Mr. Lamb has pursued the same tone of criticism with respect to *Othello* and the *Tempest*, and we have only space to answer him in the same way, by quoting contemporary notices of the performance of these two plays, at Covent Garden, under Macready's management. We leave them to produce their effect without further comment; except that we particularly invite attention to the censure on Mr. Vandenhoff's *Iago*, as showing the difference between such acting as Lamb alludes to throughout his essay, and such as is worthy the genius of *Shakespeare*:—

"*Othello* was last night presented at this theatre, in a manner and with an

effect worthy of the best days of the British drama ; or, we should rather say, indicative of a higher excellence than it has ever before attained.

"To impress a foreigner, capable of appreciating the poetry of art and acting, with the noblest idea of our national theatre, we know not what better could be done than first to show him the third scene of the first act of this tragedy ; the senators and the council of ten, in their robes of scarlet and of black, ranged on the crimson benches, in that splendid hall of paintings in the ducal palace, where in fact they often met ; the agitated parent, distinguished from his colleagues only by his obvious emotions ; the pleading warrior, craftily watched by some, and sympathetically regarded by others, in the varied dignity and tenderness of his appeal to the ducal presence ; and when the council breaks up, the gathering and grouping of the senators around the chieftain and the lady, whose romantic story had stimulated them into unwonted interest ; and then he should witness that highly, yet delicately-coloured mental scene, in which thoughts strange and foul are conjured up in a noble mind ; trace in Macready's countenance the first darkening shadow of suspicion, and the succession of profound and pathetic melancholy, preparing him for the self-approving passion of signal retribution ; and, finally, behold the most real of catastrophes, the perfectly natural terror and deprecation, contrasting with the appalling resolve of *Othello*, and imparting to the scene, especially as its closing horrors are veiled from the audience, the nearest approximation to the impression of actual murder that is consistent with artistical presentment. 'Come the four quarters of the world,' and we think the gauntlet might be thrown for England's dramatic honour, and no champion be eager to appropriate the challenge.

"The performance of last night was singularly well sustained. Mr. Macready's *Othello* exquisitely blends the gallant bearing of the great commander with the full-hearted fondness of the mature lover, and the hot-bloodedness of the Moor. *He never sunk into the jealous husband, or the spiteful negro.* 'The frank and noble nature' was preserved throughout, *deceived, but not degraded ; pitiless, yet not vindictive.* As he sacrificed his victim, so he sacrificed himself, on the altar of justice, twined with the faded wreaths of annihilated happiness. We have never heard the celebrated 'Farewell' so touchingly delivered ; not that the tone was of more than ordinary pathos, but that its melancholy and deliberate calmness bespoke a high-minded confronting of utter desolation. There was a moral grandeur, like, yet beyond, and far more affecting than that of the picture of Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. In the manner of his death, the struggle, after the mortal wound, to the bedside of the slain *Desdemona*, there was full atonement and infinite fondness.

"Miss H. Faucit's *Desdemona* was very happy in the simplicity and earnestness of the passages that exclude emphatic declamation, and was characterised by impressive naturalness. Mrs. Warner elevated *Emilia*, and led up to her vigorous and effective exertions in the last act, by the very intellectual by-play of her preceding scenes. Mr. Warde's *Brabantio* was enacted with his accustomed judgment ; and his reply to the inquiry, in the Council scene, whether his daughter was dead, 'Ay, to me,' fell upon the ear like the knell of a father's hopes. In *Cassio* Mr. Anderson made beautifully apparent that sort of reverent and pure regard for the great and lovely qualities of *Othello* and *Desdemona* which mark him out for the purposes of *Iago*, and make him the victim of their success. In his drunken scene the gradations of his intoxication were well defined : and one feels how his heart sinks, as his sword mechanically falls when *Othello* pronounces his dismissal.

"We are sorry not to have included Mr. Vandenhoff's *Iago* in these commendations. We know not in what regard a newspaper criticism may be held by a gentleman of his ability and high standing in the profession ; but

if he thinks it worth attention, we would respectfully, yet earnestly request him to re-consider his conception of this character. His execution of it, on his own version, is as complete and effective as he could desire. He delineates a swaggering, fawning, lying, sycophantic knave, at whom the audience laugh. In the most awful crisis of the play, when joining in *Othello's* vow, he provokes a titter; and in that pathetic scene where he affects to console *Desdemona*, there is a roar of ridicule at his sympathy. His glaring and almost grimacing trickery leaves *Othello* without excuse in falling into the snare, where the construction of the play and the consistency of the characters require us to see the impossibility of his not being deceived. No such mannered man could ever have won from all parties the attribute of honest *Iago*. Now, though Mr. Vandenhoff's conception of the character may perhaps hang together, taking only the text of his own part, yet surely its tendency to impair the pathos of the play, and put all the other characters out of keeping, should excite a doubt of its correctness. Every person in the theatre sees *Iago* to be a transparent knave; every person in the play devoutly confides in his honesty. There must be a blunder. An extraordinary power of intellect, the keen observation of a practised man of the world, the destitution of all sympathetic feeling, and a soldier's privileged bluntness of manner,—had Mr. Vandenhoff delineated these with his acknowledged ability of execution, and were the *Roderigo* of Mr. Vining rather more refined, we should pronounce this tragedy, through all its range of character and in its scenic accessories, as now presented at Covent Garden, one of the most unimpeachable, grand, and impressive performances that has ever been realised, or that can be imagined. The impression on an overflowing audience during its progress, and the outburst of enthusiasm at its conclusion, are a confirmation of our opinion."

"On Saturday night Shakspeare's *Tempest* was produced at this theatre—we use the word advisedly, for to all practical intents and purposes the representation was as much a novelty as if the play had now been *mise en scene* for the first time. Since the theatre was wrecked in the great political tempest that overwhelmed the throne and the altar, Shakspeare's text has only been used in disjointed fragments, intermixed with the alterations of Davenant and the pollutions of Dryden; or, as still more obliterated and abused by those who took their medley for the original theme, tampered with their tamperings, and left 'confusion worse confounded.' In the period anterior to that deluge of the dramatic world, the words indeed of Shakspeare were recited, but the paucity of stage resources could not allow his conceptions to be exhibited. The performance was only a suggestion, not a representation. For the real production of Shakspeare's *Tempest* we are indebted to the present management of Covent Garden theatre."

"And it was worthily produced. The highest powers of theatrical art are applied, not merely for some splendid scenic effects, but for the presentment to the senses of the most fanciful vision that was ever dramatised. The scenery is that of the enchanted isle of a poet's and a wanderer's dream. Stupendous cliffs wall it round against the roaring surge. Sometimes the inland valley, sterile and stony, is shut in by rocks, barren like the soil, whose lofty pinnacles seem to pierce the clouds. In 'another part of the island' vegetation is 'lush and lusty,' and rich foliage hangs its green tapestry on rocks whose arched rifts are the ever open portal of grot or cavern. Strains of sweet music and the voices of unseen choristers are ever and anon upon the air. Spirits come and go, dimly seen, of beautiful or fearful shape; and when the magician tasks their powers for 'some vanity of his art,' in the masque, the bow of *Iris* overhangs the scene as she emerges in her variegated drapery from the cloud; the 'rich leas;' and 'turfy mountains' and 'bosky acres' of *Ceres* come with herself from dim remoteness into

visibility; nor are town, tower, or villa wanting to grace the advent of the stately *Juno*, drawn by peacocks in her car, as of old, when poetry taught mythology. The rocky roof in front, under which the lovers sit, reminds us that 'this unsubstantial pageant faded,' is but as a dream within a dream: and the final scene discovers the sea, the sole link between the enchanted isle and the distant world of human reality. There are the waves again, but not, as in the first scene, foaming in tumultuous fury. There is again the Neapolitan fleet in the distance, but no longer obscured by storm and black thunder-clouds. And there is again the royal vessel, now 'tight, and yare, and bravely rigged,' which before had been in the grandest of mimic tempests, parted from her companions, and driven out of her course by dimly seen elemental spirits, their undefined and suggestive forms hovering in the air and working the apparent destruction of the gallant ship and of her noble freight, whose future destiny is thus brought within the sphere of the magician's power. The view of the ocean, in the commencing and concluding scenes, combines with the artistical execution of the intermediate ones in imparting to them that insular, and episodical, and visionary character, which is the spirit of this drama. The conception was Shakspeare's—the theatrical realization was reserved for Macready.

"The effect of the opening storm scene upon the audience was beyond anything of the kind we have ever witnessed. From the rising of the curtain to the closing of the scene upon the wreck there was one unbroken peal of enthusiastic applause. To complete the spell upon the senses by sound as well as sight, the charm of the music incidental to the play, from the compositions of Purcell, Linley, and Arne, was prolonged between the acts by selections from Corelli, having been introduced by Weber's overture to 'The Ruler of the Spirits.'

"The uniform excellence of the acting merits *Ferdinand's* praise of the masque of spirits, and is 'harmonious charmingly' with the poetical illusion of the scenery. There were no discrepancies to impair the spell, but many beauties largely to enhance its influence over the senses and the imagination. The power of the desolate and enchanted isle seemed to be alike over the actors and the audience. Miss Horton's *Ariel* appears a delicate and dainty creature of the element, and the exquisite gracefulness of attitude, as in flight she repeatedly crosses and recrosses the stage, combines the poetry of form and motion. The whole personation was replete with beauties. Amongst them we may mention the quaint twang of tone by which *Stephano* is made to think it is *Trinculo* that calls him liar; the breathless rapidity of the lines, 'Before you can say *come* and *go*, &c.,' dropping into the affectionate archness of the words, 'Do you love me, master? No;' and the bending from above, with spread hands and pitying look, like a guardian angel over the sleeping *Gonzalo*, as she sings the warning against 'open-eyed conspiracy.'

The *Caliban* of Mr. G. Bennett presented the extraordinary contrast intended by the poet to the rapidity, grace, and lightness of the tricky spirit; and the appearance of the shaggy savage as he crawled out of his den was not less portentous than the demonised brutality with which he growled his maledictions. The, at first, bewildered *Ferdinand* and the ever-ingenious *Miranda* were realised in Mr. Anderson and Miss H. Faucit. Very beautiful is the group before the entrance of the cavern, as he kneels to her, led by the music of *Ariel*, and taking her for 'the goddess on whom these airs attend,' and she regards him with the frank admiration of one who knew no reason to suppress the fact that 'nothing natural she ever saw so noble;' while *Prospero* from behind looks on with the expression of a glad hope, not undashed by the pensiveness of past remembrances and natural apprehension. The revels of the drunken butler and jester (Mr. Bartley and Mr. Harley) were as grand, in their way, as the ethereal sportings of the masquing spirits. Their catch with the drunken monster was

the reeling joyousness of such an *outré* conspiracy as could only have been hatched amid the wild dreams of a land whose universality of enchantment spread alike over the grossest and the finest natures. The Neapolitan monarch and his nobles were sustained by Messrs. Warde, Phelps, Diddear, &c., in a dignity which no company less rich in talent can afford to grace such characters. And Mr. Macready, in the magian robes of *Prospero*, looked, as he was, the directing genius of the scene, 'ruler of the spirits,' whether of earth or of the upper element, and master of the human destinies of those who, under his ascendant star, had so strangely populated his isolated and lonely dominion. *The mighty repose of a resistless art, and the reflectiveness of a lofty intellect, nurtured in recondite wisdom, trained and disciplined by unmerited calamity, are in him only chequered, rippled on the surface as it were, by unwonted and enforced harshness towards the incorrigible cub of Sycorax, a beaming of fondness upon his delicate spirit Ariel, the natural anxiousness of fond and proud paternity, and some touch of impassioned sternness at the authors of the treachery that drove him from his dukedom to apparently inevitable destruction. By such impressions Mr. Macready ensured the poetical identification of the principal character with the spirit of the entire play. The whole might have been deemed the extemporaneous work of his own mind and magic, enacted visibly by forms which for that end he 'called from the vasty deep,' so fraught and instinct was the part as he performed it with the imaginative character of the composition. His characteristic truthfulness to the conceptions of Shakspeare often shakes the soul with bursts of emotion or continuous torrents of passion; in *Prospero* the personation is essentially poetical. When, on his sudden recollection of meditated treason, the masque and masquers abruptly vanish, his delivery of the celebrated lines, 'The cloud-capped towers, &c.,' had all the appearance of the instantaneous suggestion, the fervour, and the sublimity of inspiration."*

It was my original intention to have made some brief remarks on a question, which I know to be a stumbling-block in the paths of many who are ardent admirers of the acted drama. The question I allude to is, as to how far the profession of the stage is compatible with the delicacy and unobtrusive virtue, which we, essentially a domestic people, value as the highest excellences of the female character, and as investing it with all that it possesses of womanly grace and beauty. But my space prevents my wish, and I must content myself with quoting the opinion of one of the ablest among our modern female writers, who has expressed herself thus eloquently and boldly on the subject:—"The question has been often agitated, often controverted,—but I am inclined to maintain the opinion elsewhere expressed, that there is nothing in the profession of an actress which is incompatible with the respect due to us as women—the cultivation of every feminine virtue—the practice of every private duty. I have conversed with those who think otherwise, and yet continues to frequent the theatre as an amusement, and even as a source of mental delight and improvement; and this, I conceive to be a dereliction of principle, wrong in itself, and the cause of wrong. A love for dramatic representation, for imitative action, is in the elements of our human nature; we see it in children, in savages, in all ages, in nations—we cannot help it—it is even so. That the position of an actress should sometimes be a false one, a dangerous one, even for a female, is not the fault of the profession, but the effect of the public opinion of the profession. When fashion, or conventional law, or public opinion, denounce as inexpedient what they cannot prove to be wrong—stigmatise what they al-

"low—encourage and take delight in what they affect to condemn,—
"what wonder that from such barbarous, such senseless inconsistency
"should spring a whole heap of abuses and mistakes? As to the idea
"that acting, as a profession, is incompatible with female virtue and
"modesty, it is not merely an insult to the estimable women who have
"adorned, and who still adorn the stage, but to all womankind; it
"makes me blush with indignation. Unreflecting people—the world is
"full of such—point to the numerous instances which might be cited
"to the contrary. I have been perplexed by them sometimes in argu-
"ment, but never on consideration and examination: and with re-
"gard to some other evils, not less, as it appears to me, in a moral
"point of view, I do not see their necessary connexion with the stage
"as a profession. Vanity, jealousy, selfishness, the spirit of intrigue,
"the morbid effects of over-excitement, are not confined to actresses:
"if women placed in this position do require caution and dignity to
"ward off temptation, and self-controul to resist it, and some know-
"ledge of their own structure, and the liabilities incurred by their pro-
"fession, in order to manage their own health, moral and physical, then
"they only require what all women should possess—what all women
"need, no matter what their position." These remarks the authoress
follows up by three most interesting biographies of German actresses,
which fully bear her out in all she says; and if they are not unanswer-
able, they at least demand a patient hearing, and serious consideration
and examination. We fear we have already lingered too long on a
favourite subject: we will only request our reader's further attention,
while we quote in conclusion, Schlegel's fine eulogy on the theatre:—
"The theatre, where the magic of many combined arts can be dis-
"played; where the most elevated and profound poetry has the most
"finished action for its interpreter—action which is at once eloquence
"and a living picture; while architecture lends her splendid recep-
"tacle, and painting her perspective deceptions, and even music con-
"tributes its assistance to attemper the minds, or to heighten by its
"melody the agitation into which they are already thrown;—the theatre,
"in short, where the whole of the social cultivation and art of a nation,
"the fruits of centuries of continued exertion, may be represented in a
"few hours, has an extraordinary charm for every age, sex, and rank,
"and was ever the most delightful amusement of cultivated nations.
"Here the prince, the statesman, and the leader of an army, see the
"great events of past times, resembling those which they themselves
"may be called to act, laid open in their inmost springs and relations;
"the philosopher finds a subject for the deepest reflections on the na-
"ture and constitution of man; the artist follows with a curious eye
"the groups which pass rapidly before him, which in fancy he em-
"bodies into future pictures; the susceptible youth opens his heart
"to every elevated feeling; age becomes young in recollection; even
"childhood sits with anxious expectation before the gaudy curtain which
"is to be drawn up with a rustling noise, and to display so many un-
"known wonders;—all are recreated, all are exhilarated, and all feel
"themselves for a time elevated above the sorrows and the daily
"cares and troubles of life."

TRIAL OF LORD CARDIGAN.

THE trial of a Peer before the House of Lords—an event which has not occurred for eighty years ; the sudden revival of a scene that has slumbered in history the greater part of a century,—no marvel that the interest it created was greater than perhaps in itself the occasion called forth. No impeachment by an infuriated Commons brought to the bar of the Upper House some gigantic *criminal*,—no distinguished victim was marked out for slaughter by regal rage, and brought to the mockery of justice ; these were of the “olden time”—the days of turbulence, and rebellion, and chivalry. We live in more sober, and somewhat more constitutional days : no man now is likely to be brought to trial before such an eminent tribunal, who has not offended the law ; and we need not say that never more will the *form* of a trial mask a state assassination.

Yet, though no huge traitor to the state was to stand at that bar, there were circumstances of interest about the occasion. A nobleman, second in military command to the Queen’s Consort, was to be brought to trial before his Peers—for *duelling*. This was without parallel : for the first time the House of Lords, the highest judicial court of the kingdom, were *judicially* to pronounce their opinion of duelling—of a practice eminently aristocratic, upheld by usage, and sanctioned by antiquity.

It was not to be held in the ancient hall of Westminster ;—we should have been sorry to have had it so. Much as we should be desirous of witnessing the solemn forms of justice in that noble building, the grand reminiscences which hang around that venerable edifice would be rudely violated by the intrusion of a trial possessing no loftier pretensions.

Yet, though the trial could not be held in the ancient Chamber of the Peers, on which the devastating fire had done its work, we could not help thinking, as we beheld the scene, of Stafford, and Essex, and Bacon,—of Harley, and Kilmarnock, and Hastings. The last case that occurred was that of a *mere* common murderer :* —he must not be joined in the list of criminals so illustrious, and traitors so distinguished.

But there was not much time for recollections—the actual excitement of the scenery was too stirring. It was a noble sight, and not to be forgotten, that crimson-hung chamber with the throne, (on which a maiden, and then a married Queen, we have often seen delivering the high speech of royalty to an assembled parliament,) crowded with the Peers of the realm, clad in their robes of

* Earl Ferrers, convicted and executed in the reign of Geo. II. of shooting his steward.

dignity, arrayed in all the pomp of ermine,—forming a splendid picture, which was illumined by the dazzling beauty of the fair aristocracy, which shed its beams from every gallery.

It was not, however, the mere *picturesque* of the scene, though that was impressive, which most struck our minds. The *dignity* lay not in the ermine, after all, nor the interest in the *robes*. The majesty of that high assembly was that of high recollections, of noble descent, of long antiquity, of stirring associations, reaching from reign to reign through England's crowded annals; pregnant with historic greatness, presenting many an illustrious name—of chivalry or liberty, of victory or virtue.

"The representatives of the past," somebody called them,—but not *only*, (nor by the bye *mainly*, owing to *extinctions* and *creations*.) High as may be the dignity of the peerage as the symbol of hereditary descent, it is not less so as the sign of present merit. The imagination ever pictures as the founder of a noble house (and, we believe generally, justly so) a man of noble, gallant deeds; and the *prestige* that resides in noble birth, is, we think, attributable to the involuntary conclusion we so fondly draw, that the nobility of character, as well as that of rank, has been transmitted through the line of heirs. Hence, to those who, now living, have won for themselves, by those services or achievements which gain honour at this age, the distinction of nobility, there is quite as much, nay probably to the nation more, of respect naturally paid. And glancing round amidst that imposing array of aristocracy, we looked with eager interest not only for those who stood the representatives of a lineage reaching to the conquest, but for those illustrious ones, who in our own time have begun and triumphantly terminated their race for honour at this the noble goal of their ambition. Now, in all the exciting interest of the spectacle, thoughts did rise in our minds of the high value of an Hereditary Peerage, as the legitimate object for that "vaulting ambition," which, certain as it is, in any state like ours, to inspire many noble spirits, would otherwise "o'erreach itself and fall on t'other side;" as preserving, in the hereditary nobility of rank, the influence, high and inspiring, which clings to names associated with the honourable histories of noble lives; as present exhibitions of the bright crown that *may* be worn, and *collectively*, as an illustrious *standard* to their countrymen of all that is dignified, and constitutional, and just.

It *may* be a fancy of ours—(we do not believe it is) however; it is one which has a hundred times possessed our minds when surveying this assembly of the nobles, that there was a *something* of high descent *visible* in feature and expression. We see not why it should be otherwise: we believe firmly that there is a virtue in noble blood; that if preserved pure from contamination as it descends, it will bring along with it its perceptible distinctions; that

there will be that in the countenance of him who reckons his ancestors through far backward ages, which will distinguish him from ordinary men. And even as regards character, we have great faith in the tendency of noble natures to perpetuate themselves in descendants, aided by all the elevated examples and ennobling associations which hang around an ancestral dignity. The distinctiveness of feature and expression which marks out men who have "achieved greatness for themselves," is notorious, and has often struck us in comparison with that of those who have been "born to greatness." Here, however, we have repeatedly remarked, that although there is always a *distinctiveness*, the character of it varies with the character of the individual, and the manner in which he has "achieved greatness:" though always "marked," it is not always "nobly" marked. We cannot help observing, that it is possible in these days for men to force their way to the peerage, by no other "right" than that of intellectual "might:" we speak, of course, of those who rise to that eminence through the law, and who have not very generous and gallant qualities along with this mental superiority. No one will discern traces of *nobility* in the countenance of Lord Brougham.

But what nobility was there in the classical features of that most dignified judge Lord Denman? How appropriately did he in expression perform the office of High Steward, and how admirably his imposing "voice and utterance" accorded with the scene! About him, beheld in the distance, were his brethren of the bench: Tindal, living image of the ancient Fortescues and Lytteltons; Coleridge, with the majestic calmness of his intellectual countenance; Abinger, with his portly baronial figure; the iron decision of Parke; the thoughtworn erudition of Alderson; the gentlemanly composure of Bosanquet; the good humoured sagacity of Patteson.*

Quite a different class of countenance was theirs, who, decorated with the gems of illustrious orders, wore under their ermined robes the costume of the gallant services in which those honourable badges had been won. Some with the glorious blue of the Garter, others with the blushing red of the Bath; not a few with glittering jewels, gifts of foreign sovereigns, emulous of the honour of rewarding British valour. Who knows not the stern features of *the Duke*? There, also, were some of his gallant compeers in arms, who still wear the laurels of Badajos, and Vittoria, and Barossa. There, too, was noble Anglesea, in his chivalrous bearing, perfectly answering to our ideas of the hero who led the valiant charges that crushed Napoleon's cavalry at Waterloo. And there was the peaceful bench of the Church's revered Prelates—the venerable piety of Canterbury—the distinguished scholarship of Lincoln—the burning zeal of Exeter—the

* Thanks to the splendid portraits published by Mr. Moon.

commanding abilities of London. Thus among the inheritors of the glories of the past, were the possessors of the honours of the present. And this is as it should be,—for a race, however proud, is liable to extinction; centuries break the noblest lines, and there needs continual infusion of fresh life, to render the currents which have risen from antiquity, flow more freshly towards the future.

But amidst the crowd of unknown nobles that are seen near the bar, there is *one* who would arrest the attention of an utter stranger, and strike upon his mind the instinctive consciousness of the presence of greatness. Whose is that countenance, every feature of which is chiselled on the noblest model, whose whole expression is eloquent of intellectual might, and which is *marbled* with the intense studyings of thought-wearing years; in whose eyes, calm penetrating acuteness seems seated,—whose voice is music, so silvery, that its melody is only mellowed by what in others might be the huskiness of age,—whose attention is quietly directed to all that is going on with a vigilance which nothing will elude? That is the late Lord Chancellor of England; the High Steward of Cambridge University—Lord Lyndhurst:—he is seated on that very spot, whence the clear strains of his musical eloquence have often held in wrapt admiration his listening Peers; where he has, many a time and oft, been engaged in combat fierce with his great rival, Brougham, whence he has hurled at the Whig ministry the denunciations of indignant contempt; where the lucid streams of his transparent oratory has exhibited with startling perspicuity the tortuous windings of papist duplicity, and whence his transfixing phillippic against its great impersonator,* was darted with memorable effect.

To the trial however. The preliminary formalities being over, the noble prisoner is introduced. The outcry that has been directed against the Earl of Cardigan prepared us to expect a perfect impersonation of crabbed and harsh austerity. We confess we were not able to detect any symptoms in the Earl's physiognomy of such intolerable tyranny as he has been accused of. We should say he was decidedly a brave man; yet there was no tempering of graciousness apparent, and there was a *something* which indicated the rigid disciplinarian, the tenacious stickler for authority; there was a haughtiness, which perhaps is *fancied*, but which *is not* any ingredient in aristocratic dignity: the *most* gallant are the *most* gentle, the *most* high-minded the *most* kind. Yet it were injustice to suppose that the Earl lacks generous qualities, alloyed though they be by too much *display* of authority. It was a noble and a kindly deed which transpired the other day, and with English hearts will go very far to neutralize

* That striking apostrophe to O'Connell, when at the bar of the House of Peers, in the middle of a speech of his Lordship's, who darted at him the "*imo vero in Senatus venit, etc.*" of Cicero against Cataline, and then apologised to Cataline for likening to him one who lacked Cataline's redeeming trait of courage.

all the prejudice conceived against him—the becoming a governor of Christ's College, at the expense of £400., to be entitled to present the son of a deceased officer with a scholarship. Oh, why should man capable of *such* generosity, soil its rich glory by this taint of aught like harshness?

His Lordship's firm, self-possessed *Not Guilty* having been uttered, the Attorney-General commenced his speech for the prosecution. Sir John, "*plain* John Campbell,"* has all the *gravity* of the Queen's post-law-officer, but not a particle of his *dignity*. We liked not his speech—'twas stiff, formal, more heavy than learned; there was nothing in it of the uncompromising majesty of law, whereof her first minister ought to have some trace, we think: 'twas too much marked by Caledonian caution, assuming an *apologetical* tone in supporting a criminal prosecution; talking gently of no "felonious intention," while appearing on behalf of an indictment for "shooting with felonious intent;" 'mincing' the matter with an affectation of chivalrous forbearance, which might be well in a court of honour, but which sounded strangely in the lips of a public prosecutor towards a law-breaker. We regret not the loss of such *law bullies* as the Cokes of former days,—but is there no medium? Is not something due to the firmness and dignity of the law?

In the trial *itself* there was little to excite interest; no scope afforded for the tremendous powers of attack and advocacy, which grand occasions do elicit; nothing of that piercing, still, and penetrating intellect which, vast interests at stake, are displayed in the examination of witnesses. We doubt not, that *had* there been occasion for it, the great abilities of Sir William Follett would have been displayed with the energy of commanding championship.

As it was, there was enough in the stern acuteness with which the evidence was watched, and the prompt decision which darted on any legal error, to mark those high qualities which distinguish that noble specimen of English advocates.

Of the manner in which the trial terminated, much has been said. It is not the province of a literary periodical,—it were beneath a University quarterly, to enter into all the controversial opinions touching the decision of the Peers. *This*, however, it were manifesting either an utter ignorance of the first requisites of an efficient jurisprudence, and an unworthy forgetfulness of the merits of our own law, to omit stating, that upon the law of England, the Peers of England would come to no other conclusion than that which they did pronounce, fearless of the obloquy which irreflective misrepresentation would cast upon them in having yielded to an error—in itself trivial, but which, carefully considered, forms one among the many guards established by ancient law for the security of a fair and fully unimpeachable

* As he delights to call himself, *truly* enough.

administration of justice. Nothing is more likely to excite shallow contempt than a strict regard for apparent "trifles." In law, those who have most of knowledge, or at least most of reflection, must perceive how much hangs on trifles. Nobody can attend courts of justice without seeing every day illustrations of this—that really—practically—actually—it is those very "small things," those seemingly "technical points" whereon hinge the weight of great *results*. The error may seem a trivial one, the describing a man in one document as "Harvey," and in another as "Harvey Grange;" but can it not be observed, that although in *one* case it *might* be of no consequence, in another it *might* be of infinite; that the law, fixed and immutable, can take no cognizance of *mights*—but of certainties; and as it is the province of the law to prevent the *possibility* of a great injustice, it must be framed, not on the theory that cases *may not* arise, but on the *certainty* that cases may arise in which such an error may have the effect of placing a man powerless in the grasp of a prosecutor. The same law (it must not be forgotten) which looks trivial in guarding that "Harvey" shall not be written "Harvey Grange," assumes an awful importance when it is considered as guarding against a trick which may lull a prisoner into the consciousness of an ability to rebut *one* charge, which may lead him altogether to neglect the means of securing himself against a conviction on *another*.

While, on the other hand, we think the conduct of the House of Peers on this occasion was, as it might have been expected to be, a worthy exhibition of that calm and strict regard to the *forms*, while attention to the *realities* of justice—conscious that the latter depend upon the former; we consider this trial to have been a disgraceful example on the part of the Government prosecution, either of a *neglect* which (if not *incredible*) must have been monstrous, or of a *connivance* which was scandalously nefarious.

There was something impressive in the spectacle of each Peer among that crowded assembly rising, and on being appealed to in the dignified language of the High Steward, laying his hand upon his breast, and uttering on his *honour* the verdict dictated by his conscience. Long may it be ere the feeling is broken which links together, not less, we trust, in Englishmen's minds, than in the estimation of the English law, *nobility* and *HONOUR*; and longer still ere the sense of honour in our country has *with all*, the *influence*, if not as to all, the *sanction* of an oath.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

φίλη σε μητηρ οἶδεν ὄντ' ἔξω δόμων;

Plena puellarum noctu qui compita lustras,
 Num bona te mater scit procul esse domo?
 Quo ruis insanus? Quid agis? Puer impius audes
 Vivere sub dio clam genetrice tua?
 Clam genetrice tua nubes accendere odoras,
 Seu toto explicitus grandia membra toro
 Mæoniden animo Moschumque Bionaque volvis
 Quique canit vates "arma virumque cano;"
 Sive serens fumos spatiaris in urbe, catella
 Glaucide ad alternam subsiliente manum?
 Quo vagus effusa tibi margine pileus extat,
 Testis avitarum prodigiosus opum;
 Quove supercilio vitreus dependet ocellus,
 Aut lapis in nudo cernitur articulo;
 Si, quid agas, ubi sis, ignaram rure parentem
 Detinet ad patrium pagina dia focum?
 Amissam Europen quærens ad pensa, trahebat
 Fila per artifices Telephaessa colos:
 Interea virgo Sidonia, flebilis exul,
 Carpathias tauro remige findit aquas.
 Dum carpit Cereris secura Proserpina flores,
 Raptim in Tartareos vanuit hausta lacus.
 Penthea, dum manibus miserum discindit, Agave
 Nescit Echioniam deseruisse domum.
 Ah peream, materna libens si tecta relinquam
 Indicto "Genetrix, num licet ire foras?"
 Frustra sub pedibus nectam per lora carinas,
 Per solidam Cami vela daturus aquam.
 Irrita me primarum avium vox læta salutet,
 Quum redit ad viridem vivida sylva comam.
 Nonnihil ut noceat, placet impermissa voluptas:
 Qui latet, est major sentis odore rosæ.
 At quodcunque volam in pelagus deducere navim,
 Sit, mea qui tendat lintea, matris amor.
 Matris amore sacræ Cleobinque Bitonaque narrant
 Instar anhelantum plaustra tulisse boum;

Quos ubi Mors Somnusque pari certamine ad astra
 Sustulerant, scirent ne mala plura pati,
 Fratres marmorei steterunt in Apollinis æde :
 Nunc pietas dio vivit in Herodoto.*
 Quid? Non Granta Parens pueros Heliconis amantes
 Cogit inhumano subdere colla jugo?
 Sed videt, ut liquor absinthi sit idoneus ægris,
 Gravior ut veniat ducta labore quies,
 Lætus ut in sicco stet naufragus, otia ruris
 Empta salutari vulnere miles amet.
 Ergo animi prudens Musarum ad templa serena
 Spinosum digito significavit iter;
 Ne quis inoffensos istuc contendere gressus
 Posset, et instratam floribus ire viam.
 Haud secus Elysias valles adeuntibus Umbris
 Turbant ambiguos monstra minæque pedes;
 Cerberus obstat hians, Minoïaque urna, vomensque
 Tartareo Phlegethon flammea saxa lacu,
 Tu vero, juvenis, Grantæ qui Matris alumnus
 In radio ac tenui pulvere ponis opus,
 Quem rapit Æschylus acer Aristophanesque facetus,
 Utque Mathematices per juga, suadet, eas;
 Si tibi libera mens in terque quaterque legendum
 Calcitrat Eucliden, si tibi grande caput
 Et pravus studiorum et inevitabilis ordo
 Non exploratis arctat imaginibus;
 Crede mihi experto petulantis præmia nati,
 Quidque sit altricem non coluisse meam;
 Tu nihil invita moliri Matre memento.
 Hanc meus ad metam fessus anhelat equus.

φιλόμοσος.

* Vide Herodotum, Lib. i. c. 31.

LITERATURE AND IMAGINATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITERATURE AND THE ARTS," IN NO. VI.

It is a fertile subject—one upon which there is much more to be written than could be contained within the limits of a single article. Considering Literature in conjunction with the Arts, it was natural to view it in connection with the Imagination. To establish thoroughly the truths, that by improving all the faculties of the mind the imagination is proportionably improved; that this improvement is materially to be effected by literature of a healthy character: and that the consequently improved influence of the imagination on the whole character is alike exalting and powerful,—is now more fully our object.

The common idea of the imagination is, we believe, far below its true elevation. It is almost universally regarded as a something which has to do wholly with the fictitious, the fantastic, and the unreal: as a mere faculty of drawing pretty "pictures," which it is imagined can never, or *ought* never to have much influence upon men's characters. We think much of this pervading error may be traced to a too slight attention to the real operations of the mind, and a too great regard for the dry, cold *definitions* of metaphysicians (learnt probably out of some "cheap knowledge compendium," in the mass of cases) parcelling out in lifeless *separation*, and with mechanical *isolation*, these various operations, and in a manner calculated to give the impression, to those who go no farther in their metaphysical researches than these superficial misleaders, that those operations are so many independent and separately acting faculties, with little or no connection between them; and thus arbitrarily settling that it is the mind that thinks, the memory that remembers, the understanding that perceives, the reason that determines, or the imagination that pictures, as though each operation was quite unconnected with any other; an absurdity not less than to speak of the muscular system as wholly independent of the nervous, or of the nerves as having nothing to do with sensation. Away with this cold "cutting up" of that glorious *unity* called MIND; all whose several kinds and species of *operation* are so inseparably linked together, and harmoniously blended, that it were vain, nay, impossible to attempt to parcel off with map-like accuracy where one commences and another ends. Not that this in the least precludes the idea of different mental constitutions, sometimes from peculiarities of temperament (and perhaps the union between mind and matter is more intimate than many suppose), often from varieties of situation, education, habits and associations, possessing greater or less prominence, in certain particular powers. Some will be led by constitution, circumstance or choice, or all combined, to cherish and advance to greater length of development their understandings—others their imaginations. But the truth, we are persuaded, which would, if more generally attended to, have a salutary influence, is that the TRUE EXCELLENCE OF OUR NATURE LIES IN THE PROPER UNION AND HARMONY OF ALL ITS POWERS.

A morbid or unnatural advancement of any one property of mind is not its *true* development, nor ought it to be taken as exhibiting its real character. We know not if we should exceed the truth in saying, that it is impossible for the imagination to be exerted without calling, or *having* called into operation, all the other powers: indeed, it seems to us that imagination is less a *distinct* faculty than the manner of moulding into impressions all the rest:—at least, however, we will venture to assert, that the imagination can never be *salutarily* nor properly exercised, unless it brings into operation, or follows the operation, of every other power. And this is enough

for our argument. We are arguing not for the unhealthy and morbid imagination, but for the healthy and the sound. And we think we have clearly shewn wherein they differ.

Involuntarily, imperceptibly, perhaps, but not the less really, do the various faculties of mind rightly minister unto and commingle with the imaginative: memory, to recal the original perception or impression; understanding, to perceive its appropriate type; judgment, to form into befitting shapes the images thus constructed; and taste, to direct their due expression. When we speak of a "healthy" or "diseased" imagination, what mean we, but that the one is, and the other is not, connected with the due influence of sound understanding and judgment? In other words, that one has become habituated to a natural, and the other to unnatural imagery? And when we speak of a noble imagination, mean we not that it is one which hath ever soared upward in its course, that hath ever raised itself to an atmosphere of lofty ideas; and having thus rendered its nature akin to the elevated and the ennobled, stoops not to a meaner range?

We use the term *habituated*; and this leads us to remark how much more than may seem among the cast and character of mind depends upon *habit*. Without adverting to the extreme opinions which trace *every thing* to *associations* (further than to remark that these are *habits*), and without entering into the examination of the theory, that *all* the operations of the mind are but *habits*, and that there are no such things as *original* powers (more than to observe that this would be inconsistent with what is *incontrovertible*, the greater prominence, through *constitutional* temperament, of particular faculties in certain men); we cannot avoid the truth, that more than we often suppose, may we influence our nature, by controlling its *habits*. For, undoubtedly, not less than the external, is the *spiritual* part of our nature, the creature, in a great degree of habit: just as our limbs may move, through habit, in a particular manner, or our senses may operate in a particular mode, may our thoughts proceed by the same cause in a certain course, and our feelings flow in a certain channel. And as we are governed not so much by things as they *are*, as by things as they *appear* to us, through the *media* of the impressions which imagination creates, in a thousand unperceived and involuntary ways, so does it become evident, that on the *habitudes* into which our imagination casts itself, depends the character of our mind.

It were an attractive, but a too extensive field, the vindication of that glorious combination of powers high and noble, which we call *imagination*, from the derogatory inferiority which too often is insinuated against it, and the nature of those thousand intricate and important influences which it exerts on our characters—on our *lives*. Full wrongly do they judge, who think of it only as a weaver of light and airy visions, flashing but to *please*. More elevated far is the distinction of that element in our nature, which in earliest childhood buds forth in purest blossom, the most ethereal, the most spiritual of our mental powers, most imbued with *soul*, most removed above the leaden weight and dull defilement of earth's gross or cold "realities," bursting, unless much neglected or defiled, into glorious splendour with the mind's advancing maturity, proving its illustrious kindred with man's sublimest element, by throwing around his temporary resting place an atmosphere somewhat akin to that which it pants for in an immortal home, twining as a golden thread into his every walk of life, alike into

" — those thousand meshes which old custom weaves

To bind us earthward, and gay fancy weaves
In airy lustre various;"

" those nice regards, dear habits, pensive memories," which make up all that is attractive in our existence here, and give it *somewhat* of heavenly sacredness, and—

" — those glorious hopes, and
Visionary schemes of giant mould,

Which nourish the deep thirst
Of high emprise and glorious renown."

And even by its noble contemplations, furnishing the impulse, and by its exhaustless fertility of conception, supplying no mean aid to the grand investigations of science.

We may, however, draw attention to the beneficial effect—mark—of the sound and well-disciplined imagination—in enlarging the capabilities, extending the range, and elevating the sphere of our other faculties. Some indications of a prevailing opinion of this kind may be traced perhaps in the common application of the terms—synonymously, apparently—"person of narrow mind," and "of no imagination," to those who never go beyond the restricted limits of mere technicalities and details;—and most clearly may it be demonstrated by the indisputable fact, that men rising to highest elevation in *any* field, are men possessing a wide grasp and broad range of abilities, which could not exist without a far greater development of imaginative influence than they possess, who bury in deadening plodding all the richer sensibilities which invest enthusiasm with energy, and, absorbed in the littleness of contented confinement, miss the liberal scope of intellect which elevates to *greatness*.

But now there can be no doubt that the character of any element in our nature must as much depend on the *nutriment* with which it is nurtured, as on the manner in which it is exercised: and this brings us to the consideration of the influence which the literature we delight in must have upon our minds through the imagination.

If there is any truth in our reasoning, that the exercise of all our mental faculties is directly or indirectly involved in the operations of the imagination, if properly and *soundly* exerted: it follows that all which tends to discipline, to exalt, to improve those faculties, tells with proportionate power on the imagination, and (as we have hinted) works with reflex influence, by that medium, on the character. And the slightest consideration will show how much must depend on the style of mental diet, that is, on the character of the literature in which the mind is trained. Doubtless that diet gives to the mind that nourishes on it, its tone and cast: that if there be a luxurious banquetting on the falsely stimulating charms of seductive voluptuousness, there will be a weakening and enfeebling of its powers, and an incapacity for nobler soaring; but that if led to expatiate on many a broad field of glorious interest, whether covered by the mighty mysteries and vast hypotheses of science, or instinct with the achievements and the genius of the "great ones" of the past, there will be exaltation to high thoughts, and a nerving for worthy enterprise.

It is a vulgar idea that men of deep and profound research, and patient investigation, cannot be men of imagination. We are sure this is a gross error. And we should not be surprised, if the minds of those who devote ardent abilities and tedious years to the pursuit of some investigations which have to do with the mightiest forms of matter, or demonstrate the grandest powers of the intellect, and stretch its ambitious victories far beyond unaided fancy could even dream of,—have richer and more noble picturings cast o'er them by their sublimed and exalted imaginations than all who *pity* their toil—oh, they might have been too deep seated for expression, too lofty for utterance; and, if they could have been portrayed, the world might have marvelled at the musings of Archimedes, and the grand imaginings of Newton!

It *might* sound paradoxical to speak of calculations so profound as those of mathematics, or even perhaps of studies so minutely searching as the classics, as supplying a substratum for the imagination: yet we think that cold indeed must be the nature in which they do not lay a rich soil, fertile in a thousand elevated imaginings and stirring associations. It has not been our happy lot to be illumined by the radiant lustre which is shed from the

high shrines of learning to the glory of our land,—we have but caught some scattered beams that have wandered from their noble home; but the little of that light which has shone upon us has often kindled in our imagination dim rays reflected from those dazzling luminaries that have afforded a slight indication of what their's must be who live in their full splendour!

We feel persuaded that the stern and elevated studies which at the Universities engage attention, must exercise a highly ennobling influence on the minds of the students, by giving to their imaginations in all after life a vigorous and exalted tone, a distaste for the frivolous and sickly, a love for the intellectual and the ennobling.

To those who care but for the outward and the material—who bound their idea of “realities” by the narrow limits of this transitory existence—who know not the power which resides in the internal imagery of our nature to bring happiness—who know not the rich wealth of which their minds may be made the receptacles, and the elevated enjoyment its possession may shed upon them,—this view of the advantages of long and arduous, though lofty and intellectual studies, may have little attraction.

But they who know how great the power is which the internal and the spiritual wield over the external and the material in man's nature; who feel the invaluable treasure possessed by the mind that carries within itself a world of contemplations high and beautiful imaginings; who know that from that inward shrine so richly furnished do steal forth bright and sacred influences, that illumine the dark world of care and toil that lie around and without it; who know that there is a *spirit* in a cultured intellect, giving pleasures and conferring powers undreamt of by others,—these feel that there cannot be bestowed on man a greater treasure than a mind whose imaginative faculty has been disciplined into vigour by deep and profound studies, and nurtured into richness by the intellectual and the exalted, till they have become its natural element.

This brings us back to the observation we ventured, that the mind was as the body, very much the creature of habit, and therefore under our own controul as to the character and development of its faculties: we are thus naturally led to the topics connected with the influence of literature on the mind.

It is a common saying among the narrow-minded and illiberal-souled, and unenlightened people who pride themselves on being what they say, “matter-of-fact,” “business” sort of persons, that the more exalted studies, those pursued for instance at our universities, are far “too high” for those at least who have to mingle actively in the common pursuits of life. Without now entering into the disputed question, either of classics or mathematics, we may observe, that undoubtedly for those whose fate will be to drudge away their days for existence on some harsh and ignoble toil, it were vain to recommend studies so elevated simply because it were vain to expect that they will ever be able to follow the recommendation, or that means and time will be afforded them. The rule, we think, is plain and straightforward. The world is divided into two classes—those who cannot prudently in any wise distract their attention from the *one* essential object, the maintenance of respectable existence; and those who *can*. The former class, beyond all question, in the education of their children must be guided by those principles which are in accordance with the *utilities* and *necessities* of this world; and as they cannot do more than is requisite for gaining a befitting support, let them do that well. The other class, that *have* discretion, though having the opportunities and means, as to other studies, must determine between an education restricted within the mean and narrow boundaries of an absolute *compulsion* for the sake of maintenance, with a view merely to the necessities of our material nature, and an education conducted on higher grounds, based on nobler principles, founded on the consciousness, that, as Iago says,

“’Tis in ourselves that we are *thus*, or *thus*,”

that minds are fitted for assuming a high eminence among their fellow minds, and assert their kindred with illustrious spirits, by acquiring the power of rising from the chains of the *material*, and the clogs of the *temporary*, to communion with the intellectual and the *immortal*;—that thus, even looking only to the advancement of an earthly career, we are assisted onward, and that of true and worthy enjoyments, (without which existence were no blessing,) man must carry the source in his own breast:—that *there* must be the spring of a thousand fine contemplations and rich reminiscences of *glorious* pursuits, which may throw their charm over the mind in those hours (in most men's lives a great proportion), when, cast back upon itself, in vacant leisure, its happiness or misery must depend upon its wealth or poverty.

Those who think of men not as *animals*, but as *IMMORTALS*—not as material creatures, but spiritual natures—will deem the things of earth and its perishing necessities as least worthy of their cares,—the compulsion to attend to them at all, the *alloy* of this existence: they will appreciate this elevating effect upon those natures of studies, that seem by their mighty scope to be appropriate engrossment for them, or which, by the vitality they breathe into the creations of far distant ages, awaken thoughts of the immortality which is our heritage: they know that the wealth of man is *mind*, and that of mind the treasures are to be accumulated in rich store of generous ideas, by which it may be—

“ Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy; and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich tradition of the soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought.”

In the mental, as in the physical temperament, the danger is in selecting what yields easiest gratification in place of what contributes to lasting and desirable enjoyment. There is a sensuality of the mind as well as of the body. On the tone which the imagination has acquired depends in which of these two currents the mind shall run. An early course of high and vigorous training must salutarily ever after influence the mental appetites, by well tempering the imaginative tastes.

Such a discipline is much needed in this age of literature's teeming and tempting fertility, when a thousand superficial short ways to knowledge are eductively held out,—when every possible quality of taste is sure to find its gratification, the supply increasing in abundance as the quality descends in degree, when the exhaustless variety of books makes *choice* the first duty, and its *wisdom* the only difficulty. But whether or not this valuable discipline has been acquired, all may bring to bear upon the species of literature they prefer, a simple yet searching test, by asking and *discovering* whether or not it at once adds to their *knowledge*, and improves their mind; makes them think at once more humbly of *themselves*, and more worthily of their *nature*; gives them loftier thoughts of their *capabilities*, and lowlier of their attainments; extends to more liberal range the scope of their ideas, and raises to a higher elevation the character of their imaginings. Tried by this touchstone, how small a portion of our modern literature would be found worthy!

To discuss the question, whether the modern literature be more or less valuable than the more remote, would be far too wide a field for us to enter on now, as also the difference of those species of literature which at present obtain more particularly in distinction from those which at former times were more prevalent—both subjects by *themselves*. We speak of literature as *it is*.

We are not without some strong suspicion that the *variety* of our modern literature has been acquired at the expense of *solidity*, and that its diffu-

sion is alloyed by shallowness. The easy facilities for publication hold out temptations to authorship, and the universality of tastes gratified is perhaps mingled with superficiality in their gratification.

There is a tremendous abundance of what is called "light" literature : novels without sense, and plays without sensibility ; compendiums without correctness, poetry with no meaning ; magazines of nonsense, and miscellanies of trash ;—fearful indications these of the enfeebled minds and morbid tastes that can "batten on them."

"The mind must have recreation," it is said by many of these lovers of the trifling ; "as well as the body, it needs relaxation." True, most true ; and we are not of those who would chain to one dull round of perpetual sameness and unvarying toil, the intellect, any more than the body. It is one of imagination's noblest and most salutary parts to minister like an angel, with restoring and refreshing agency, to the sterner and more hard-tasked faculties. But recreation is neither needed, nor indeed experienced, preceded by no exertion :—*they* know not the bliss of unbending to gentle and soothing charms, faculties requiring repose, who never engage them in worthy and manly exercises. Hence the beautiful union there is between the various powers of the mind, and the harmony that may and ought to pervade their operation.

Moreover, know we not that we are *immortal*, and that accompanying that mysterious attribute is another—like its *proof* and its *consequence*—that of indefinite improvement, the high capacity for perpetual advance ! Illustrious evidences of kindred with sublimest spirits,—they should never be overlooked or neglected ! By all who have aught of respect for their nature, they will be constantly remembered. And elevating must be the influence of the noble truths ! For hence it follows, that at all events, within the limits of our utmost means and opportunities (and few there are who do not underrate them !) we can improve and exalt our natures,—that we can advance our minds from one degree of elevation, enlightenment, and refinement to another,—that thus the *toil* of to-day may be converted into the *recreation* of to-morrow,—that there consequently may be a never ending progression of mental achievements, still rising and rising, each the parent of another ; the intellect rapidly finding in fields of acquirement—not long since apparently inaccessible—delight inexpressible.

One great evil of the present immeasurable variety in literature is, that it holds out a strong temptation—and unless there be considerable mental discipline and controul, an irresistible one—to a dissipation of time : talent and attention, on an endless miscellany of works, on an infinite number of subjects, perused with irreflective rapidity, and leaving behind merely a confused mass of—not mingled, but disjointed and heterogeneous—fragments, unconnected crudities and half-formed ideas : hence followed by an immensity of confident talking (not conversation, for Cowper truly says, "all talking is not conversation,") on all topics, with thorough knowledge of *none*.

To prevent this discreditable degradation—for so we deem such petty trifling—of our valuable faculties and means, there are required a *good selection* of works, and a *wise use* of them. We may observe, that the hard discipline of a Collegiate education, with all its close investigations and rigid demonstrations, cannot fail to implant a worthy distaste for all such frivolous and superficial *pretences* of attainments ; nor should we think its effect less valuable in inducing that regard for *system* in reading, without which no reading will be useful. The indiscriminate perusal of books—even though carefully perused—can leave but slight store of mental riches in the mind. By *system*, we mean attention to the order, the connection, the harmony of *subjects*, as well as in each work a good digesting of real soul and essence—the *ideas*. There is a way of arranging and classifying works, so as to

read in succession those which follow in the natural connection of kindred subjects, thus tending to promote that union and blending together the information or the ideas which, in various works, have an affinity and relation, so linking them in a well joined combination, and which will give them a firmer hold-upon the memory, and fix their treasures more securely in the mind, than that unordered heaping together of things, which, having no coherence, want the strength of union.

And certainly there is a great facility afforded in the present state of literature for sound and salutary reading, as there is temptation for frivolous and trifling. Although we just remarked on the striking superfluity of "light reading," there is another feature in the aspect of our literature at this time of an opposite character, though proceeding from the same cause, the facilities for publication; we allude to the immense number of reprints, in economical, yet elegant forms, of the old, classical, standard literature of our country, which bring into the limits of easy access to all, the greatest works of ancient erudition and immortal genius. All who desire, therefore, may easily attain a refuge from the doubtful stores of modern literature in the sterling treasures of bygone ages.

There are, however, other features in our present literary condition quite as gratifying to notice. Among those crude and incorrect compilations, at best but shallow substitutes for knowledge, which abound, under the auspices of kind "simplifiers" of science, there are not wanting, in every department of science, works of great research and talented authorship, and written withal in a manner much more calculated to win votaries for science than the cold and crabbed volumes of mystic and forbidding character in which she was wont to be veiled. And we believe that this has arisen from a greater degree of imaginative warmth having been cast over her grand investigations, crowning them with high and beautiful contemplations, that attract, and not deter. This is indeed devoting imagination's ethereal spirit to its true and elevated use; the casting a bright mantle o'er the forms of scientific disquisition, else perhaps repulsive, and investing with glorious hues what otherwise might seem darkened. Nor is her light delusive *because* attractive, and misleading *because* beautiful. Guided by the strong and far-seeing perceptions of the stern faculties to which she ministers, she lures but in the right track, and throws her witchery over *facts*, not fictions; finding a more fascinating, at the same time a more legitimate province, in erecting noble theories on demonstrated realities, than in weaving airy fabrics of unsubstantial dreamings.

That there is naught in this ministering of the imaginative power to solid and elevated investigations, at all calculated to weaken or impair their efficiency, is demonstrated by the fact—which is one great honour to our age—that in many branches of science, those most susceptible of lofty and entrancing imaginings, researches have, within recent years, far extending the circle of their discoveries, been published, exhibiting all the noblest characteristics of enlightened philosophy. By throwing open the scientific to the influences of the imagination, we mean the combining into forms instinct with deep interest and high import, facts scientifically demonstrated, which else would, in disjointed and disassociated isolation, have none of that power on human mind they are calculated to exert. And this is in thorough accordance with that better system of philosophy, based upon induction from facts which Bacon substituted for endless and baseless speculations. Indeed, a great characteristic of this age is a leaning to the historical over the speculative,—that is, to *facts* in place of fictions, the demonstrative rather than the hypothetical: and that the imaginative, so far from being at variance with this, finds it its best field, we have repeatedly expressed our belief. There is in all branches of literature less of the abstract, and more of the *real*—less of the disqualitative, and more of the *practical*. And beneficially does the change work for the rational mind.

Histories, hitherto but eloquent dissertations on events, having naught of importance to present times, are made pregnant with a thousand sources of interest, though simply recording those *facts*, which are indeed of strongest power as affording the bases on which imagination may picture the "very form and pressure" of ages past.* Biography, before too much the tedious expressions of fulsome and unfounded eulogies, in which not less of truth as regarded a portraiture was lost by the readers, than was sacrificed by the writers, now are rendered impartially faithful by revealing the *man* through the medium of his *own* expressions, correspondence, and conduct, and thus present portraits, indeed, instinct with vitality. Under this head most numerous and valuable are the works composed of the "Correspondence"† of distinguished men, often throwing not a little light upon the history of their "Times" and "Lives,"‡ written in a truthful manner, calculated *really* to depict their characters, the elements to which they owed their greatness, and the self-discipline whereby they secured it. This is a most important branch of literature, one which, when thus *truthfully* characterized, is sure to command more influence, and hold out more interest, by reason of the graphic fidelity which gives *life* to the portraiture: and nothing can possibly tend to have a more beneficial effect on minds than the revelation which *such* biographies afford of the real "secrets" of greatness,—of the *actual* character of those who achieve it. It cannot but prove of all incentives to honourable ambition, the strongest,—of all moral instruction, one of the most powerful.

Scarcely a less favourable sign of the times, in respect to literature, is the great multiplication and popularity of those works which give a graphic delineation of other countries, their inhabitants and manners, with others, more valuable still, which search into the "causes" of the "effects" observed in these foreign lands. A great symptom this (combined with the prevalence of the works we have just alluded to) of a growing substitution of those sound *stimuli* to the imagination, which are thus based upon truth and facts, in preference to the fictitious pleasures of "*lighter*" literature. An indication is thus afforded of an elevation of taste on the part of one portion of the national mind, which encourages a hope that the improvement may be progressive. The interest to be found in works like these, is to a healthy mind quite as strong,—nay, far more so: infinitely more powerful must be the striking *realities* and picturesque *verities* of foreign climes, than the sickly fictions which are only deceptive. *These* works, moreover, give a largeness of grasp and liberality of idea to the mind, which raise its tone and capacity in no ordinary degree.

Even novels now *are*, the best of them (and the rest profess to be), founded on *real* life; they mirror the foibles of common character,—they display the follies of every-day circles,—they search for interest and humour in actual observation of their fellow-creatures, and a graphic description of their peculiarities,—and they succeed. It is another question whether their readers, to any great extent, avail themselves of the lessons which cannot fail thus to be held out; but which will only be of profit as they are brought into practical application, by an effort of self-examination, not perhaps (at least voluntarily) performed by many novel readers, and putting to one's consciousness the questions—"Is there no trait in this displeasing character that *I have*? or is there any trait in this amiable character which *I have not*?" If this were done, the vulgarity of Mrs. Brandyball§ would bring the blush of shame and penitence on many of her living images, and the pathetic tale of poor Nelly's || patient suffering and angelic

* As in that splendid national work, "The Pictorial History of England."

† Such as that of Chatham.

‡ See "Gilbert Gurney" (Hook).

§ As that of Sir S. Romilly.

|| "Humphrey's Clock."

kindness might "distil gently as the dew" many a touching lesson. It is to be hoped, however, that though, as we say, probably few readers take the trouble of really putting such searching interrogatories to themselves, while perusing agreeable tales; yet that unconsciously, imperceptibly, involuntarily, then do steal into the mind, as *real*, truthful portraitures of character are beheld in vivid fidelity, many a silent monition and gentle hint of follies to be avoided, or virtues to be imitated. This is the greatest distinction and the most valuable between those tales, which are the product of a sound and of an unsound imagination: the latter being founded on false views of character, can have naught of truthful portraiture in them, and can therefore present no such faithful lessons as the former may.

This suggests to our minds the recollection of the great truth, that as to literature—and not as to literature only, but as to all that can affect our nature—the agency that gives to it its influence, the *alchemy* for good or evil which elicits from it the latent gold—if gold there be in it—and makes it our own,—is *THOUGHT*. *Thought*, the combined and concentrated exertion of all the faculties our minds possess, is that which remarks the difference between the mere passing *reception*, and the substantial *acquisition* of ideas; between the *temporary* entrance into the memory, and the lasting impression on the intellect. Upon the manner in which the mind is thus exercised, depends the influence which whatever it is open to will have on it, and its own capacity and character. The tone and colouring which this mental agency will have from the imaginative medium, and the reciprocated influence of the former, arising from that beautiful harmony to which we have before alluded, as prevailing *rightly* between the various powers of the mind, have much to do with this exercise of thought. But an inquiry into this topic would lead too far into "metaphysical science and search profound."

There are plain and simple lessons, however, which the most unlearned can deduce from plain and simple truths. Thought, giving all its value to information, is itself (recurring to a remark thrown out more than once) much the creature of habit,—that is, in a great degree capable of self-control and government, despite the shallow plausibilities that speak of thought as involuntary. So are all habits *when formed*: but in the *forming of all habits*, the *will* is exercised, or *may* be so. Those, therefore, who wish to derive from such portions as they may be led to peruse of the great mass of literature now current, aught of value, as the germs of true wisdom and the seeds of substantial enjoyment, should learn to call out each power of their mind, to the best of the ability which they possess, in consideration, reflection, combination, and judgment; thus will they find, in the very exercise of them, their faculties improved and capacities augmented, and the rich treasures of ideas at once acquired and retained. This system followed will elicit more that is of true value from even a restricted circle of means, than a careless and superficial running over *without thought* the most well-furnished collections of knowledge.

In fact, probably *they* will acquire the greatest amount of real mental wealth, who restrict their reading at all events within the limits of their most careful and thorough *consideration*, devoting their attention to the *best*—the standard—the most *solid* works; and by bringing their minds strongly to bear upon them, attaining a far more extensive and valuable store of ideas, and giving to their mental powers a far higher tone, than those who, with less *thought*, read infinitely more. It was in reference to this that we spoke contemptuously of shallow "compilations" of science, and superficial "substitutes" for knowledge,—not by any means intending to derogate from the high value of these slight compendiums of information for those who can use no others, but wishing to deter all who have the power of properly acquiring knowledge, from being contented with merely *flattering* themselves that they know what they would do much better to be at the

pains to acquire. To know a *little* WELL, is infinitely better than to know *nothing* THOROUGHLY.

But what of *poetry* and the *drama*? Of poetry, the remark we made as to the infinite republications of the good olden writers of England, holds good particularly: it is a noble thing, too, to find the greatest of our living poets* devoting themselves to the moulding into a form intelligible to modern perceptions the works of the *father* of our English poetry. And good it is that it is so; for truly of the *present* day, we must say, that though there is an overwhelming mass of *poetry*, there are but *few*, very few POETS. One name there is—the greatest of them all—immeasurably the greatest since Milton—WORDSWORTH: and Cambridge—noble honour! —numbers both among her own.†

Of dramatic authors, there are a—one or two—but they illustrious ones! KNOWLES—powerful, impassioned, charming, *natural* KNOWLES—the younger brother (as we love to consider him—a very young brother) of the elder dramatists, bearing no slight resemblance to their ancient, time-honoured features, breathing not a little of their spirit. And TALFOURD,—passionate lover of the calm beauties that lie mirrored in immortal lustre in the classic drama, and enthusiastic follower of the greatest among living poets, throwing into his exquisitely finished dramas something of the graceful loveliness of his ancient, and something of the pure philosophy of his modern, models.

But nothing of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer? *His* name belongs not to literature as to *dramas*.—he is a *play-writer*, not a *dramatist*; he writes for the stage *only*, not for FAME; *his* plays will not be read by posterity—there is not “stuff in ‘em” for it. By the way, what a species of familiarity we contract with the names of much-loved authors; we never think of saying —*Mr.* Milton, *Mr.* Wordsworth, *Mr.* Sheridan Knowles, *Mr.* Serjeant Talfourd, speaking of them as writers; but we can’t help saying, “Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer,”—aye, and “Bart.,” with them we think of bosom friends, —with *him*, and those who write like him, not for the HEART—of *strangers*.

The DRAMA and POETRY, however, are subjects of themselves,—we do but glance at them. In truth, this is altogether but a *sketch* of the subject, —we feel it to be so: there were circumstances forbad its being *more*; yet, perhaps, it may *suggest* a few ideas which will repay its perusal.

* In the splendid editions now coming out of the old poets, as CHAUCER, under the auspices of Wordsworth, and others.

† The “sonnets” rival those of the “MASTER.”

PRINCE SERAPHIM, OR THE FALLEN ANGEL.

. . . "Some bright spirit for her sweet sake,
Deserted Heaven."

PERCY SHELLEY.

CHAPTER I.

HATH not the heart dreamt in the hush and in the solitude of the glory of the new world?

Hath not the poet, in his noon-day haunt, beheld a vision of loveliness whose reality could only have had an existence, in the days when the Great Spirit looked down from his dwelling-place and blest the last-born child of creation, the green earth?"

Hath not the prophet looked forward to the mighty era, when the nations shall be gathered together, at the voice of the Most Highest, for love and wisdom, and peace and happiness? Hath he not exulted in the thought that though the vision tarry, yet it will come? Hath he not beheld, as in a picture, the glory of the latter days, and then turned from the contemplation of the mysterious future, to that of the still more mysterious past?

Yes, the heart hath dreamt in the hush and in the solitude of the birth-day of our mother earth, our beautiful earth.—Yes, poet and prophet, in their noonday haunt have turned from their visions of the after glory to those of the primæval world, and have told of that time when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy.

The morning stars! and what of the morning stars? Are they less fair, less bright, less lovely, less musical, than when, O green earth, they sang for very joy, that thou wast born? No: no: they are not: they are not less radiant; they are not less worshipped. The glory hath departed, but not from them.

Was it not of the morning star that the prophet sang? I too would sing of a morning star; but the theme of his song may not be that of mine, for the joy and the exultation that were kindled on his heart's altar, are sought, but vainly sought, on mine: and the cloud of grief that rose at first no bigger than a man's hand, is gathering dark and vast, over the heaven of my life; yet will I sing, though I may tell but a tale of sorrow: yet will I dream, like poet and prophet, of the days of old, though my "heart and harp perchance alike have lost a string." Forgive me, mother earth, if in my lay, I profane the loveliness which thou wast of yore: forgive me if I sing of streams less bright, of hills less lofty, of grass less soft, of flowers less laughing, of forests less vast, less holy, than the sky-children knew and felt thine to be. Pardon me, my mother, for thou perchance mayest be my only listener: pardon me, my mother, for the love I bear thee, pardon me, and hearken to my words,

CHAPTER II.

A bower by the verdurous wall of paradise! Who hath not dreamt of a bower by the verdurous wall of paradise? For whom is the bower built, for whom do its roses glow, for whom beam the thousand flowers of white and blue and crimson, more beautiful than the stars, the coloured stars of the eastern sky?

A stream by the verdurous wall of paradise, carnationed by the hues of the flowers that look ever and ever on its crystal mirror! For whom flowest thou, calm and happy stream?

The music of the singing bird in the bower! Bird of the silver voice, what is the theme of thy song? Is it not love? For whom weavest thou that song of love?

The step of a maiden by the verdurous wall of paradise! The step of one whose feet are beautiful upon the mountain! The voice of the maiden in the bower, Seraphim, Seraphim! The echo of the far blue mountain to the voice of the maiden in the bower, Seraphim!

CHAPTER III.

And the maiden sat in the bower: the song of the bird was hushed, and the stream flowed more quietly, more holily. The maiden sat in the bower! But was there none there but the maiden? There is a hand linked in hers: it is the hand of Seraphim. There are bright eyes looking into hers for love: they are the eyes of Seraphim.

And who was Seraphim? There was a star that sang loud anthems by the very gates of the heavenly paradise. The star was young, very young; and the lights that were its sisters loved it exceedingly, because it was younger and weaker than they were. But this was not the only reason why they loved it. There was another: and that was because it was more beautiful than they all: for in the infinite, beauty is the embodiment of holiness, and those who have most beauty have most truth, and even the stars love religion. Now there was a prince in this star, and if the star was beautiful, the prince was much more so: and if the star was loved by its sister stars, the prince was more loved by his brother spirits. But they loved not him as he loved them, for his very essence was love; and there was not a flower in the green world, or a wave in the blue sea, or a bird in the thin air, that was not blest by his exceeding love.

And they called the prince Seraphim, and the star named they the Morning Star.

CHAPTER IV.

Now as they sat in the bower they spake many sweet words, but their voices were not like the voices of the children of earth, and none but the poet who understands all sounds however wierd and strange, could have learnt what were the subjects of their converse.

The maiden spake: "Seraphim, wilt thou taste of the golden apples, that fell, last eve, from the boughs of that wondrous tree which stands

within the dark green umbrage of the garden of paradise, and which, from time to time, I gather up? See, I have them by me."

And the maiden arose and went to a corner in the bower, where was set a small basket, woven of the petals of flowers by one of the young spirits that, in the ancient time, administered to man's wants and man's luxuries, but which have since returned to their home.

And the maiden brought the basket, and from the top removed one of the bright green leaves of the sunal, a tree which only lived in the beginning; and from the basket she took three golden apples; and in fragrance they far surpassed the most perfumed fruit of southern lands, while light seemed to sparkle from their delicate substance, and fall on the white hand of that gentle lady, which grew golden with the lustre it lent.

"These are the apples of paradise, love, wilt thou not taste of them? How beautiful they are."

"In olden time, Eva, one of thy name gathered fruit from the garden where they grew, and so forfeited that paradise."

"I know it, love, I know it; but the spirit is good, and the angel that keeps watch at the gate is gentle, and by his permission it is that I gather up the fruit that falls."

"The fruit, sweetest Eva, is beautiful, but I would not taste it now. Not taste my fruit! And after thy long journeying! and in the noonday heat. Well, as thou wilt, I have some of the fragrant nectar of the flower, that the spirit loves, who placed it here. Let me pour thee forth a gourd full. There, see how it sparkles."

And the maiden raised the gourd to the lips of Seraphim, and he smiled but drank not. Then she put down the gourd and linked one hand in his, and with the other wreathed a garland of fair flowers around his brow of dazzling whiteness. But Seraphim spoke not. So when the maiden saw that he answered not, she let fall a tear, but with averted head, that the beloved might not see her weep.

"Nor fruit, nor flower, nor wine thou lovest: wilt thou have music, O love? I have a new shell that discourses loveliest melody; it was given me by yon ariel whom thou seest resting beneath the rose tree, and when he gave it, he taught me a new song; wilt thou that I sing that song."

"Music is sweet, but thy songs, Eva, are sweeter. I will have no music save that which they impart."

"Nor fruit, nor flower, nor wine, nor shell thou lovest, but thine Eva's voice alone. But, Seraphim, I have spoken many words to thee, and thou wilt scarce give answer. What ailest thee? Art thou weary? Art thou sorrowful? Tell me, love, that I may be thy consoler."

"Eva, when I saw thee first, I lived not on earth, I was a tenant of a far country."

"Nay, love, when thou sawest me first, was it not in this bower, and camest thou not from the Eden vale?"

"Yes, Eva, that moment saw me come from the Eden vale. But whence thinkest thou I came thither?"

"I know not love."

"Rememberest then the bright star I pointed out to thee one grey

dawn, when we had watched from close of eve until the uprising of the sun?"

"Oh, yes it is a lonely star, the most beautiful in the morning heavens.

"But it is fainter now, far fainter than when I first shewed it to thee. Listen, Eva, I am the spirit of that star."

"Ah me! then thou wilt not love me."

"Not love thee, Eva! It was for that alone that I left the sphere of my glory."

"I wronged thee, love, forgive me. That star is more beautiful than mine own earth; but as thou sayest it is fainter now than it was. Yet, I heeded not this, for thou art more beautiful than it could ever be. Oh, how beautiful. But wilt thou remain long in thy star, when tired of earth? I cannot see thee in thy far domain, and how shall I live without thee!"

"Eva, I have erred in that I left that star, and forgot the Great Spirit of the Universe. I may return there no more."

"Oh, say not so, say not so, love Seraphim."

"And I may see thee no more, mine Eva, for among the sons of light, there is a deep penance to be done for sin."

"And may I not share the penance with thee?"

"No love, it may not be so."

Then the life went from the maiden.

And lo! an awful shadow arose, and said unto Seraphim, "Follow me." And the angel followed the shadow to his place of penance.

CHAPTER V.

There was a vast forest far, far from the gates of Eden; and for a mortal to have past from the one to the other, would have asked many a long summer day; but a son of light might have performed the journey in the interval between the death of the sun and the birth of the morning star.

This forest was not like the forests of our present world; it was more vast, more beautiful, more sublime, more varied—and oh, far more holy. There grew in its most secret shrine, trees that no longer lend beauty to the earth; trees whose very leaves seemed stirred with prayer, and whose branches seemed earnestly to gaze into the heaven above, as if they were expectant of some mighty event, or were listening to catch the first sweet accents of the evening star. For it was evening. And birds of every bright hue, and every gentle voice, were sitting sacredly among the sacred boughs, and breathing out their last thankgivings as the royal sun bade them farewell. And the flowers! who might number the populace of the world of flowers? Myriads in myriads there they rose, lived, bloomed, died; with every breath of air each blossom faded, and other blossoms came, more fragrant, more lovely: crimson and green and gold and silver and blue, were beheld here gleaming in solitary loveliness, and there interwoven in a thousand strange and beauteous combinations. And gorgeous insects flitted ever and ever through the green night of the forest, or chose a tabernacle for a brief hour of repose in the heart

of some loved and loving flower, or piloted themselves over the breast of the crystalline stream, that reflected the varying portraiture of blue sky, and white cloud and pale star, that was above all.

CHAPTER VI.

In the forest were heard voices, low and sweet and holy.

"Brother, whence comest thou!"

"Brother, I come from the shrine of the morning star; for the spirit that was its prince hath forsaken it, and it burns less brightly now, in grief that Seraphim hath left his throne: and me alone hath the great spirit allowed to descend from my dwelling, to go forth and seek Seraphim: and hither and thither have I wandered in search of him, and have found him not. And lo, the sun hath died there three times since I left my home of glory."

"Brother, return to thy star, and weary not thyself with further travel, for he whom thou seekest is sad, and lustreless, and lost. For on no holy mission left he his own country, and hath lingered on the green earth, because of one whom he loveth. He hath forgotten his throne, and it is taken from him and given to one more worthy of it. Therefore must he do long and deep penance, such as is enjoined among the sons of light."

And the spirits wept.

"And she whom he loves, must not she too suffer penance?"

"She must; not that she loved the angel, for that she did unwittingly; but that she murmurs, even now, against the Bright Essence. And I am he who is appointed to reveal to her this tale of sorrow. And sad, very sad will her fate be, and dark will be the doom of Seraphim. Alas! alas! the glory, the glory hath departed."

And the spirits wept.

CHAPTER VII.

The last shade of twilight had faded, and the faintest star had become visible, and the most wakeful bird had sung himself to sleep beneath his curtain of green leaves; and the breath of the air was cooler and more fragrant; the murmur of the stream more musical to the ear; the blue of the heaven was more dark to the eye, and to the soul the stillness was deeper and more solemn. Over the brow of a lofty hill the infant moon kept holy vigil, and lent her pale sweet light to the green grass, and the dewy flowers that were fostered there.

And on such a night as this did the children of the ancient world assemble, that together they might walk in that still scene, together sing glad hymns and hold gentle converse together. For in that happy time there was no need for man to retire apart, when he would commune with the trees and flowers, or meditate by the calm waters, or climb the high mountains, or draw religion from the moon and feeling from the stars, and poetry from all the mysteries of nature. Then what was beautiful to one was beautiful to all, and there was no thought, or wish, or sentiment, that could not be understood, that could not be felt by the dwellers of the ancient days.

On that fair hill of which I have spoken, gathered many a numerous band, for the family of the grey old world had come forth to offer up their thanksgivings to the Great Existence. For not then, as now, did they worship in temples made with hands; but every green hill, and every high place, were fitting shrines for the adoration of the Universal One. But when man sold his birth-right, when he turned to the love of things forbidden; then, lest he should altogether forget the Invisible, ordinances were enjoined, and commandments were given, and temples were built, and the high mountain and the sheeny grove were interdicted as places of worship. Nor then, as now, were the lyre and the dance considered as desecrative of the service of the sole King. And thus, could you have looked forth on that holy and lovely scene, you would have beheld the world's sires, chanting their wondrous anthem to their Sovran, while our ancestral mothers tuned the stringed instruments that were given them by the children of another sphere,—for in those days the angels were ministrant to human wants. Could you have looked on that lovely scene, you would have beheld their young daughters gazing, with linked hands and tearful eyes, on the radiant hosts of heaven. But their tears were not the tears of grief, but of joy; for when they gazed on these stars, they thought of Him who made the stars, and his mercy and his love seemed passing all that their hearts could conceive. And you would have beheld them anon with starlight-smiles weaving together the light dance, and laughing out their golden laughter in the overflowing happiness and innocence of their hearts. And you would have beheld the young children sporting merrily beneath the moon's light, and would have blest them, because they were so free, so beautiful, so gentle.

But you would have seen one sweet maiden there more beautiful than all,—yet she sang not, nor danced, nor spoke. Her loveliness was like none that we can see now, or even dream. Her eyes, that were dark as night, were bright as the very morning—but the enchantment was not in her eyes. Her cheek that was of radiant whiteness was carnationed with the softest tints of twilight—but the enchantment was not in her cheek. In what then was it? It was in her smile. And yet not in her smile only. There was yet another enchantment; and this was in her silence. Even now when I think of that silence, I turn away from the light and weep. Weep! for that silence expressed more than if she spake, and rather than cease to think of its loveliness and mystery, I would be mute for ever to the melody which I hear, or which I dream that I hear, awakened nightly at the gate of paradise.

Who was this embodied dream of the heart? who was this vision of the beautiful in a strange land? It was Eva.

CHAPTER VIII.

And while Eva sat apart in musing mood, her young and gentle sister approached her with noiseless steps, and threw her arm lightly around Eva's neck; and Eva started, and looking up beheld Persith standing by her: for that was the name of her sister. And Persith

said, "Sweet Eva, thou art sad to-night: what hath befallen thee, that thou neither raisest the hymn nor joinest in the dance? But now I see thou hast been weeping, dear Eva; let me kiss away these tears." So Persith kissed her, and said, "Thou smilest once more, Eva—so I cannot think thou wilt be longer unhappy, nor will I ask thee to tell me why thou weapest, since the tale perhaps may renew thy sorrow. But look, dearest Eva, how thy bright black tresses have fallen over thy face: let me braid them for thee, love, for they shade the lustre of thy smiles, and I would not lose their beauty. They are so lovely, Eva! I think nothing can be more lovely, not even the beams of that star which thou didst point out to me, some mornings since, from thy bower near Paradise."

And the affectionate Persith, as she spake, gathered up her sister's long luxuriant tresses, and wove them into many graceful wreaths. And when she had finished her task, she folded her arms round her sister's neck, and Eva kissed her. And the sisters, as they embraced each other, were more beautiful than the shadows of loveliness, after which the human heart yearneth.

And Eva said, "Sweetest Persith, if thou wilt run to the tree which stands half-way down the hill, in the lower branch thou wilt see the basket which thou gavest me. In it is a cluster of grapes: let us eat them here."

And the fond Persith sped gaily down the hill, with a step light as that of a fawn. And when she was out of sight, Eva turned from the spot, and descended the hill on the other side, sadly and slowly.

CHAPTER IX.

Persith returned to the spot where she had left her sister, and when she saw that she was gone, she enquired of her young playmates if they had seen Eva, and they answered that she had gone down the hill some time since. So Persith descended the hill, and searched in every nook, and under the shade of every green tree, and in the bower that they had reared together—but found her not. So after she had sought all their favourite haunts, she bethought her that the hour was late, and she re-ascended the hill. And when she had reached the summit, she perceived that all her friends had departed; and looking down another side of the hill, she beheld them winding over the plain below. But still unwilling to return without Eva, she continued to call loudly on her sister's name, Eva, Eva! But the only answer given, was the echo of the opposite mountain, Eva, Eva! And the little girl returned home.

CHAPTER X.

It was nearly the hour of dawn; the dark hue of the sky was growing slowly of a fairer colour; the thin wan moon and her ministering star became almost invisible, as the morning twilight, the brief twilight of the east, journeyed with fleet motion through the arch of the dim night towards the portal of the glad morning. But among the fading planets of the sky, pre-eminently bright—surpassingly

lovely—burnt one star, large, full, and brilliant : and while the others were dying out of the blue air, this star sparkled and glowed, as though it were but newly hung in the halls of infinity. And as the star shone with increasing radiance, its beams fell on the shrubs and flowers which were woven into a bower, by the wall of the garden of Paradise, and piercing through the leaves of the vine ; and penetrating through the tender branches of many a summer fruit-tree, they rested on the face of a sweet but melancholy maiden. And the maiden was gazing passionately on the star, and as she lifted up her fair face, and threw from off her brow her dark tresses, you might have beheld the tears roll large and fast down her pale cheek ; for pale it was with the vigil she had been keeping, and cold with the drops she had shed during the long night. Were they drops of love or of repentance ? Of both. Of love, for she still loved the fallen Seraphim, and grieved for him ; of repentance, for she sorrowed deeply that she had murmured against the lofty One.

And as the maiden gazed through an opening in that pleasant haunt, she saw afar a light, that scattered itself over the wide plain. And the light was exceeding glorious, so that she could not look upon it for its wondrous glory, and the light drew near her. And the maiden closed her eyes, and sat “noiseless as Fear in the wide wilderness.” And the light drew nearer and nearer, and filled the whole bower where the maiden was. And the light began to be less diffused, and its scattered beams became concentrated, and its broken essence was woven together. And in the midst of an exceeding splendour stood a royal shape ; and the shape had wings,—they were of green and golden hue ; and since the beginning of time until that day, never had a shape so solemnly beautiful revealed itself to a daughter of Adam.

And a voice grew up, like the music which the sun utters when it thunders through the heaven of heavens. And the voice spake, Eva ! Eva ! And the maiden lifted up her eyes, and her soul fainted within her, for the presence of the splendour was awful. “Eva, thou hast sinned ; thou hast murmured against the Father of heaven and earth ; thou hast forgotten his goodness and his mercy—thou hast given thy heart away, and for the created hast neglected the Creator : therefore must thy sorrow be great. But inasmuch as thou hast repented thee of thy murmuring, a portion of thy woe shall be remitted. Of two penances choose thou one. Wilt thou that thy spirit return now to him who gave it, or wilt thou on thy death, in a future day, be banished a weary season from the golden metropolis of the Great King ?”

And Eva said : “Let the silver cord be loosed ; let the golden bowl be broken ; be my transgression visited with double penance. But Seraphim ! Seraphim ! Seraphim ! may he not be spared ?”

And the voice answered, “The soul that sinneth must bear its own burthen ; the sceptre hath departed from that fallen angel, and hath been given to one more worthy. Even now he hath received his empire, and the star that burnt dim but two mornings since, glows with more than its former lustre.” And Eva wept.

“Then the spirit touched her by the hand, and the glory slowly departed.

CHAPTER XI.

Brightly uprose the princely sun, and gladly broke the morning above the green hills, when the sister of Eva came forth, with anxious heart, to the bower near the Paradise of the great Forefather.

Over the front of that calm retreat, dropped in rich festoons the branches of the summer vine, which had so interlaced themselves, as to form a natural curtain to the fair recess within. It was with a beating heart that Persith listened, for a moment, ere she entered; it was with desponding voice that she asked, "Is Eva here?" There was no reply—not a sound was heard. So with trembling hand the fair girl withdrew that canopy of green leaves, and in another moment found herself alone with the dead.

On a couch of roses and violets and myrtle leaves, which her own hand had strewn, lay the child of death—a slumberer among flowers; cold, cold as the breath of winter, and pale as the lily which her white fingers unconsciously had clasped, but more lovely than when living; for death can give a beauty to those whom he loves, a fearful and a melancholy beauty truly, but which far exceeds the beauty of his sister life,—one that is far more eloquent of peace and of religion. Yes, there lay that fair dead flower.

And that other flower, the *living* flower—what did she? She knelt beside the body of her sister; she looked on her pale face; she clasped her cold hand: she would have wept, but she could not, for it was a grief "too deep for tears," and the silence of sorrow speaks far more than the moist eye or the loud moan. Oh, leave her, leave her to her woe! Let the green veil of the vine once more conceal the shrine of that fair bower, and cover from the cold gaze of the false world, the mourner and the mourned; the living and the dead. Oh, leave her, leave her to her woe.

CHAPTER XII.

My song hath ceased: the phantoms that I have raised have left me; the beautiful hath vanished, and I am once more alone—alone in the world! Alone! nay, not alone, for in the silence I hear a voice, and in the solitude I see a vision; and the children of eternity are with me. Nay, not alone, for above me bends the blue sky, and below me sleeps the green earth; and the bowers, and the leaves, and the trees are with me, and I hear the shouting of waters afar, and the converse of the winds around me.

Forgive me, fair Universe, forgive me for my murmurings. Ah, no! I am not alone.

CATULLUS AND HIS SONGS.—No. I.

IN the highest and noblest sense of the word, the Romans were not poets. Their destiny was not to create the beautiful, or to teach wisdom, through the media of the plastic arts, or by the utterances of poetical inspiration, or by the revealings of intellectual philosophy. They had no written drama. The world was given to them as a theatre—and they were the actors in it. They had but one part to learn, that of the victorious warrior. They aimed at conquest and eternal domination. They acted terrible tragedies—but they wrote none. They had no epic,—for in the correct and lofty meaning of the term, Virgil is not an epic poet. Their lyrical poetry was hardly Roman: it was of Grecian origin. The Romans *thought* little, but they *did* much. Their life was external, gross, palpable. They had no inward and spiritual life, and therefore little poetry, in our sense of the term. Their poetry existed in their institutions, and is made up of their actions. They are poets not individually, but collectively; and this inasmuch as they are creators, not of beautiful or lofty thoughts, but of terrible and marvellous manifestations of power, outwardly impressed on the outward world. Poetry considered as the offspring of the imagination incarnate in language, was not the cause, but the result of civilization with the Romans. They cultivated it as a luxury, as we cultivate a rare exotic. "We have in the Latin, the example of a language modelled into poetical expression according to foreign grammatical and metrical forms." As was the letter so was the spirit. The Roman poetry was an imitation, and in some cases even a servile copy, of the Greek. We speak of course of that portion of it which we are acquainted with. Of the ancient poetry we know little, and that little only on the testimony of others. It is certain that the primitive character of the Romans was a poetical one—that is, it was in accordance with the eternal laws of beauty and truth. From the practice of the most ennobling virtues, and the exercise of the most perfect self-denial, the Romans degenerated into vices the most fearful, and selfishness the most revolting. Their character had hardly reached its manhood when it perished. So was it with their language,—so might it have been with their poetry. I am far from denying that Virgil possessed the poetic faculty to an intense degree, but I think that Lucretius possessed it in a degree still more intense. Had Lucretius written an epic, he would have been to Virgil, as Virgil to Voltaire. If then we suppose the poets of primæval Rome to have inherited "the vision and the faculty divine" in only an equal degree with Lucretius, it is highly probable that the finest portion of the Latin Muse is lost to us, and that consequently our generalizations on Roman poetry are referable to its fragments alone.

However this be, the object of the present essay is to hear of Catullus only. Catullus may be regarded as the last of the early poets. His style of thought seems more nearly allied to that of his

predecessors, than the style of Virgil and the Augustan poets. His language is certainly more nearly akin to theirs : we can trace the same Greek origin, the same Greek vitality and picturesqueness of thought. There is an occasional harshness in the diction, showing that the language was not yet perfected ; but there is inseparably connected with it, an antique stateliness utterly unknown to the children of a later day. I do not of course lay claim to anything like infallibility of judgment, but there seems to me to be a greater earnestness and depth of thought in Catullus than in Horace. I speak of them as erotic poets only. It would be unjust to compare Horace with Catullus, on any but a common ground. Horace was not remarkable for originality : he imitated the Greeks, and he imitated them successfully. But still he is little more than the first of imitators. Horace never looked into his own heart and wrote, except in his discourses and epistles, and not always there. Horace took a loftier flight than Catullus, inasmuch as he strove to follow in the course of those who had soared upward into the cloudless empyrean of Grecian song. But he is to them as the hawk to the eagle. They drink their inspiration from the glories of sunrise, and from the golden splendour of the uprisen morning : he catches only the coloured twinklings and the sunny gleams that fall off their expanded wings. Catullus, on the contrary, never soars so high as Horace ; but he rises more boldly, his flight is more free, and his movements more swift. He springs up scornfully from the ground, and cutting a path for himself amidst the crimson clouds of morning, he sings alone, and earnestly pours forth the strains of his own music, catching the radiance of the sun—in a lower atmosphere, it is true, but catching it at once, and not at second-hand, like Horace. His flight is not so lofty as Horace's, but it is his own ; his song not so noble, but it is his own ; his music less brilliantly executed, but he invents it himself. He is not so near the sun, but he has no screen between him and the orb to which he directs his gaze. There is less light on his wings, but it is not borrowed ; and it falls more brightly and less brokenly upon them.

How then comes it that the poems of Catullus are so little read and so little valued ? A natural question, and easily answered. The reasons are obvious,—they are two. In the first place, no man will take the trouble of reading them for himself, and for himself forming a judgment of them. In the second place, they are depreciated because misunderstood. The poems of Catullus, it is said, have an immoral tendency, and therefore should not be read. We need only remark, as regards the first cause of the neglect of Catullus, that it is the very height of folly to take the first opinion a man can meet with, rather than to form an opinion of his own. Our hebdomadal and popular literature is infected, says a clever critic,* with a certain amount of *traditional judgments* (for in time they become so current as to be sacred), so that you take up every author with some previous prejudice, which, turning out to be altogether false, or partly so, you either conclude that it has escaped your penetration, or at least hold your tongue, because "every body says it." In accordance with this remark, the sentence of con-

* Old English Dramatists, Monthly Chronicle, No. XXXI.

damnation pronounced first by J. C. Scaliger, on the poems of Catullus, and diligently handed down by *unerring tradition*, has been ever since maintained by the learned dunces, who consider that there is no appeal from a judgment of so long standing as this. In fact, Catullus is not to be read, and is not to be admired, because an old gentleman of the fifteenth century declared that he could find nothing but coarseness and trifling in him, and because all the old gentlemen of the succeeding centuries declare that his decision is inappellable. And what if Scaliger did say that he could find nothing but coarseness and trifling in Catullus; did not the same clear-sighted critic declare that Virgil was superior to Homer, and that the tragedies of Seneca were preferable to those of Euripides? But we will not waste time on this consideration, but, recommending our readers to judge for themselves, we proceed to grapple with the charge of immorality.

Were Catullus accused of coarseness alone, we should readily allow the justness of the accusation. Coarse he is,—the slang of Billingsgate not more so. But then he is only coarse at times, and as it were to show that he could be coarse. In obscenity, as such, the poet could find no enjoyment; it could only be by an act of the will, by a voluntary violence done to his own feelings, that he could think or write obscenely. I have no doubt that many of my readers will understand me, although this position may seem somewhat obscure. As far as my own experience goes, I hesitate not to say, that the most delicately-minded men, when provoked by some stinging sarcasm against their *ætheriality*, and overwrought by the false shame of the moment, are unrivalled in the rapidity with which they will utter coarse drolleries and obscene jests; and in the exaggerated feelings of the hour, and from the anxiety which they feel to exonerate themselves from the charge brought against them, rush with ridiculous earnestness into the extreme of low ribaldry, and force their imagination, learning, and wit to aid them in their contest of wild dithyrambic and intensely coarse merriment. Alas! there are many such men—men of deep and true feeling, and beautiful and ennobling thought, who, from spleen or shame, or self-originated perversity, conceal the spirit of the poet beneath the mask of the ribald jester. But this is not the sole cause of the coarseness of Catullus. There are other causes, readily conjecturable, and therefore not requiring a distinct mention in this place. The principal of them are to be sought in the paganism of Catullus, and in the utter corruption of the social institutions of the period in which he lived.

But, as we have hinted above, it is not the coarseness of Catullus that is the chief occasion of stumbling; it is the *immoral tendency* of his poems. The same accusations which are brought against Catullus, are brought in an equal degree against Anacreon among the Greeks, and Herrick among ourselves, and indeed, against the whole brotherhood of those poets who may be denominated in a peculiar sense the poets of enjoyment. They are pronounced immoral because they teach men to be cheerful, to love the beautiful, to worship the graceful, to despise ambition, to scorn the maxims of the selfishly prudent man, to check those obstinate questionings which can never be answered, to seek happiness everywhere, good in everything—in a word, to love and to enjoy. "Yet we are not to take for granted, with the gross libe-

rality of dull or vicious understandings, every thing a poet says on all occasions. It does not follow, because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him the taste greater than other men's for what he enjoys. Redi, the author of the most famous Bacchanalian poems in Italy, drank little but water."* No! we are to receive the divine outpourings of the poet's heart, as so many declarations of the pleasurable emotions which he has shared, as so many experiences of the blessings of life which have fallen to his lot, as so many full and hearty confessions of the joyous frolics and merry pranks in which he has engaged. He represents himself "as man always, and indeed is full of inequalities and apparent inconsistencies—the effects of the flooding and ebbing, the winds and currents of the passions."† He covers none of his sentiments. He conceals none of his thoughts. He frankly owns the pleasures of love and wine. He rejoices in all bright and beautiful things, he glories in the possession of a careless and happy heart, he delights to gaze on blue skies, and to wander over sunny lawns, and to listen to the sweet waters that "roll persuasion" through the odorous meadows that they wind along like silver threads or lines of purest light. He teaches us to find beauty in all things; he shows that there is a tone of goodness in things evil; he says, Be merry, for to be merry is to be wise. Discontent and peevishness—these are the causes of much of the misery in the world. Love the beautiful, cherish the graceful, seek enjoyment. Yet he does not tell us to seek enjoyment where it is sinful. This would contradict his own theory, for there can be no sin without sorrow; and to see others suffer, under any circumstances, fills his heart with paining; therefore indulge in no pleasure which is sinful. But it may be said that man is not born to enjoy, but to suffer. True, it is not the end of life to seek enjoyment: but neither is it the end of life to seek suffering. God gives enjoyment. If he has given it to us, let us not ungratefully refuse to accept his gift, but take it, and bless the great Giver. If he gives us sorrow, let us not rebelliously murmur against him, but take *this* gift, and bless the great Giver. And here the beauty of this philosophy is brightly conspicuous. It teaches gratitude in prosperity, moderation in enjoyment, and universal benevolence always. It teaches contentment—in itself a species of enjoyment—in adversity; and calls on us to bless the God who makes us familiar with sorrow.

We must warn our readers against a crying error of the present system of criticism;—we mean that of gross liberalism. To detach a sentence from the writings of a poet, which was meant for a passing jest, a temporary illustration, a playful and purposely assumed sophism, is a very easy thing, and from the frequency with which it is done, one would be led to suppose a very clever thing. A moment's reflection will shew the absurdity and injustice of the criticism. We must look to the design of the writer, and not literally and therefore falsely interpret his sentiments. We must take each thought as a portion of another and leading thought. We must consider the scope of his *whole philosophy*, and not fix our attention on the drift of a *solitary maxim* in it. We must *synthetize*, and not *analyze*. If we dissect, we destroy. A

* Leigh Hunt.

† Henry Nelson Coleridge.

great writer—a noble poet of the present day, has so forcibly demonstrated the evil consequences of this analytical criticism, that I cannot do better than transcribe one of the most striking passages from his masterly Essay on this subject.*

"Analysis deals only with parts, details, and ramifications—not with unity. Its abuse directly perverts or destroys unity. For the parts from which power, beauty, and abstract truth are evolved may often be small, ugly, and false, particularly if that separation has been made by an unskilful or vitiated instrument. Analysis calls into special action only certain faculties of the mind. How then can its operation be inductive of a just estimate of any whole, which has been evolved from the joint and general action of all the mental faculties? Analysis, which always separates things into parts, is certain, with the vast majority of minds, resting below on their ruins, to destroy the equilibrium of all elevated truth, and the vitality of a full no less than of a first impression. It eschews the spirit, and dwells on the killing letter. The analysis of modern, and indeed of common criticism, at all times produces a systematic disarrangement and discord, and then tramples with ignorant scorn on the mutilated fragments, or bewails the want of a concrete harmony."

The above remarks are not strictly applicable to Catullus in any other light than that of an erotic poet. His poetry, like that of the brotherhood to which he belongs, is indeed the poetry of enjoyment. But there is much sad sentiment and melancholy thought in the poems of Catullus, which, like the vein of silver in a tin mine, threads its way through them with many a delicate ramification, and much "labyrinthine way-winning." He loves and he rejoices, but he is deceived and he weeps. He is often extravagantly mirthful, but there is at times so sweet and powerful a pathos in his poetry, that it affects almost to the verge of tears. He verifies the philosophical thought of Moore, when he says "that the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers, is even the first to be pierced by the thorns." He is childlike in his simplicity, manly in his sorrow, moderate in his pleasure, stately in his style. Catullus "loves wine, beauty, flowers, books, kind and open natures—every thing that can be enjoyed." But he feels that beauty fades, that flowers wither, that there is such a thing as deceit; that mistresses are not always true, and friends not always thoughtful and kind; and the feeling brings knowledge, and what he knows he imagines, and his imaginings are veiled in sorrow. Yet he is not querulous, much less misanthropical. Disappointment teaches wisdom, and experience gives strength of mind—yea, and strength of heart too.

* R. H. HORNE—*Preface to Black's Translation of Schlegel's Lectures on the Dramatic Art.* May I take this opportunity of recommending the reader to study the works of this great poet and fine critic? The reviewers are always apostrophising the ghost of Time, and shining away about the old dramatists. Why don't they read and admire, and learn wisdom from, the productions of this original and wonderful genius? Since the Elizabethan era—we speak literally, and not in a hope—we have had no such poetry as that of Cosmo di Medici, the Death of Marlowe, and Gregory VII. But it seems this age is *effete*,—so at least the Quarterly reviewers have pronounced it. Let our readers study Horne, Leigh Hunt, Stephens, and Troughton, and then say what they think. These men are deathless; they are the Fathers of the great Dramatic Age, now fast approaching. Does not the dawn give promise of a glorious day?

But we will no longer detain our readers from the poetry of Catullus, as dimly mirrored in our feeble translations. Opening at the first page, our attention is attracted by the second poem, which we thus transfuse into our English tongue.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Sweet bird, my lady's darling pet !
To play with thee she oft will linger,
Thee in her fragrant bosom set,
Or give to thee her tiniest finger,
For which thou reachest, sparrow dear,
While she provokes thy bite severe.

And this, when'er it please my bright,
My beautiful, my radiant love,
Some pretty play, some dear delight,
Some graceful folly to approve,
To be the solace of her grief !
To give, I ween, her love relief.

To play with thee, like that sweet maiden,
To free the mournful heart from care,
Is dear to me with sorrow laden,
Dear as the golden apples were
To that swift child in song renown'd,
Whose zone long link'd they first unbound.

Can anything be more graceful, more beautiful in its gemlike simplicity, more tender in its half sad, half rejoicing sentiment, than the original poem ? See how even in the Paynim poetry the mysteries of the human heart will reveal themselves ! So deep was the poet's love, and so dear to him the most indifferent things consecrated by affection, that to love aught that his mistress loved, and to do aught that his mistress did, though it were but to love and play with a poor sparrow, gave him hope and joy and consolation, freeing the hollow heart from paining, and bringing to his memory the golden legends of the olden time ; and thus giving him music in the time of trouble, and songs in the night of grief. It has been too commonly supposed, that because the forms of chivalry were unknown to the Paynim world, because the morning-star of Christianity had not yet shed its light upon the nations, because the Southerners lacked the deep feelings and intense appreciation of the spiritual and infinite, so peculiarly characteristic of the Teutonic family ; in short, because the synthesis of Christianity, chivalry and, what, for want of a better term, we must designate romance, was yet unknown to the human race, that therefore the ancients knew nothing of the mysteries of love, and felt none of its impulses but the purely instinctive. Believe it not. The basis of our common humanity is unchangeably the same. That they felt and understood the love of a Coleridge, a Shelley, or a Shakspeare ; or that they could fully comprehend the sentiment of our great poet, when he tells the beloved one not to mourn for him when he is dead—

“ For I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe ;”

we do not for a moment imagine: but that the passion was more much more than that of mere flesh-and-blood emotion, we unhesitatingly assert. What, shall we believe that the poet whose heart could supply him with such a significant expression as that of "*desiderium nitens*," poorly translated by "beautiful and radiant love," but readily and in its fullest sense understood by him who remembers the still more significant expression of our Christian, yet Christless Shelley, "the desire of the Moon for the star;" shall we believe that the poet whose heart could teach him that the beloved was to his spirit a light far more gracious and beautiful than the natural light to the world, and that he could more easily live on an earth without a sun, than he could live when the splendour of her beauty and affection were withdrawn from him,*—shall we believe that such poet knew only the blind instincts of animal passion, and worshipped at no shrine but that of the popular Venus? We think not.

Poor Lesbia! the favourite sparrow dies. And Catullus, by his divine art, immortalises the incident; and so the bird, the lady, and the lover, live for ever in the song of the poet:

GRIEF FOR THE SPARROW'S DEATH.

Ah! weep, all shapes of grace and love,
All gentle beings; weep with me,
Ah! weep, whate'er on earth may move,
Of beautiful humanity!
Weep, for my lady's bird hath perish'd,
Her darling bird, so lov'd and cherished.

Whom dearer than her own dear eyes,
For he was sweet as honey dew,
My lady fair was wont to prize;
And even as she her mother knew,
The bird knew her, and still would rest,
Ah, happy bird, in her soft breast.

He never left that breast so white,
But flutter'd here and flutter'd there,
Still trilling to his lady bright,
And *only* her—his simple air:
But darkly goes he to that bourn,
From whence, they sing, is no return!

Ah! ill befall thee, shadowy one!
Thou takest all that's bright or dear,
My beauteous sparrow too is gone—
Ah! hapless bird! ah, deed of fear!
My lady weeps—her eyes are red,
And 'tis thy fault her bird is dead.

* This is of course rather implied than expressed. That Catullus understood the theory of love, "as a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person not our own," is proved by the following passage—

*Et longe ante omnes mihi quæ me carior ipso est,
Quæ mea, qua vivâ vivere dulce mihi est.*—IX. VIII. 159, 160.

Poor child-like Lesbia ! We read her character here at one glance. There is no depth, no mystery in it. She is simple, and loving, and easily affected. In the holiday of life—all that a poet such as Catullus could wish his mistress ! But when the holiday is over, when the sun has set, and the night comes,—ah, that is quite another thing ! Who could be faithful then ? Certainly not Lesbia. Drawing the reader's attention to the fact, that Lesbia *had* a mother ; and leaving him to speculate on the subject as long as he pleases, and to realize the appearance of the fair young daughter and affectionate old lady (for affectionate the simile shows her to be), we pass on to the next poem.

DEDICATION OF A VESSEL.

That vessel says,—the which, O friends, you see,—
 The swiftest of all ships it used to be ;
 And that no floating bark's impulsive speed
 Ever surpass'd its own in hour of need,
 Whether it flew with sail, or plied the oar :
 And this denies not Adria's threatening shore.
 This Rhodes the noble, and the Cyclads free,
 Rough Thrace, Propontis, and the Pontic sea,
 Deny they ever yet denied was true ;
 And near the Pontic sea the future vessel grew.
 It was a tree well-timber'd and strick-trest,
 And grew in olden days upon thy crest—
 Upon thy crest, Cytorian hill, and there
 It whisper'd evermore and talk'd with its green hair.
 That this was *then*, and still to thee is known,
 Amastris and Cyturus box-o'-ergrown,
 The vessel says, and from her earliest birth
 Declares she flourished in thy mountain-earth ;
 Dipp'd in thy wave her oars, and dancing free,
 Wafted her lord thro' many a raging sea ;
 Whether the gale or left or right might woo her,
 Or Jove both left and right at once might come unto her.
 For her no vow, for her no pray'r, might be
 Breathed to the deities of shore and sea,
 When from the farthest ocean she would come
 To this smooth lake, and seek her quiet home.
 But this is over now, and ye behold
 Retired she lies, and quietly grows old ;
 And dedicates herself this lake within,
 To thee, twin Castor, and twin Castor's twin.

There is a *repose* in the style of this dedication indicative of the repose in which the vessel that had sailed through so many seas, and done her master such and so great services, now grew old. The *inscriptions*, both in the Greek and Latin poetry, are quiet and truthful, and entirely devoid of that glitter and glare, that false ornament, and straining at effect, which are confusion and ruin to the inscriptions of the modern muse.

The fifth song is addressed to the dear little owner of the sparrow. We can fancy how her bright eyes became brighter and yet more bright, as they wandered over the glowing page of the poet, for the first, and haply for the last time ; for Lesbia would hardly take the trouble to read it twice.

TO LESBIA.

Let us live, my Lesbia, live and love,
All the talk of the cynical sage
Valuing never one groat above—
For why should we listen to dull old age?

Oh, suns may set, love, and suns may rise,
But we, whenever our life's brief light
Hath once gone down from his glorious skies,
Must slumber and sleep in one endless night.

Then give, oh, give me a thousand kisses,
And then a hundred, and then repeat
The thousand, and then the hundred blisses,
Then a thousand more—then a hundred, sweet!

And oh, when some thousands we have had,
Let us mar, my love, the bright account,
Lest any should envy, or we grow sad,
When we know too well the long amount.

The seventh song is also to Lesbia, and on a very similar subject. Both these poems contain excellent philosophy, if not interpreted too literally; indeed, taken in their most literal sense, the advice which they convey is by no means despicable. Kind reader! are you doubtful? Then "set up" a Lesbia, and try.

TO LESBIA.

*How many joys! how many blisses!
How many of these long sweet kisses
Will be enough for me!*
As many as of sandy grain
The spangles on Cyrene's plain,
Benzoin-o-ergrown, between the shrine
Of Jove and monument divine
Of ancient Battus, be.

Or as the stars, whose eyes so bright
Behold in the deep hush of night
The stolen loves of men;
So many kisses, sweet, will be
Enough for even loving me:
For cruel language can reveal them not,
The curious count them not, and tell them not
The curious agen.

The concluding thought is precisely similar in each poem. Catullus very properly detests the notion of loving according to rule or measure. "Who would not smile," says Coleridge, "at an ounce of honour on a square foot of truth?" Equally absurd would it be to talk of moderation in love, or think of counting a lover's kisses—those seals and signets of affection. Catullus cannot bear the idea of others seeing him and Lesbia imparadised in each others arms, rightly concluding that they would grow envious of their happiness. A similar thought occurred to Milton on a similar occasion. How wonderful it is that all

these poets think alike ! Even language itself, which is as morning to the mind, is hateful to the lover, because it may be made the instrument of revealing to cold and curious men—men who know not the glory and beauty of love, and yet take an ill-natured delight in vexing the self-consent of lovers—the mysterious sweetnesss of affection, and dear familiarities of those to whom all things are made beautiful by the great enchanter.

Verannius and Fabullus were bosom friends of the poet; and if we may form an opinion of their merits from the verses addressed to them, they were not unworthy of his friendship. The following welcome is dedicated to Verannius, on his return from Spain. We may suppose, from what Catullus says, that he had seen much of life, and that he knew well how to point a moral or adorn a tale. The poet looks forward evidently with intense satisfaction to the narrations of the Spanish traveller. We can fancy with what a "greedy ear" he would "devour up his discourse," when he "ran through the battles, sieges, fortunes he had past," when he spoke of "most disastrous chances," and grew eloquent on the subject of "moving accidents by flood and field."

TO VERANNIUS.

A thousand and three hundred friends
 Verannius is excelling !
 And is it true thy journey ends,
 And hast thou reach'd thy dwelling ?
 Thy household gods, thy mother dear,
 Thy brethren single-hearted,
 Again thou seest, again shalt hear,
 As in the days departed !
 O happy news, and can it be
 That thou hast come ?—Oh, joy to me !

 And I shall see thee safe again,
 And hear thee tell once more, friend,
 Of scenes, adventures, men in Spain,
 As in the days of yore, friend.
 And I shall lay my neck on thine,
 And kiss thine eyes, my old friend,
 And touch thy lineaments so fine
 And pleasant to behold, friend.
 Ah, who of happy men can be
 More glad than I ?—Oh, joy to me !

The poem addressed to Fabullus contains an invitation to supper. He tells his friend that he will feast him sumptuously. But then he says you must bring your own fare : and it must be good, and there must be plenty of it. I'm rather "low in the lay" at present, but I don't care a tobacco-stopper about that. You find the wine, and I'll furnish the dessert ; and if we can't be happy, it will be a hard case indeed. But hear how he designs to make merry at his friend's expense.

TO FABULLUS.

You shall sup, if the gods will allow it to be,
 In a very few days, dear Fabullus, with me ;
 Sup nobly—but then it must be understood,
 You must bring your own fare, and your fare must be good.

And mind not to forget that sweet girl that you're after,
And the wine, and the salt, and all manner of laughter.
These, these, if you furnish, you'll own it your duty
To confess that you've supp'd like a monarch, my beauty:
For as to my purse, why, my dearest Fabullus,
It's more like a spider's than that of Catullus.
But to make all amends, you shall have, in connexion
With sweetness and elegance, perfect affection;
For I'll give you the perfume the Loves and the Graces
Gave the dear little lady that owes my embraces,
Which, as soon as you've smelt, there is cause to suppose
You'll pray, my dear friend, to be nothing but nose.

Catullus is fond of the inscription. He has three in succession to the Divine Priapus, that quaint, grotesque impersonation of the genius of nature, unhallowed by the informing spirit—naked, undisguised, spontaneous, blindly energetic, without form and void.

THE GOD OF THE GARDENS.

This lonely spot—this villa in the marsh,
Woven of rushes and sedge bundles harsh,
An old dry oak, by peasant's axe rough-hew'd,
I nourish, even I, deform'd and rude,
As more and more, each year, with bliss endued.
For me revere the masters of this spot,
Salute divinity and doubt me not;
And me the father of this cottage poor,
And me the peasant-father's son adore.
The one with endless diligence will see
That sharp and thorny weeds may ever be
Afar from this my sacred chapelry:
The other in his liberal hand will bear,
Ever and ever humble gifts, but fair.
When with a wealth of flowers Spring riots round,
I with a colour'd coronet am crown'd.
There the soft blade of the young corn is seen,
With the infantine ear just waxing green;
The yellow poppy, violets white and blue,
Apples sweet smelling—melons of pale hue,
And even the blushing cluster of the vine,
That learnt to grow within the shade, are mine.
The bearded ram—but 'tis a secret, note—
Crimsons my altar, and the horned goat:
For the which gifts Priapus needs must lend
All this assistance, and must still defend
The garden and the vineyard of his friend.
Wherefore, O boys! leave off your thieving here—
There is a wealthy neighbour very near,
And negligent Priapus (have you sense?)—
Away! this very path will bear you hence.

Perhaps there is no poem which reveals to us more of the heart and spirit of the poet than the one of which we now offer a translation, premising that it is quite impossible to transfuse the graces and exquisite but evanescent hues of language and thought into an English version. We have done our best however, and no man can do more.

Catullus and his Songs.—No. I.

TO SIRMIO THE PENINSULA.

Eye of Peninsulas and Isles,
Whether in cool fresh lakes they be,
(Or where the *other* Neptune smiles,
Within the unmeasur'd sea;

With what sure joy, what deep delight,
O darling Sirmio, I behold
Thy bloom, thy grace, thy beauty bright—
But ah, I am too bold.

I scarce believe, scarce understand
That I have left Bithynia's plain,
Have Thynia left—a doleful land—
And see thee safe again.

What other blessing can we need,
What greater can there be bestow'd,
Than when the mind, from sorrow freed,
Lays down its heavy load?

When in an alien service tired,
We view again our own dear Lar,
Rest on the couch so much desired,
When wandering lone and far.

For toils so great this one delight
Will ample recompense afford—
Then hail to thee, O Sirmio bright,
Rejoice and bless thy lord.

O Lydian waters, dance and sing,
O Lydian lake, rejoice and shout!
Each merry heart, each laughing thing,
Beneath my roof, laugh out!

We cannot read such poetry as this, and credit the assertion that the heart of him who wrote it was utterly corrupt, and that there is nothing but coarseness and trifling discoverable in his muse. The hearty love for home, and keen perception of home delights, the intense appreciation of the blessings of home, and the fixed determination to enjoy those blessings, indicate a healthful state of moral feeling, and bespeak a spirit utterly at variance with low desires, and perfectly free from discontented and repining thoughts. His home is dear to him as the apple of his eye: in all his wanderings and toils and dangers, he has looked forward to his return to his beloved Sirmio, as to an event that would amply recompense him for perils undergone, and labours sustained, in the stranger's land. The thought of home has been to him as the one star of a clouded heaven to the bewildered traveller—a consolation and encouragement, a guide, a guardian, and a friend. So highly does he value his home, so immeasurably great appears to him the privilege of beholding his home, and so deep is the joy which he feels at the realisation of this one desire, this one hope, that he hardly dares believe he indeed gazes on his own Sirmio. He mistrusts his senses: he will not confide in his reason. He would think it all a

dream, and swear that he is still in Bithynia. But he enters the house—he sees the beloved Lar, precious and beautiful to his eyes and heart as to the pious Catholic the image of his patron saint, or to the lover the picture of the beloved one, in absence and sorrow; and he can doubt no longer—no longer will he believe it a vain vision, but a bright reality; and so in the overflowing joy of his heart, and in his earnest sympathy with all things in and around his home, both with and without life, he calls on them to welcome him and to share in his delights.

Here then for the present we leave the poet to rejoice with the exultant waters of the Lydian Lake, and to join in the unextinguishable laughter, whether audible and real, or silent and imagined, of his household gods and household goods.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

Observations on the Statutes of the University of Cambridge. By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., V.P.R.S., &c. Dean of Ely.

SINCE the publication of our last number, we have been gratified by the appearance of Dr. Peacock's long promised book on the Statutes of the University; and we think that some remarks upon the subjects treated of in that work, and upon the work itself, will not be considered out of place in *The University Magazine*.

It has become impossible to discuss the subject of University Reform—and indeed almost any other subject—without importing into the discussion something of political feeling; and the name of the Dean of Ely is not particularly likely to check this natural tendency to look at the question in a political light, and to decide it off-hand on political grounds. We are therefore not surprised that this book has already called forth observations, which, it is pretty evident, owe their force more to an extremely conservative abhorrence of reform in general, and a not very different feeling towards the Dean in particular, than to a very clear perception of the needlessness, and impracticability, and extravagance of his proposals. Without presuming to express any opinion upon this kind of criticism, we shall simply state that it is not the kind we intend to adopt—and for a very good reason, as it appears to us: our sympathy with the political opinions which the Dean so notoriously professes, is quite as small as that of the most vehement condemner of his schemes for amending the system of the university; but at the same time we are unable to rest in the satisfaction, that this system “wants no reform,” or even that the Lowndean Professor's method of administering that reform is to be rejected in the lump, because some parts of it are objectionable. And we hope that the considerations we are about to submit to our readers will (if they do nothing else) satisfy them that our adoption of this middle course is more defensible than middle courses generally are.

We do not know whether there is any thing very new in the observation, that there are two perfectly distinct kinds of university reform; one, which

for convenience we may call political, and the other administrative : but at any rate there is some truth in it ; and it is nevertheless frequently treated as if there were none. We claim no merit for these names, and very likely some more appropriate might have been invented by better nomenclatists than we are : they will however probably be sufficiently understood. One of these kinds of university reform is the reform of Lord Radnor and Joseph Hume, and people of that stamp ; the other is that kind of reform which the university has continually been admitting, we may safely say, ever since it has been an university, and which, if it had not so admitted, it would probably have long ago ceased to be an university. The object of the first kind of reform, like all the other schemes of the same parentage, is simply to deprive, or at least injure, those in possession of something by the introduction of others of a different class, to share it with them—with a prospect of deriving some reciprocal benefit to the authors of it, by an increase of influence and strength to their own party. This is the reason why they are not content to blow off their steam through the Gower-street safety-valve. Notwithstanding the enjoyment of a system of education there, unfettered by the bigoted restrictions of the days of Queen Elizabeth ; notwithstanding parliament-paid professors and examiners, and parliament-printed examination papers, they are not satisfied,—nor ever will be, till they can get something beyond that which they always pretend is the great object of their desire—education. We have so far had the luck to escape this class of reformers ; and we are too poor to be worth robbing by “ a holy innovation,” and so we have escaped being suppressed, or reduced to a vice-chancellor and four professors, or at the most six.

But of the other kind of reform, it will perhaps be said we have already had enough ; that by Dr. Peacock's own shewing, Queen Elizabeth's or Whitgift's statutes began to be neglected almost immediately, and have been gradually falling into greater neglect ever since ; that the present system works well ; and that changes have already been admitted with even too great facility. But those who say this, have at any rate no right to complain of reform *as* reform, or to condemn a plan for more reform, merely because it is a large one. If they choose to defend every part of the present system, or at least to insist upon its being better than what is proposed to be substituted for it, they may, and nobody will find fault with them : they may fail in some parts of their defence, and probably will ; but still the line of proceeding is reasonable and proper. But it is rather too much to say at once, “ we admit we have been making changes in the system from time to time for the last two or three hundred years, but this is just the point to stop at ; and if you propose to go any further, we shall brand you as a pestilent agitator, and take very good care not to be enticed into adopting the smallest item of your comprehensive scheme, for fear all the rest should follow.” It would have been just as reasonable to say all this three hundred years ago : and indeed Whitgift and his coadjutors did say it, by trying to bind the consciences of their successors here to keep things as they were, under the penalty of perjury.

It is this notion of a *scheme* of reform that frightens people, and perhaps not very unnaturally : for there are probably few plans for the reform of any thing, which are fit to be adopted in all their details ; and it is the fault of this age to prefer schemes of comprehensive reform, to gradual and successive alterations of details as they become obviously necessary : it is the cry of—“ the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.” But this cry, however well it may answer among the ignorant and deluded, is very unlikely to carry the point of the reformers among those who are competent to judge of the merits of the “ Bill,” and is much more likely to deter them from admitting any part of the plan, than to induce them to accept the whole.

The Dean of Ely's proposals are sure to suffer from being liable to be considered in this way. It is said that he is contented to leave nothing alone,—and indeed he seems to think there is not much of our system that does not want altering; that he begins by repealing the old statutes, and by his plan of dispensable and indispensable* statutes, setting the university free to make any changes that it likes, without the least check, excepting to the small extent to which his indispensable code would impose a check.

But this way of looking at his book is very unfair, and one which he in effect protests against himself, by saying that he has no expectation that the whole of his proposals will be adopted,—and we may add a very unwise one, as regards the interests of the university; for it will be odd if, in the whole of a book of this kind, written by a person so well acquainted with the practice and laws of the university, no suggestion worth adopting can be found; and to refuse to adopt any such suggestions, merely because they are found in company with others that ought not to be adopted, would be a piece of extravagant absurdity.

We think it right to mention that we were agreeably surprised at finding so little in the book, which savours of the kind of reform which we spoke of first—that kind whose object it is to alter the relation which the university bears to the nation or to other bodies. We have nothing about the admission of dissenters to degrees; no panegyrics upon that distinguished body of sixty-three petitioners, or upon their noble supporters, “well tried and consistent friends of liberty.” He has wisely and decently left their proceedings and their praises to be handed down to posterity, along with more ancient documents, by a coordinate dignitary, who verily has had his reward. Not that he has left his old friends completely without comfort: those high-minded municipal functionaries, whose short day of power has now, alas, gone by, may yet in their retirement complain of the privileges of the university as a standing insult to a reformed corporation, and turn with pride and satisfaction to the Dean of Ely's pages, in support of their censures and lamentations on the secularized spirit of the university, and its “propensity to habits of petty meddling with the affairs of the town for political and other purposes.”† Some such benevolent object the Dean must have had in view, in writing the remarks to which we allude; for he is not so ignorant of either secular or religious men, as to suppose that remarks of that kind will help to “lay the foundation for a better understanding between the town and the university,” or to recommend the rest of his proposals to those with whom it is to be presumed he wishes them to find favour.

There are some other suggestions for what are certainly constitutional changes, and of considerable magnitude; but nevertheless they all respect merely the internal regulation of the university, and not its external relations. We shall not therefore speak of them at present; but say a few words more on the subject of alterations of the statutes, which is the Dean's principal topic, and to showing the necessity for which, his history of “the constitution of the university and its changes,” and his chapter on “Academical oaths and formulæ,” are chiefly directed.

The principal reason adduced by the Professor in favour of this alteration of the statutes, is simply the impossibility of adhering to them, if we were ever so much disposed to do so. It may perhaps be answered that this impossibility means nothing but inconvenience, and that we not only might adhere to them, but ought to do so. But it is utterly impossible that this answer can be given by anybody who is acquainted with the statutes,—and indeed it never has been given to our knowledge: the most that is said is, that we ought not to deviate from them any further. This question we shall not discuss at present, because Dr. Peacock would reply, and we

* We follow the Dean's spelling of these words.

† See Peacock, p. 74.

should not disagree with him, that if no further change were contemplated or intended to be permitted at any future time, still the propriety of getting the present statutes altered would be just as great, since the present statutes do not prescribe the present practice; and if it is intended to bind the university to the present practice, that is more likely to be done by laws in conformity with it, than by laws prescribing something very different. The most extensive deviations from the present *practice* might be made in many ways, which would not be in the least degree greater deviations from the present *statutes* than now exist. Those, therefore, who wish to stop the admission of further changes with too great facility, are more likely to effect their object by obtaining an alteration of the statutes, than by letting them stay as they are.

But perhaps nobody does wish to prevent the university from introducing any further alterations now or hereafter. On this ground then, also, is it desirable to reform the statutes. Although we have deviated from them pretty freely, it is impossible to deny that these deviations have frequently been made after a sort of struggle between a conscientious desire to keep the statutes which we have sworn to keep, and a not less conscientious desire to render the university system as perfect as possible, or rather to prevent it from becoming utterly inefficacious for the purposes for which it is intended. And there is no doubt that the inconvenience of adhering to any statute must become very manifest and oppressive, before a deviation from it will be sanctioned. If, therefore, the class upon whom it bears is a small and uninfluential class, or if it has rarely occasion to operate, the few who do come within its operation will be left to suffer the inconvenience without remedy. Of this several remarkable instances are mentioned by Dr. Peacock. Nobody here can be ignorant that many statutable observances are still kept up solely from conscientious motives of this kind, and some of them very troublesome and utterly useless observances, which, if we were set at liberty, we should immediately discontinue.

The present statutes then guarantee no continuance of the present system,—for they impose no check upon further deviation from practices already unstatutable; but they do impose a very strong and inconvenient check upon any deviation from that part of our practice which yet remains what the statutes prescribe—some persons would say, just that part which most requires deviation.

What, then, are the grounds on which all alteration of the statutes is so vehemently opposed?

The first and most usual is, that it is not wanted; that the present system works well.

But if the effect of the present system is practically to prevent us from altering any thing, until the inconvenience of it has got to an intolerable height, and to make us continue observances which are troublesome to every body concerned in them, and of no use to any body, or to the university, we humbly conceive that the present system does not in these respects work well, and that some alteration in it is wanted; and the only alteration which could make it work better, is an alteration of the statutes.

There is another evil in the continuance of the present system, to which we have only slightly adverted as yet. That is, the circumstance that all the improvements which have been made, and all that may be made, upon the statutable observances, however desirable and necessary they may be, are nevertheless manifest violations of statutes we have sworn to keep inviolate. In many of these instances we do not and cannot adhere to the statutes, even in matter of form, and in none of them in matter of substance; and we leave it to the Casuistical Professor of Moral Philosophy to say, whether such adherence in mere matter of form, as is still preserved in some instances, is any less a violation of the statutes than the entire neglect

of them which prevails in others. At any rate, some of them are and must be entirely neglected, both in form and substance; and yet it is quite clear that the university, by itself, has no power to decree any such neglect.

We are not of those who assent to that insolent and monstrous proposition, which has been of late advanced with a confident appeal to the experience of those acquainted with the university—that the manner of observing laws imposed upon us with the sanction of an oath, which is prevalent here, has a tendency to weaken, and does in fact weaken, men's sense of the sacredness of the obligation of oaths in general. We do not assent to it, because we do not suppose that any person who has had occasion to take any of the academical oaths, is unable to distinguish between the neglect of rules, which, it is fully understood by all the parties at the time of taking the oath, are only intended to be sworn to and to be kept to the extent which long usage or subsequent necessity may sanction, and other oaths which are understood in their ordinary sense.

But though we entertain this opinion of the absurdity of this doctrine, when extended to the effect which it is asserted the manner of observing some university oaths produces upon men's sense of the obligation of an oath, we nevertheless admit, that this manner of observing them has a strong tendency to diminish the force of other *academical* oaths, and that it does make it more easy for those who may wish, for their own exclusive convenience or advantage, to disregard their statutable obligations, to do so with less compunction, and with less chance of resistance from those who do not partake in, or who perhaps even suffer by, these arbitrary and partial violations of the statutes. This observation applies chiefly to college statutes, which, as we may hereafter show, stand on a very different footing in many respects from university statutes. Still, if the habitual and necessary neglect of one class of academical oaths has a tendency to make us regard another class more lightly than we ought to do, undoubtedly, in this way also, the present system does not work well, and does want such an alteration as shall remove that unfortunate necessity of neglecting any part of what we have sworn to observe.

But it will be said, "the same necessity will soon arise again: you cannot expect the Victorian statutes to be any more permanent and inviolable than the Elizabethan." Certainly not—if they are made upon the same plan. And for that very reason we approve of Dr. Peacock's plan of an indispensable and a dispensable code; and we think that the ridicule and censure which it has met with, are altogether undeserved. Perhaps it is somewhat his own fault, for stating it exactly as he has done; but this is no excuse for those who must have seen what he meant, and that what he did mean was, that the indispensable code should be in fact the only *statutes* of the university, in the proper sense of the word; and that the dispensable code should be, in fact, no code at all, but merely administrative regulations, or bye-laws, to be made and altered by the senate from time to time, respecting matters of detail not to be comprehended in the *statutes*, which should only define the constitution of the university, and other matters not subject to fluctuation with the changes in the state of society, and the advance of knowledge. Whether we should agree with the Dean as to the provisions of his indispensable code, does not signify the least,—most likely not as to some of them; yet we may reasonably approve of the idea of such a code, and agree with him as to the general nature of the subjects it should comprehend, viz. those which we have just mentioned. It is not necessary, nor have we room here, to enter into a more minute consideration of those subjects: we merely wish to call attention to the Dean's suggestion, and to show that it is not so absurd or objectionable as it has been represented to be—but, on the contrary, is the only remedy for many evils of the present system.

deem necessary : a liberty which it does not at present feel itself to possess, and which no one can think it ought not to possess, without believing that the existing governing body of the university is not fit to be trusted with the education of its members, or is less competent to provide for it than those who lived many years before.

We have altogether abstained from advocating this alteration of the statutes on the ground of a necessity for particular reforms in the practice of the university, for two reasons.

In the first place, experience has shown that when the necessity for any particular reform has become very strong, the university has not hesitated to introduce it in spite of the statutes ; therefore, in answer to any single proposal, it might be said, " we can, if we like, adopt it, without first altering the statutes to enable us to do so ; and if it were really so desirable as you contend, we should at once adopt it." And, indeed, several of the reforms which are most wanted, are of that kind which we have before mentioned as not being any greater deviations from the statutes than the practices to be reformed. The alteration, for instance, of that rule respecting the Classical Tripos, whose results are, as Dr. Peacock most justly says, "*more discreditable to the system of the University, than to those who are unhappily its victims*," would be no more unstatutable, if made in the proper way, than its institution was.

Another reason for not putting the alteration of the statutes upon the ground of the necessity for various particular reforms is, that we thus avoid raising as many separate questions as there might be proposals for particular reforms, all of which must be determined before any general measure of reform could be adopted. Whereas, by the proposed method of proceeding, we have only to settle first what subjects should be comprehended in the statutes, or the indispensable code, and then to agree upon the manner in which those subjects should be legislated on by the statutes. This it is evident cannot be avoided : we may all be thoroughly convinced that a general reform of the statutes is necessary ; but, before any such reform can be obtained, we must agree as to the nature of it. And such an agreement is of course much more likely to be come to on the small range of subjects which the indispensable code would embrace, than in attempting to legislate on the whole of the system of the university at once. Not that we think the whole of it wants legislating on so as to alter it in *practice* ; but if the whole system is to be prescribed by the new statutes, of course the whole of it will have to be discussed in all its details, and some agreement come to on all of them, and ultimately upon the combination of all the detailed results, before any alteration of the statutes can be made. How likely such a discussion would be to end in any reform at all, it is not very difficult to see.

If then the necessity, or at least the propriety, of a general reform of the statutes should be acknowledged, all that remains is, for the university to determine what are to be the provisions of the new statutes : strictly speaking, the university and crown together ; but we do not apprehend that Lord Melbourne would refuse to follow the steps of Lord Burghley for once, in giving us new statutes, merely because he was not a member of the syndicate appointed "to consider whether any, and what changes should be made in the statutes ;" or that any of his more liberal colleagues—for we are sure he would not—would persuade the Queen to refuse to imitate Queen Elizabeth, because the new statutes did not accord with some of the modern notions of an university system.

And first of all, what are the new statutes to comprehend ? There can be no doubt that they should define the *constitution* of the university, in the general sense of the word ; and they might either re-enact those parts of the Elizabethan code which relate to the constitution, and have remained invio-

late, as those parts generally have, and so introduce no reform at all in this respect : or else they might introduce a few alterations, which may be desirable for the better management of the university business. But no great deviation from the present constitution is proposed, even by Dr. Peacock, except in two particulars : the amalgamation of the non-regent and regent houses, and the transference of the individual negative power of each member of the caput to a majority of that body.

The first of these alterations will probably be deemed unnecessary, and perhaps even dangerous. The only reason alleged for it is, that it would expedite the transaction of university business ; and considering how little difference in point of time it can make whether a grace has to be passed in two houses or one, this certainly seems a very slight reason for a great constitutional change.

Moreover, it may happen that the senior or non-regent house may sometimes entertain very different views from the junior or regent house ; and in times when hasty alteration might be particularly undesirable, great changes might be carried by the overpowering influence of the resident regents in the consolidated senate, which, if the houses had remained separate, a majority of the non-regents might have stopped. In short, as the number of resident regents, as far as we can judge, considerably exceeds that of the non-regents, this measure would throw the government of the university into the hands of the junior part of it—a result which does not seem to us very desirable ; though we cannot help suspecting that the probability of this very result may have had some little weight with the Dean of Ely, in recommending this measure, for reasons which we need not mention.

It is true, there would be the caput to depend upon ; but the chance of four out of a body of six, depending, too, partly for its constitution on each congregation, combining to negative an objectionable measure, is rather a slight security.

And we must say that this proposal of the Dean's to require a majority, and that a majority which cannot be less than two-thirds of a legislative body or house, to concur, in order to prevent a measure from passing that house, is something that strikes our experience as perfectly novel in the theory of legislation.

But on the other hand, without attempting to fix the proportion of the caput which should enjoy that power, we cannot help agreeing with the Dean that the present mode of enjoying it is objectionable, and not less likely to act as a check upon really necessary and useful measures, than as a beneficial safeguard against the passing of dangerous ones. And certainly no analogy much less apposite could be imagined than that of the Royal veto, which has been confidently brought forward in support of the individual veto of each member of the caput. Those who bring it forward must presume on a considerable degree of ignorance, on the part of those to whom the argument is addressed, of the history of this kingdom, and of the university even in recent times, and of the manner in which this negative power has been used by the king and the caput respectively, as well as on a considerable degree of inattention to the essential difference between a negative to be exercised by a single individual, who is practically in some senses responsible to, and at any rate dependent on, the body whose measures he negatives, and a negative to be exercised by any one of six persons, each of whom is entirely irresponsible to and independent of the rest of the legislative body.

We quite agree that some portion of the caput, perhaps half, or a third, instead of a sixth, should have a negative on the measures of the senate ; but we also think that this power would not be so likely to be capriciously used if the caput were to pronounce its opinion last, instead of first, of the three legislative bodies. The assimilators of the caput to the crown forgot

this difference too, and the importance which was attached to the acquisition of the privilege of parliament originating measures of its own, instead of merely deliberating on those sent to them by the crown. Under the present system, a capricious disregard of the wishes or interests of the university can no more be charged against a member of the caput who strangles a grace which the whole of the senate may be anxious to pass, than against him who stops one which, if it had been sent down to them, might only have passed by a majority of one in each house. And although Dr. Peacock laments that public opinion is not sufficient to prevent the capricious exercise of this power, we think that the strongly expressed opinion of the senate would do something towards preventing it; and the requiring a concurrence of two negatives besides would probably do all in this way that is necessary.

(*To be continued.*)

The Cherwell Water Lily, and other Poems. By the REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. London: 1840. fcp. 8vo. pp. xiii. 384.

As mother and nurse of English poets and English poetry, from Chaucer to Byron—from the “Faëry Queene” to the “Excursion”—Cambridge has a right to the reverence of modern bards, and modern bards have a claim upon the kindness and protection of Cambridge. For this reason, as well as for the considerable merit, and yet more considerable promise of his poems, we would present Mr. Faber to our readers.

Mr. Faber belongs, heart and soul, to that party in his own university now known far and wide as the Oxford high-church party. We are not merely permitted to gather this from the tone of his works, and the strain of allusion in which they abound, but something like a poetical exposition of these principles seems to be aimed at throughout the volume. The lofty and mystical sway of the Catholic and Apostolic Church—the superior wisdom and authority of the olden time in all matters civil and religious—the mighty power for good exercised by ancient ordinance and ceremony on hearts open to its influence—the general decline of the world in all that is great and good, and its apathy towards excellence ancient or modern, are topics insisted on in almost every page. And the era of his prayer and hope is the time when the world’s eye shall be reverted from the future to the nobler past, and when the minds which rule the age—to quote the words of his prefatory sonnet—

“Shall draw their types from Europe’s middle night,
Well pleased if such good darkness be their light.”

For the sake of those who differ from Mr. Faber on all these points, it is but fair to add, that his principles engender no unkindly feeling in his heart, and exert no ungraceful influence on his poetry.

We shall now examine some of the principal of the pieces before us. “The Cherwell Water Lily” seems hardly of sufficient merit or importance to account for its giving the volume its name. Perhaps it was thought a new and euphonious title—and so indeed it is. The thread of the story is very slender. The poet, in the course of an evening ramble by the banks of “stilly running” Cherwell, finds a water-lily, detects in it a type of womanly grace and virtue, and celebrates the resemblance in smoothly flowing verse. The “Knights of St. John” appears, from internal evidence, to have been written for a prize. Not having the Oxford Prize Poems at hand, we know not whether or not it was successful, but we remember few superior pieces in that collection. In his lamentations over the down-

fall of the "gallant brothers of St. John," he forgets that though their order had been the vanguard of Christendom, their moral degradation was complete long before their political suppression; that they were the tyrants and demoralizers of Malta,—churchmen without piety and learning, and soldiers without valour; and that Europe beheld their justly-merited fall with contemptuous indifference. Mr. Faber has seen only the antique splendour of the foundation, and forgotten its modern imbecility.

"The Mourner's Dream" is the largest poem in the book. Its title informs us that it arose "from a strange and distressing impression of a friend's death in a foreign country," and it is dedicated to Lord John Manners, the friend, we presume, about whom the erroneous impression was entertained. It begins, according to the manner of Mr. Faber, with a luxuriant description of a forest-mantled mountain, in one of whose umbrageous hollows the mourner dreams his midsummer-day dream. We are then led to a desolate city and deserted harbour, where—

"Not a voice was in the weed-grown way,
Not a skiff was on the wave;
The sea was by itself all day,
And the streets were like a grave,
All things were still as they could be,
The sand, the city, and the sea!"—p. 220.

The silence and melancholy of the scene recall the memory of the supposed dead, and the poet bewails the loss of his friend till nightfall. Just then "a bright green boat" is borne by the tide to the edge of the pier where he stands. Without "sail, or helm, or oar," it contains a silver anchor, and a crucifix of cedar-wood, round which "some large foreign flowers" are twined. The mourner embarks in this frail skiff, and is borne eastward during the night. At dawn he finds himself off "a long low shore," and impelled by some invisible agency his boat stands up "an Asiatic river." He glides by plains, forests, and a deserted city, and hears the solemn music of a mysterious monastery, supplied with monks, as he informs us, by angels, who carry off children for the purpose,—till his keel is staid in a little lake embosomed in precipitous hills. On the bank, margined with white roses, he lands, and following a steep and difficult path up the cliffs indicated by scattered rose-wreaths, he reaches "a mountain-cleft," which seems to have been the object of his voyage, and which we must allow himself to describe.

"I stood within the mountain-cleft,
With two worlds, on the right and left,
The land of shadows, forms, and faces,
And the land of spirits' resting-places.
Apart, and separate they were,
With other sky, and sea, and air:
And yet they seemed but one to me—
Each in the other comprehended,
In lovely separation blended,
Like two sides of a mystery."—pp. 251-2.

We must leave our readers to extract a meaning from these lines, confessing our inability to assist them. Coleridge justly remarks, that "unintelligibility is a very questionable charge: it may arise from the author,—it may and often does arise from the reader." But we had rather resign the praise of penetration, than attempt to deserve it by professing to understand the aim and scope of the "Mourner's Dream." With all respect for Mr. F., we must warn him against the obscurity which is the great blemish of this poem, and "The Senses;" and which makes "The Life of the Living" a mere string of euphonious no-meanings. The dark and pointless conclusion is not to be excused by alleging that we arrive at it by a picturesque road. We follow

our guide cheerfully through the fair demesne of his fancy—to linger by fairy-ring or fountain—to pause amidst the fragrance of his trim gardens, or even to wander out of the path through greenwood glade and glen: but when, after such leisurely approaches, expecting to be led to the hospitable hall, we find ourselves left alone in the deep mazes of a forest, or the misty exhalation of a marsh, our remonstrances are not to be silenced by the mere recollection of the beauties through which we have been led to disappointment. It is well known how easy, and therefore how dangerous, description is to a young poet. Pleased with the facile exercise of a glowing pencil, the novice in intellectual painting begins eagerly on his draperies or back-ground, rears his hall, spreads his landscape, or retouches his valents and his ermine—forgetful of the action they are intended to illustrate or the character whose portrait they are meant to adorn, until the canvas is full, his imagination weary, or his patience exhausted. Experience of his art must teach him, first of all, to make himself complete master of the thought he wishes to convey—to develop his plan in many a studious sketch, to make a clear outline of his whole design—to execute its most important parts; and then, and not before, to bestow care and labour on the subordinate accessories of the picture. Such we conceive to have been the snare and error of Mr. Faber, and such we consider the change of habit he must adopt ere he shall produce a long poem worthy of his powers.

We cannot help animadverting on the very singular strain in which Faber addresses his friends. A lover writing poetry on his mistress may fairly enough devote a portion of his enthusiasm to her personal attractions. But when a poet epistolizes or celebrates his friend, “dark bright hair,” “beautiful limbs,” “blue eyes,” are not exactly the topics on which it is well that he should most or much insist. So far were we deceived by the frequent praise of the personal beauty of G. S. S., that we read several of the poems addressed to that personage, in the belief that these letters were the initials of the name of Mr. Faber’s lady-love, until in page 189 we found the sex of the party distinctly stated to be male. Not so did Milton embalm in immortal urn his love and admiration of Vane and Fairfax: not so in lighter lays did Dryden or Prior address Etherege, Congreve, or Montague.

We have reserved to the last the most grateful portion of our task—that of pointing out the chief and distinguishing merits of Mr. Faber as a poet. His love of nature is pure, ardent, and natural, as Wordsworth’s. He loves all the fair things of earth because he sees a moral meaning in all. His gentleness and purity of heart are joined with no common vigour of thought and strength of perception, adding one proof more to the falsity of the position assumed by Byron and his disciples, that the tide of feeling cannot be strong without being also dark and turbid. His power of description we have already stated to be remarkable,—his language is always clear and elegant, and sometimes exquisitely felicitous, and his versification almost always musical. His deep and reverential piety has infused a strain of devotion into most of his poems, which well accords with the lofty principles of religion he often avows. We confess ourselves delighted with his sober enthusiasm, which turns from the little views and pursuits of a bustling time, to dwell awhile in the seclusion of an earlier age, of which all that is good and wise can yet be assembled in grave and noble society, and all that was evil, frivolous, and mean has passed away for ever. From such well-companioned retirement, as from an armoury, have the greatest minds come forth to fight the battles of truth, and lead the opinions of mankind. There is also much that is pleasing and graceful in his fond affection for our venerable universities—those “two eyes of England.” The charms and honours of our own Cambridge are not left unsung, although, like a dutiful son, his heart and his verse turn more naturally to Oxford. His “mother

university," with her towers and "stately chimes," "grey halls," and "elmy avenues," and her thousand noble memorials,—and the Church "Catholic and Apostolic," are ever regarded by him with feelings more tender than veneration. We cannot more forcibly characterize Mr. Faber's poetry than by saying that religion is his muse, and Oxford and the Church the Chloe and Amaryllis of his songs. We conclude with some specimens of his best style, and a sincere hope of seeing him one day fill a conspicuous niche in our English temple of literary fame.

TO AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.—(l. 25.)

I.

The sun looked down on fair Liege,
And it was market-day,
The bosom of the rushing Meuse
Was gleaming bright and gay.

II.

The peasant girls throng'd into church
To pray as they went by:
Alas! that such a sight should seem
Strange to an English eye.

III.

The notes of a familiar air
From off the bridge were borne;
'Twas play'd by an Italian boy,
Who came from soft Leghorn.

IV.

O Charles! I started at the sound,
For I learnt that tune from thee;
And the thought of what thou wert and art,
Was bitterness to me.

V.

How happily the days were spent,
And ever with each other,
When thou at school didst make of me
A sort of elder brother.

VI.

But thou hast wandered, Charles, since then,
And art a wanderer still,
Where pleasure never hath been found,
And never, never will.

VII.

I've followed thee with prayers and tears
Thro' many a haunt of sin:
But all in vain—thy truant soul
Those prayers could never win.

VIII.

Though of thy boyish feelings now
But few are left to thee,
Thy heart, thy fiery heart doth beat
As quick and fresh for me.

IX.

They tell me that I should not love
Where I can not esteem:
But do not fear them; for to me
False wisdom doth it seem.

X.

Nay—rather I should love thee more
The further thou dost rove;
For what prayers are effectual,
If not the prayers of love?

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QUEEN MARY AMONG THE BENEFACTORS.

[Recited before Sermon at certain times in St. Mary's, Oxford.]—p. 308.

It is a noble ritual,—to tell
 Out before God our Founders name by name;
 It is a Christian rite saints will not blame,
 And doth beseem this quiet city well.
 Many and mighty in the bead-roll swell :
 But, when I think of who we are and where,
 Thy name doth vibrate strangely on the air,
 Stern Benefactress! Strange, yet sweet, it falls
 With Charles and Laud, *as though a church were Heaven,*
Where good deeds stay, and evil is forgiven :
 Strangely, yet sweetly, to the heart it calls,
 Warning strife off from these memorial halls;
 Scarcely recalling thy disastrous sway,
 Yet taking thoughts of cold, rude hate away.

OLD FASHIONED HOUSES.

For a Lady fond of old furniture.—p. 339.

Sweet are old Courts with dates above the doors,
 And yew-trees clipped in shapes, and cedar walks,
 And lawns whereon a quiet peacock stalks,
 And leaden casements, and black shining floors,
 And arm-chairs carv'd like good cathedral stalls,
 And huge French clocks, and bedsteads most inviting,
 And stiff old ladies hung upon the walls,
 Famed in the days of English Memoir-writing ;—
 Places whose very look kind thoughts might draw
 E'en to Anne Stuart and William of Nassau.
 Sweeter than Tudor-stricken shrines are they,
 With pleasant grounds and rivers lingering by,—
 Quaint homes, that shed a pure domestic ray
 O'er the dull time of English history.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

On Thursday Nov. 19, the inauguration of Lord Lyndhurst as High Steward of this University, took place at his residence in George-street, Hanover-square, London. The deputation appointed by the University to wait on his Lordship and request his acceptance of the office, arrived at half-past 12 o'clock, and were immediately ushered into his Lordship's magnificent drawing room, at the upper end of which the newly elected High Steward stood in his state robes ready to receive them.

Among those present were the Vice-Chancellor, the Public Orator, the senior and junior Proctors, the Registrar, Earl Delaware, Earl Brownlow, Rev. Dr. Proctor, Master of Catharine-hall, Rev. Dr. French, Master of Jesus College, Rev. Dr. Chapman, Master of Caius College, Dr. Le Blanc, Master of Trinity Hall, Dr. F. Thackeray, Rev. E. Mortlock, Dr. Waterfield, Dr. Babington, Rev. H. Watkinson, Mr. R. S. Lutwidge, Mr. J. Cowling, Mr. R. Atkinson, Mr. H. J. Perry, Mr. — Fitzmoore, Rev. K. F. Bayley, Mr. F. Barlow, Rev. T. Thurlow, and from forty to fifty other members of the Senate.

After formal salutations had been exchanged, The Public Orator read to his Lordship the following complimentary letter, announcing his election :—" In gradum dignitatis altum honestumque, unde nuperrime cessit, in locum insigniorem proventus, vir omni laude cumulandus, te frequentissimi Senatus suffragiis comprobatum maximo studio propensaque voluntate eligit academia. Magistratum profecto cessione, munerum mutatione et vicissitudine vix fieri potest quin nonnihil perturbentur pax et tranquillitas Reipublicæ, hominumque voluntates perum repressæ amoris atque officii iter interrumpant. Jam vero per literas certior factus gaudebis, huic novissimæ suffragationi nostræ, cum nonnihil, quo careret altera, accesserit negotii, tum plurimum, quod cum superiore necessario conjunctum est, abesse molestiæ. Virum, cujus in locum tu suffectus es non senectutis languentem vidimus, non segra valetudine debilitatum desideramus, non morte reipublicæ ereptum dolemus; unde autem magnam capimus voluptatem, in altiora et præstantiora quædam natus, ad munus dignitati ejus magis consentaneum, civitatis universæ suffragiis, ascendit. Nimirum magna est consolatio, cum recordamur, cujus in vicem tibi succedenti hodie gratulatur academia, cum neque suo neque nostro incommodo se magistratu abdicasse, immo hac ipse cessione sibi novos honores, Reipublicæ novum præsidium quævisisse. Itaque cum nobis gratissimum est, quod tua cura et consilio singulari fore ut adjuvetur ornaturque academia confidimus, tum gaudemus vehementerque lætamus tua ad nos accedente adjunctaque auctoritate, ejus, cui succeditur, non deesse, non minui; verum etiam augeri dignitatem. Civitatis, in cujus gubernacula, hominum sententiis designatus es, maxime apparet interesse, ut studiis doctrinisque liberalibus curam operamque navet diligentissime. Domus tanquam disciplinæ artium magnarum ubertate abundet, scientiæ lumine illustretur opus est. Literis tamen studiisque ingenuis non omnis adhibenda est cura; ut poetæ, ut mathematici inde proficiantur, non unice laborat academia, quomodo autem cives, qui sibi, qui patriæ honori sint quomodo magistratus et rerum publicarum principes sapientissimos instituat, id multum agit, in eo, quod decet, plurimum occupatur. Tibi a primis temporibus ætatis studiis liberalibus dedito, industriæ et ingenii singularis mercedem splendidissimam consecuto, tibi nobilissime vir, ut literis imprimis faventi, ut leges et instituta, per quæ tranquillitas academici conservatur, strenue defensor, hoc munus qualecunque sit, animo libentissimo mandamus; verum enim vero fateamur necesse est, qui summum civitatis Anglicanæ gradum obtenuisti, qui jus imaginum familiæ vindicasti, quem leges snudentem observat Senatus, cui leges interpretanti obsequitur forum, tibi nullam e nobis dignitatem posse accedere, nobis autem et academici nostræ, hoc munere fungi dignatum, decus et splendorem te maximum adjungere.

" Vir illustrissime, omni studio et observantia,
tibi maxime devincti sumus,

" PROCANCELLARIUS SENATUSQUE CANTABRIGIENSIS.

" Viro illustrissimo Johanni Singleton, Baroni Lyndhurst,
Academ. Cantab., Summo Seneschallo designato.

" Datæ e Senaculo, 16to. die. kal. Decembr., A.D. 1840."

The VICE-CHANCELLOR of Cambridge then addressing Lord Lyndhurst spoke as follows :— My Lord, it is my duty to present to your Lordship these letters patent, investing you with the ancient and dignified office of High Steward of the University of Cambridge. In tendering this office to your acceptance, if I were solely to consider the celebrity of your Lordship's name, I might well think that any language of praise in which I could address your Lordship would not only be superfluous, but in me presumptuous. I feel, however, that it is due to the Senate of the University, in whose behalf I speak, that I should endeavour so far to make myself the interpreter of their sentiments as to express, however briefly, the reasons that have induced them on this occasion to select your Lordship as the object of their preference, from the long list of illustrious names out of which they were free to choose. They looked back, then, my Lord, to that early period of your life, and opening dawn of your distinction, when your mind was trained in the discipline of our academic studies, and prepared for the busier scene of active life. On that scene you entered, still retaining an intimate connexion with our institutions as a Fellow of the noble College in which you had been educated. Thenceforward, your course in life has been marked by a long series of advancing honours ; you have attained the most distinguished eminence in every sphere in which you have moved—as an advocate at the bar, as an orator in the British senate, as an administrator of the highest offices of the law. In all these various characters, in all the exertions of intellectual power which they have called forth, your talents have been proved in the way in which truly great talents best prove themselves—by never having been found unequal to the dignity of the office, or the greatness of the occasion. My Lord, it becomes not the office which I hold, to advert to the difference of political opinion that divide and agitate men's minds. Still less would it become me, still less would it be in union with the temper of my own mind to intrude any expression of my individual feelings on a subject of so much delicacy. To your Lordship it cannot be matter of surprise that the same diversity of sentiment which exists in the busy world without should be found to some extent within the precincts of our University. This is no more than the natural consequence of that freedom of opinion, which is the foundation of all that is manly in spirit and independent in character, and which would be ill exchanged for the torpid stagnation of a constrained and passive uniformity. But though I claim this privilege for others and for myself, I feel, at the same time, that I should most imperfectly describe the reasons that have influenced the Senate of our University in the election of your Lordship, did I not mention, in addition to the other motives of their choice, this, though last not least, that in your public life, whether as a representative of the University in Parliament, or as a peer of the realm, you have ever been the advocate, the eloquent and powerful advocate of those principles on which the majority in the Senate of our University have conceived the welfare of its institutions to depend. It is by these considerations, my Lord, as far as I can take upon myself to interpret their sentiments, that the members of the Senate have been guided in their choice. Assume, then, my Lord, the office which they now invite you to accept. In former years you were bound to the institution by the honourable connexion which I have just mentioned—that of being its representative in Parliament. Now bind yourself to it again by this fresh tie, and may you live many happy years to uphold the honour of our University, to maintain its privileges, and, if need require, to defend its rights. (*Cheers.*)

The HIGH STEWARD, having received the letters patent and taken the oaths prescribed by the statutes, then spoke as follows :— Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen of the Senate,—it would be difficult for me to find terms sufficiently strong to thank you for the honour you have conferred upon me. I never shall forget, that in my absence, and without any solicitation on my part, I was proposed as a candidate for this office, by many of the most eminent and distinguished members of the Senate. I never shall forget the manner in which I have been supported. But, whatever my feelings in these respects might suggest upon this occasion, I feel I ought not to proceed further. I am now completely established in this appointment as the officer of the University, and I feel it my duty—a duty which I am anxious to discharge—to pay my respects and make my acknowledgments to the whole Senate. The Vice-Chancellor, by the many flattering things he has said of me, has placed me in a situation of much embarrassment. It is difficult for me to touch upon such matters ; but if I were to pass them over entirely without notice, it might be supposed that I interpret them in a literal sense—it might be supposed that I do not

make great allowance for the occasion, and for his personal courtesy and kindness. The public orator in the letter that he has read has alluded to my predecessor, a nobleman of the highest rank, distinguished by many estimable qualities; and give me leave to add, a nobleman, who, in difficult circumstances, filled with general satisfaction, one of the most arduous situations in the empire. I have ever felt towards that nobleman the greatest personal regard, and I shall be most happy upon all occasions to co-operate with him in every thing in which the interests of the University are concerned. If I am asked what there is to me most pleasing in the appointment with which you have honoured me, I answer without hesitation, it is the evidence which it gives me of your continued esteem and confidence—that esteem and confidence which you have manifested so strongly on former occasions, in which I have ever taken the greatest pride, which I have always endeavoured, and I trust shall always continue to endeavour, to deserve. There are other considerations that recommend in the strongest manner this appointment to me. Allusion has been made to my immediate predecessor in this office; the office has also been filled upon former occasions by men of the first dignity and eminence in the state. As a lawyer, allow me to allude to the name of Sir Edward Coke, the great luminary and father of our law, whom we lawyers mention with a species of mystic reverence,—he held this office in the 16th century. Another great and eminent light of the law, equally distinguished in courts of law and equity, whose judgments are looked up to with the utmost respect and reverence—I allude to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke—he also had the honour of being placed in this high office. To pass from lawyers to statesmen, I could run through a long catalogue of illustrious names: allow me to refer, however to the last—that great orator and statesman, whose statue adorns your Senate-house, who filled this office for so long a period of his life, and to whom this country is indebted for the advantages it has derived from his firmness, his constancy, and his courage. For forty years and upwards I have been a member of the Senate of the University of Cambridge. I have observed steadily the proceedings of the University. I have observed with pleasure its advances in discipline, in literature, and science. I have observed with pleasure the results in the statesmen of eminent character, in the number of eloquent divines, in the great and eminent lawyers, in the literary and scientific men, it has produced. Such fruits are the best evidences of the excellences of these institutions, and unhappy shall be the day when these institutions shall be broken down, or when their effects shall in any respect be impaired. The Vice-Chancellor has alluded to the many offices I have passed through; it is a great pleasure to me in this advanced period of my career, that I should be placed in this high office, carrying me as it were, in my course to home again, bringing me among my former associates here to return and die at home at last. The Vice-Chancellor also has stated as one of his reasons why the University of Cambridge has thought fit to elect me to this high office, that I should be on all occasions found a strenuous supporter of their rights. I trust that their confidence in this respect will not be misplaced; I trust I shall never be found a cold or lifeless advocate in their cause. I trust I shall never be indifferent to the maintenance of their privileges. The discharge of these duties will be the more grateful to me, as it will afford me an opportunity of expressing my deep obligations for all the benefits and favours I have derived from that learned body. Mr. Vice-Chancellor, allow me personally to offer you my very best thanks. (*Loud cheers.*) The deputation afterwards partook of an elegant *déjeuner* with his Lordship, and retired shortly after two o'clock.—**THE UNIVERSITY ADDRESS.**—Her Majesty held a Court on Wednesday, February 3rd., at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of congratulatory addresses, on the birth of the Princess Royal, from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.—The members of the University of Cambridge arrived at the Palace at half-past two o'clock in the following order of precedence:—The Bedels, the Vice-Chancellor, Rev. Dr. Graham, accompanied by the Registrar, Rev. J. Romilly.—*Heads of Colleges and Members of the Caput:* The Hon G. Neville, Master of Magdalen; Dr. French, Master of Jesus; the Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Master of St. Peter's; the Rev. T. Worsley, Master of Downing; the Rev. Dr. Lamb, Master of Corpus Christi, and Dean of Bristol; Dr. Geldart, Queen's Professor of the Civil Law; Rev. J. Shaw; Dr. Paget, M.D.; the Rev. W. J. Howlett.—*Public Orator:* Rev. T. Crick.—Rev. R. H. Maturin, King's, Senior Proctor; the Rev. J. Dalton, Queens', Junior Proctor; Doctors in Divinity, Doctors in Civil Law, Doctors in Medicine, Assessor to the

Vice-Chancellor, Professors, Scrutators, Taxors, Librarian, Bachelors of Divinity, Masters of Arts, Non Regents; Master of Arts Regents; Bachelors of Law, Bachelors of Medicine, Bachelors of Arts.—Among those present were the Bishop of Ely, the Right Hon. Henry Goulbourn, M.P.; the Hon. Charles Law, M.P.; Sir Edwin Pearson, Sir A. Grant, the Rev. Dr. Dodsworth, Dr. Aldis, the Rev. Mr. Vane, and the Rev. G. Adam Browne.—The members of the University, amounting to 200, were conducted from the Library to the presence of the Queen. The Vice-Chancellor, followed by the Deputation and members, advanced to the foot of the throne, and read the address from the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, congratulating Her Majesty on the birth of a Princess Royal. The heads of colleges, members of the Caput, the Public Orator, and all the Proctors, had then severally the honour of being presented to kiss hands, and afterwards retired from the Royal presence.—The Vice-Chancellor, accompanied by the deputation and a numerous body of members of the University, had afterwards an audience of Prince Albert, and presented an address of congratulation from the University of Cambridge.—The Vice-Chancellor then accompanied by the Deputation and also by a numerous body of members of the University, proceeded to Ingestre House, Belgrave Square, had an audience of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, to present an address of congratulation on the birth of the Princess Royal.—The following are copies of the addresses :—"To the Queen's most excellent Majesty. The humble Address of the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge. Most Gracious Sovereign, We, your Majesty's dutiful subjects, the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, beg leave humbly to renew the assurances of our devoted loyalty; and to offer our heartfelt congratulations to your Majesty on the happy occasion of the birth of the Princess Royal. We acknowledge, with fervent gratitude, the goodness of Almighty God in this auspicious event, which gives to your Majesty a pledge of increased domestic happiness and endearment; affords a new promise of security to the highest interests of the empire; and binds the hearts of your Majesty's subjects by fresh ties of fidelity and attachment to the Throne. With the liveliest interest we indulge the pleasing expectation that, amidst the cares of Government, your Majesty will find it a solace and delight to watch over the opening graces of your Royal daughter, and to form her youthful mind with the same maternal tenderness which in early life it was your Majesty's own happiness pre-eminently to experience. It is our united and earnest prayer that the Gracious Providence, whose protection has been now in an especial manner vouchsafed to your Majesty, may continue to preserve a life so justly dear to the whole empire; and that your Majesty and your illustrious Consort may enjoy the great felicity of seeing your Royal daughter grow up—as did your Majesty—the object of a loyal people's love, adorned with all the princely qualities and Christian virtues, and endowed by the Supreme Giver of good with every blessing that a parent's heart or a nation's voice can ask. May the Divine favour ever rest upon your Royal House; may your Majesty long reign in happiness and honour over a loyal and contented people; and in after times, may your Majesty's descendants, inheriting the Crown of these Realms, perpetuate to succeeding generations the blessings which we ourselves enjoy, under your Majesty's benignant sway."—"To his Royal Highness, the Prince Albert; the humble Address of the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge. May it please your Royal Highness,—We, the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, beg leave to offer our cordial congratulations to your Royal Highness on the safety of your Consort, our most gracious Queen, and on the birth of your daughter, the Princess Royal. We hail, with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, an event which has realized the hopes and prayers of the nation, and affords the auspicious promise that the Crown of these Realms will be transmitted through succeeding generations in the line of your Royal descendants. The people of this country have witnessed, with heartfelt pleasure, the affectionate devotedness with which, in the relations of conjugal life, your Royal Highness has cherished the happiness of our beloved Queen. With confidence we indulge the hope, that we shall find equal cause for admiration in your Royal Highness' fulfilment of the important duties which now belong to you in your paternal character; and that your Royal daughter, trained under the tender care, and guided by the pure and bright example of her Majesty and your Royal Highness, will, through the Divine blessing, display in her after life every grace and

virtue that can gratify the wishes, or reward the solicitude of parental love. That the Author of all good may ever regard with His especial favour, her Majesty and the infant Princess, and continue to bestow upon your Royal Highness His choicest blessings, will ever be our sincere and fervent prayer."—"To her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; the humble address of the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge. May it please your Royal Highness,—We, the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, beg leave to offer to your Royal Highness our sincere congratulations on the safety of your august daughter, our most gracious Queen, and on the birth of the Princess Royal. We are inspired with feelings of unfeigned delight at this joyful event, which brings so great an accession of happiness to her Majesty and her illustrious Consort, and affords increased security to the common weal, by the auspicious promise of the transmission of the Crown in the line of their Royal descendants. The present interesting occasion recalls most vividly to our remembrance the debt of gratitude this nation must ever owe to your Royal Highness, for the tender and unceasing care, with which you watched over the education of your Royal Daughter, till she passed from your maternal guidance to assume the rule of this great empire, adorned with all the princely qualities that can add grace and lustre to a throne. It is our fervent prayer that your Royal Highness may long live in health and honour to behold her most gracious Majesty blessed in her domestic relations with still increasing happiness, and reigning in peace and glory amidst the universal homage of faithful and loyal hearts."

• NOVEMBER 23.—John Carlen Heath, Esq., B.A., of the Inner Temple, elected a Fellow of Trinity hall, by the Master and Fellows of that Society. The Rev. H. Alford, of Trinity coll., appointed Hulsean Lecturer.

DECEMBER 3.—C. J. Elliott, Catharine hall, elected a University Scholar on the Croese foundation. 11.—The Rev. J. B. Crowfoot, elected Fellow of Caius coll., on the Wendy foundation.

JANUARY 30, 1841.—George Gabriel Stokes, B.A., of Pembroke coll., the Senior Wrangler of this year, has been elected Foundation Fellow of that Society.

FEBRUARY 27.—The Master and Fellows of Caius coll., elected John T. Walker, B.A., and C. Gipps Prowett, B.A., Fellows of that society, on the foundation of Mr. Wortley.

MARCH 2.—J. N. Goren, B.A., and W. H. Edwards, B.A. have been elected Fellows of Queens' coll.

The Norristian Prize has this year been adjudged to the Rev. Daniel Augustus Beaufort, B.A., of Jesus college, for an essay on the following subject:—"Both in the Old and New Testament, everlasting life is offered to mankind, only through Christ."

The Hulsean Prize has been adjudged to Andrew Jukes, Trinity coll. Subject,—"*An inquiry into the principles of the prophetic interpretation, and the practical results arising from them.*"

Dr. Smith's Prizes.—The first prize has been adjudged to Mr. Stokes, of Pembroke, the Senior Wrangler, and the second to Mr. Jones, of Trinity, the Second Wrangler. Subjects of examination, Lent Term, 1842:—"The Gospel of St. Matthew;—Paley's *Evidences*; Twenty-fourth Book of the *Iliad*;—Thirty-first Book of *Livy*."

UNIVERSITY PRIZE SUBJECTS.

Chancellor's English Medal:—*The Death of the Marquis of Camden, the late Chancellor of the University.*

Members' Prizes:—(1) For the BACHELORS,—*In legibus ferendis, quid propositi habere debeat qui pœnas peccatis irrogat; et quamvis sit adhibenda suppliciorum mensura?*

(2) For the UNDERGRADUATES,—*Pœtis ea maxima laus est, si summis ingentii dotibus ita utantur, ut virtutis amorem alant.*

Brown's Medals:—(1) GREEK ODE.—*Principissa faustis auspiciis recens nata.*

(2) LATIN ODE.—*Annus exactis complectur mensibus orbis.*

(3) EPIGRAMS.—

GREEK.—*Hoc est Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.*

LATIN.—*Fehicula vi vaporis impulsa.*

Person Prize:—SHAKESPEARE,—*Tempest*, Act iv. Scene 1.

Beginning... "*This is most strange:—*"

Ending..... "*—to still my beating heart.*"

Seatonian Prize :—The call of Abraham.

Hulsean Prize :—The use and value of the writings of the Ancient Fathers considered an auxiliary to the proof of the Christian religion, and to the elucidation of its doctrines.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

November 25.

M.D.

Branson, F. Caius Coll.

B.D.

Thomas, E. Catherine Hall.

LL.B.

Dodson, W. F. Trinity Hall.

Longden, R. K. Trinity Hall.

M.A.

Dashwood, C. A. Corpus Christi Coll.

Stooks, T. F. Trinity Coll.

B.A.

Antrobus, E. St. John's Coll.

Billopp, W. T. N. Emmanuel Coll.

Bowes, E. E. Trinity Coll.

Forbes, J. S. Christ Coll.

Foulkes, T. B. Queens' Coll.

Hatchard, J. A. Corpus Christi Coll.

Hinkson, S. W. Catherine Hall.

Hope, R. J. Catherine Hall.

Hoaken, C. H. Queens' Coll.

Kidd, B. Queen's Coll.

Leith, A. Trinity Coll.

Moon, S. Catherine Hall.

Stevens, R. W. Queens' Coll.

Whitley, E. Queens' Coll.

December 9.

M.D.

Melson, J. B. Trinity Coll.

M.A.

Carrington, H. Caius Coll.

Drayton, R. S. Trinity Coll.

Kirkpatrick, A. R. Trinity Hall.

Temple, C. Magdalene Coll.

Gibbons, J. Balliol Coll. Oxf., (*ad eund.*)

B.A.

Hall, T. B. L. Sidney Coll.

Feb. 11.

M.D.

Blakeston, Payton, Emmanuel Coll.

B.C.L.

Smith, Josiah William. Trinity Hall.

Lott, Samuel Jourdan, Downing Coll.

M.A.

Bryan, Guy, St. Peter's Coll.

Scarith, Harry M., Christ's Coll.

Gazeley, Robert Court, Christ's Coll.

Dover, George, Catherine Hall.

Feb. 27.

HON. M.A.

Lyttleton, Hon. Wm. H., Trin. Coll.

Savile, Arthur, Trinity Coll.

M.A.

Duncan, John Bushier, St. Peter's Coll.

Johnson, Edwd. Houghton, Magd. Coll.

B.A.

Lane, Theophilus Wm., Trinity Coll.

Hope, A. J. Beresford, Trinity Coll.

Ayton, William Alexander, Trin. Hall.

Pearson, John, Caius Coll.

Deck, Henry, Corpus Coll.

Edwards, Richard, St. Peter's Coll.

Martin, Frederick, St. Peter's Coll.

MATRICULATED MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1831.

FELLOW COMMONERS.

St. John's College.

Christian Lenny.

Peterhouse.

Charles Philip Wilbraham.

Catharine-Hall.

Henry Barwell Greenwood.

Downing.

Isaac Herbert Wilkinson.

PENSIONERS.

Trinity College.

Thomas Broadwood.

Lawrence Lawson Brown.

St. John's College.

James Adeane Law.

John Jaques Wedge.

St. Peter's College.

John George Beresford.

John Mayow Lukin.

John Newman.

Pembroke College.

Fred. Crossaile Thompson.

Edward Walker.

Queens' College.

James Baird.

Owen Lucas O'Neil.

William John Osborn.

Thomas James Robinson.

John Henry Shark

Jesus College.

Henry Richard Geo. Dallas.

Jesus College continued.

Edward L'Estrange Dew.

John Sutton

Christ's College.

John Arthur Jeffreson Roberts.

Emmanuel College.

James Lindsay Brougham.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS, 1841.

EXAMINERS.

Rev. EDWARD WARTER, M.A., *Fellow of Magdalene College.*
 Rev. WILLIAM HEPPORTH THOMPSON, M.A., *Fellow of Trinity College.*
 Rev. GEORGE JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., *Fellow of St. John's College.*
 Rev. JOSEPH HENRY JERRARD, D.C.L., *Fellow of Caius College.*

First Class.		Second Class.		Third Class.	
Ds Cope,	Trin.	Ds Turner,	Trin.	Ds Jephson,	Corp.
— Bather,	Joh.	— Ellicott,	Joh.	— Ridout,	Chr.
— Thring,	Mag.	— Richardson,	Trin.	— Begbie,	Pet.
— Martin,	Trin.	— Tagg,	Pemb.	— Lyttelton,	Hon. Trin.
— Martineau,	Corp.	— Gisborne,	Trin.	— Parker,	Trin.
		— Sangster,	Joh.	— Smith, W.	Joh.
		— Ware,	Trin.	— Beard,	Joh.
		— Halson,	Pemb.	— Smith,	Joh.
		— Miller,	Joh.	— Boufflower,	Joh.
				— Bickerdike,	Trin.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS PAPERS.

Rev. Dr. Jerrard.

I. *From* "In quo igitur loco est? credo equidem in capite," etc. *to* "adhibuitque liberam contumaciam, a magnitudine animi ductam, non a superbia."—*Cic. Tusc. Quest. Lib. i. 29.*

Distinguish accurately between the respective significations of 'admixtum', 'concretum', 'copulatum', 'coagmentatum'; also of 'secerni', 'dividi', 'discerpi', 'distrabi'. 'His et talibus rationibus'. What other arguments are employed by Socrates in favour of the soul's immortality? Illustrate what is here said of him from other authors.

II. *From* "Germani ob prospera indefessi, ne tum quidem sumpta quiete, quantum aquarum circum surgentibus jugis oritur, vertere in subjecta," etc. *to* "irrupere Germanos jubet, clamitans 'en Varus et eodem iterum fato vinctæ legiones!'"—*Tac. Ann. Lib. i. 64.*

III. *From* "Opus adgredior opimum casibus, atrox præliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum," etc., *to* "Corrupti in dominos servi, in patronos liberti; et, quibus deerat inimicus, per amicos oppressi."—*Tac. Hist. Lib. i. 2.*

Give a short account of the several historical events referred to in this passage. What are the modern names of Illyricum, Sarmatia and Dacia respectively? Do you observe in the extracts II and III any deviations, in the meanings of words or in constructions, from the usage of the Augustan age?

IV. *From* "Pratum inde non minus natura, quam superiora illa arte, visendum: campi deinde porro, multaque alia prata et arbusta," etc. *to* "Apodyterio superpositum est sphæristerium, quod plura genera exercitationis, pluresque circulos capit."—*C. PLIN. Lib. V. Epist. vi.*

Give Pliny the Younger's character as a writer. What words in this extract are derived from Greek? State the probable origin of the Latin language, supporting what you assert by proofs.

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE:

From *Καὶ οὖν οἱ στρατόμαντις ἰδὼν δύο λήμασι δισσοῦς
 Ἀτρεΐδαι μαχίμους, ἰδὴ λαοδαΐτας
 πομποῦς τ' ἀρχαί κ. τ. λ.*

To *μῖμνει γὰρ φοβερά παλινόρσος
 οἰκονόμος δολῖα, μνάμων μῖνις τεκνόποινος.*

Æsch. Agam. l. 1221—48.

Give brief explanatory notes on this passage; and describe the metre. Give a sketch of the plot of the Agamemnon, shewing, more particularly, the art with which the Poet has drawn the character of Clytæmnestra.

From *Τοσσ' ἐφάμαν ὃ δέ μοι τὸ λαγυβόλον, ἀδὺ γελᾶξας,
 Ὡς πάρος, ἐκ Μοισᾶν ξεινήϊον ὥπασεν ἡμεῖς. κ. τ. λ.*

To *Τετράεινις δὲ πύθων ἀπελύετο κρατὸς ἀλειφαρ.*

Illustrate this passage by quotations from other poets.

To be translated into GREEK IAMBICS :

Had it pleas'd heaven	But there, where I have garner'd up my
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd	heart ;
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare	Where either I must live, or bear no life ;
head ;	The fountain from the which my current
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;	runs,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;	Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !
I should have found in some place of my soul	turn thy complexion there !
A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me	Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd che-
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn	rubin ;
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—	Ay, there, look grim as hell !
O ! O !	SHAKSPEARE.
Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :	

Into GREEK ANAPÆSTS :

SP. To the ocean now I fly,	Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
And those happy climes that lie	The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd
Where day never shuts his eye,	Hours
Up in the broad fields of the sky :	Thither all their bounties bring :
There I suck the liquid air	There eternal Summer dwells,
All amidst the gardens fair	And West-winds, with musky wing,
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three	About the cedar'n alleys fling
That sing about the golden tree :	Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Along the crisped shades and bowers	MILTON.

Rev. G. J. Kennedy, M.A., St. John's College.

From "Sr. Satin' tu sanu's mentis aut animi tui, etc.

To Cœna hac annona est sine sacris hereditas."—PLAUTUS.

(1) Enumerate the extant comedies of Plautus. By whom were twelve of them b ought to light ?

(2) What is the plot of the Casina ? From whom was it taken, and by what great modern writer has it been imitated ? Mention also any other comedies of Plautus which have been imitated by modern writers.

From "At lacrumans exclusus amator limina sæpe, etc.

To Prætermittere humanis concedere rebus."—LUCRETIUS.

From "O funde noster, seu Sabine, seu Tiburs, etc.

To Qui tunc vocat me, cum malum legit librum."

CATULLUS, *ad Fundum*.

From "Anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adepta es, etc.

To Per medium classi barbara navit Athon."

CATULLUS, *De Coma Berenices*, 27—46.

State the subject of this poem, and the Greek author from whom it was taken.

From "Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis, etc.

To Carmina Vestam ?"—HORATIUS.

(1) What date do you ascribe to this ode ?

(2) What deities does the poet proceed to invoke ? Point out the propriety of the selection.

From "Præda vago jussit geminare pericula ponto, etc.

To Barbara gypsatos ferre catasta pedes."

TIBULLUS, *Lib. II. Eleg. iii.* 39—60.

From 'Επειαν ὅν τοῦτο γίνηται τοιοῦτο, κ. τ. λ.

To ἀλλὰ πενθίονσι ταύτας τὰς ἡμέρας.

Explain the terms περιόικοι, ὄμοιοι, μόδακες.

From Οὐκ οὐν πρὶν μὲν εὐρήνης τυχεῖν, εἰ, κ. τ. λ.

To τίς ὀκλαλήσας ; οὐχ οὗτος ;

From οἱ δεινὸν τὸν μὲν λέγειν ὡς ἀπειτιμήσατο κ. τ. λ.

To ταῦτ' οὐχ ὁμολογουμένη προστασία ;

Theoc. *Id. VII. l.* 128—147.*To be translated into LATIN PROSE.*

It is certain the consternation was very great at London, and at the two Houses, from the time that they heard that the king marched from Shrewsbury with a formed army, and that he was resolved to fight as soon as he could meet with theirs. However, they endeavoured to keep up confidently the ridiculous opinion among the common people, that the king did not command, but was carried about in that army of the cavaliers, and was desirous to escape from them ; which they hoped the Earl of Essex would give him opportunity to do. The first news they heard of the armies being engaged, was by those who fled upon the first charge ; who made

marvellous haste from the place of danger, and thought not themselves safe, till they were gotten out of any possible distance of being pursued. It is certain, though it was past two of the clock before the battle begun, many of the soldiers, and some commanders of no mean name, were at St. Alban's, which was near thirty miles from the field, before it was dark. These men, as all runaways do for their own excuse, reported all for lost, and the king's army to be so terrible, that it could not be encountered.—CLARENDON.

I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost?—SWIFT.

Rev. Edward Water, M.A.

Translate accurately into ENGLISH PROSE:

From Τὸν ἱερὸν χορὸν δίκαιόν ἐστι χρηστὰ τῇ πόλει
 To τὴν μίαν ταύτην παρῆναι συμφορὰν αἰτουμένοις.

(α) What are the historical circumstances here alluded to? State them briefly.

(β) What was the process necessary for restoring the ἀτίμοι into their original position as ἐπίτιμοι, according to Demosthenes?

From Ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφείθη, πυρρὸς ὥς, Τυρσηνικῆς
 To στρατὸς δ' ἀνηλάξα Δαναϊδῶν ἅπας.

(α) Illustrate the use of ξυνῆσαν. (β) ἐξολισθαίνοι omnes edd. et MSS. What objection is there to this reading? (γ) κεγχρώμασιν. Is there any other form of this word? Illustrate the last part of this passage from Homer, and explain μεταψαίρων.

From Μη, πρὸς σε τοῦ κατ' ἄκρον Οἰταῖον νῆποι
 To τοῦ μηδὲν αλσχοῦ, μηδ' ἔμοι κακοῦ τιμος.
 From Τρισολυμπιονικαν ἵπαινίω
 To Οὐλίαις αἰχμαῖσιν ἀνδρῶν.

(α) Explain παιδεν Ἀλᾶτα, βοηλάτα διθυράμβῳ, οἰωνῶν βασιλῆα, οὐλίαις αἰχμῇ.

From Ὅτι δ' ὅτι πορφύρῃ πέλαγος μίγα κύματι κυφῶ,
 To Ἥϊόνος στόμα μακρὸν, δσον συνείργαθον ἄκραι.

(α) Explain δόσόμενος, αὐτῶς, κεκριμένος, δόσασατο, εἰρότατο. (Is there anything peculiar in the quantity of the last word?) προκρόσσας.

From Ἐαρι πολέιν θέρεις δι νευμένη οὐ σ' ἀπατήσαι
 To οἷσι δ' ἐν φορμῇ παύροι δέ σε θηήσονται.

To be translated into GREEK PROSE:

Since the ground of trade cannot be deduced from havens, or native commodities (as may well be concluded from the survey of Holland, which has the least and the worst; and of Ireland, which has the most and the best, of both) it were not amiss to consider, from what other source it may be more naturally and certainly derived: for if we talk of industry, we are still as much to seek, what it is that makes people industrious in one country, and idle in another. I conceive the true original and grounds of trade to be, great multitude of people crowded into small compass of land, whereby all things necessary to life become dear, and all men who have possessions, are induced to parsimony; but those who have none, are forced to industry and labour, or else to want. Bodies, that are vigorous, fall to labour; such, as are not, supply that defect by some sort of inventions or ingenuity. These customs arise first from necessity, but increase by imitation, and grow in time to be habitual in a country; and wherever they are so, if it lies upon the sea, they naturally break out into trade, both because, whatever they want of their own, that is necessary to so many men's lives, must be supplied from abroad; and because, by the multitude of people, and smallness of country, land grows so dear that the improvement of money, that way is inconsiderable, and so turns to sea, where the greatness of the profit makes amends for the venture.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

And now that I have gone through the six parts that I proposed, and shewn that sense and perception can never be the product of any kind of matter and motion;

it remains therefore, that it must necessarily proceed from some incorporeal substance within us. And though we cannot conceive the manner of the soul's action and passion; nor what hold it can lay on the body, when it voluntarily moves it: yet we are as certain that it doth so, as of any mathematical truth whatsoever; or at least of such as are proved from the impossibility or absurdity of the contrary, which notwithstanding are allowed for infallible demonstrations. Why one motion of the body begets an idea of pleasure in the mind, and another of pain, and others of the other senses; why such a disposition of the body induceth sleep, another disturbs all the operations of the soul, and occasions a lethargy or frenzy; this knowledge exceeds our narrow faculties, and is out of the reach of our discovery. I discern some excellent final causes of such a vital conjunction of body and soul; but the instrumental I know not, nor what invisible bands and fetters unite them together.

—BENTLEY.

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE, and explain where required:

- From "An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita claustra," etc.
 To "Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum,"—VIRGIL.
 From "Capena grandi porta qua pluit gutta," etc.
 To "Urbem petebat Bassus? imo rus ibat."—MARTIAL.
 From "Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat," etc.
 To "Frigidior Geticus petitur decocta pruinis."—JUVENAL.

W. H. Thompson, M.A. Trinity College.

From "Quod tibi superioribus literis promiseram, fore, ut opus exstaret hujus peregrinationis," etc. to "Aliud quid? Etiam. Quando te proficisci istinc putes, fac, ut sciam."—CIC. *Ep. ad Att.* II. 6.

Give brief explanations of the literary and historical allusions in this epistle. What is recorded of the character of Theopompus as an historian? Give the names of his two great works. What period of time did they include?

From "His vocibus instincta plebes cum jam unius hominis esset, addita alia commotioris ad omnia turbanda consilii res," etc. to apparebatque nec veri indicii gratiam medium nec falsi offensionem fore."—LIV. VI. 14.

¹ Explain these terms, and give an account of the ancient law of debt at Rome. How was it subsequently altered, and on what occasion?

² How does Niebuhr explain the origin of the story of the Gallic gold? What expressions in the above passage confirm his hypothesis? What are the objections to the received statement?

³ What is the exact meaning of 'possidere'? What were the rights, and what the conditions implied in being a possessor of the public land?

Into LATIN HEXAMETERS:

MEANTIME, with pomp august and solemn, borne	Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine,
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,	The Syrian olive's cheerful gift they bear,
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind,	With stubborn goats, that eye the mountain tops
Each with the signs of office in his hand,	Askance, and riot with reluctant horn,
Each on his brow the sacred stamp of years,	And steeds and stately camels in their train.
The four ambassadors of peace proceed.	LANDOR'S <i>Gebir</i> .

**Into LYRICS:*

GOE find some whispering shade near Arne or Poe, And gently 'mong their violets throw Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire Enchantments can charme griefe or care. Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you The ruin'd capitoll shall view And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can Not cure yet the disease of man, And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travalle where Another Sun and starres appeare,	And land not toucht by any covetous fleet, And yet even there your selfe youle meeete. Stay here then, and while curious exiles find New toyes for a fantastique mind; Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring By her aeriall quires doth sing As sweetly to you as if you were laid Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade. HABINGTON. * Including the metres of HORACE's <i>Epodes</i> .
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CATULLUS AND HIS SONGS.¹

FOLLOWING soft love-notes to the poet's mistress, addresses to his friends, and glad rejoicings over the home he had revisited, there comes a song equal to any of them in beauty of language and ardour of expression. Take it without further comment, and hear how sweetly Catullus hymns the fairest impersonation of Deity presented by ancient mythology.

THE JUBILEE SONG TO DIANA.

In Diana's faith are we
Boys and maidens fancy-free ;
Maidens fancy-free and boys,
Dian sing we and her joys.

O Latonia, mighty birth
Of the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom a gentle mother laid,
By the Delian olive's shade,

That thou mightest be the Queen
Of the hills and forests green,
Of the solitary woods,
And the ever-sounding floods :

Ah, Lucina Juno!—so
Mothers call thee in their woe ;
Potent Trivia ! Luna bright !
Lady of the bastard light !

Goddess who in monthly arch,
Measur'st out thy yearly march,
And the farmer's home dost fill
With the earth's ripe fruitage still.

Blest be thou, whatever name ;
Holy Mother, thou may'st claim
Romulus' and Remus' race—
Prosper with thy usual grace !

The following poem appears to have been written in trouble and dejection : Catullus needed support and consolation, and found them not. His friends deserted him, or at least stood aloof ; and unable longer to endure his sorrows in silence, and without the sympathy of those whom he loved, and who loved him, but who forebore to give proofs of their affection, he thus remonstrates with one of his oldest and sincerest friends—Cornificius.

Cornificius ! all goes badly
With your friend—they treat him sadly !
Every day and hour my trouble
Seems—so help me—to grow double.
With what words, what kind address
Hast thou sooth'd me in distress ?

¹ Continued from page 98.

Cornificius! not a word
 Has thy poor Catullus heard;
 Yet it is a trifling task,
 'Tis the *easiest* thing I ask.
 Nay, I'm angry with thee, friend—
 Is it thus my love must end?
 Oh, talk with me will be relief,
 Tho' thy speech be very brief,
 And sadder even, if thou please,
 Than tears of old Simonides.

Our next poem is in a very different strain. Two lovers are vowing eternal attachment. Love stands by and listens, and is so delighted with what he hears, that he cannot choose but express his rapture and approbation. Accordingly the divine sneeze of the subtle child of Venus is heard again and again, from the right; and in consequence our lovers, blest with the favour of the Boy Archer, love more passionately than ever, and form one exception at all events to the experience, that the course of true love never did run smooth.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

Septimius Acme thus address,
 On his soft lap while holding her:
 "Sweet Acme mine"—and to his breast
 Septimius still kept folding her—
 "Unless I love thee, O my fair!
 Yea, love thee even to despair;
 "Unless to love thee evermore,
 Sweet Acme, I am ready;
 Unless I ceaselessly adore
 My bright and winsome lady;
 Devoted utterly to thee,
 As utterly as man may be;
 "Oh, then beneath a Libyan sky,
 Far, far from thee, my own love,
 Or in the Indian clime may I,
 "A lion meet alone, love.
 He spake—Love heard, and highly pleas'd,
 As left, so right, approval sneez'd.
 Sweet Acme lightly turn'd her head,
 And with her mouth of roses
 She kiss'd her lover's eyes that shed
 The light that love discloses.
 "And ah, my life," the maiden sigh'd,
 "I'll love thee only—ah, my pride!
 "For thus within my spirit's shrine,
 Love's fire more brightly burns, sweet;
 More tender is this heart of mine,
 And deeper love returns, sweet."
 She spake—Love heard, and highly pleas'd,
 As left, so right, approval sneez'd.
 With omen fair each lover starts,
 And truthfully and kindly,
 With kindred mind and kindred heart,
 They love—are lov'd most blindly.
 And poor Septimius thinks thy smile,
 Sweet Acme, worth all Britain's isle.

All grace in thee fond Acme sees,
And thee, Septimius, solely;
Love's thousand nameless sweetnesses
In thee are center'd wholly.
Ah, who more bleat of human kind?
Ah, who love's course more smooth will find?

The winter is over. It is the season of expanding buds and yellow primroses and odorous violets. Gentle winds awaken, and soft thin clouds are bathed in silver glory, and the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose its light. Birds warble on blossomy branches; life lows in the meadows; the mind of man flutters with delight; the heart of beast rejoices. Nature keeps her holiday. All is health and joy and peace.

" 'Tis a month before the month of May,
And spring comes slowly up this way."

THE SPRING'S ADVENT.

Spring her cool soft warmth agen
Brings unto the sons of men;
And the anger loud and high
Of the equal-nighted sky
Is hush'd into a perfect death,
Zephyr, by thy pleasant breath.
Leave, Catullus, Phrygia's plain,
Æstuous Nice's fields of grain,
For to Asia's cities fair,
As on wings will we repair.
O the mind! it sighs for change,
Breathless with desire to range.
O the feet! what joy they feel,
Strengthen'd with peculiar zeal.
Farewell, friends, so dear to me—
Farewell, sweet society!
Ye who have together started,
From your home afar departed,
Various ways diversely guide you,
Farewell, friends—no ill betide you!

We return to the old theme—Lesbia and her beauty. It never wearies, for the inspiration of the poet furnishes him with new and beautiful thoughts, and an unaccustomed spirit lifts him above the earth.

TO LESBIA.

Even as a God he seems to me—
Yea, if I think and speak aright,
Far, far above the Gods is he,
Who sits beside thee, lady bright!
Who sees thee softly, sweetly smile,
And listens to thy words, calm and serene the while.

Alas, to see thee, love, to hear thee,
Steals every sense from me away;
For to behold thee, to be near thee,
To see thy glad smiles gleam and play,
Is torture;—if I gaze on thee,
Of sight, or sense, or soul, nothing is left to me.

My tongue is a dead thing—a fire,
 Subtle and rare, flows through each vein;
 I faint and fail,—with swift desire,
 Mine ears unbidden ring again
 As with a noise of bells—the light
 Fades utterly—mine eyes are veil'd in double night.

Alas ! Catullus, 'tis an ill
 And troublous thing to thee, this leisure !
 In leisure thou exultest still,
 And takest overweening pleasure ;
 Forgetting how, in olden days,
 It ruin'd cities fair, and kings beyond all praise.

So sings Catullus very sweetly, and somewhat sadly, of the enchantments wrought by *his* Circe, and of the marvellous potency which was in the light of her smile, in the sweetness of her voice, and in the music breathing from her face. *Lesbia* must indeed have been a lady of sovran beauty : and the man who felt not his heart leap within his breast in her presence, must have been either very divine, or very earthly, or very wise, or very foolish ; a perfect *Jupiter*, passionless and calm and serene, after the fashion of the *Jupiter* of *Epicurus*, and not of *Homer* and his bright-hearted brethren, or *Solomon* superannuated, or *Mephistophiles* sneering at all things. Here are plenty of similitudes, dear reader—pick and choose, as my Lord *Byron* says ; or, to complete the quotation, “ perhaps you'll be content with a carv'd lady on a monument.”

But the music changes—the air is gay and lively and quaint and pretty, and the words—but here they are :—

TO CAMERIUS.

Pray, what has become of your shadow,
 You ! whom in the Circus I seek,
 In the campus, the bookshop, the meadow ?—
 If it is not too troublesome, speak.

I've sought you in *Jupiter's* temple,
 I've sought you in *Pompey's* parade ;
 And the sweet girls so quiet and simple,
 With the same teasing question delay'd.

“ Oh, you sad naughty girls—I'm quite serious,
 Have you seen my *Camerius* so bright ?
 Each answers—“ I've seen your *Camerius*,”
 And she shows me her bosom so white.

“ I know your *Camerius*,” she cries,
 And more fully her bosom discloses ;
 “ In this cradle of beauty he lies,
 “ And he lurks in these breasts of blush roses.”

Nay, my friend, even glorious *Alcides*
 Would find it a toil to espy you ;
 So great, so excessive your pride is,
 To Catullus himself you deny you.

Where are you ? what are you about, friend ?
 Come boldly, come boldly to light ;
 From your place of concealment come out, friend,
Camerius, venture in sight.

Is it true that the little girls hold you,
In their bosoms so soft, like a dove?
Then *speak*—for if not, be it told you,
You will lose all the fruit of your love.

For you know that the talkative Venus
Loves chat—*stay*—this love is so bright,
I don't care if we share it between us,
So you *may* close your mouth—it's quite right.

Oh, were I the guard of the Cretan,
Or could I like a Pegasus go,
Were I Ladas, or Perseus that fleet one,
Had I Rhesus's chariot of snow;

Had I every wing, every feather,
Could I race with the winds of the air,
Could I fly like all these put together,
As haply my friend might declare;

Even then with the toil and the labour
My limbs would be wasted away;
With seeking Camerius my neighbour,
My strength would completely decay.

On turning back a page or two, we find that we have forgotten a pretty little song full of the divine exaggeration of love. We have heard of many harvests—of hay harvests, and barley harvests, and wheat harvests; of harvests of sorrow, and harvests of joy; of harvests real and metaphorical, either actually existing in the actual world, or spiritually discernible in the spiritual world: but we never before heard of a

HARVEST OF KISSES.

I'd kiss those honey'd eyes, my love,
For ever if I might!
Three hundred thousand times I'd prove
The exquisite delight.

My heart with such deep joy as *this* is,
Would ne'er be sated, sweet;
Nor tho' the harvest of my kisses
Grew thick as ripening wheat.

We close our selection of the songs of Catullus with the Epithalamium sung on the occasion of the marriage of Julia Aurunculeia with Manlius Torquatus, a great friend of the poet's. We had intended to comment on this poem in such fashion as to draw forth some of its hidden beauties from behind the veil of language which covers them, as a transparent cloud the blue heavens beyond; but fearing to exceed the space allotted to an article of this description, we can only direct the attention of our readers to a few of the many graces of thought and diction with which it abounds. The employment assigned to the Hamadryad divinities, seems in some measure to identify them with our English fairies. They foster with silver dew the clustered flowers of the myrtle, and play and make merry in their tiny palaces by "spangled starlight sheen." So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the servitors of Titania "dew her orbs upon the green," pension her cowlips tall, and hang pearls of dew in their every ear, while the clamorous "owl hoots and wonders at those quaint spirits!" Catullus

gives us a lively picture of old age, bowing with a pretended wisdom and ridiculous assumption of intelligence to every question put or observation made, as though it *really* heard and understood. Or perhaps we are to regard this universal courtesy and never-failing agreement with every speaker, as an indication of the aversion of extreme age to even the least trouble, as a species of half self-determined, half-necessitated *ruse* to avoid the fatigue of answering questions, or *seeming* to be interested in the conversation or proceedings of others. Still more picturesque, and almost profound from its exceeding truthfulness and naturalness, is the description of the new-born child, smiling from its mother's lap, with wondering eyes and half-unclosed lips, on its father, and stretching forth its tiny hands towards him, as if it half recognised the great 'being who brought it into this world of light and joy,—for to infantine innocence, this visible creation is a paradise of beautiful sights and sounds. There is no sin, or sorrow, or deformity in it for infancy. One more remark—and this by way of parenthesis—and we have done. There are two poems by Edmund Spenser, on a similar subject with this of Catullus, remarkable for exceeding dulcitude and infinite delicacy of thought and language, and for sweet, almost *painfully* sweet, versification. These we would recommend to the reader's perusal. And now for the Epithalamium

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

Hail Urania's Son!
 Tenant of the hill
 Of old Helicon,
 Thou that linkest still
 Sweet maiden to bright youth—O Hymen, have thy will.

Wreathe thy temples pale,
 With flowers of marjoram sweet;
 Take thy crimson veil,
 And visit our retreat,
 The saffron buskin laced upon thy snowy feet.

In this glad day rejoice,
 Sing the bridal song;
 With thy bell-like voice,
 The sweet notes prolong;
 Wave high the torch of pine, beat earth with footstep strong.

For Julia in her joy,
 To Manlius is led,
 As to the Phrygian Boy
 Idalian Venus sped;
 So she, a maiden fair, with omen fair is wed.

Like Asian myrtle brightly
 Starr'd with clustering flowers,
 Which holy Dryads nightly
 Feed with dewy showers,
 That they may play quaint pranks, within its pleasure bowers.

Hither then approach,
 Leave the Aonian caves,
 Over which encroach
 Aganippe's waves,
 Scattering the lymph, wherewith the Thespian rock she laves.

And home the lady call,
Sighing for her lover;
Love's soft chain shall fall
Her sweet spirit over,
As ivy folds the tree its wandering tendrils cover.

Ye too, maidens gay,
Fair and fancy-free,
Born on the same day,
Sing, O sing with me—
Hail, Hymenæus, hail! hail, Hymen, hail to thee!

That so the more delighted,
To his sacred feast,
If he be invited,
He may hear and haste,
The linker of sure love—the guide of beauty chaste!

Oh, what God may lovers
Above him adore?
Oh, what man discovers
A God to reverence more?
Hail, Hymenæus, hail! thy blessing we implore!

Thee the parent woos
For his children dear;
Gentle girls unloose
Their zones when thou art near,
And the young husband hears thy name with wishful ear.

The maiden in her bower,
In her beauty's pride,
Blooming like a flower,
By her mother's side,
Thou givest some fond youth, a gay and gentle bride

If thou be not by her,
Nothing good or fair
Can Love's Queen desire;
But if thou be near,
She prospers—Oh, what God with Hymen may compare!

Ne'er may house without thee
Call its sons divine,
Ne'er may parent doubt thee,
And own a race divine;
But *with* thee all goes well—what power is like to thine!

The land that will not render
Service unto thee,
Can have no defender
For its borders free;
But where thou art, it *can*—what God is like to thee!

Fling the portals wide!
Lady, thou art there—
See each torch aside
Shake its glittering hair:
But thou delay'st—day wanes—come forth, new married fair!

See, the maiden's steps
With maiden pride are slow;
When she hears, she weeps
To think that she must go:
But thou delay'st—day wanes—come forth, fair bride! come now.

Sweet Auruculeia,
 Weep not—joy is thine,
 For there cannot be a
 Lady more divine,
 To see the radiant day rise from his ocean shrine.

Like thee in dædal bower
 Of some wealthy peer,
 The hyacinthine flower
 Its petals may uprear:
 But thou delay'st—day wanes—O gentle bride, appear!

Move—young wife—before us,
 Lo, she is in sight!
 Hear our bridal chorus,
 Mark her beauty bright!
 Come forth!—the torches wave their tresses of gold light.

Thy husband is no light one,
 Evil to pursue,
 Leaving thee, O bright one,
 Other girls to woo,
 Couch'd far from thy soft breast, O tender one and true!

As the elm is holden
 By the vine's green lace,
 So shall he be folden
 In thy dear embrace:
 But thou delay'st—day wanes—come forth thou youngest grace!

Lo, in beauty solemn
 Thy husband's house so blest;
 That husband is the column
 Whereon its power shall rest,
 To serve thee until—hail, O Hymen, our request—

Until grey anility
 Shake her palsied head,
 And with vain civility
 Bow to all that's said:
 Hail, Hymenæus, hail! and bless the newly wed.

Let thy golden feet
 Move the threshold o'er,
 With fair omen, sweet,
 Pass the polish'd door:
 Hail, Hymenæus, hail! thy blessing we implore.

Lo, thy lord serene
 On soft Tyrian laid;
 Soon—how soon—shall lean
 Over thee, sweet maid!
 Hail, Hymenæus, hail! hail, Hymen! lend thine aid.

The love-fire burns steady
 In his bosom's shrine,
 Lov'd and loving lady,
 Even as in thine:
 Hail, Hymenæus, hail! hail, Hymen the divine!

Give thine arm, thine hand,
 To thy bride ador'd;
 Bid the sweet girl stand
 By thy couch, fair lord:
 Hail, Hymenæus, hail! thy blessing is implor'd.

Husband! seek the bower,
Wherein thy wife reposes,
Like the virgin flower,
When pale evening closes,
Or poppy golden-leav'd—with lips that shine like roses.

Yet, young spouse, I vow—
So be heaven my stay—
No less fair art thou,
In thy bright array:
Favour'd of Venus, haste—time fails—make no delay.

Husband! thou art here,
Thou hast not delay'd;
Venus shall appear,
And shall lend her aid,
For noble is thy love, and openly display'd.

Let him count the band
Of stars that gleam in heaven,
Or the Erythrian sand,
Whirl'd athwart the levin,—
Who would sum up the joys to you in myriads given?

Play then, lovers bright!
And soon sweet children give us,
For it were not right
So old a name should leave us,
But it should be renewed—ah, do not then deceive us!

That some *wee* Terquatus,
Gentle, gay, and fair,
Quickly may await us,
Is the poet's pray'r,
Couch'd on his mother's lap, a rosy slumberer there!

Or outstretching rather
His hands with infant wile,
On his manly father
May he sweetly smile,
Half opening his dear lip, all wonderingly the while.

May the gentle creature
Like his father be,
And in every feature,
Friends the likeness see,
While his sweet mouth reveals his mother's modesty.

Mother! may he win
Such praise from thee as none
Ever gloried in,
Save wise Ulysses' son,
Who everlasting fame, from the best mother won.

Maidens, close the door,
Lovers! all is still,
Dance and song are o'er,
Ever may ye dwell
Administrant of love, in youth's bright bowers—Farewell.

We echo the word, and heartily bid the lovers of the poetry of
Catullus, and the readers of our Magazine—farewell.

W. M. W. C.

POLAND.—No. III.¹

IN our last article we gave some illustrations of the political tyranny under which Poland groaned, and some account of the edicts so fatal to civil liberty which were issued by the merciless oppressors of that ill-fated country. However fearful and mischievous the tyranny above described, it is so far to be pardoned, inasmuch as it is directed rather against man's animal than man's spiritual nature. Racks, scourges, chains, dark dungeons, and unwholesome diet, are bad enough in themselves; but while man is free to think, to feel, to imagine, and reason, the best part of his nature is still unoppressed; and the conscience that bears him witness that he suffers in a good cause, the energy of will, the freedom of soul, and the strength of heart, which are all his, as a king moral and spiritual, will enable him to bear all things and to hope all things, however intense the physical suffering, however dark and threatening external circumstances may be. If the tyrant's power extended to the body alone, it were well: but unhappily it is in the mind and in the heart that it is most terribly manifested. It is to this development of tyranny that we now direct the attention of our readers.

The Polish system of education was universally recognised as admirable, till the Russians, jealous of the superior abilities of the Poles, discovered that it had a revolutionary tendency, which must end in the subversion of the government of the Czars. Plots and conspiracies were adduced in proof of this—some few real, the others purely imaginary. Novosiltzoff, at that time Imperial Commissary of Warsaw, exerted all his influence to vitiate education in the kingdom of Poland. The first step towards this end was the appointment of the bigot Grabowski to the ministry of public instruction. Operations were first commenced in the university of Wilna, and the schools dependent upon it. In the year 1812, the scheme of Russianizing the Polish seminaries was entered on. Alexander, who cunningly played the liberal at home, the despot abroad, had made a shew of erecting a Polish university at Warsaw, at the same time abolishing the Lancastrian schools throughout the country, and enjoining the authorities of the university of Wilna to pay special attention to teaching the Russian language. Accordingly a chair of Russian history was established, and attendance on its lectures enforced; lectures on the history of Poland were prohibited, and fewer hours devoted to the study of Polish literature. The schools of the district of Kioff were detached from the university of Wilna, and subjected to the Russian university of Charkoff. All recollections of Poland's ancient glory, all the associations so dear to the heart of every true patriot, were denounced as criminal. This deep-laid scheme for the destruction of Polish nationality was detected and opposed. The good and great

¹ Continued from p. 25.

awakened to a sense of their danger, and their best energies were evoked to defeat the designs of the oppressor. To act openly was impossible. Associations, not of a political, but of a scientific and moral character, were formed. Such were the *Philarethes*, the *Radiances*, the *Poets*—names expressive of their nature and object. Perfectly irreprehensible in themselves, they quickly drew down the denunciations of the government. They were immediately dissolved, their members placed in various situations in the state or at home, and their very existence soon forgotten. An accident, however, speedily recalled them to life. A schoolboy, a youth of twelve years of age, chalked in a playful mood, on one of the forms of his class, the words, "The Constitution of the 3rd May for ever." He was arrested, declared guilty of high treason, had his head shaved, and was carried off as a recruit to the Siberian regiments. This transaction, cruel as it was, was but the prelude to more fearful events. It served as a plea for the assumption that secret plots were rife throughout the land; that these plots were devised in the universities and schools; and that the professors, the prince, and the curator were the chief conspirators. All evidence to the contrary was rejected with indignation. The existence of the associations but now described was found necessary. Their object was of course declared to be the subversion of the Russian government, and the overthrow of the reigning family. Novosiltzoff began his operations: he was permitted to do exactly as he pleased. The same liberty was accorded to his agents, men of the lowest class—men who had been convicted as felons, and denounced as atrocious criminals. A commission of characters such as these to inquire into the degrees of guilt imputed to the Polish schools against the Russian empire, was appointed. We use the word *guilt*, for all were considered guilty, that is, all who were suspected. Trial there was none. The same individual was examiner, judge, jury, and executioner.

The arrival of Novosiltzoff from Warsaw, in the capital of Lithuania, was succeeded by transports of young men from provinces near and distant. So violent were the proceedings practised at this period, that merely to avoid them, *Przeciszewski*, formerly a *Philarethe*, committed suicide. It was not even requisite that the accused should be suspected. Unimpeachable conduct, exalted character, great attainments were considered as reasons for arrest. The victims were associated with common felons, thrown into dungeons, and treated with every species of cruelty and indignity. When the prisons were filled, the monasteries were converted into places of detention. Some of these contained above seventy victims in solitary cells. "These," says an eye-witness, "were young men distinguished for high accomplishments and unimpeachable conduct; for the most part students, but also many adults and men of business. Some had left behind families and relations, whom they were maintaining by their own industrious pursuits. They had belonged to associations before they had been prohibited. The ruin of their domestic affairs was most grievous and afflicting. Families were obliged to provide for their subsistence, though even to inquire after them, or seek to know where they were

incarcerated, was dangerous, and construed into a crime against the state. Mothers, relations, and friends looked about with anxiety which way was the safest for supplying them provisions. Before the prison could be known, and food conveyed to them, some had for three or four days remained without nourishment and clothing, suffering equally from the want of food and the inclemency of the season; and even those who had food and fuel supplied to them, could with difficulty bear the solitude to which they were consigned. Nevertheless, whatever hardships they might have endured for weeks and months of their confinement, a serenity of mind, a calm which is always the share of the righteous and virtuous, did not for a moment forsake them. By this fact only it could be accounted for why so few, and these only of a more sensitive temper, were affected in health and spirits. This attitude, at once calm and determined, was, as if by contagion, imparted to the inhabitants of the capital, who were doomed to witness these scenes of violence.

The examination commenced. One of the accused admitted that it was their custom to meet at stated hours, and read and study poetry. This was regarded as evidence of the existence of a dangerous society of poets; and specimens of poetry were speedily found, which were asserted to be of mischievous tendency, and afforded in themselves sufficient proof of such a tendency. Prejudice and malice, fraud and cunning, were the characteristics of those who conducted the enquiry. Fully aware of the difficulty of their task, well knowing that they had undertaken to prove what was not capable of proof, by fair and honourable means, they endeavoured to prepossess the emperor against the prisoners, by asserting the existence of conspiracies of the darkest and most malignant nature, but so skilfully organized, and so ingeniously directed, that the discovery of their origin, of their leaders and supporters, was a matter of unexampled difficulty. All the means usually employed, they declared to be unavailing. Extraordinary operations required extraordinary agencies. False reports were spread abroad; perplexing and irritable questions put, and even pardon promised, on the condition that avowals of guilt and confessions of accompliceship should be made. The commissioners, thoroughly acquainted with the noble characters and fine abilities of the victims of their oppression, subtly took advantage of these very excellencies to effect their ruin; eulogizing their good qualities, lauding their vast acquirements, compassionating their friends, pitying them for the commission of a crime of such deep enormity. This was done openly, and before all. One word of their conversation, if repeated, any of these cunningly devised expressions, these "*ambiguæ voces*," if retailed, would infallibly have sealed the fate of the reporter. Openly and exultingly they proclaimed an imaginary crime in indistinct and indefinite terms; accusing no one by name, but aiming at the destruction of thousands by implication. One would think that tyranny could do no more,—that here its power would be naturally arrested. Not so however: where it finds no crime, it creates it; where it finds men innocent, it leaves them guilty. Novosiltzoff had issued a secret order, that the masters of schools were to watch that no

defamatory poetry appeared, and in case of its appearance, to report. None such had ever been known, or ever heard of, in the schools of Lithuania. No sooner was the mandate given, than the crime was created. At a provincial school at *Kieydany*, a pasquinade on the Grand Duke Constantine was discovered. A committee was appointed—the school was examined; the son of the head master was found guilty. The boy had observed the document in his father's desk, prohibiting the writing of such verses, and out of a childish contradiction to do what was forbidden, composed the poetical libel above mentioned. The majority of the boys were sentenced to the mines at Nerezyusk, and this for life. By an ukase of the first of March, 1824, the school at Kieydany was totally abolished, and thy pupils declared inadmissible at any other school; and to crown the whole, the parents were positively prohibited from teaching them any branch of industry or trade. At *Kroac*, a society of boys called the "Black Brothers" was detected: the principals were brought to a court-martial, and sentenced to serve as recruits in Siberia. Their limbs were loaded with fetters, and they were conveyed in an open waggon through the streets, amid the tears of the people and the lamentations of their mothers. At *Poniewiez*, the terrible word "Constitution" was found on placards. Two brothers named Wienckowski were fixed upon, without any reason to warrant the suspicion. To save the school they were induced to confess. They were mercilessly flogged—but this was not enough; they were summoned before a court-martial, and sentenced to transportation. An influential Russian functionary had been the guardian of the eldest brother's childhood; their father was also a person of considerable importance: but to interest themselves in behalf of one guilty of a state crime, would have been certain destruction. They held their peace, and the youths were transported as recruits.

To accumulate instances of this nature would occupy too much space, and only weary the reader. The following statement by Onalcwicz, professor of the university of Wilna, contains all that is requisite for the due appreciation of the wickedness and cruelty of the tyrants of Poland. It is proper to add that the professor was himself a witness and a fellow-sufferer.

"From the conduct of Novosiltsoff, it appeared that his object was to kindle in the young Polish generation, an indelible hatred towards the Russian government. Most atrocious acts were committed without the least necessity, nor could the motives of many extraordinary measures be accounted for. The inquiries were made with inquisitorial severity, and were veiled in deep secrecy. The sentences were not published, and consequently a general conviction prevailed of the innocence of the children. Persons marked by public opinion as felons and banditti, were employed in the office of enquiry. At their order, children were torn from the arms of their mothers, from their domestic hearths, from their beds at midnight, were often arrested in the street, in school and in church—were subject to torture previous to their trial. Several tragic scenes have in consequence taken place. One of the youths, Marian

Piasecki, threw himself from the second floor of his prison, and broke his legs; another, Tarajewicz, cut his throat; a mother, Atme Glasner, lost her senses, on the arrest of her son. The students belonged to different classes of society: the poor, as usual in Russia, had most to suffer; the rich had means of escaping before the storm by bribery. Count Tyszkiewicz paid to Novosiltzoff 4000 ducats for his nephew; M. Mackowski, 20,000 rubles for his son; and others, different sums according to their means."

The professors were scarcely better off than the students. Learning was regarded with jealous eye; eloquence awakened apprehensions of conspiracies; energy of character and integrity of heart exposed their possessors to numberless dangers. The Russian government acted on the maxim of the Imperial Autocrat of Austria, when he said, "We want no clever people here." The study of medicine was proscribed "as the focus of freemasonry and materialism." Homer's *Iliad* denounced as calculated to "exalt the minds of youth." The study of the law was considered as "likely to form dangerous enthusiasts." In consequence of these ridiculous objections, and the petty persecutions which they generated, the most able professors resigned their chairs in disgust. Among them were Bojanus, Frank, and Saunders; Graddeck, the celebrated philologist, and the champion of the rights of the university, retired to a country seat, where he suddenly expired, not without suspicion of poison. Onacewicz, the professor of statistics, was the next victim. The charge against him was, "that he taught Polish statistics in conjunction with those of Russia." Danielowicz, the professor of law, followed him. The charge against him was, "that he was in the habit of quoting the Polish statutes." Lelewel was the next sacrifice. He was professor of history, and was accused of a "tendency to Mahometanism, and of introducing an epochal division of history." The professor of moral philosophy was the next that fell under suspicion. Hosudan Pertes, a captain of the police, was ordered to watch him. Golnchowski had given lectures on the "Nature of Man," in which he often directed the attention of his audience to the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul. Pertes reported his utter ignorance of the subject, and the terms employed by the professor in his lectures, and requested to be exempted from attendance. Hereupon the rector receives a letter from the governor, complaining that Professor Golnchowski had commenced teaching philosophy and theology, and demanding what right the university had to admit him *without the knowledge of the police*. The suspension of that course was commanded, and the professor was to be allowed to deliver lectures in future, only on the conditions that he was to use such terms as the police could understand; that he was to put them in writing, and submit them to the Imperial Censure Office, previously to their delivery. The rector referred to the statutes and privileges of the university, but only brought down the anger of the governor, and a repetition of his former orders. The senate appealed, but with no better success. The professor withdrew, and the lectures on philosophy were put down at the fiat of an ignorant soldier.

A radical reform of the system of education was next proposed. The following are some of the regulations enacted by Novosiltsoff and Professor Pelican.

1. The law of nature and politics shall henceforth be erased from the list of subjects taught in the gymnasia, and more hours shall be assigned to teaching Greek, Latin, and *Russian*.

2. The number of hours destined for rhetoric and poetry shall be diminished. (Both were taught in Polish.)

3. The themes for exercises in writing shall not be left to the choice of the teachers, but a collection of them shall be drawn up by the Council of the University.

4. For the purpose of superintending the conduct of students in their classes, at church, in their lodgings, and in public generally, the number of beadies shall be four, and they shall be placed under an accredited inspector.

5. The names of the students, both in the university and the gymnasium, shall be communicated to the *police of the city*.

6. The students shall enter into no secret societies; shall wear no other dress than that prescribed by the rules of the school, and never leave home without it; shall visit no public places of amusement without the rector's permission in writing; shall not be permitted to leave town, or take a walk out of its precincts, not even for the purpose of botanical excursion.

7. The students shall read no books hostile to the existing forms of government, especially that of the Russian, nor indeed any which are not intimately connected with their lessons, nor keep them at home.

8. The tutors, censors, and monitors are to be elected by the university, and subject to its authority; and the masters of every school are to be responsible to each other for their pupils' conduct. The rectors and deans are to be chosen from persons devoted to the throne, and accredited by their well-known opinions.

9. All books in the Polish and other languages are to be carefully inspected. The Polish grammar of Kopezynski, the rhetoric of Chrzanowski, and the like, are to be burnt, and the rest of the elementary books to be subject to a new and careful revision.

The punishments to be inflicted are specified with a degree of minuteness quite surprising. They are such as are "calculated to cause the offender to look on the fate that awaits him with the most frightful anticipation." The vivacity of childhood is declared to be "a bad seed, containing a source of passions of the most pernicious sort, not unlike the nettle, whose vernal sprout hides under its fresh and tender form, that burning substance which in progress of time grows upon the same stalk," and is to be flogged out with "birchen rods fresh or dipped in water, the ends not cut off, in the place of their ligature one inch in diameter, a yard and a quarter and a yard and a half long. The strokes to be inflicted on nudity. The minimum is twenty-five, the maximum one hundred lashes." Besides this case there are ninety-four others in which children *must* be flogged. This is called the tariff of Polish blood. The other punishments are arrest,

solitary confinement, degradation from a superior to an inferior class, expulsion, and many others "designed to humiliate." The rules to be observed by the scholars in and out of school, relative to dress, "the washing of the hands and face, the cutting of the hair and nails," their going in and coming out, their movements in the street, and] their general conduct, are all laid down with an astonishing precision. It is almost unnecessary to add that they are most lowering and most vexatious.

The result of these arrangements may be easily conjectured. All honest and upright men were removed from the situations which they held in the schools, or retired in indignation; while persons of the most infamous character, spies, intriguers, and felons, were placed in their room. How the new system worked, as regards the pupils, may be understood from these words, taken from the report of the iniquitous Professor Pelican: — "By my incessant efforts I have ultimately succeeded in effecting a *total transformation of the youth*. If any one amidst them should be found ill disposed, he is immediately *denounced, and convicted by his own schoolfellows*."

To detail the horrors perpetrated in Poland, under the name of education, would be absolutely impossible. In its name, children are torn from their parents and carried into the interior of Russia; in its name, children are flogged in public for reading Polish poetry; and by its agency, fathers and mothers are driven to infanticide and suicide, and gentle and noble maidens surrendered to the brutality of the soldiery for singing patriotic songs. The following anecdotes will not be considered superfluous, as they serve to show, far more powerfully than mere declamation, the awful wrongs which Poland has endured at the hands of its "merciful and magnanimous Emperor."

Three young ladies, whose parents lived in the country, had been placed in a principal boarding-school in the capital. They were walking one evening in the garden, and while thus occupied they sang some verses of a favourite Polish song, commencing "Poland shall be free." A spy who chanced to pass by, overheard the song, and made a report of the occurrence to the police. Immediately gens-d'armes were sent with an order to bring the unfortunate girls to the hotel of the municipality, where they were cruelly flogged, and then surrendered to the brutal embraces of the gens-d'armes.

Kurjoinski, brother of the celebrated Polish composer of music at Warsaw, was father of four children, one of whom, a daughter, had been placed at the dramatic school. She had the misfortune to attract by her beauty the attention of the director of the theatre, the Russian General Rautenstrauch. His overtures, however, were unsuccessful. By a base revenge he deprived her father of an employment in the musical conservatory, which he had held for many years. The unfortunate father, foreseeing nothing but misery for himself and for his children, one day invited them all to take a walk with him along the banks of the Vistula. Arrived at a steep solitary place, he threw them all at once into the river, and precipitated himself after them. Only one of the children was saved; the rest, with father and daughter, perished in the waves.

The agents of the Russian tyrant one day entered the house of Madame Rozycka, the wife of the celebrated soldier and patriot of that name, with the intention of depriving her of her two children for transportation. She wept and prayed in vain. Suddenly she became calm, and requested permission to embrace them for the last time. It was granted, and she retired into her chamber. Shrieks of death were heard. The gens-d'armes entered the room. The despairing mother had pierced her children's hearts with a dagger, and then plunged it into her own. Raising herself, with a proud smile of triumph upon her pale quivering lips, "Go," she exclaimed, "to your unfeeling master; tell him what you have witnessed. I die criminal indeed in the eye of the law; but maternal affection will pronounce my pardon."

In the year 1832, June 1st, an imperial ukase was issued, addressed to the Russian senate, and worded thus:—

"Having received intelligence from reports of the local authorities, as to the expediency of introducing the use of the Russian language in the departments of justice in the governments of Voltrynia and Padolia, we command, 1st, That the Russian language be henceforth introduced in the department of the civil justice of the above-mentioned governments; and, 2nd, That commencing from the 1st of January, 1833, all proceedings of the civil tribunals shall be conducted in that language."

In the Ukraine the Polish language is quite forgotten, and is fast falling into disuse throughout the country generally. The Universities of Warsaw, Wilna, Cracow, and Lemberg are prohibited. National institutions, colleges, and schools are abolished; objects of antiquity and the arts transported to St. Petersburg; and the University library at Warsaw, celebrated for its curious and rare treasure of ancient manuscripts, stolen from the Poles and conveyed to the Russian capital. The Philomathic Society at Warsaw, confirmed by the charters of several kings, and by the Emperor Alexander himself, and numbering among its members the most renowned literati and scientific men in Europe, was abolished, and its property confiscated by an order of the Russian government. Even the royal dwellings are stripped of their sculptures, statues, and paintings. Nothing but the bare walls are left; nothing remains to the unfortunate Poles but the memory of their former glory. Law and virtue will be soon extinct; injustice and vice, and anarchy and degradation, will soon be dominant in the land of Sobieski and Kosciusko, the land which "breasted the torrent of the Mahometan invasion, and rescued the religion and liberty of Europe."

The charges which we have already advanced against the Russian government are sufficiently serious; but we have still heavier accusations to make. Fearful as are the crimes of the northern despot above disclosed, crimes more fearful still remain to be described. The loss of personal liberty may be borne; the infliction of mere flesh and blood miseries may be endured; and even the war ceaselessly waged against the educational system of Poland, against all that is noble in sentiment and beautiful in art, against all that is high-minded and virtuous, against all that is lovely and of good report,—may be considered by those at least who are bowed beneath the yoke, and are feeble to resist aggression, as an evil that may be tolerated, as a misery whose bur-

then God will give strength to sustain, and grace to turn to good account. But what shall we say of the tyranny which wars against reason—the light which God has kindled in the *mind* of every man? What shall we say of the utter disregard of all the rights of conscience, the utterance of God in the *heart* of every man? What shall we say of the oppressor of those, whose only crime is that they maintain the creed which their fathers taught them,—the creed which many of those fathers had died in promulgating among the Prussian Ponguimsy; which they had defended against Tartars, and upheld in spite of Turks, and which was associated with all the beautiful legends of fair women and brave men, that so radiantly illustrate the annals of their country? Moreover, when to this unhallowed assault on the religious feelings and principles of a nation, and this contemptuous disregard of the sacred rights of conscience, are united the violation of a solemn oath to protect the religion thus iniquitously persecuted, and the practice of the most sickening hypocrisy and open blasphemy,—what shall we say, think, and feel of the oppressor of Poland, the *merciful and magnanimous* Czar? True it is that there are not wanting men in these days of double dealing, and false speaking, and shameless falling away from all great and ennobling principles, who will defend this conduct of the despot of the north. For, say they, the Czar must follow the dictates of his conscience; and if that conscience suggest the overthrow of Romanism in Poland, he is bound to obey it. Bound to obey it!—What, when the history of his crusade will be written in blood! When infinite misery will be caused by the efforts to “put away,” not what reason, but at best what his own darkened understanding alone calls “the accursed thing?” If the conscience of one, and that one a miserable and wicked tyrant, be so tender; if its rights be so sacred, surely the conscience of a great nation ought to be revered, and its rights maintained. But even supposing that the mad theory of a state conscience had any foundation in “the eternal fitness of things,” yet, in this case at least, no attempt should have been made practically to enunciate the proposition. Nicholas in this instance had forfeited the right to listen to the whisperings of that moral anomaly, a state conscience; for by the organic statute the Roman Catholic religion was placed under the special protection of government. With that form of Christianity we have no sympathy, and we would have it understood, that so far from defending Romanism, we look to it for the revelation of the man of sin, and recognize in the Church of Rome the Church of the Apostasy. But we know too well the blindness of the mental vision. We can without difficulty comprehend how what we deem sin and error, may be to *others* a consolation and an incarnate truth. We have been infinitely perplexed and troubled with obstinate questionings; and being assured that “whatsoever is not of faith is sin,” we consider that the Roman Catholic religion, as a system of religious doctrines separate from, and perhaps repugnant to, Roman Catholicism,—as a ground of belief, and as a firm conviction of the mind,—claims respect from every one, and was entitled by every consideration of justice, honour, law, and conscience, to the protection of the Russian autocrat. We will even go a step further. We will even profess our readiness to

grant that it is not incredible that good may hereafter arise from Rome ; for we see nothing absurd in the position that "Rome is *double*"—the one spiritual, which is immortal, the other temporal ; and that the former has nothing to do with the principles adopted by the latter. We wish to think that "spiritual Rome will appear beautiful in its whole moral powers, and shall issue a voice to the nations, who will be prepared to understand it, calling loud upon them to gather round the sublime standard of God and liberty."* Surely, in the lack of any proof to the contrary, we might at least acknowledge that the probability of Rome's regeneration is an argument in favour of Rome's children ; and that if they are not to be cherished and loved, they are at least not to be persecuted and hated. Hereafter men may come to some decision on this head. Meanwhile, we plead the Emperor's oath, "to make the Catholic religion an object of his special care, it being professed by the majority of the inhabitants of Poland." How this oath has been kept we will now endeavour to shew, requesting, parenthetically, that our readers will bear in mind, that the Roman Catholic Church holds the Athanasian creed, which is at issue with that of the Greek Church, on the subject of one of the most awful mysteries of our religion, that of the procession of the Holy Spirit. The following ukase, dated Nov. 5, 1831, will prove the truth of the assertions which we have made :—

"Having learnt from the Eparch Paul, Bishop of Meashan, that the *Sieur Kolinski* has built in his district a Roman Catholic chapel, which may become prejudicial to the believers of our holy Greek religion ; having been informed that several Roman Catholic churches and chapels have been built in the province of Padolia, which is contrary to the ukase of the 19th Oct. 1831 ; we ordain that henceforward the ecclesiastical authority shall not name any more curates for the churches, or permit any priest not domiciliated in those places to perform divine service : and as it is come to our knowledge, that the funds that have been appropriated to the keeping up of the church of Kretinia had been registered in the books of the same district, we enjoin that the same may be struck off, and that no act of the kind be in future admitted into the register. A single Catholic priest ought to visit, from time to time, all those churches, and to celebrate divine service, particularly in the time of Lent. The same regulation extends to the Roman Catholic church, built by the *Sieur Maskowsa*, as to all others which may be discovered."

I am not aware whether it is generally known, that under the reign of Catherine, that "Clytemnestra of the North," Russian generals were sent throughout the Polish provinces, with armed cohorts headed by Greek priests, who converted with fire and sword whole villages and districts in Voltugnia and Padolia from the Roman to the Greek faith. What Catherine began, her successors have finished. Catholic clergy are constantly expelled from their parishes, and their churches and revenues given to Greek priests. To proselytize to any church but the Greek is forbidden by an ukase. Proselytism on the part of

* Abbé de la Mennais.

that Church is greatly encouraged, "the Emperor's policy being to strengthen the political position of Russia by the hierarchy of the Greek Church, which may be considered as the only moral strength that unenlightened Russia can possess." There is an ukase which orders that all the Children born by a Catholic mother to a Russian, or by a Russian mother to a Catholic father, shall be of no other religion than the Greek. There is another ukase, which provides that every Polish woman who marries a Russian and changes her religion, shall be entitled to receive 2000 roubles from the Russian treasury. The following letter, which bears date August 8, 1832, Voltugnia, will shew the insincerity of the Emperor of all the Russias, and furnish an excess of proof that his oath is forgotten, his promise broken, and that the Catholic Pole may look in vain to him for freedom to worship God as his fathers taught him, and as his Church and his conscience still teach him.

"At Luck, a town of Voltugnia, twelve priests were deprived of their clerical character, for having administered the sacrament to the patriots who were mortally wounded. Some of the younger priests were sent to the Russian regiments of the Caucasus, as common soldiers. In the Polish provinces all the Catholic churches that were maintained at the private expense are shut up, and an ukase has been recently issued, forbidding the building of new churches, and repairing the old. Young men who are desirous of preparing themselves for the Church, meet with almost insurmountable obstacles. Civil tribunals make room for courts-martial. Klongewicz, Bishop of Wilna, is sent to Siberia, for remonstrating against the general-governor, Chrapowicki, who prohibited the celebration of Christ's resurrection solemnity, according to the usual custom in Lithuania. In the event of any one of the Poles falling ill on his way towards Siberia, if a confessor is asked for, a Catholic priest is refused him, and a Greek is sent. A large number of Catholic priests *were flogged to death* for having advocated the cause of their country. The estates of the churches are confiscated, either to the profit of the crown, or the Russian clergy: the same is done with the Catholic convents and monasteries, one part of which is appropriated to military stalls and magazines. The Polish soldiers and recruits who are now incorporated with the Russian regiments, if they will have any religion at all, must become Greeks, the Russian army having no Catholic chaplains. Exiles to Siberia cease also to be Catholics, there being likewise no Catholic parishes. In like manner the Polish children which are now carried off to Russia, will be educated in the Greek religion."

We have in a former part of this article accused the Emperor of blasphemy — of open blasphemy. Let no man suppose that we used the language of exaggeration. What we asserted we maintain in the letter, and we would have it literally understood. The following passages from Rulhiere and Possevin will evince that the doctrine of the Czar's adoration is upheld by the mass of his benighted subjects—in Russia at least; and the extracts from the celebrated catechism, published at Wilna in 1832, by special order of the Russian government, for the use of the Polish schools and churches under Russia, which

immediately follow, will amply demonstrate the anxiety of the Czar to promulgate and confirm "the faith as it is in him."

"The Czar and God," says Rulhiere, "form in the minds of the Russians but one and the same idea; God and the Czar grant every good they possess. To difficult questions the invariable reply is, There are but God and the Czar who know it. The Czar knows what friends speak confidentially with each other—nay, what were any one's thoughts when alone. The Russians firmly believe that it is in the Czar's power to give them life and health, beauty to their wives, and strength to their horses."

"The Czar on his throne," says Possevin, "has not only the majesty of a monarch, but that of a sovereign pontiff united in him, and homage shown to him is a real religious creed."

On reading such passages as these, we are almost disposed to think that the Emperor may contest with the Pope his right to the unutterably awful title of "the man of sin;" and that to Russia as well as to Rome must we look for the Church of the Apostasy. We are certainly confirmed in this opinion by the extracts which we have selected from the

CATECHISM OF WILNA FOR THE USE OF THE POLISH SCHOOLS
AND CHURCHES.

1. How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered in reference to the spirit of Christianity?—As proceeding immediately from God.

2. How is this substantiated by the nature of things?—It is by the will of God that men live in society, &c. As man exists in conformity to the will of God, so society emanates from the same divine will, and more especially the supreme power and authority of our lord and master the Czar.

3. What duties does religion teach us, the humble subjects of his majesty the Emperor of Russia, to practise towards him?—Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love, and prayer; the whole being comprised in the words *worship and fidelity*.

4. Wherein does this worship consist, and how should it be manifested?—By the most unqualified reverence in words, gestures, demeanour, thoughts, and actions.

5. What kind of obedience do we owe him?—An entire, passive, and unbounded obedience in all things.

6. In what consists the fidelity we owe the Emperor?—In executing his commands most rigorously, without examination; in performing the duties he requires from us, and in doing every thing willingly without murmuring.

7. Is it obligatory on us to pay taxes to our gracious sovereign the Emperor?—It is incumbent on us to pay every tax in compliance with his supreme commands, both as to *the amount*, and when due.

8. Is the service of his majesty the Emperor obligatory on us?—Absolutely so: we should, if required, *sacrifice ourselves* in compliance with his will, both in a civil and military capacity, and in whatever manner he deems expedient.

9. What benevolent sentiments and love are due to the Emperor?—

We should manifest our good will and affection, according to our station, in endeavouring to promote the prosperity of *our native land Russia*, as well as that of the Emperor *our father*, and of his august family.

17. What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship of the Emperor?—The supernaturally revealed motives are, that the Emperor is the vicegerent and minister of God to execute the Divine commands; and consequently disobedience to the Emperor is identified with disobedience to God himself: *but God will reward us in the world to come for the worship and obedience we render the Emperor, and punish us severely to all eternity should we disobey and neglect to worship him.*

18. What books prescribe these duties?—The New and Old Testaments, and particularly the Psalms, Gospels, and Apostolic Epistles.

19. What examples confirm this doctrine?—The example of Jesus Christ himself, who lived and died in allegiance to the Emperor of Rome, and *respectfully submitted* to the judgment which condemned him to death. (!) We have, moreover, the example of the Apostles, who both loved and respected them; suffered meekly in dungeons, conformably to the will of the Emperors, and did not revolt like malefactors and traitors. (!) We must therefore, in imitation of these examples, suffer and be silent.

20. At what period did the custom originate of praying to the Almighty for the prosperity of the sovereign?—The custom of publicly praying for the Emperors is coeval with the introduction of Christianity; *which custom is to us the most valuable legacy and splendid gift we have received from past ages.*

“Such is the doctrine of the Church, confirmed by practice, as to the worship and fidelity due to the *omnipotent* Emperor of Russia, the minister and vicegerent of God.”

To comment on this would be an unnecessary labour. We think that there is in it “much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly;” and with this remark we leave it to make its own impression on the thoughtful reader.

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN ANTHOLOGY. No. I.

GOETHE.

THE BALLAD OF MIGNON.

" Kennst Du das Land wo die Citronen blüh'n."

Know ye the land, where citron-flowers are blowing,
And golden oranges thro' dark leaves glowing,
Where softest zephyrs breathe from bluest skies,
And myrtles calm, and lofty laurels rise :

Know ye it well? Oh, thither, thither,
That we, true lover mine, might fly together !

Know ye the house, uprear'd on columns tall,
Light is the chamber, bright the glancing hall,
Where marble-sculptures gazing say to me,
What have they done, poor little one, with thee,—

Know ye it well? Oh, thither, thither,
That we, my guardian-guide, might fly together !

Know ye the hill, and path with mist-wreath grey,
Where mules tread gently o'er the clouded way;
In caves the brood of ancient dragon dwells,
And foams the roaring flood o'er crashing fells,—

Know ye it well? Oh, thither, thither,
Our way lies, father—let us fly together !

SCHILLER.

THE STORY OF THE GLOVE.

" Vor seinem Löwengarten,
Das Kampfspiel zu erwarten," &c.

I.

KING Francis hath come down, with the nobles of the crown,
And by the broad arena, he sat in princely pride,
And glance and greeting fell, from dame and damosel,
Where leant the beauteous fury from the balcony beside.

II.

On a signal of the King's, a barrier backward swings,
And a stately lion enters, with wary step and eye ;
He stands in calm disdain, and shakes his mighty mane,
And glancing round the listed ground, full gently down doth lie.

III.

Again the signal made, again was swift obey'd,
When forth a tiger bounded, ere wide the gate was flung :
His roar the arena shook, as he met the lion's look,
And wrathfully his lashing tail in whirling circles swung.

IV.

With foamy tongue hung out, then stealthily about,
The lion still as marble, he stalks with vassal-mien ;
But glow'd his eye of fire, with ancient forest ire,
As growling low he stretch'd his strength, and couch'd for battle keen.

V.

The royal nod again flings wide a double den,
 Whence mad for blood and battle, two spotted leopards leap ;
 Against the tiger foe, in wild career they go,
 Who lays their rage beneath his paw, at one subduing sweep.

VI.

Now the lion's wrath is stirr'd, and his kingly voice is heard,
 But a deadly hush anon more terrific than his roar ;
 While gath'ring up his might and fury for the fight,
 Each savage creature glares on each, and meditates his gore.

VII.

From a lily hand above in the gallery, a glove
 Fell lightly fluttering down, the forest-lords between ;
 And the Lady Leonore, a smile of malice wore,
 As gaily turn'd she to Delorge, who long her knight had been.

VIII.

" Sir Knight, if yet ye bear the quenchless love ye swear
 " Within this hour so deeply, go bring me back my glove ;"
 The Knight made answer none, but ere her words were done
 Had clear'd the lofty palisade, for loyalty and love.

IX.

The glove his daring hand, hath snatch'd from off the sand ;
 His step is proud and stately as back he bears the prize ;
 And the agony and fear, of dame and cavalier,
 Now vanish in the joyous cheer that crowns his bold emprise.

X.

Tho' softest glances stole, from out her melting soul,
 The gallant toss'd his trophy in the lap of Leonore :
 " Keep—keep thy thanks," said he, with coldest courtesie,
 And never sought the heartless smile of that light lady more.

[For the sake of rhyme and euphony, the name of "Kunigund" has been exchanged for a more manageable one. The irregular measure of the original has also been laid aside, for one which it is hoped better transfuses into English its fire.]

UHLAND.

THE RINGLET.

" Es ging an einem Morgen," &c.

ONE morning to the meadows, there wander'd forth a Knight,
 His heart was passing heavy, for a lady boon and bright ;
 " My bonny golden ringlet, the token of my fair,
 " Her trustful truth in very sooth, I prithee now declare."

While thus the swain went musing, the curl of beamy gold
 Slipp'd from his fondling finger, and on the pathway roll'd ;
 With anxious hand and hasty, he stoop'd to snatch it up,
 But cowslip gay was in the way, and golden buttercup.

On linden-green a falcon keen, sat watching what might pass,
 And dashing from his tree-top, he swept from off the grass,
 And aloft on rushing pinion, convey'd the sunny lock,
 While round him there, in clearest air, his robber brethren flock.

But none the prize might capture, nor he his prey could keep,
 For it fell into the bosom of a lake both broad and deep ;
 A little fish up-darting, the crystal wave did sever,
 Again the waters parting, the tress hath sunk for ever !

“ My ringlet, ever changing, the meadow blossoms wore thee,
 “ My ringlet, lightly ranging, the birds of heaven bore thee,
 “ And now with finny flatterer, thou wantonest below—
 “ Ah, ringlet bright, but airy light—is woman's fancy so ? ”

ADVICE.

TAK~~E~~ heart, my friend, and learn at length to see
 No charms in her that finds no worth in thee.
 'Tis gold for tinsel, prudence out of place,
 To so o'erestimate a female face, }
 And weigh immortal wit against a fading grace.
 Clothe thee in pride, and with that harness on,
 Strip *her* of each frail weapon she has won
 From man's soul-sickliness, so fondly charmed ;
 (The armoury of woman, else unarmed).
 Think on thy strength, and think on her's, that we }
 Are self-dependent, and by nature free,
 And care for love but as a luxury.
 The oak stands single to the storm's rude rage ;
 It takes the ivy as its equipage.
 Women are easier to win than lose ;
 And none since Adam had but one to choose.
 For *her* 'tis certain that she'll love at last,
 And that with a less creditable taste ;
 And then the luckless passion that may prove her,
 Is some fine fop or fool—and he won't love her.

REVIEW.

Observations on the Statutes of the University of Cambridge. By GEORGE PEACOCK, D.D., V.P.R.S., &c. *Dean of Ely*.*

IN our last Number we made some observations on the two most important constitutional or legislative changes proposed by Dr. Peacock—the amalgamation of the two houses of the Senate, and the transference of the negative power from one-sixth of the Caput to three-fourths; both of which alterations appeared to us unnecessary, and perhaps dangerous. Having selected these prominent points, we shall resume the consideration of his chapter on the Reform of the Statutes of the University.

The first subject which he touches upon is that of ELECTIONS. He proposes that all the elections should be converted into the *more burgensium* method, which is, in fact, the common member-of-parliament method. The method of election by grace may become impracticable from several causes, such as too large an attendance of members to be counted in the Senate-house; a veto by some one of the six negative powers of the Caput; or by one of the two houses of the Senate. In the two latter of which cases, it is obvious they may go on for an indefinite time, without ever being able to elect anybody into the vacant office; and the probability is, that if the veto-ing were once begun, it would be continued. It is theoretically, perhaps, the worst form of election that was ever devised.

The election by *nomination*, wherein the Heads nominate two candidates, and the members of the Senate elect one of them, is not indeed open to the same objection of being liable to become impracticable, but it is open to the objection of being liable to the flagrant abuse of the nominators coupling a very objectionable person with the one whom they wish to be elected. The case is very different from that of a college, where the fellows nominate two persons to the Visitor, who must appoint one of them as Master: if they name an improper man, or one whom they do not intend to be elected, by way of driving the elector to elect the other, they may, and probably would (as they have done before), if they were to try it, suffer for their boldness, in having a man set over them to whom they were averse. But to the Heads it signifies no more than to anybody else, whether the elected nominee is unfit for the office. Theoretically therefore—however practically it may at present be otherwise, from the character of the Heads—this mode of election is also a bad one. It is, moreover, in some of the instances in which it prevails, an invasion on the more ancient form of election, *more burgensium*.

On this point we are therefore disposed to agree with the Dean of Ely: nor do we exactly perceive the force of the objection, which he says has been felt, on the ground that the parliamentary method tends to give a preponderating influence to the larger colleges. It is difficult to invent a method, supposing all the members of the Senate to be allowed to vote as individuals, in which this influence will not exist. At least it is difficult to see how the method of nomination is to restrain it, unless the nominators are to determine to do so by the very effectual method of nominating nobody from the large colleges: in that case, undoubtedly the preponderating influence of those colleges could not be exerted in favour of one of their own members,—and so far it might possibly be gratifying to the small colleges; but it is not very difficult to see whether it would be beneficial to the University or not.

The Dean's proposals for lightening the burden of the VICE-CHANCELLOR'S office, and abolishing the useless expense of the customary entertainments of the resident graduates (except B.A.'s) at the Vice-Chancellor's lodge, seem to be unobjectionable. The dignity of the office could not suffer from some of the most troublesome and undignified parts of its duties being shifted on to the shoulders of one or two deputies; nor would anybody greatly regret the loss of entertainments, which, unless they differ very much from all other state dinners, can afford very little gratification to those who partake of them.

His remarks on the audit and publication of the University accounts, and the constitution of SYNDICATES, seem equally deserving of attention; and especially so, because there are probably few persons in the University who have had so much experience in the working of those bodies as the Lowndean Professor.

We do not see any reason for his antipathy to the BEDELLS,—or rather perhaps we should say, for his extreme regard for their dignity. They themselves probably do not feel that carrying maces before the Vice-Chancellor is at all incompatible with the dignity of an M.A. The Dean says the statutable duties have become obsolete. Some of them have, it is true: but bearing in mind, as we must, the opportunity which its existence may, and as it has done, afford the University of paying a valuable compliment to persons who, from certain circumstances, are legally debarred from the natural reward of their attainments, we should be unwilling to destroy this office merely because it is not what it once was. And not on this ground only, but because we deny the Dean's proposition—"that the proper state and dignity of the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor's office may be sufficiently supported by other means:" if by "proper" he means ancient and customary, state and dignity may not be very easy things to measure. But we should think the Dean of Ely will not deny that the attendance of three Esquire Bedells, graduates of the University, contributes more to the state and dignity of the person on whom they attend, than would the attendance of three Yeomen Bedells, who must be the proposed substitutes. And the best way for the University to keep up the dignity of this office, and, consequently, of the Vice-Chancellor, is to bestow it upon persons who will themselves dignify the office.

Of the CONSTITUTION OF THE SENATE we have already spoken.

The Dean proposes no change in the powers of the HEADS OF HOUSES (except of course as to nomination elections). With his expressed opinions of the use they have occasionally made of their interpreting power, we rather wonder at this. However, perhaps, he means that in the new Constitutiones Academicæ there would be no occasion for the exercise of such a power; that the royal or indispensable code would be limited and unambiguous; and, of course, the Senate would from time to time interpret, or, in plainer English, alter, its own dispensable code as it thought proper: and on this account he has said nothing respecting a power which he cannot but think ought most warily to be entrusted to any body of men whose privileges or rights may themselves become the subjects of interpretation. That many of the "interpretations" have been beneficial to the University, we fully admit: but that does not alter the abstract view of the case, nor make the interpretations the less manifest violations or repeals of the statutes; or the less unlawful, stretches of a power conferred for a very different purpose.

We now come to the subject of far the most important of any with which the University is concerned—the CONDITIONS OF GRADUATION. That the ancient franchise of the University, which we alone it seems of all the Universities in Europe have been deprived of—that of conferring degrees at our discretion—should be restored, probably no one will dispute. The

notion of the necessity for a royal mandate to dispense with the statutable observances being any check upon the undue admission to degrees, is, of course, out of the question; and if it were otherwise, and if the consent of the Crown were not a matter of course when applied for in the proper way, the case would be still worse; for the University is much more likely to know who are worthy to receive its degrees than the Crown.

We certainly should have thought, with Dr. Peacock, "that all schemes of reform of the statutes of the University, would concur in proposing the entire abolition" of the public disputations. We have learned, however, that we should have been too hasty in our anticipations, and that these useless and troublesome, and for every real object, obsolete observances have still their admirers. We are no haters of forms merely because we do not see the particular use of them, or because if the matter were *res integra*, as the lawyers say, we should not think of inventing them; but, on the other hand, we are no upholders of forms in which every one knows there is, and can be, no use whatever, and which are troublesome or expensive to all who are obliged either to keep or to pay for escaping them. On this point we have already spoken in the former part of this article, and it is not worth while to speak farther; for everybody who wishes to keep up these things, must do it from a feeling of veneration for their antiquity, which we respect, though in this particular instance we do not entertain it, and not from conviction of their usefulness, which can be argued against; and it is of no use arguing against men's feelings.

The question respecting the time of taking the M.D. and LL.D. degrees involves some difficulty. Dr. Peacock wishes to shorten very considerably the period of waiting for these degrees. As regards the M.D. degree, we do not think that he at all makes out a case of necessity for that alteration: for, as he admits, the M.B. degree is considered to confer the right of practising as an M.D. everywhere but in Cambridge; and here an M.B. may practise as such until he is ripe for the degree of M.D.; and it certainly would seem rather anomalous for a man to leap into the privileges and dignities of a Doctor of the University, almost, if not quite, before those of his own standing had emerged *e statu pupillari*: not perhaps more anomalous than the Honorary degrees; but the toleration of one anomaly is no reason for inventing more. We do not know the advantages attendant on the possession of the LL.D. degree, excepting that it enables gentlemen, who prefer the scrutiny of Dr. Geldart to that of the Moderators or Examiners, to obtain a vote. But whatever are the advantages of it, we are certainly of opinion that the B.A. degree, or at least the B.A. examination, should be the road to them, and the study of the civil law be postponed, as the not less arduous study of the common law usually is, until after the taking of that degree. We are afraid that to require the same submission to this examination from those who are intending to practise medicine, would not tend to diminish that paucity of medical degrees and students which Dr. Peacock laments, even if the period of undergraduateship should be shortened to the extent he contemplates.

That extent is three years, instead of three-and-a-half; it being proposed that the B.A. examination should take place in the Easter term of the third year, instead of the Lent term of the fourth year. We have just learned that this very proposal is shortly to be submitted to the Senate. We cannot hope that anything we may say will influence the decision of any member of that body, if indeed it appear in print before that decision has to be given. We shall nevertheless state our views upon the subject, perhaps more at length than if no such measure were contemplated. We do not find fault with the originators of the scheme beginning their reform at this point rather than others, which, as it seems to us, are much more urgent,—for we are glad to see there is no general

determination not to attempt any alteration in our system; nor shall we be surprised to see some of those who say we have already admitted changes "with too great facility" supporting this, which is a much greater change than any that have hitherto been made: for we have lived long enough to know that such declarations generally mean nothing more, than that the person making them does not happen to approve of the particular changes, and not that he at all intends to debar himself from starting others of his own, equally or far more extensive.

Of course this proposal for shortening the usual time of study, about eight months, cannot now be looked at separately from that other proposal which is joined with it, and which is considered evidently the main ground for it, viz. the institution of a theological examination at the end of those eight months, for candidates for holy orders. We are obliged to say, that after having considered this question for a much longer time than has elapsed since we heard of this proposal, we can come to no other conclusion, than that the institution of this new examination is not desirable; and that if it were, it would be no sufficient ground for shortening the time of undergraduatehip.

What is the theological examination to be? Voluntary, or compulsory? It rests not with the University to make it compulsory, if it wished to do so—but with the bishops. Is it known that all the bishops will do so? Certainly it is not; and if they do not unanimously do it, it is pretty clear that some of them alone cannot do it.

We must assume, therefore, that it will be voluntary. Then what is to be the inducement to go into it? There is plainly only one possible inducement that can be offered—the distinction of a high place in it; and therefore the candidates must be "placed"; a proceeding than which hardly anything more offensive or mischievous can be imagined. Is it necessary to attempt to enforce this view of it? In any such examination some men must be near the bottom of the list: these men are, it is admitted, fit to receive holy orders; yet they are to be turned into a professional life with this irremovable stigma upon them, of having been the least qualified of all who entered it at the same time with them. In other professions the scheme would be only ridiculous: a bad place in such an examination might keep back a lawyer or a physician a short time from getting into practice; but good lawyers and good doctors would still, in the end, come up to the top; and nobody in his senses can expect that any such examination would be always corresponded to by their ultimate success; the examination would be laughed down in twenty years. Not so in the Church: except the very few who distinguish themselves by their writings, the clergy can give no producible evidence of their attainments, (for we do not quite acknowledge the popularity of a preacher to be such evidence). The last twenty men in the examination, unless they were men of singular boldness and confidence, would never dare to go into holy orders at all. Nor is this the only part of the evil: it is a monstrous and intolerable idea, that the people should be furnished at all with a scale to measure the fitness of the ministers appointed over them by the Church. If the bishops, or other patrons, were to refuse to look at this graduated table of ministers in their appointments, there would be the means afforded for a worse outcry than ever, by discontented parishioners who did not get the parson they wanted. If they were to make their appointments by it, the evil would be ten times worse; men with all sorts of disqualifications would get appointed to all sorts of situations. On the whole, probably nothing can be conceived more mischievous, more injurious to the clergy or the Church, more completely at variance with every idea of the office, and the relative situation of the ministers and the laity, which it is to be hoped is entertained in this place at least, than the existence of *any* standard of the degrees of fitness of those, who are

all equally the authorized ministers and dispensers of God's holy word and sacraments; much more then of a standard, fixed for ever, at a time when by no possibility can the persons examined have had any means of becoming even acquainted with far the most important duties of their office. Yet these are the inevitable results of a voluntary examination to be undergone by candidates for holy orders.

But suppose some of the bishops should vehemently advocate such a measure, and contrive to prevail upon the rest to require the passing of this examination, as they now require attendance on the divinity lectures; in other words, suppose the examination made compulsory. It is true, the men need not then be classed: but will any bishop ever ordain men upon the scrutiny of examiners with whom he has nothing to do? will they dispense with their own examinations? If not, and if the University examination is easier than the bishop's, what is the use of it? Plainly, none. If the University examination is harder than the bishop's, we have the absurdity of an easy examination succeeding a harder one of the same kind. The bishop of course fixes the standard of his own examination so as to admit all whom he thinks fit to be ordained; how then can he agree to require the candidates to pass through a harder one previously? Until we are authorized to believe that any of the bishops will consent to devolve the responsibility of determining who are fit to be ordained, upon an unknown, fluctuating, irresponsible (to him) set of examiners, we shall not trouble ourselves to consider the other alternative. At any rate, they must continue their own examinations for priests' orders: all the deacons in England are not to be brought up here to be examined again, we suppose. The University examination for deacons' orders must, then, be kept easier than the bishops' examinations for priests' orders; or else the latter will become useless, and the judgment of the bishops be overruled by that of the University. Yet upon the co-operation of the bishops, the whole scheme (except on the voluntary system) evidently hangs. And since to the judgment of the bishops it must inevitably come in the end, what is the use of deranging the present simple and unobjectionable mode of proceeding? If the bishops think too ignorant men get ordained, they have only to make their examinations harder; if they don't, the University may be quite sure it will not drive them to do so, though it pour out pamphlets and graces without end.

We do not know what may have been the motives that gave rise to this scheme,—a conversation at Eccleshall, partly, it seems: but we have only one of the speakers produced, and unfortunately he seems to have forgotten, that maxims which may have been assumed in that colloquy as self-evident, may possibly not be admitted, or even known, by the public. We must, therefore, make such conjectures as what we have at different times heard on the subject seems to justify.

Very likely then, the not uncommon complaint of want of theological instruction at the University may have had its weight. This complaint has come from various sources.

First from some of the bishops. Particularly we know that the proficiency of the Durham candidates has been contrasted with that of ours, and of the Oxonians as well. With all submission we should say, that those complaints are no ground for the introduction of the proposed *examination*. As we said before, their lordships have the remedy for that evil in their own hands. We may be deficient in theological *lectures*: we do not pretend to determine whether what ought to be learned by the candidates for holy orders would be better learned from lectures or books: but they would very soon determine that for themselves, if they had the opportunity. It will be said we are here admitting the possible necessity for a period in which those lectures are to be attended. If we are, this is no

part of the intended grace; we have nothing about lectures there, though a great deal about examinations,—and that is what we are now considering: this other point we shall consider afterwards.

Then there is the popular clamour against the Universities for teaching no theology. So far as this is involved in the same popular clamour for instructions and examinations in botany, chemistry, geology, engineering, modern history, French, German, Italian, political economy, common law, and every other imaginable department of science or literature, kind of knowledge, or professional study, we may safely disregard it, and refer the complainants to the London University, and other establishments, where we are sure they will find a system of theology much more to *their* minds than any they can hope for here. But besides these universal educationists, there are persons of more moderate desires, who complain of the want of theology alone. Now if they complain of the smallness of the theological attainments of the *clergy* who come from this University, we have only to refer them back to our observations respecting the same complaint on the part of the bishops. If it is the *general* want of theological knowledge that distresses them, we are quite ready to listen to their complaint, and to attempt to remedy the evil in the proper way: but this has obviously nothing upon earth to do with an exclusively clerical education, which is the object of the scheme under consideration.

But these are not the only people who have brought our neglect of theology against us. The advocates of the admission of dissenters to degrees contend, that all the objections founded on the inconsistency of the opinions of dissenters with those enforced here, are good for nothing, and that it is absurd to talk of the University being one of the “nursery of the Church,” when it teaches no divinity at all. We are not now concerned with these arguments in favour of the dissenters any further than to remark, that if they were ever so good, and the premises assumed for them ever so true, they would be not only no ground for the proposed scheme, but a very strong one against it. That scheme is to teach theology to candidates for holy orders: the dissenting argument would then be, “You have yourselves drawn the line of your theological education; that education is altogether separated from the general studies of the University, and does not begin till they are over and the degree taken; how then can you pretend that theology is so interwoven with the University system, that it would be improper to give us the same degrees as lawyers and physicians, and men who are to do nothing?” Yet we cannot help suspecting that some or all of these classes of complaints, or advantages taken of our present system, have had no small weight with the concocters or supporters of the proposed measure, though they do not, any one of them, afford the least real argument in support of it. It is possible, but we think not very probable, that there may be other reasons for it, which are not resolvable into some of these: but as it seems to us that quite a sufficient number of objections are apparent to condemn the scheme, we shall not pursue our search for reasons in its favour.

And if this, which is evidently the main ground of the proposed acceleration of the time of graduation, is so untenable, it is surely enough to defeat that measure. But untenable as it seems to us, we may have failed in making it appear so to others; and besides, it may be admitted perhaps, that objectionable as the intended examination would be, there would be no such objection to measures being taken by the bishops or the University, which might render a longer interval necessary than at present usually intervenes between the time of graduation and the canonical age for being ordained. We shall therefore proceed to state our reasons for thinking that the supposed necessity for such an interval does not require the time of undergraduateship to be shortened, and that there are serious objections to that measure on its own grounds.

If it is necessary that this time should be shortened, it must be on account of its being necessary that men should not come here earlier than they do at present; for it is obvious, that if such an interval as we are speaking of were required to be spent in theological studies, the time of graduation would recede, not the time of ordination advance. We believe it is this circumstance which determines the time of graduation of other students, as well as those intended for the Church. The latter come here, so as to get their degrees over a convenient time before twenty-three; and the former postpone their coming, so that their competitors may not have the advantage of age over them—no slight advantage at that time of life. And so far from it being necessary to take care that men are not induced to come here earlier, we believe any measure, which should remove the inducement to come here so late, would be looked upon by all classes as a very great benefit. The difficulty of knowing what to do with boys who have got too old for school, but are considered too young to be sent to college, is much greater than any inconvenience that could possibly result from their coming here earlier, provided it became usual to do so. This then is no reason for shortening the time.

But then "the expense of an additional eight months (or whatever the time may be) of college life, ought not to be imposed upon candidates for holy orders." This is assuming, in the first place, that those eight months are to be spent here, and assuming in the second place, that the necessary expense of a college life is much greater than that of the kind of life which men lead for eight months before they come here.

If the examination is not to take place here (which for the reasons above mentioned we are quite sure it ought not), it is not so very obvious why the supposed eight months of theological study should be spent here. Certainly, without the institution of much more extensive divinity lectures, and a general conviction among the candidates, that what the bishops might require could be learned better from hearing those lectures than from reading books; or unless the bishops required attendance upon the divinity lectures for a certain period after the degree; we should say that this period not only need not be spent here, but would be better spent elsewhere. But suppose it to be necessary to spend it here, we should like to know how much it will be maintained the expense of living here in that time need exceed the expense of the last eight months before men come here, (for that of course is the time to take—as the question is, whether the time of coming here shall be thrown back, or not, by the additional eight months, the men still staying here till near twenty-three). Much that is said of the expense of a University life is very unjustly said. Something no doubt may be laid to the charge of those who permit the affairs of some of the colleges to be so managed that men are almost driven to unnecessary expenses. But allowing for all this, and supposing it all to remain unreformed, we have no hesitation in saying, that no man living here as he ought to live, supposing him to be preparing for holy orders, would have any right, comparing it with the expense of a private tutor or a public school, or almost any place where he could live (except at home), to complain of any great additional expense being entailed upon him by the additional residence here. And this question of expense is the only real ground that has been suggested for shortening the usual time of academical study, to make room for this interval for professional studies: and how slight a ground that is, resting on the assumptions we have mentioned, is evident.

There is however another, viz. the increase in the population of the University that would be occasioned. This, we confess, appears to us to deserve some attention in the present crowded state of some of the colleges. This however can be no reason for throwing back the degree into the early

part of the third Easter term. It would be quite enough to throw it back to October, so as just to be over before the freshmen come up. We think there would be not only no harm, but very considerable convenience, if this were done with the *poll* examination at least, whether it remained in its present state, or still more if it were altered in the way we shall afterwards propose.

But we said that this measure of shortening the time of reading classics and mathematics here, by about one-fifth of the time now spent in it, was objectionable on its own grounds. Of course we mean, because it would "lower the standard of the mathematical, philosophical, and classical attainments of the more distinguished students at the time of their graduation." This Dr. Peacock thinks no objection: and certainly on his view of the matter it is none. He says, "it is less the proper object of academical education to complete the fabric of human knowledge, than to provide a firm and secure basis on which it may be raised." What he means by this "firm and secure basis" is immediately apparent from the next sentence: "and it may be safely asserted, that there is no department of knowledge, the elements of which may not be completely mastered in a shorter period than that which we have proposed as the ordinary limit for the completion of such a preparatory course of academical education." And again: "it is less the proper object of education, and therefore of examinations, to signalize and reward very great and striking talents, than to encourage the habits of careful investigation and the full development of the reasoning powers."

In all this there is one monstrous fallacy involved. If the study of classics and mathematics were the destiny of all men for life, and the limits of human knowledge, the mastering of the elements of them would indeed be the firm and secure basis on which human knowledge is to be raised, and would be the proper object of academical education. But (however startling such a doctrine may seem) we maintain that it is *because* most men do not pursue these studies after they have left college, that they are the proper objects, or rather means, of academical education. We agree with the Dean, that the end of that education is to develop the reasoning powers; and it is *because* we so agree with him, that we maintain in opposition to him, that the mastering of the elements of any one or half-a-dozen departments of human knowledge is not the proper object of academical education. The mastering of the elements of various departments of knowledge is most notoriously not the best way of developing the reasoning powers. It may be asked, why then is the University contented with it in the case of the great majority of the students? Because from that great majority the University can get no more; and because, with that majority, the most that can be aimed at is, to see that they do not get a degree without possessing the least that can be considered a decent amount of certain kinds of knowledge. It is only in the case of the "students of the higher order of attainments" that we can talk of the proper objects of academical education with any degree of strictness: and of them the Dean is talking in the passages we have quoted.

And if we differ with him as to the object of academical education, much more do we differ with him as to that of academical examinations. The proper object of them, we maintain, is "to signalize and reward very great and striking talents"—to signalize them for the information of the public; to reward them for the benefit of those bodies, which, by rewarding, become enabled to avail themselves of them, as well for the assisting of the persons endowed with such talents with the requisite means of making them useful to the world. We shall take leave to add, that it would be well if these maxims (if we may presume to call them such) were a little more regarded in a society of which the Dean of Ely knows something, and which has of late appeared to think that its rewards are more wisely bestowed in en-

couraging the general cultivation of the various mental powers, than in securing to itself great and striking, though perhaps partial, talents.

We do not therefore admit that the consequent lowering of the standard would be no objection to such a great diminution of the time of study. But the Dean says, "it is obvious that in many instances these studies would not terminate here, but would continue to be prosecuted, as they are at present, whether from a simple love of knowledge, or as preparatory to the acquisition of further honours or appointments in the University, or elsewhere." From the love of knowledge they might, and from the desire of further advantages in the very few colleges where the University examinations do not supersede all other inquiries into the qualifications of the candidates for fellowships. But how small a portion of the University do these two classes embrace? And how can the hope of honours or appointments elsewhere have any influence in making men prosecute their studies? For what evidence can unprofessional men give of their attainments, which the world will allow to contravene that of their degree? To all except the lamentably few who pursue science or scholarship from the love of it, the limits of their last examination are the limits of their knowledge of this kind for life. As far then as classical or mathematical learning may be valuable, either in themselves, or as the means of "developing the reasoning powers," so far would a lowering of the standard of the B.A. examination be an evil.

At the same time we admit, that if, without shortening the time of study here materially, men could be induced to come up earlier, it would be a great benefit in most instances to themselves and their friends, and above all to those with whom the end of their University studies is only the commencement of others equally or more severe. We admit also that we see no objection to that object being attained, as it would be by such an interval for clerical studies being rendered necessary (provided it be done by any means but an University theological examination of candidates for ordination). And we will further concede to those who wish to shorten the time of undergraduateship, that, on account of the "population question," and partly for the sake of helping to secure this theological interval to those who wanted it with as little expense as possible, we should be glad to vote with them for a grace to throw back the *poll* examination, at any rate, to the time we have mentioned. If the honour examination were also thrown back to that time also, it would only be accelerated by three months instead of eight, which would make no great difference in the proficiency of the questionists. The Oxford examinations for men going up in October, take place in the Michaelmas Term, and not in the Lent Term; and our period of *status pupillaris* is altogether nearly a year longer than theirs, for which there is no reason whatever.

As we are now speaking of the time of graduation, this is the proper place to say a word respecting *honorary degrees*, though they have not been noticed by the Dean of Ely. A pamphlet on this subject, published a few years ago by, as was well-known, a fellow of Trinity, will be in the recollection of some of our readers. What there is to be said on the subject was there so well and so temperately said, that we should have been content to pass it by altogether, if Dr. Peacock had not done so, (for if he had spoken of it, we are sure what opinion he must have expressed,) and if we did not think it of more importance than some which he has not passed over.

The usually supposed ground for these premature degrees—resting, be it remembered, solely on an "interpretation," made for the purpose of removing what doubts upon what statutes we are not able to say—is, that the persons in whose favour the interpretation was made, ought to be released from academical restrictions earlier than other students, that they might be free to enter parliament as soon as they legally could, or have an opportunity of preparing themselves, as it is thought, for public life by

leaving the kingdom for a time, before the usual age for the termination of men's studies here. Seeing that this interpretation was made at a time when, as we believe, the usual age of graduation was much earlier than at present, it may be doubtful whether this was the true origin of the privilege. Nor does it matter whether it was or not; since that *may* be a good ground for continuing it, which may not have been the reason of its institution.

But is it so? If it is, it must necessarily be so on the assumption that it would be inconvenient or detrimental to these persons to come here at 17½: an assumption for which there is no ground whatever, whether we suppose they wish to distinguish themselves here, or not. For if they do, then (it being assumed as essential that they should be at liberty at 21) they will undoubtedly of their own accord come here at 17½, in order that they may have the benefit of the full 3½ years' reading here; which every one knows is more conducive to University success, than 2½ here and one somewhere else. Be it remembered that the only nobleman whose name, as a nobleman, graces the first class of the Classical Tripos or the Mathematical Tripos at all, had attained all his honours before he had attained his majority. If they do not wish to distinguish themselves, it plainly does not signify when they come—at least no more than it signifies when other students of the like character come. And of how many of the honorary class is the main supposition true, respecting their intentions immediately they come of age—at least excepting the heirs apparent to titles?

As Oxford has the reputation of being more observant of aristocratical dignity and privilege than we are, it is worth while to contrast their regulation respecting these degrees with ours. "Sixteen terms are required," says the Oxford calendar, "for the degrees of B.A. from all except the sons and eldest sons of the eldest sons of English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, and of Peeresses in their own right, as well as Baronets and eldest sons of Baronets and Knights;" thus confining it to all persons enjoying, or being heirs apparent to, some hereditary title, (for we presume there should be a comma understood after "sons of Baronets"); in one respect, indeed, extending it beyond our limits, but on the whole keeping very greatly within them; and, as far as we can learn, wholly overlooking the necessity for an immediate passage of any of these persons, *per saltum*, from the state of an undergraduate to that of a Master of Arts. So much for the supposed ground in expediency or example for this privilege. Reasons against it we shall not think of urging.

With this interruption, following the order of the Dean's remarks, we may reasonably be expected to notice his frequently displayed animosity against *private tuition*. With this we must couple another subject, on which we have also the misfortune to differ rather widely, not only from the Dean, but from many who are less extensive reformers than he is; that is, the value of *public lecturers*.

We have long observed, and not without some surprise, the growing propensity on the part of all writers on academical matters, to lament the grievous deficiency of public lectures in our Universities, and especially in this; and have often wished that some of these admirers of lectures would devote a small part of their labours to an exposition of the peculiar advantages of the desiderated system. And on account of our disappointment in this respect, we feel the greater distrust of our own views, because we have no means of comparing the grounds of them with those which may really exist in support of the opposite views. Such as they are, however, we must state them.

First, then, it seems to us, that lectures are divisible into two great classes: that in which some physical object is to be exhibited, or experiment to be performed; and those in which it is not. The first class, we

fully admit, are very fitly public lectures : and therefore we have done with this class.

But we do not confine our admission to these limits ; for there are some kinds of lectures, wherein no physical objects are to be exhibited, nor experiment to be performed, which nevertheless are better adapted for conveying the intended instruction than a private conversation. At the head of these will stand some kinds of theological lectures ; viz. those whose chief object it is to impress some particular truths upon the hearers—to expand or simplify some argument, which, as stated in a more condensed form by some writer, may present difficulties to ordinary students ; those, in short, whose object is much the same as that of sermons fitted for an intelligent and educated audience. All this may be as well done by a speech as by a book, and very often will be more impressively and effectually done in that way. In classics also, public lectures may be usefully employed to the extent of pointing out the general character of the work lectured upon, and such other plain matters as an audience will easily apprehend on merely hearing the statement of them, and which are not likely to be stated so fully, or perhaps intelligibly, in books. Metaphysics are not the subjects of examination in the University, or rather we should say *by* the University ; and therefore, whatever use public lectures may be of in that study, we are no way concerned to inquire.

But if we are asked to say how far public lectures on mathematics (except experimental ones, of which we have already spoken,) can usefully be made to supersede private, by which we mean conversational instruction, we are compelled to answer—not at all. (For we shall take leave to protest, once for all, against a meeting being called a “lecture,” wherein the lecturer proposes anything to be done by any or all of the audience, and holds conversations with them upon the result.) That is as really a meeting of private pupils, in the common University sense, when there are forty present, as when there are four. It is amazing to us, how any body who knows what is the invariable method of learning mathematics, pursued by all who attempt to learn them, at least with any success,—who knows the vast difference in the rapidity of apprehending mathematical truths, or perceiving mathematical results, which must prevail in any body of men who can be supposed to come together to a public lecture,—nay, even the almost incapacity of some men, not otherwise deficient in attainments or acuteness, to follow mathematical operations performed by others, or to perceive the truth of results orally stated by them,—can dream of superseding private tuition by public lectures.

But perhaps the public lectures are to be confined to expositions of general principles, leaving the men to practise “the solution of difficult and complicated problems” with their private tutors or by themselves. But Dr. Peacock complains that at present the examinations do not sufficiently require “a logical and luminous exposition of principles and methods :” at present, then, he knows better than we do, that he need not hope to induce men to go to the proposed lectures, even though delivered by the most able and luminous expounder of principles in the University. If the examinations were to require them, does he suppose the private tutors would not just as speedily, and just as ably, teach them as the college tutors ; and that they would not drive the college tutors’ lectures on general principles out of the field as completely as they have done their other lectures ?

But the Professor has another idea respecting private tutors ; that their instruction may be made “subordinate to the public instruction of the University,” and that they may prepare students, who want that assistance, for that public instruction. Excepting so far as the first phrase is explained by the second, it is much too vague to be discussed : one kind of instruction may be subordinate to another in fifty ways. And this is not

the only occasion on which we have had to lament the want of definiteness in the Dean's proposals, especially in this matter of education: in several instances he talks much more like some of the modern education quacks, than like a man of learning and experience, who has definite objections to urge against parts of our present system, and definite substitutions to propose for them. The private tutors are to prepare men for the public instructions of the University: this means, of course, some contemplated University, or perhaps college, lectures on mathematics (for it is evident that he has mathematics chiefly in view in these observations). Now it is quite sufficient to ask the Dean—if he seriously supposes that such a scheme could by any contrivance be made practicable, or other than a mere waste of time—if he really at this moment knows what he means by a private tutor preparing a pupil for a public lecture, to be delivered by somebody else. Most assuredly we do not; and until we have some assistance, we shall leave the proposal unobjected to, being fully satisfied that it carries its own destruction with it, ready to take effect as soon as any one shall attempt to draw it out into a working form.

But the private system must be bad, because "a great majority of the persons to whom the duty of private tuition is entrusted, are young men of very limited attainments, without experience, and perfectly incompetent to convey to their pupils any correct or enlarged views of the subjects which they teach." Knowing the readiness of mankind to impute all sorts of personal motives when there appears the least room for them, let us take leave to state, that we are not in the most remote degree connected with, or interested in, either the system of public or private tuition, or have the slightest personal concern in any defence of, or attack upon, either system or its agents. We shall say at once, then, that (considering that the class of private tutors here alluded to by the Dean, must be the tutors of "the students of the higher order of attainments," because he elsewhere speaks in much the same sort of terms of the "tutors fixed here" for the benefit of the inferior order of students,) the whole of this description (except the word "young") is utterly and notoriously incorrect; and youth alone can be no disqualification for a tutor, or we should not see men so frequently elevated into college tutors the moment it becomes possible to elevate them. And as to that class of private tutors whose attainments really are limited, they are of course resorted to by pupils who know that they are better adapted for them than tutors of a higher order, and that reading with them is at least more likely to profit them in the examinations than the public lectures; and this will remain the same, however the examinations may be altered.

The Dean seems to think, though he afterwards gives up the expectation in despair, that his schemes for the lowering and limiting of the mathematical examinations "would tend somewhat to check this system." It might, indeed, tend somewhat towards it, seeing that if you go on lowering and limiting far enough, this, or any other system of tuition, would be very completely checked: but the question is, whether any amount of lowering, which is at all likely or desirable on other accounts, would exercise this tendency in any material degree. It is not necessary for us to try to show that it would not, since he himself immediately confesses that he believes, that "the only effectual remedy which can be proposed, is the strict and peremptory prohibition of private tuition under any form, whether within or without the University, after the first three terms, in the case of all students who are candidates for honors." (These last words show further that we were right, in supposing, that he was speaking of the tutors of the honour men.) This would no doubt be a very effectual remedy; and similarly the strict and peremptory prohibition of all travelling by railway, under any pretence, would be a very effectual remedy for the

distress of coach proprietors. But whether students would be found better prepared for the examinations, or travellers get more speedily from London to Liverpool, under the prohibitory system, are questions that would require some further consideration. It is of no use to say that the object proposed to men should be the acquisition of "correct and enlarged views," rather than of that "peculiar tact and skill" which is necessary for the solution of complicated and difficult problems, until it is proved that these correct and enlarged views (whatever these words may mean) can be learned better from public lectures than private instruction.

It is surprising that no other way of removing the evils he complains of should have occurred to the Dean, than this prohibitory scheme; which it is not unreasonable to suppose was given up, because it was not found beneficial. He admits that "public and private tuition cannot generally coexist," and that the private will take precedence; of course, because the students find it the most serviceable for attaining what must always be their object here. He prefers to abolish the latter: we should think it more judicious to attempt to modify the former; since, unmodified, and without compulsory aid, it cannot stand. The private system differs from the public in two points: in the manner of communicating instruction, and in the circumstance that men choose their own private tutors, and not their public lecturers. To these may be added a third, not intrinsically essential to the two systems, but here materially affecting them: a public tutor cannot be adequately paid without a large number of pupils: a private tutor can. Striking as are these differences, we do not think it impossible to contrive a system, which shall not prohibit men from all instruction except what may be of no value to them, nor leave the whole tuition of the University in unauthorized hands, and shall also provide for the due remuneration of a sufficient number of regularly appointed tutors.

It is evident that the greatest difficulty to be got over, is the difference between the voluntary system and the other; and that that once surmounted, the other two may be easily disposed of: the first, by converting public lectures, in which the lecturer addresses a considerable number of men indiscriminately, into a meeting of the same sort as that which takes place in the room of a private tutor, who (as many of the best tutors do) takes several pupils at once: the second, by raising the very insufficient payment which is made to the college tutors by undergraduates, from £10. a year to £30. or £40.

The only condition requisite for the first alteration is, that no tutor should be encumbered with more pupils than he can properly attend to in this way, and of course not with pupils of very different degrees of attainment at once; for if he is, then any general remark which he may have occasion to make, will, instead of being of any use to a great part of his audience, only serve to distract them from what they are doing. We are well aware that this assimilation to the private system is adopted by some college tutors even now, when circumstances happen to favour it; but it is evidently impossible for four mathematical tutors, even supposing them to be able to derive a decent remuneration from that source alone, so to manage the whole of the undergraduates of Trinity.

Against the second proposal, to raise the college tuition fees, it may be urged, that this would be hard upon those who do not want anything besides the present college lectures. The answer to this is, that there is nobody (supposing him to want proper instruction and assistance) who does not want more than the present college lectures do or can give him. He at present pays what is only able to provide him with (supposing there are four hundred undergraduates at Trinity, and he is there) the hundredth part of a mathematical tutor, who only devotes, at the most, two hours a day to his public business, bestowing the rest of his time upon his own private

pupils or affairs. The University or the college may very well take upon itself to say—whether the student himself chooses to think so or not—that not one man in a hundred comes here who does not require more instruction than this; and the only way in which more can be had, is by paying for it. At present two sets of tutors are paid: one of which, Dr. Peacock admits, is of no use to those who pay the other. Therefore it is plain that much less than is at present paid would be enough, and that the average expense of education would be diminished by the alteration, though the expense to a few men would be increased. At present, a man who cannot afford £82. a year for tuition, must content himself with that kind whose value is best proved by the universal neglect of it (as the Dean again confesses), by all who can afford to provide themselves with the other kind. This evil would be removed.

Then as to the third point—the distribution of the pupils among the tutors. It is useless to pretend that we believe any scheme could be devised that would be equally agreeable to both tutors and pupils, as the present completely voluntary system; or one which should be more successful in that which, under any conceivable system, must always remain the chief aim of both tutors and pupils—the preparation for the great examinations. We shall therefore endeavour to depart from it no farther than is necessary, in order to convert unauthorized private tutors into authorized college tutors. The way to do this would be, having a sufficient number of college tutors, to allow the men to distribute themselves among them as they and the tutors together might agree: perhaps compelling everybody to attend some tutor, but certainly not forcing any particular one upon him.

This looks very democratical, it is true; but it must be recollected that it is only a substitute for something more democratical still,—since (by the Dean's own confession) the private or voluntary system has already “nearly absorbed every other mode of instruction.” And there are most strong reasons for what may appear the most objectionable part of it—the allowing the students to choose which of the college tutors they will go to. Let these assistant tutors be appointed in the most judicious way possible, it will happen that some, of whom the greatest expectations are formed, will disappoint them, and turn out to be, in fact, bad tutors, whether from disagreeable manners, carelessness, or want of the peculiar tact and skill requisite for the purpose: yet in any compulsory distribution of pupils, some must of course be allotted to these tutors. And since with some men it depends entirely on their feeling towards their tutors, whether they do any thing or nothing—and with all men a great deal of their success depends upon their tutors—it is evident that a certain number of men would be annually injured or ruined by thus saddling them with a tutor, who, if they were left to themselves, would very soon be proved, to the satisfaction of his superior, to be not worth continuing in his office. It is true, we never hear of the ejection of a once-appointed tutor now, (except when he does what is manifestly inconsistent with his office): but when the number of them became so much increased, as it would under the supposed system, it would inevitably be sometimes necessary; or else the colleges might be encumbered with tutors who were worse than useless, and from whom the men could not escape, as at present, by resorting to tutors of their own; nor the college or the head tutors escape from paying them, either for injuring the pupils under the compulsory system, or for doing nothing under the voluntary.

If the distribution were to be made compulsorily, the incompetency of any of the assistants, notorious as it might be among the undergraduates, might not even become known to the head tutors; at least there would be the absence of that kind of evidence which alone could not be overlooked by a head tutor, who was unwilling to be convinced that he had made an

injudicious choice, and which alone could be pleaded by him as a full justification for his dismissal of the incompetent assistant. We speak of the head tutor appointing and dismissing, because it would probably be left to his recommendation: and if not, we may safely say, that what it would be difficult for him to ascertain, except by the incontestable evidence of abandonment of the lectures, it would be impossible for the master to ascertain.

It will be said that it would be intolerable, that persons filling the situations of college tutors should be liable to lose their appointments from the caprice of a set of undergraduates; that conspiracies might be formed to desert, and thus expel, an unpopular tutor. Theoretically this may be so; but practically the objection is of no weight at all. Caprice is a good word for the objectors to use, and of course they will very freely avail themselves of it: but what is the meaning of it here? It means nothing more than the exercise of men's judgment as to what tutors will be the most serviceable to them; precisely the same judgment as they have hitherto been called upon to use in choosing their private tutors: and to whatever extent they may have been influenced—and certainly they have sometimes to a very surprising extent—by the advice of their head college tutors, in selecting private tutors, to the same extent would they of course be influenced in their choice of tutors under the new system. And the notion of men conspiring to run down a tutor for any reason but because he was really a bad one, is utterly imaginary, and must be perceived to be so by any one who will reflect what men might constantly do by conspiring for many purposes, for which they never have conspired, and never will, so long as there exist among them, as there always will, any who will not fall into such a scheme. And whether a tutor were deserted from conspiracy, or general opinion of his incompetency, would be too evident from the manner of doing it to deceive any person of moderate acuteness.

That there are other difficulties in the way of carrying this scheme into operation, we are fully aware; and as we do not pretend to be able to remove them all, and have already perhaps tired our readers with the discussion, we shall leave the further consideration of it to them; adding one suggestion, the neglect of which, it will have already occurred to many of them, would be a fatal impediment to the adoption of the scheme, viz. that the new class of tutors should not be confined to fellows of the colleges. In some of the small colleges that is not the case even now; but if it were to be so confined under the new system, the result would be, that the most valuable tuition in the University (not judging by the price which one body of tutors have for some time set upon their services, but by the avidity with which tuition has been sought,) would be rendered unavailable. It should of course be open for the head tutors, or the masters of colleges, to make any arrangements they might think proper for securing to their pupils such services as these.

Here then we shall leave this important subject. Dr. Peacock has complained, and so have many other people, of the extent and the evils of the system of private tuition, and of the utter inability of the public lecture system, at least in its present state, to stand against it. He proposes a remedy, which is nothing but a violent removal of one symptom and result of the insufficiency and inaptitude of the public lecture system to the wants of the University. To such a plan we deem it impossible to assent, and have accordingly attempted to contrive a better—that it is a better, we are sure; that it is the best, or even so much better than the existing system that it ought to be at once substituted for it, is more than we presume to say.

We have, for convenience, treated the question on mathematical grounds only: that much the same observations apply to classical tuition, will be sufficiently apparent. In classics, as well as in mathematics, the college

lectures are very nearly altogether supplanted by private tuition : and no such fault is found with the classical examinations as with the mathematical ; for even if the Dean of Ely's objections to verse composition were to receive more general assent than is at all likely, the result would tend to reduce the necessity for private tuition less than almost any other alteration he could propose. To rescue the college classical lectures from the encroachments of private tuition, is therefore fully as hopeless as the mathematical ; except either by some such modification of the college system as we have suggested, or by the exclusive method of the Dean.

Dr. Peacock proposes no change in the *Little-Go*, (except as to the time, to suit his altered time of graduation). Somewhere else he laments the propensity of men to affix "cant terms" to different academical observances, and the tendency of such terms to bring those observances into contempt. We are not concerned with that matter farther than to remark, that perhaps he has inverted the order of the two things ; and to suggest, that any examination, of which the usual result is to place no small number of men in a position totally different from that which they occupy in other examinations of much more consequence, cannot long be treated with any great respect. We do not object to a previous examination, which shall stop any one from going farther who does not possess a decent amount of knowledge on all the subjects of the examination : but the proceeding to make any classification of those who do possess the very small amount of knowledge required, necessarily leads to the results first mentioned. We can easily understand it being said, that it is right that those "to whom the examiners have only not refused their certificate of approval," should be exposed in some way, either on account of their carelessness or their stupidity. But the question is, whether the exposure is likely to be felt severely ; or the dread of it to make them devote themselves to the subjects of the examination. Those who really are all but refused, from incompetency to learn what is required, of course shelter themselves from disgrace by pointing to some of their fellow-sufferers, of whose attainments the public has already had other and more satisfactory means of forming a different judgment : the latter class may receive kind condolences from their female friends in the country, and sundry meritorious young gentlemen are thus enabled to receive, for once in their lives, congratulations of the like kind on being in a first class. But (if we may be heard to say so, who we confess are for certain reasons not perhaps impartial judges,) these are about the limits of the good effects arising from this exposure ; and that it has bad effects on the credit of the examination itself, there can be no doubt.

At last we come to a subject, the consideration of which would well occupy a greater space than we have been able to give to even the whole of this article, and which must therefore on this account, if on no other, be very imperfectly discussed here : this is, *the nature of the University examinations, and the "conditions of graduation,"* in the strict sense of the words.

We have already partially touched upon this subject, in considering the Dean's proposals for accelerating the time of graduation ; and for want of space we must now treat it less with reference to his observations than to the general view of the questions which arise.

The first point that we shall notice, is the nature of the examination for *honours*. We have already stated some objections to an authoritative lowering of the standard. No lowering of the standard, except a much greater one than anybody would think of proposing, would now, in the multitude of candidates, render the devotion of men to this great object, of getting as high a place as possible in the tripos, unnecessary : yet this is the principal complaint,—that men who intend to be high can think of

nothing else all the time they are here: and if the time were shortened, this would be still more the case. It would be hard upon those who really are masters of the very high subjects, to give them no opportunity of displaying their superiority: these are the men most likely to add to the reputation of the University by subsequent prosecution of their studies: and it is not the case, as is sometimes said, that they are always able to display their superiority equally in the easier subjects. It would prevent many men from ever acquiring any knowledge of the higher departments of mathematical science—all, viz. who have no motive for studying them after their degree. It would cause the examiners, for lack of other matter, to expatiate still more in those difficult and complicated and impractical problems, whose suppression rather than extension Dr. Peacock aims at. It is not necessary, in order to give men time to learn how to give "logical and luminous expositions of principles and methods:" much more is made of this than it deserves; it is treated too much as if the learning of principles were distinct from the learning of mathematics in the ordinary way. Men who are candidates for high honours are supposed to know the principles of the various branches of mathematical science already, and do know them, and would very soon get into the way of giving "luminous expositions" of them, (we suppose any *mathematical* exposition cannot very well be other than "*logical*,") if it became the fashion to require them, in which the Dean in his examination papers has very judiciously led the way: and in talking of lowering the standard, we must of course consider the question as applying to the "high men;" for no reasonable degree of lowering could affect the "low" ones. It does not, therefore, appear to us desirable to lower the standard materially,—that is, to prohibit *any* questions being set in what are now considered the high subjects. We approve of the present practice of setting very few, because it deters men from attempting those subjects, who do not feel that they can master them thoroughly; since the chances are great against a man who only knows them imperfectly, meeting with a question he can do.

We cannot agree with the Dean in condemning the general nature of the *problems*: that they have sometimes been very much too difficult, nobody, except those whose fancy it is to set such problems, disputes. We do not condemn them, because we think that they shew, more than any other kind of questions, acquaintance with principles, and mathematical acuteness. The Dean may call it "peculiar tact and skill," if he likes; but it is just that peculiar endowment, the possession of which qualifies men to become great mathematicians, though it does not always accompany the power of learning to write out what is written out in books.

But we do most fully agree with him in condemning, as he plainly does, the practice of proposing a paper "for solution in three hours, which the best mathematician in Europe would hesitate to complete in a day." The manifestly absurd result is, that the best mathematician in Europe (call him A) would have no further advantage over one (B), who was only able to do just as much as he had time to do, than would arise from A doing more *profitable* questions: which is evidently not the proper measure of their relative powers. Suppose the paper, if all done, would give one thousand marks: suppose A (who could in the day do the whole) has only time to do ten questions, which are worth four hundred marks: suppose B could only do (in any length of time) the ten easiest questions, worth two hundred marks, and has time to do them all. A therefore beats B by only two hundred marks; whereas he is manifestly a better man than B by eight hundred marks, on the evidence of that paper, if fairly taken. And if B happens to have beaten A by a little more than two hundred marks in other papers, (which may easily happen from A's want of familiarity with what is styled "book-work,") the result of such an examination will be manifestly wrong. Yet this is the present system.

There is no hope of getting men to agree on another question, that of limiting the time for doing the papers; since some persons think quickness, either of recollection or application, should be signalized and rewarded; others, the power of producing the best and most complete papers without much regard to time. And we think the same conclusion ought not to be come to respecting the two kinds of papers contained in the examination. The object of exacting so much "book-work" is to ascertain men's familiarity with the leading propositions in every subject, and those which in the practical application of the subject to either imaginary or actual problems, ought to be remembered and assumed. These then, it may reasonably be said, they ought to have at hand, and be able to produce or prove without much thought. In other words, there should "be contained in every [book-work] paper [as many, and] no more questions than students well "prepared have generally been found able to answer within the time "allowed for that paper:" the words within brackets are necessary to exhibit the practical interpretation of the rule at present in force.

But with problems the case is different. A man who can do problems quickly is no doubt a more able man than one who can only do the same number slowly. But on the other hand, a man who can do many problems slowly, is a more able man than one who can only do a few quickly. And you cannot test both qualities at once. But inasmuch as the ability to perform great undertakings in even a long time, is in every practical affair of life, and above all in scientific matters, far more valuable than the power of doing only small things though rapidly; we have no hesitation in deciding which kind of problem-doer we should think most worthy of distinction, notwithstanding that decision is different from that which the University seems by its practice to have come to. If this decision is right, it obviously follows that the problem-papers ought to be of such a length as to be capable of being entirely done by a man who really knew how to set about all the questions, at one sitting; and that every body should be allowed to sit as long as he pleases at the paper, (at least under the same conditions as a juryman, without meat, drink, fire, or candle). This would remove the hesitation and nervousness and waste of time, which a restriction of the time necessarily gives rise to in most men in an examination, particularly in problems, where they very often do not know till they try, whether a problem is such as they can "get out," or not. It would also (supposing the number of the problem-papers not to be diminished) cause them to be of more weight in deciding the examination than they can be at present,—a result which it can hardly be doubted would be conducive towards placing men according to their real mathematical powers.

In the nature of the *Classical Tripos examination* the Dean proposes no change besides that which we have already noticed, and which does not seem to require any farther notice. But any book on University reform which did not advocate some change in the *conditions* of that examination, would leave untouched a subject which, we have no hesitation in saying, it is of more importance to the University to legislate anew upon than any other. We are sorry to find that the Dean of Ely does not propose any definite measure for the removal of an evil, which has hardly yet, if the moderators and examiners continue to act as they have now well begun, been felt in its full extent. Their duty is to see that nobody receives the distinction of mathematical "honours" who does not deserve it, without the least regard to the consequences or discredit that may result to the University from the legitimate carrying out of any regulation of its own, and of course without regard also to the consequences resulting to the unfortunate victims of that regulation. For those consequences they are not answerable, except as individual members of the Senate; and if some

of the colleges choose to elect their fellows without taking any means to satisfy themselves of the proficiency of candidates in a branch of learning on which the University refuses to furnish them with any evidence; or from an obstinate adherence to a modern rule of its own, which we well know to have been pronounced unstatutable by far the most competent authority on such points within the society, and by equally competent legal authority out of it, whose first enforcement under similar circumstances may, not without strong grounds, be suspected to have been directed rather more with reference to a particular case, than to its almost certain consequences, or to the plain requirements of the statutes,—for surely that which was pronounced by such authority to be not even *permitted* by the statutes, could by no other authority be really thought to be *required* by them,—if another college chooses to deprive itself annually of some of its most promising members, the loss will be to those colleges; and their interest at least the moderators are not bound, and have no business, to consult. On every account, therefore, we think that the feeling which has been manifested against the mathematical examiners on account of the results of the examination, of this year especially, has been entirely misdirected. And those to whom, or to whose friends, those results have been so calamitous, will do well to consider whether this conduct of the examiners, if duly persevered in, will not do more towards compelling the University to remove this discredit from its examinations, than any thing else could do. And to the adjudicators, or rather non-adjudicators, of the medals, they should for the like reason be grateful rather than the contrary.

We shall not weary our readers with urging the ordinary grounds of condemnation of the present system; they have long been in every body's mouth, and to endeavour to add to them is hopeless and useless: no argument can convince those, whom the results of every year's examination do not convince, that the system is wrong. The only question is, how to mend it without the substitution of a worse.

One scheme for altering it is obvious—to remove the restriction, and let the classical tripos be the foundation for the B.A. degree as well as the mathematical. The equally obvious objection to it is, that the consequence would be, that many men would never open a mathematical book in the course of their lives. It is of no use for the classical men to take high ground, and say they ought as well to get their degrees for classics alone, as other men for mathematics alone; for (to leave out of the question the arduous classical acquirements of the *Little-Go*) the University will never assent to that view of the matter; and we think the University is quite right. They must therefore propose something which does not involve this principle, if they expect to get any relief, and must consent to undergo some sort of mathematical examination as a condition for being allowed to exhibit their classical attainments, and to get their degree.

Now, seeing that the University already consents to grant a degree to those who come up to the *poll* standard of mathematics, and possess the *poll* quantity of classical knowledge besides, we cannot see why they should object to grant it to those who possess the same amount of mathematical, and a very much greater amount of classical knowledge than is at present required. If it should be answered, that the University does not refuse them their *degree*, but merely the *honour* of the classical tripos; we reply, that the University does virtually at present refuse men of this kind their *degree*; and that nearly all the unfortunate aspirants to the classical tripos who have lost their degrees, have lost them because they knew too much classics; because they knew too much to be justified in letting all their past exertions pass undistinguished and unrewarded, without an effort, perilous as it might be and was, they lost their degree, which, if they had

been more ignorant, or more deficient in a laudable desire of distinction, they would have got probably without difficulty. We repeat therefore, that the University does refuse many men, of small mathematical and great classical attainments, a degree which it readily grants to men of the same mathematical attainments and very much less classical; and that the plan we have hinted at would remove this anomaly—the plan, namely, of allowing the *poll* examination, instead of the mathematical tripos, to be a step to the classical tripos.

A common objection to this proposal—for it is far from new—is that the mathematical tripos would speedily be deserted by all except the best or most ambitious mathematicians; nay, it is even said that this compulsory reading of mathematics has very likely discovered to many men their latent mathematical talents, which would otherwise have remained latent.

Now the classical tripos cannot very well have made anybody read for honours, except those who wanted them for the sake of the classical tripos: and it is not very probable that it has made many wranglers. But admit that it has been the cause of all the classical tripos senior and junior optimes reading for honours at all—a most extravagant hypothesis—to how great an extent do these mathematical alarmists suppose the classical tripos has augmented the mathematical on the average of the last ten years, allowing them too, what they are obviously not entitled to, all the honorary degree men, part of whose privilege it is that they need not go into the mathematical tripos as a condition for the classical? *Twenty-four* annually. So much for the dreaded desertion of the study of mathematics. It may with much greater reason be inquired, whether the size of that tripos already is not a greater evil than its diminution would be; and whether it is not desirable to raise the standard of admission into it much more above that of the *poll* than it is at present.

The other idea, of men's hidden mathematical talents being brought to light by the requirements of the classical tripos, we supposed to be a joke when we first heard of it; but we find it is not. To be sure, Hobbes found out his talent for mathematics rather late in life; and there is a gentleman in the Greenwich Observatory now, who was a blacksmith till twenty-five. But there are not (on that same average) seven classical tripos wranglers a-year; and we should like to know how many of these are due to that tripos: hardly enough, we imagine, to afford very strong grounds for believing that any great amount of latent mathematical talent has been developed by the compulsory study of mathematics imposed by the conditions of the classical tripos. Any man of that class who are at all likely to enter the classical tripos, must have been strangely educated if no opportunity has occurred for discovery to his tutors or himself, that he possesses mathematical abilities which only wanted encouraging to secure him distinction.

Apologising for thus stepping out of the way to answer these two most imaginary objections, we will return to the consideration of the plan against which they are offered. It will be observed, that there will still remain an inconsistency between the conditions of the two studies of the University. Of course the way to remove that inconsistency, if it is wished to do so, is simply to require the mathematical men to pass through the ordinary B.A. examination. And we must say, that having regard to the dissatisfaction which is felt in many quarters, and perhaps not unreasonably, with the almost entire absence of classical, and still more of theological knowledge required of the candidates for honours during their whole University career—to say nothing of other kinds of knowledge, which we much less regard as the proper objects of University education—some such measure might be considered an improvement upon the present system. And these are not the only advantages that would result from it. The

mathematical tripos, becoming purely honorary and voluntary, would be vastly diminished; a result which—with all due respect for those who look upon it as almost equivalent to the destruction of the University—we think much more to be desired than dreaded, as it would restore the idea of mathematical honour to an appearance in that tripos which it has long lost, and will by no other means recover; relieve the moderators and examiners from much labour that ought not to be imposed upon *them*, in examining and adjusting the relative deserts of heaps of papers, whose only real deserts, in anything but a *pass* examination (to borrow the Oxford term), are, to be put in the fire—and not improbably lead the way to improvements in the nature of that examination, by removing the necessity of introducing such a variety of questions of all degrees of difficulty, and extending it to such a grievous length,—besides other improvements which we do not at present seek to discover.

On the other hand, the classical tripos would be increased, not only by the number of the unhappy individuals who at present perish in their attempt to reach it, but also by that not inconsiderable number of idle men, who come here knowing a very sufficient quantity of classics to be worked into good scholars, but who from that day forward begin and continue to retrograde, because they will not encounter the perils with which the approach to classical honours is beset.

And we are of opinion, that the best method for keeping up or increasing the size of the two triposes, beyond what it is apprehended they might fall to if they became purely honorary, would be, to make the *poll* examination only a *pass* examination for the degree. Those who might, otherwise, be contented with the distinction of a high place therein, would then be obliged, in order to gratify their friends and their ambition, to attempt the higher eminence of either tripos. And this would be expedient on another account. Of course candidates for honours would not take much pains to do more in the ordinary examination than was necessary for their degree, at least in the subjects in which they were not intending to take honours. Any classification of the *οἱ πολλοί*, or as it would then be the *οἱ πάντες*, would labour under the same sort of disadvantages as the Little-Go at present does, from its division into two classes, as we have already mentioned. The senior medalist might be half-way down the *poll*, and the senior wrangler (if he did not choose to bother himself, within a month of his degree, with doing more questions than he knew to be just enough,) twenty from the bottom. Who in Cambridge, or even out of it—if there is any delusion respecting our examinations too extravagant for the “outside barbarians”—would think anything of a place in such an examination as this, or care whether a man was twentieth or two hundredth? On every account, therefore, we are clearly of opinion that the men should not be *placed* in this examination—except perhaps a few, very eminent for their ignorance of *all* the subjects, at the bottom.

Dr. Peacock has some, what we may call (not using the word in its ordinary sense) very *low* notions of the quantity of knowledge which should be required for merely getting a degree, and complains that no small number fail every year. So they do; but who are they? Men who have read a term for their Little-Go, and two for their degree; and a few, but very few, to whom three years and a half's reading cannot secure “the simultaneous possession of a producible knowledge of so many (1) subjects.” For the sake of which of these two classes ought we to go out of our way to lower the credit of our degrees? Not the first, we presume, however “unfavourable to the cultivation of individual tastes in the pursuit of knowledge, and to the development of individual character,” “the absorbing interest attached to the necessary preparation for a degree” may be. We all know what the “individual tastes” of ninety-nine out of every hundred

of such men are, and how often they are "in the pursuit of knowledge;" and we know also what kind of "individual character" is most likely to be developed by living in idleness for more than two-thirds of the time they are to spend here. But the other class, it is said, comprehends many exemplary men, to whom the degree is a necessary end, and who are in every way (except learning) fit objects of the compassion and favour of the University. But the University system was not invented to help exemplary men into orders, (for unhappily this is the aim of nearly all these unfortunate persons,) but to do something towards keeping ignorant ones out of them, as well as out of other places, for which it is usual to consider ignorant men unfit. The bishops can, if they are satisfied of the fallacy of the judgment of the University, ordain these persons without a degree: and it is hard upon us, and upon everybody who wishes a degree to be some sort of testimonial of his possessing a decent amount of learning, to call upon us to lower the value of this testimonial for the mere private advantage and emolument of a few men, among whose gifts it has not pleased God to make literary attainments one. To pretend that anybody but themselves can be injured by their want of a degree, is preposterous; to maintain that the Church, in these times, can suffer by being deprived of unlearned ministers, is monstrous. Who can conscientiously say that he does not know more men to whose names it is ridiculous to see B.A. appended, than men to whom it is discreditable to the University to have refused it? We are for no lowering of the standard of ordinary degrees.

Here we must leave the subject of the conditions of graduation, and with it that of University reform in general. Much of what Dr. Peacock has said, as well as many other points arising out of the discussion of these subjects, we have been obliged by our proposed limits, already exceeded, to leave unnoticed; and those which we have noticed, we do not profess to have treated otherwise than very imperfectly. We may possibly on some future occasion follow the Dean to the consideration of the subject of College reform. And in the mean time, in case these remarks of ours should have the good fortune to come to his hands, let us assure him, that if, availing ourselves of the license and the concealment (if it is any) of a review, we have occasionally treated him with a freedom which may hardly seem decorous, it is not because of our want of respect for him, or because we do not appreciate either the value or the extent of his labours, or think the University has not great reason to feel grateful for them.

WINE.

THE intellectual man in the earlier stages of intoxication experiences the most lively and exquisite sensations. I speak not of intoxication in society, as there the peculiar action of wine is modified, all men being artificial in a greater or less degree when not alone. I speak of incipient solitary excitement—that quiet tapping at the intellect, produced by wine when in reverie—that opening of the heart, that vivifying of the fancy, when in solitude.

It is only the man sensitively refined, who can indulge in excitation of this description, without injury to his physical and sympathetically to his mental frame.

Where the nervous system predominates, where the physical part of man is thrown into the shade by the intellectual, then and then only can vinous excitation be safely allowed.

I think I may unhesitatingly assert, that the pleasurable feelings called into action, by stimulating the intellectual powers of the man of imagination, being reflected to the physical frame, are more than an equivalent to the inimical effects that otherwise would be produced, the existence of the mental faculties being forgotten.

Let me entreat the mere matter-of-fact man, the man who unblushingly asserts that Richardson's novels are more elaborately finished, more vividly conceived and more graphically expressed than those of Bulwer; the man who, before he is possessed of the poetry of Burns and Shelley, orders his bookseller to procure for him the interminable volumes of the new edition of Cowper; to him who prefers winter to summer, uttering such phrases as—"tis bracing to the system," &c.; to him who chooses green cutaways decorated with gilt buttons, in preference to the dark flowing surtout; to the man who goes to bed at ten, and rises with the lark,—to him I would say, "Friend, content thyself with two or three glasses of port daily; it will nourish thy body, and make thee comfortable. But to the intellectual man, he who pictures to himself more richly coloured landscapes, and more perfect trees than he had ever seen in nature; to the man who sees sunny meads gemmed with flowers, and foaming waterfalls glittering in the sun, on his midnight couch; to the man who beholds fairy forms in his dreamy moods, converses with Puck in his study, and hears entrancing melody when no sound floats on the air,—to him I would say, "Drink till thy imagination is excited; quaff wine out of a golden goblet—drink and be happy: in so doing thou wilt be adding vigour to thy body, and quickening and exalting thy fancy."

I shall, as far as I am able, describe the action of different wines, the time when each should be taken, and the kind of literature harmonizing with each,

SHERRY.

This is perhaps the most unintellectual of all wines: it primarily, like every stimulus, excites the nervous, quickly running (if I may so express it) into the sanguiferous system, producing flushings of the countenance, and offuscation of head. The only time to take this wine is at dinner, or before going to the theatre, when the acting is likely to be *commonplace*. It seems to incapacitate the individual from duly appreciating anything more fanciful than a newspaper, or a strongly defined farce.

PORT.

This is a wine of more respectable *caste* than the former. It does not hurry the circulation, like sherry; in fact, if taken in moderation, the only effect it seems to produce is a slight stagnation of action and thought: the succession of ideas is not so rapid; hence expression, although equally or perhaps more apt, is slower. You may drink this wine when reading *Rasselas*; it enables you to linger over the pages, you live longer in the happy valley, and the well rounded sentences of Johnson remind you of slow, clear brooks murmuring through pebbles.

Port taken at midnight out of a tumbler, heightens your appreciation of the vast, terribly grand pictures in "Paradise Lost."

CLARET.

If you wish to converse glibly with young ladies, always take this wine before entering the drawing-room; you will find your utterance easy, low, and musical; it imparts a coolness and an agreeable languor; the hair is softened by it, being rendered pendulously wavy; the movements are easy, and a pleasing nonchalance of gesture, much admired by the fair sex, is produced by this wine.

If you drink claret alone, you will find the "Pickwick Papers" congenial.

HOCK

Is the wine of sentiment, its action quieting all sensual feelings and eliciting elegant imaginings. It is not to be brought into dining-rooms, its delicate aroma being annihilated by the scent of other wines; it faints in the rattle of conviviality, or even in the confusion of desultory conversation. It is a wine to drink in shady glens, or in woods dimmed by departing day, listening to the note of the nightingale, or by the side of springs bubbling in the moonlight, or by slow running brooks, whose sedgy banks whisper to you of childhood. You may drink it on the Rhine, not in steam vessels—accurate progressors—killers of fancy! but draw your boat into some sequestered nook, shaded by willows and sycamores, through whose intertwined branches you see ruins fading with the day, and think of happiness departed—of hopes blighted by the frost of every-day life. * * * *

MADEIRA.

This wine is somewhat insipid : it holds no particular station in vinous society—it is a go-between—a boarding-school girl—a cup of weak tea—to be used on sunny mornings with spring-cake—fit for minute bankers' clerks, or curates who live in ornate cottages and play the piano.

BURGUNDY!!!

Draw your easy chair near the fire—throw off your neck-cloth—fill yourself a goblet of this grandly poetical wine, and quaff of it largely ; at the same time study the imaginative and statiresque pages of Freidrich de la Motte Fouqué ; and if you are not happy, God help you !

CHAMPAGNE.

Vive la bagatelle ! the wine to drink with your sweet-heart. You are sitting on a sofa with her—ring your glasses together and admire her golden ringlets ; listen to her flute-like laugh, and her lisping voice uttering her pleasingly illogical ideas—she tells you that she loves you ! Now, *vive la bagatelle !*

TRAUB.

A SCENE FROM THE CLOUDS OF ARISTOPHANES.

SOCRATES.

Mr Lord, my King ! immeasurable Air,
Prince of green earth that floats in highest heaven !
O lustrous sky ! O Clouds divinely fair,
O blessed Goddesses, to whom are given
The thunders and the lightnings, in your love
For the poor sage, bright queens, appear above.

O venerable Clouds, appear to me,
If on Olympus' snowy crest ye tarry,
Or in the gardens of your sire the Sea,
Weave with the Nymphs the holy dance, or carry
In golden urns the silver dews erewhile
Drawn from the fountains of the sacred Nile.

By Lake Mæotis should ye rest, or rise
Above the snowy cliff of Mimas hoary,
Hear and accept this willing sacrifice,
And bless these rites divine, and come in glory

THE CLOUDS.

Upborne on high,
Through the open sky,
The eternal Clouds are we;
Our essence is wrought
Of the dew, and like thought,
More softly and swiftly and free.

From the depths serene
Of the Ocean green,
Our murmuring moaning sire,
Have we wing'd our flight
To the world of light,
Borne higher and yet higher.

And now we rest
On the mountain's crest,
By the forest's shadowy lair,
Which waves around
With whispering sound,
Its wreaths of emerald hair.

Each prospect that gleams
In the warm sun-beams,
We view from our lone tower;
With the sacred earth,
That giveth birth
To herb and fruit and flower.

The murmurous song
Of the stream floats along—
Oh, the stream is a thing divine!
And the voice of the sea,
As it shouts in its glee,
May be heard from its far-off shrine!

Above us the eye
Of the violet sky,
That eye which ne'er may close,
In the stormy blaze
Of its golden rays,
Dazzles and gleams and glows.

But scatter the shroud
Of the rain and the cloud,
And your deathless forms display;
And with eagle glance,
The green expanse
Of the mother earth survey.

SOCRATES.

O solemn Clouds! ye hear my earnest prayer,—
The voice—the thunder hurtles through the air!

THE CLOUDS.

We bring fresh showers
From the Ocean bowers,
We maidens young and fair ;
Aloft we stand,
To view the land
That Pallas makes her care.

Beloved clime,
Which in olden time
The hero Cecrops won !
Where in silence deep,
The mysteries sleep,
Whose name is breath'd by none.

Where the mystic fane,
And the priestly train,
In sacred splendour gleam ;
And the gifts of the Gods,
And their arch'd abodes,
And their statues fair as dream.

Where the hymn is heard,
And the prayer preferr'd,
To the Gods on their thrones of pride ;
Where Feast is seen,
With joyous mien,
And Sacrifice beside,
All breath'd in flowers
From sunniest bowers,
As the dædal seasons glide.

Where the Bromian Boy
Brings the Bromian joy,
As the infant Spring advances ;
Where the silver feet
Of the fair girls fleet,
In the strife of the festal dances.

While with laugh and song
They move along,
Or tread the merry round ;
And the Muse that dwells
In the Flute's soft cells,
Uplifts her freight of sound.

W. M. W. C.

A STROLL THROUGH WESTMINSTER HALL.

Who is there that will not feel impressions of no common kind, as he passes through the venerable Hall of Westminster? We think not merely of those architectural antiquities, which with their gothic grandeur strike a solemn feeling into the heart of the most irreflective; nor of those historical reminiscences with which the noble building is surrounded; nor those numberless associations, mingling in their chequered hues the glorious and the mournful, which hang about its walls and hallow it, and its sister edifice the Abbey, as the most sacred *shrines* of our eventful history. These are feelings which have more of poetry in them than we at present have aught to do with. We are thinking of those courts which skirt the ancient hall, and of those impressions which are likely to be excited as he passes through the tribunals, whence for centuries past the laws of England have been solemnly pronounced; where many a great mind has commenced and closed its illustrious competition for fame; and where a host of the most cultivated intellects of our age delight to find the arena of stern rivalry and hard won achievements. Even here it is more of the present than of the past we would speak: we are thinking of those reflections which might probably pass through the minds of any collegian, who chanced during the course of his University education to enter these courts; and more especially those thoughts which might occur to a Cantab.

Perhaps there is no profession like that of a barrister for displaying the effects of such a system of education as the Universities afford. Inestimable as are the advantages of these pursuits even to those who remain in the *otium* of a private life, in ennobling and refining the intellect, and shedding upon the mind through after years the charms of an elevated and cultivated imagination, there is not probably in any of those other pursuits which form generally the sequel to a University education, such scope for the exhibition of its influence in a *practical*, business point of view, as that of the law.

Any one who can doubt the vast effect which the arduous and abstruse investigations characterizing a college education (especially a Cambridge course) *must* have, in disciplining the mind for intellectual exertion, in preparing it for the hardest toil and the most trying efforts, in expanding and strengthening every mental attribute; in *practising* and *perfecting* (we say not *giving*) the faculty of acute and accurate perception; in training to a state of constant readiness for action; the power of going through long and complicated calculations or investigations; in exercising the intellect in all those modes of reasoning and argument which form the weapons of controversial warfare; in bringing the memory into a condition of clear and powerful efficiency; in accustoming the mind to mark and vigilantly watch the course of logical conviction, to bring to bear upon a question in a well ordered and luminous connection, every particle of *fact* that has relation

to it; and to exert all the astuteness and penetration of a complete inductive demonstration,—he who can doubt this can know nothing of the studies here alluded to: and he who has any doubt of the extent to which, in our courts of law, the incalculable benefit of all these modes of disciplining and bringing into a state of thorough efficiency the intellectual powers, is exhibited in the comprehensiveness combined with acuteness of mind which daily enables our superior counsel to go through masses of business, perfectly astounding; in the clear-headed power of perception which guides them at a glance almost through labyrinths of complicated investigations, in the magic power of arrangement and connection, whereby they convert the difficult into the easy, and into the luminous the dark; in the subtlety and astuteness which they display in weaving from immense bodies of disconnected and miscellaneous facts the arguments to support their own hypothesis, or to demolish that of their opponents; in the marvellous tenacity of mind with which they retain all the circumstances complex and multitudinous of numerous different cases,—joined to the readiness with which, when called upon, they enter into the reasoning, whether on law or fact, of each; and the facility of their reference, on any disputed point, to authorities holden in the overwhelming mass of legal decisions;—we say, he who can *doubt*, can never have *seen* and admired all this as we often have.

We spoke of this as a scene especially for a Cantab's reflections, inasmuch as almost all the great luminaries of the law are trophies of *his* University. All, save one or two of the judges, and very nearly *all* the leading counsel, especially common law bars, are Cambridge men. Let us glance at each of the courts, its general characteristics, and a few of the principal among those who habitually adorn it.

First, as first in the order from the hall door, and first in rank (of the law courts), we enter the Queen's Bench: and it has peculiarly an air of monarchical authority, of regal jurisdiction, of control over all other law tribunals: full of appeals from orders of quarter sessions or decisions of inferior courts, correcting the elections for municipal offices, adjudging on the highest points of criminal jurisdiction; breathing of the *mandamus*—the *quo warranto*—the *certiorari*—the *habeas corpus*: and other high courts, exclusively, or almost always, issued from this court. The bench is supported by the dignity of Denman, the experienced (though somewhat eccentric) shrewdness of Williams, the legal knowledge and energetic application of Patteson, the learned philosophy of Coleridge, and the quiet sagacity of Wightman; the two last, Oxford men—the preceding Cambridge, to which belonged the honour of Littledale's profound and penetrating intellect: he who was accounted the most acute of lawyers, was a senior wrangler.

It is most consistent with common sense, that a thorough acquaintance with all the complicated calculations of the mathematics should very much tend to confer a power of easily unravelling the perplexities and clearing up the obscurities of law. We shall find as we go along, that proficiency in mathematics has characterized all those, or nearly all, who have risen to eminence in the law. It may be, and we know

is said, that "a clever and a clear-headed man will be clever and clear-headed, whether or not he has had this discipline." This is one of those sayings which, although involving a truism as far as it goes, does really involve a sophism, by implying more than they express : and it overlooks the question whether such a man would be as clever and clear-headed *without*, as he would be *with* a mathematical training. On the question, whether a classical proficiency is of equal value in this respect, we do not feel it necessary to say anything *here*, seeing that the admission of that point would not interfere with the *principle* which we are just now speaking of—the benefit, in a study like that of the law, derived from some training *having the effect* which a mathematical discipline has. We may observe in passing, that Williams and Patteson took good mathematical honors.

Now, glancing at the bar of this court (the barristers, that is, who most generally attend it—there is no *restriction* to a particular court,) we naturally are attracted to the Queen's first law officer, to the head of the bar, the attorney-general : there he is, "plain John Campbell," gravity, and somewhat *heavy* gravity, personified. And as he was not at one of our English Universities, he may be taken as a pretty fair specimen of an ordinarily educated person, and (in connection with the remarks we just made as to the benefits of such intellectual discipline as the two Universities—especially Cambridge—prescribe) he is a very good specimen of what *may* be done *without* it. He has reached the highest eminence at the bar, and is of equal rank with Sir Frederick Pollock, the attorney-general of the Conservative government, who was a senior wrangler. Mark, we are speaking merely of the bearing of this high discipline on the successful study of the law. In point of *scholarship*, no one would dream of instituting a comparison. But is anything proved against the necessity for such high discipline as a *general system*, by instancing such great exceptions as Sir John Campbell, or his colleague Sir Thomas Wilde, the solicitor-general (undoubtedly his superior in ability) ? We do not think there is, any more than that instancing a few cases of persons who have got on in the world with no scholastic training, would prove the uselessness of any. What in rare cases great natural talent, or even immense power of application and retention, may do, is one thing : what admirable mental discipline may do in *most* cases, is another. The attorney and solicitor general are the *exceptions*—the whole of the bench and the bar are the *rule*. To say that Sir John as often convinces juries or judges as Sir Frederick, is not showing that had he been educated as Sir Frederick, he would not have been much greater : nay, it is not showing that perhaps more than one man out of a hundred would be able without such advantages to compensate for it by that intense *laboriousness*, and tenaciously holding (though slowly acquiring) retentiveness, which distinguish the attorney-general. And to point to Sir Thomas as the ablest of advocates, is only to show that a man possessing the overpowering abilities which fall only to *one* man out of hundreds, *may* do without the high education necessary to bring out the powers of all the rest. We think that even when (as is *not* the case with Sir John, but is with Sir Thomas, or with Mr. Kelly) as-

tonishing *natural* acuteness may make up for the penetrating power of perception produced by the high discipline we speak of, there is yet a loss of that great lightening of labour, and facilitating of comprehension, which early familiarity with the more abstruse branches of a liberal education may be expected to afford.

It is a complete contest of *mind* which we see in every case: whether the attorney-general is upholding the order of a court of quarter sessions against the vigorous and vigilant energy of Kelly, or Sir Frederick is engaged in hard struggle with his late colleague Sir William Follett, on a return to a *mandamus*; whether the field of contest be a vast mass of puzzling affidavits, tending to hide instead of exhibit the truth; or a most perplexing act of parliament, with its meaning or its application utterly mysterious,—it is a contest between the minds of the opposing counsel, which shall make the best impression on, and which shall gain the assent of, the minds of the presiding judges. It is an error to suppose the advocate in any case is of very little importance; that (as people often say) with a good or a bad advocate, the judges will decide on which side the truth or the law lies. Very true, but this overlooks the fallibility and the infirmity and the imperfection of human minds; it overlooks the multitudinous demands there are upon a judge's time and attention; it overlooks the vast body of circumstances that must always enter into the consideration of any important case, the multiplicity of statements as to *fact*, the unfathomable ocean of authorities as to *law*, the numerous cases that constantly arise on the same subject, each differing somewhat from the others, but often so *nicely* as to render the perception of the difference exceedingly difficult, and of course the application of the law coequally so. The questions that come before courts must necessarily be, as to conclusions to be deduced, either from a set of facts whereof the statements are numerous, perhaps contradictory (in which case there arises the perplexing element of credibility, with all its concomitant perplexities of probabilities and possibilities); or upon a point of law, whereon the authorities are innumerable, and so *nearly* contradictory, that to discover the principle of law whereby on *any* hypothesis the *principle* of law governing them can be traced is very arduous, and brings along with it a crowd of minute investigations as to the particular circumstances of each, and of subtle distinctions between things apparently alike, to reconcile legal decisions seemingly at variance. Now, in cases like this, where there is *doubt*, and necessarily no *demonstrative* mode of decision, there must be the fullest scope for every one of those intellectual faculties whereby mind works on *mind*, and produces *conviction*, *belief*, and *judgment*—being the two objects to be attained in the breast of the judges—(all along we are speaking only of judicial tribunals, *juries* being influenced by such uncertain and often utterly fallacious processes)—how wide the doors opened for all the endless diversities of topics and reasoning, which different minds may suggest, or different intellects may be influenced by! and how much may, and *must* depend on the acuteness with which an advocate supports his case, the readiness wherewith he makes or meets objections, cites or repeats authorities, starts or

destroys distinctions, gives illustrations confirming, or demolishes illustrations fatal to his argument; in short, retains in his mind, and arranges, recalls, connects, and weaves into form at pleasure, the heterogeneous body of fact and law which is heaped together in the cause. No wonder that the decision sometimes *depends* upon the advocate; a truth, in support of which we cite a little story told us by an eminent attorney of one of the first of our living advocates, who having been retained *against* him in a cause, won it *against* him: and sometime after another cause, involving the *same* principles precisely, arising between the same parties, he was retained *for* this attorney, whereupon the opposite party relinquished the point in his *favour*: nay, the pith of the story is to come. The advocate, in the course of his argument on the first occasion, whispered to a friend that he knew he was arguing against the law—nevertheless he gained his point!

It struck us as somewhat singular, that Sir William Follett, whose skill as pleader prepared us for finding him to have been a senior wrangler, should have taken no mathematical honor: this may be a strong instance for those who uphold the equal advantage of classical acquirements as a mental discipline. We are somewhat inclined to think there is a degree of truth in the argument enforced with so much ability in this Magazine, by the author of the "Letters on University Education," that in the thorough acquirement of the classical languages, with all their minute rules and all their difficulties of construction, there is, at least to a very considerable extent, a discipline of high value exerted on the mind. We shall, when we come to the Chancery courts, have some further observations suggested to us on this head.

Before leaving the great ornaments of the Queen's Bench bar, we would just remark, that in the persons of the two most experienced members of it—Sir Frederick and Sir John—(the "past" and "present" attorney-generals), is strikingly exemplified the vast importance of that qualification which we have heard on high authority characterized as the most valuable for the bar, and doubtless for all other practical and business-like professions, namely JUDGMENT,—cool, calm, cautious, yet penetrating, experienced, and sagacious judgment:—a quality this infinitely more serviceable, when brought into contact with the practical affairs of life, than the most shining qualities *without* it; a quality which has greatly contributed to place Sir John in the high state he occupies, despite his lack of distinguished acquirements; and which is not less eminently exemplified in Sir Frederick. And it strikes us, that the possession or absence of this essential quality—the result mainly of considerable practical experience, combined with natural acuteness and sagacity—may have much to do with success at the bar; and may probably render less astonishing the otherwise inexplicable instances there are of men, who having gained the highest accomplishments at the University, never rise beyond the lowest grade at the bar; and of men who having never gone beyond the lowest at the University, reach to the highest at the bar. No doubt there is a union required of abstract erudition and of practical

knowledge and experience ;—the latter *may* do without the former : the former *never* will at this pursuit.

As an instance of the possession in no slight degree of natural acuteness and ability, rendered less valuable than it might have been by the absence of that preparatory training for intellectual *toil* and profound research which the University education gives, we may give Mr. Thesiger, as talented a man as there is at the bar, most powerful and successful before a jury (as the late circuit afforded a striking instance, when he was retained special, we think, at Cambridge) ; but having not the same success at a deep legal argument, through a deficiency in that *habitation* to investigations the deepest and the most searching which we allude to. Mr. Thesiger never was at college.

Passing into the Exchequer, we find a bench and a bar well worthy of notice : a bench as illustrious for law, ability, and experience, as any ; and of the great names that honour it—Scarlet (Lord Abinger), Alderson, Parke, Gurney—all, save the last, are of Cambridge ; and to them must be added the late new judge, Sir R. Rolfe. The honors taken by the Chief Judges of this court are well known : Alderson, one of the few men who were first both in mathematics and classics ; and Parke having taken a first-rate mathematical degree ; and their great erudition being joined with no ordinary share of practical knowledge and judgment, they are two of the most able judges we have. Sitting by their side is Gurney, who never was at college, equal to either of them perhaps in judgment, knowledge of the law, and natural acuteness,—who yet lacks that comprehensive and powerful grasp of mind which distinguishes his great coadjutors.

But what a power is Abinger's ! in comparison with which even the great abilities of his distinguished brethren are somewhat inferior. Beyond all doubt the most subtle of advocates at the bar, he is incomparably the most subtle of judges on the bench. We know not if *subtlety* be the *most* valuable quality of a judge ; certain it is, however, we know not whether to trace it to the peculiar acquirements of the principal judges here, or to the *inoculation*, so to speak, of the whole bench with the characteristic subtlety of the chief ; but certain it is, there is in the Exchequer a greater degree of subtlety and astuteness in the questions asked, cases put, and illustrations given, in the progress of arguments, from the bench, than in any other court ; a perpetual exhibition indeed of judicial subtlety—a sort of struggle with the subtlety of the advocate, and a struggle in which, such are the commanding powers of the judges, they are nearly always successful,—thus rendering this court, we should say, perhaps the most arduous for counsel ; for it must be arduous to be constantly involved in trials of acuteness with the judges ; and such is the perpetual flow of subtle queries and puzzling “cases,” that the court often bears the aspect of a scholastic disputation.

It may be that to the *excess* of this quality in the Chief, in whom it is most apparent (and next to him in Alderson) is to be traced that constant betrayal of the *advocate* in the *judge*, for which Lord Abinger is remarkable : or it may be that the display itself is the result of the long habituation to the quality which he had while practising. Whether cause or effect, it is very conspicuous. It is *said* that no

judge sooner takes a *prejudice* in a court, that is, feels a *bias* on one side or the other (of course fairly and sincerely); and the moment there is the slightest *inclination* to one side, all the tremendous powers of mind he possesses are, as a matter of course, involuntarily, by instinct, enlisted on that side: certain it is, no judge more often *exhibits* a bias, and it is more than the ablest of advocates can often achieve to neutralize its effect—to *destroy* it is out of the question. We have been informed that some times, when charging a jury, the intense interest he feels in leading the jury to the conclusion he believes right, is such, that he is seen to rise from his seat, advance along the bench towards the jury, and there, in the spirit, yea, in the very attitude of an advocate, just as he was wont of old, to pour his seductive reasoning upon the jury. We have ourselves heard him in a case of great importance, where he had taken a very strong impression (which he afterwards, when the verdict came to be attacked, confessed to have been erroneous) deliver a charge to the jury (after having throughout the case been a more troublesome opponent to the defendant's counsel than the plaintiff's) which was positively a more powerful address on the plaintiff's side than the party's own advocate—one of the first at the bar—had just pronounced; and the damages were prodigious—but the verdict did not stand.

No doubt that a judge should exercise some influence on the jury is right; but that influence carried to the pitch of *advocacy*, neutralizes the very province of a jury, who though, if they *see* the advocacy, will probably take fire at it, yet cannot be (ordinarily) awake to the subtleties of Abinger, so ingeniously veiled as his lordship's are.

It must however be acknowledged, that such a degree of subtlety as is the usual result in some measure of great experience in the law, is necessary to enable a judge to see through, and when proper, to controvert, the subtleties of the bar, which often inextricably perplex and entangle judges of less astuteness.

The counsel in this court and the Queen's Bench are pretty much the same; the courts being contiguous, they go from one to the other, and most of them are as often seen in one court as the other. There are some however who are more generally seen here,—such as Erle, Jervis, Platt, Crowder, Cresswell, Alexander, of whom we are not aware that any (except Platt and Cresswell) took any distinguished honor at college—they only took second-rate mathematical degrees. But Jervis, Erle, and Crowder are three of the most talented men at the bar; there is an imposing manner about the latter, a subtlety of argument in the second, and a keen penetrating acuteness in the first, which are very remarkable. The two last in the list, Cresswell and Alexander, are two of the most clear-headed men in matters involving figures, any commercial business, &c.—they are all cool, practical, business-like advocates.

Entering the Common Pleas, we find some first-rate scholars on the bench—Tindal, Maule, Coltman—all superior wranglers: Maule, a senior; Bosanquet, an Oxford first-class man; Erskine, we know not if at college at all. The Chief-Justice, one of the most careful, learned, and judicious ornaments of the bench, with something in his appearance

much more like an old English judge than a first-rate scholar; yet forty years passed since his degree has altered him. Maule was, when an advocate, one of the best men for money cases, commercial matters, especially all the complications infinite of bills of exchange, insurances, &c. Like most of this class of advocates, Cresswell, Alexander, &c., he was cold, unimpassioned, unexcitable; looking only to the law and the facts, seeking merely to convince by dry reasoning, never attempting eloquence. Bosanquet, as calm, dispassionate, learned, and amiable a judge as ever sat upon the bench. There is a striking contrast between this bench and that of the Exchequer. Here all is quiet, unwearied attention—there all is disputation and controversy. The judges in the Pleas seem more learned than acute, at least they do not display so much acuteness: they are looked upon however as *sure*, if not so quick, and they appear while listening attentively and silently to be more desirous of seeing where the truth and the law lie, than to disturb the advocate and controvert his arguments. These seem to go upon the principle that the more uninterruptedly the advocate is allowed to proceed, the sooner will he close and the better will he be understood. The Exchequer bench appear to think that the best way of arriving at the truth is to make a sudden attack on the advocate, take him by surprise, and perhaps catch him off his guard. This they *never* do with such men as the attorney and solicitor generals, Sir Frederick and Sir William, Kelly, or Erle, or Cresswell.

We mentioned eloquence just now. This court affords a good opportunity for a remark or two on forensic eloquence. The two most distinguished advocates here (all exclusively sergeants) are, the solicitor-general and Sergeant Talfourd. The first, attorneys say, the most successful advocate at the bar; the latter, beyond all doubt, the most eloquent man, if by eloquence, rhetorical beauty of style, and harmonious, impassioned delivery, be understood. No two men more differ. One, all hard, stern, iron energy: the other, thrilling with every emotion of a generous and highly-wrought imagination.

The question is naturally often started, how far eloquence is useful at the bar. This question very much resolves itself into the inquiry, what kind of eloquence is meant; and what kind of occasion is referred to? Both these vary considerably: and it depends upon the fitness of the former for the latter, whether it will be successful or not.

There is no better definition of forensic eloquence, than that which has been given of poetry—that *it is the use of right words in right places*. The discretion which governs its *nature* and its *application* determines its success. The idea which occurs, we think, to most persons, when *eloquence* is mentioned, is, that it is something entirely imaginative; which, with many, implies what is quite unreal and fictitious. We have in one or two former articles in this Magazine* endeavoured to show, that imagination is never healthily exerted save when disciplined and controlled by a well-trained intellect; and that then it reacts with most beneficial operation on the mind—enlarging

* "Literature and the Arts," and "Literature and Imagination." Nos. VI. and VII.

and liberalizing, and enlightening. Upon the greater or less preponderance, however, of the imaginative over the intellectual minds, may be divided, as either belonging to this or to the other class. Now, Wilde is decidedly an instance of the intellectual, very little indeed affected by the imaginative. Talfourd is decidedly an instance of the imaginative, throwing its influence most considerably over the intellectual. Yet both are *eloquent*—nobly, splendidly so. How can men who so vastly differ, as to be each the contrast to the other, agree in this powerful attribute? Eloquence divides itself into two great classes, corresponding with the two classes of minds from which it issues: it is either argumentative or imaginative—that is, either as the understanding or the imagination suggests more of its topics and illustrations. Wilde's is the former—Talfourd's the latter. We have seen some noble triumphs of each. We shall never forget the memorable speech of Sir Thomas Wilde on the privilege question in the House of Commons; nor the speech on copy-right by Sergeant Talfourd; nor many a splendid effort of forensic eloquence by both: but we allude particularly to these two speeches, because preserved to the public, and each marked by all the characteristics of the advocate. The one kept the House of Commons for three hours in fixed and interested attention, through the whole course of a strictly, purely *argumentative* speech; the other poured upon the delighted members a torrent of melodious poetry, whose tones seemed to linger in the air, and leave the echoes of their music behind. The eloquence of the solicitor-general is an energetic, steady, progressive advance of striking, original, powerful argument, supported by a facility and copiousness of illustration, which seems almost like imagination. The eloquence of the author of "Ion" is a beautiful stream of classic oratory, in which the arguments shine with seductive brilliancy in the fascinating picturings that enrich them. Yet we have heard Sir Thomas Wilde pour along an impetuous torrent of rhetoric: and we have heard Sergeant Talfourd argue in a hard legal case with all the steady dryness usual in such unbewitching arguments. It is discretion that must "tutor" the employment of eloquence, that must adapt it in its tone and character to the numberless circumstances in which it may be required, and which discretion alone can properly meet. There are cases in which eloquence would never be aught but absurdity—such are *most* actions on bills of exchange, policies of insurance, contracts for work, &c.—if *eloquence* is understood only or principally in the imaginative sense: but if, as we think it *should be*, eloquence is understood to mean a ready and powerful adaptation of the proper kind of persuasive or convincing appeal in any case, there is none in which eloquence is not required; there is *none* in which by our first-rate advocates it is not employed. In the cases just alluded to the argumentative style must of course be wholly adhered to; and the facts of the case reasoned on with all the skill, energy, and *adroitness* necessary. But it is not merely in cases where *apparently* only the rhetorical eloquence is naturally applicable, that it may be properly employed. In the driest case there may unexpectedly arise occasion for its use. What can be more unlikely than an action on bills of

exchange to require it? But suppose a case of systematic villainy and deception, carried on through the medium of these commercial instruments, and in which all the documentary evidence is unfortunately on the side of the fraudulent and the dishonest; the eloquence of a powerful pleader may here, by the aid of a fervid imagination, from very feeble materials, make an impression on the tribunal, which the mere process of reasoning would not have had enough foundation to effect. Then there are cases, such as actions for libel, particularly of a political nature, actions for breach of promise, &c., in which either the range necessarily given to the discretion of a jury as to what constitutes the offence (as in the first case), or as to the amount of damages proper as a punishment (as in the latter), together with the numberless circumstances and features of aggravation, extenuation, or justification, likelihood, improbability, or credibility, give the widest scope for every species of eloquence, and for every kind of oratory: discretion, judgment must guide the advocate. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. We have heard of the counsel for a dreadful murderer committing the laughable absurdity of applying to his degraded client the majestic lines of Milton, on the lips of the fallen archangel—

“Me miserable, which way shall I fly?”

And of another “learned gentleman” raising a contemptuous smile at his own expense, by concluding a dry legal argument with a poetical quotation of some length. On the other hand, we have known Sir Frederick Pollock, by the magic of his lofty eloquence, reflect an elevation and a dignity upon a cause utterly destitute of any such attributes; and Sergeant Talfourd throw a charm on a case by his oratory, which otherwise would never have been dreamt of.

There are some hard unimaginative legal heads among the old sergeants. Except one or two, such as Wilde, Talfourd, and Channell (a very able young lawyer, of considerable eminence), they are so many representatives of the ancient school of advocates; they remind us of the age of Lyttleton and Coke. In other courts a race of barristers have sprung up instinct with the energy, enterprise, and activity characteristic of the age: but in this court—the citadel of the venerable common law—these gaunt, rugged, heavy-looking advocates sit in quiet, undisturbed solemnity as its ancient guardians, most of them seldom heard: their practice, their reputation having nearly vanished with the last century, they appear occupied with reminiscences of other times—remembrances of judges whom the present race ne’er saw—recollections of causes which history has recorded: their grave visages seem to rebuke the ceaseless spirit of change which alters the decisions of other courts with the perpetual addition of new statutes. And it is a strange contrast to pass from the bustle and excitement of the Bench or the Exchequer, into this calm court, where D’Oyley, and Taddy, and Spankie, and Ludlow, and Atcherley, each looking positively old enough to be a father to most of the judges, listening to a learned disquisition (which perhaps is now in its second day), of “Brother Stephens” on some question of title, or a hard argument of “Brother Adams” on the operation of a “fine and recovery.”

The dignity of a sergeant is conferred for a thorough knowledge of the common law more particularly ; they alone practising in this court, which is peculiarly cognizant of such matters as are chiefly affected by the common law—descents, titles, &c.

There is a peculiar air of seclusion and isolation from the world, separation from every thing like excitement or bustle, in the Equity Courts. Upon a casual spectator they have the appearance of something like drowsiness,—at least of a calm, steady leisure. Nought impassioned or imaginative here seems ever to have entrance. No element of excitement appears to mingle in the proceedings. There is something that smells of *wealth* in their courts. The solicitors look of a higher class. They don't seem to have poor clients. Men with little or nothing go to *law*, get into action somehow or other ; but nobody hears of people being involved in *Chancery* (save a few positively insane) who have not something considerable at stake. Business is done here on a much larger scale than generally in the law courts ; where hundreds are in dispute there, thousands are here,—yet all is done *so quietly*. No *Nisi Prius* noise penetrates here, with all the rush of witnesses and all the bustle of trials. The proceedings, evidence and all, are all on paper. The counsel holds in his brief the *whole case*. Marriage settlements to be adjusted, legacies to be divided, executorships to be managed, wills to be interpreted, purchases to be controlled, partnership accounts decided, all sorts of family quarrels and disputes among partners to be determined,—all is done by calm quiet study.

There is no need in the courts of Chancery for all those personal attributes necessary for the due discharge of the more prominent, public, and exciting duties of a common law advocate. A capacity for long, patient, clear-headed investigation of an extensive, complicated body of written proceedings, joined with a readiness at discerning and applying *principles* in particular cases, are the requisite qualities of a chancery advocate. In the enforcement of his argument there is rarely an opening for eloquence : there must be a comprehensive, yet minutely searching grasp of the whole case, and a skill in suiting to its circumstances the authorities to be cited, and the reasoning to be employed. At the common law bar, none scarcely rise to eminence who have not some of those external qualifications which are necessary before popular tribunals. In the Equity Courts, intellect *alone* is required : the excellence of physical attributes will never at all, as it may in the other courts, promote success ; while those physical weaknesses which are incompatible with the wear and tear of *Nisi Prius*, are no obstacles to rise at the Chancery bar, where the advocate has never to do else than calmly, dispassionately *reason*, before a calm dispassionate judge.

The judges of the Vice-Chancellor's and the Rolls'* are both of Cambridge, and took distinguished mathematical honors. But the two most distinguished Chancery counsel are of Oxford—Knight Bruce and Pemberton, beyond doubt the ablest equity advocates at the bar. But Sugden—decidedly the ablest when he was at the bar—is of Cam-

* The Master of the Rolls was a senior wrangler.

bridge. And we need not mention the illustrious Ex-Chancellor, Lyndhurst, whose penetrating acuteness, clear-headed comprehension, and luminous adjustment, were beyond all admiration. Then there are two great names, Jacob and Wigram, both first-rate wranglers, the first senior.

It may be said we believe, almost without exception, that all the chancery barristers are members of one or other of the Universities.

It strikes us here as worth remarking, that *most* of those who have attained great honors in mathematics, have gone to the common law bar, and risen there. May it be that the course of study at Cambridge is one more suited to engender a choice of law, and that the course at Oxford has a tendency to incline the aspirants to forensic fame towards equity? Certainly the *law* is more akin to mathematics than to the "*literis humanioribus*," which are more in unison with the spirit of equity. *Law*, like mathematics, deals with *facts* and with *demonstrative* truths: equity deals rather with *principles*, and with the conception of *right*, and almost of *expediency of things*: law is confined within the bounds of rigid *requirements*; equity is allowed a wider range among the *proprieties*: law, in a word, considers only *what is*; equity judges of what *should be*. Moreover, there is in the species of evidence by which causes are governed, a great difference between law and equity. In law, nothing is to be relied on which is not distinctly and positively sworn, and by disinterested witnesses, so that the range afforded for *suppositions* or *likelihoods* is comparatively restricted. But in equity, where the parties themselves give evidence, there is a much wider range for these uncertain and hypothetical arguments; and more of inferences, grounded on probabilities, may be admitted into the arguments of counsel, who addressing a judge performing the functions of both jury and judge, may take a larger scope of decision, and greater liberty of belief, than a common law judge, who is bound by strict legal rules as to the evidence, and must take the jury's opinion upon it.

Now, undoubtedly the mathematics—to quote the language of the talented article we have alluded to—"engage solely with certainties and proofs—they disdain probabilities." We know not if it can be truly said farther, "and the demonstrative character of the science incapacitates the mind for perceiving and reasoning on more impalpable truths, or those comprised by any thing short of positive evidence."

There are many great names of superior wranglers, who have gained eminence at the law, from Ellenborough to Alderson; and there are equally great names which have been so elevated in chancery: it is however at least *probable*, that men who have not gained much mathematical distinction, may be of a class of mind more likely to choose and to succeed in the liberal range of equity, than in the demonstrative severity of law.

Upon the whole, it is impressed upon us by this short review, that men who are *formed for greatness* will reach it, whether or not they have the advantages of a superior education: that especially at a profession like that of the bar, and peculiarly so the common law, it is *more essential* to possess great natural capacity, powers of stern

intellectual toil, and good practical business-like *judgment*, than to be deeply read in abstruse philosophy, or versed in classical lore : that, nevertheless, this high educational discipline will in *every case* greatly *aid* such natural abilities ; and though they will not supply their place, may in the great majority of cases, where such extraordinary endowments do not exist, compensate somewhat for their absence : that, further, there is no *magic* in any peculiar branch of study to give capacity where it does not exist, or *ensure* success in pursuits for which nature has not fitted : that a man who may *force* himself to great proficiency in mathematics or classics, *may* nevertheless be, for all the practical purposes of *business* life, perfectly useless, and *will* be, if he possess not the union of the practical and the educated which we have before mentioned.

MISCELLANEA ÆSTHETICA.

As opposed to Imagination, Taste (*Æsthetics*) is a power of judgment; imagination being creative. Upon what imagination originates, taste decides. The faculty of taste presupposes an object as its exercise. There is no difference between criticism of our own works, and that of those of other men; saving only the bias of self-love. Whatever taste takes cognizance of must stand as an *object*, and *ab extra*. Taste may predominate at the expense of imagination, and *vice versâ*. The artistic faculty is at its height where the taste and the imagination are in equilibrium.

Imagination originates independently of precedents. Taste analyses what has gone before, and therefrom evolves rules. Its subject-matter is the accumulated works of antecedent art. With every work of art it asks the question—*Does this please?* and it being granted that the work does please, the second question is put, namely—*Through what means does it please?* Whether a work pleases or not is incapable of being determined *à priori*. No critic (irrespective of precedents, or, what is the same thing, irrespective of the rules drawn from precedents,) can say that such works *ought*, and that such *ought not* to please. The grounds for determining what does not please are purely *empirical*. Irrespective of experience, curves and zigzags are equally lines of beauty. The rules then of taste are the results of an induction. Anterior to works of art there is no taste; and a work of art that shall violate every rule of taste (provided that it can be predicated of it *that it universally pleases*) shall invalidate those rules. Rules of taste are imperfect so long as new works of imagination are within the possibility of being originated, and so long as any previous creation has been overlooked in the induction.

Æsthetical views are good or bad, true or false, not in the proportion that they coincide with or recede from ideal standards, but in the proportion that they are common and continued. They are good or bad, false or true, in proportion to the quantity of assent they can command. The assent of a generation makes a *fashion*. *Permanent* approbation is the condition of a rule in *Æsthetics*.

We are men of taste just in proportion as we are familiar with the rules that have been established, and as we are ready in applying them. We are men of good or bad taste, in proportion as those rules represent the permanent authority of many ages, or the ephemeral fashion of one; and with the taste of nations, it is the same as with that of generations. That only is true which is universal. Whatever *Æsthetics* are common to Italy and Madagascar are (because they are so) true.

Habit gives a readiness. Familiarity with approved objects makes our readiness of the kind it ought to be. The ruined architecture of Rome, and the rising masonry of London, make the difference between the architectural *Æsthetics* of a Londoner and of an Italian.

Taste takes no cognizance of the works of nature, because to them she can neither take exceptions, nor vouchsafe approval. With no display of art, there is no exercise of judgment. To nature we can apply criticism only when we warp her to the picturesque.

Nations differ from each other in Æsthetical aptitude, as they differ from each other in the number of works submitted to analysis, and in their accuracy in analyzing them. An accumulation of Æsthetic models is at once the cause and the effect of a fine national taste. The genius of Praxiteles has repaid his country what it borrowed; and that by re-acting on it.

Sculpture and painting lie most exclusively within the domain of taste. Architecture, less ideal, is traversed by the regulations of utility: whilst poetry (creative and imaginal) is often greatest when it most encroaches upon rule. It is poetry, moreover, for which the canons of taste have oftentime to be enlarged, and whereto Æsthetics must most frequently be accommodated.

It is the classical nations where the Æsthetic, the Gothic nations where the imaginative faculty most predominates. The poetry of Italy savours of its art: the Gothic art (architecture, for instance,) bears the impress of the imagination. Taste loves the definite and symmetrical, imagination the vast and undefined. Taste rests upon its object, imagination is carried beyond it. It is the unapparent that is the picture of the latter; it is the visible that is the subject-matter of the former.

It is the feeling of fitness that gives beauty to works of art. Passion in poetry, character in sculpture, light and shade in painting, are pleasing just in proportion that they are appropriate; and they are appropriate just in proportion as they *represent truly*, or in proportion as they embody the idea of the artist. Proportion in architecture has an additional element, viz. that of adaptation to an end. All beyond this that is attempted, is an attempt at a secondary end. Attempts at secondary ends displease, inasmuch as they detract from the idea of earnestness and singleness of purpose on the part of the artist. This aim at secondary ends is affectation. Affectation of apparent excellencies for no other reason than because they are popular, is vulgarity. Wherever art is taught technically there will be vulgarity; since the visible recognition of rules betrays a secondary aim. It shews that the artist is looking from his work to his guide-book. From this it follows that taste is no taste until it has become an *unconscious* operation. To catch the spirit of a model is only to imitate it unconsciously, the imitation being within certain limits.

An artistic education, merely professional, is exceptionable; its tendency being to exaggerate the importance of rules. Art is low just in proportion as the professional education encroaches on a general one. It is low in England, because (*pace tantorum virorum*) few artists have any *general* Æsthetics. The actor that shall embody the speculations of Hamlet may, from a simple incapacity to appreciate the difficulties, mistake the page of Shakspeare for plain-sailing. The architect may deem that the dead stones of the Parthenon are *sufficient* exponents of the intuitive sense of beauty of the Athenian; whilst from a consciousness that he understands by sections what the true scholar of antiquity comprehends as the whole, he grows mistrustful of himself, and where mistrust arises there is there timidity, and imitation, and the aim at secondary ends, which is affectation and vulgarity.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MARCH 10.—At a congregation held this day, the following degrees were conferred: *Bachelor in the Civil Law*, Rev. C. Morse, Queens'. *Bachelors of Arts*: F. J. Pidgley, St. Peter's; J. Thompson, Queens'; N. Smith, Trinity. At the same congregation the Rev. C. P. Burney, D.D., of Merton coll., H. H. Baber, M.A., of St. Mary hall, and R. W. Smith, M.A., of Jesus coll., Oxford, were admitted *ad eundem* of this university. The following are the names of the Inceptors to the degree of Master of Arts at the congregation held yesterday: W. H. Guillemard, Pembroke; M. O'Brien, Caius; W. Marsh, Trinity hall; J. G. Mould, Corpus Christi; J. Townson, Queens'; R. Potter, Queens'; T. H. Naylor, Queens'; S. Blackall, St. John's; N. M. Manley, St. John's; H. Foster, St. John's; J. Edleston, Trinity; J. A. Frere, Trinity; D. F. Gregory, Trinity; D. I. Heath, Trinity; G. T. Kingdon, Trinity; T. A. Walmisley, Trinity; J. Woolley, Emmanuel. At the same congregation the following degrees were conferred: *Doctor in the Civil Law*, Rev. S. H. Banks, Trinity hall. *Doctor in Physic*, S. W. J. Merriman, Caius. *Honorary Master of Arts*, the Hon. D. Fortescue, Trinity. *Bachelors of Arts*: T. H. B. Bund, Trinity; H. C. Barker, Caius.—At a congregation on Thursday, April 1, the following degree was conferred: *Doctor in Physic*, W. W. Fisher, Fellow of Downing.

MARCH 13.—The Rev. S. E. Walker, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity coll., and late University Theological Crosse Scholar, has been instituted by the Bishop of Exeter to the rectory of Columb Major, Cornwall.—A. Wrigley, Esq., B.A., of St. John's college, has been appointed by the Directors of the East India Company mathematical master of the Artillery and Engineers' Seminary.—T. Evans, Esq., B.A. of St. John's coll., has been appointed classical master of Shrewsbury Grammar School.—Rev. G. Newnham, of Trinity coll., has been appointed curate of Shaw Melksham, Wilts.—Rev. T. Reynolds, Pembroke coll., has been appointed curate of Stanford, Essex.—Rev. J. Kitton, of Queens' coll., has been appointed to the incumbency of the District Church of Houghton, near Carlisle.—Rev. T. Holditch, M.A., of Clare hall, and rector of Maidwell, Northamptonshire, has been preferred to the rectory of Draughton, in the same county, vacant by the death of the Rev. E. Griffin.—Rev. W. H. Brookfield, of Trinity coll., curate of St. James', Piccadilly, has been appointed by the trustees, morning preacher at Archbishop Tenison's chapel, Regent-street, London.—Rev. C. H. Bromby, of St. John's coll., has been appointed to the head mastership of the Stepney Proprietary School.—A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday last, Dr. Hodgson, the President, in the chair. A communication was made by Mr. Tozer, of Caius coll., on some mathematical formulæ for determining the permanent effects of immigration and emigration on numbers. The solution of the problem includes a consideration of all the causes by which the duration of life or the rate of its production are effected, and which may be called into action by the removal or introduction of people. Emigration does not in all cases permanently reduce numbers.—*Cambridge Camden Society*. On Saturday the 27th of February, a general meeting of the Cambridge Camden Society was held at the Philosophical Society's rooms, when the following Report of the Society's proceedings was read from the Committee:—"The Committee of the Cambridge Camden Society beg leave to offer the following short account of what has been done during the three months which have intervened since the last meeting. A second edition of the 'Practical Hints' has been published by them, which they hope will be found more complete than the first. The second number of the 'Illustrations of Monumental Brasses' has made its appearance, and by their having engaged the first lithographers of the day, a considerable improvement has been effected in the plates. They have printed a little tract called 'A few words to Churchwardens,' which they trust will be the means of preventing some acts of barbarism. Some new editions have been made to the Church Schemes, and a thousand copies will be sent to Oxford, at the desire of the Secretary of the Oxford Architectural Society. The restorations at Old Shoreham, which were put under the superintendence of one of the Society's members, are carrying on with success. The Committee have determined on endeavouring to effect the restoration

of the magnificent East Window at Fenstanton, and have headed the subscription with a grant of 5*l*. They have granted 3*l*. to the restoration of the Saxon Church of Brixworth, Northamptonshire. Reports of sixty-four Churches have been sent in since the last meeting, and several presents have been received; accounts of both have been laid before the Society. From the former it appears that a Chantry Altar has been discovered at Tarring Neville, Sussex, being the third which the Society has described. The third number of the Illustrations will, it is hoped, appear at the beginning of the Easter Term, and will contain, Dr. John Blodwell, Balsham, Cambridgeshire; Bp. Booth of Exeter, East Horsley, Surrey; Dr. John Urswick, Dagenham, Essex; Sir Peter Legh and Lady, Winwick, Lancashire. For the last brass, which is very valuable and perhaps unique, the Committee wish to express their thanks to Mr. Cooke of Trinity hall. In the course of a few weeks the first volume of the Society's Transactions will probably appear. It will contain several of the papers read before it since its institution. One copy will be supplied to every member gratis."—After the election of 19 new members, a paper was read on the Vale Church, Jersey, communicated by W. Lukis, Esq., of Trinity college, in which a curious account was given of the manner of consecrating the above church in the 11th century, from a MS. in the possession of the Bishop of Coutances. A paper was next read by F. A. Paley, Esq., of St. John's college, on St. John's church, Barnack, in which, after giving a full and interesting description of the details of this church, and more especially of its Saxon remains, he endeavoured to shew that an earlier date might be affixed to these remains than had usually been supposed, and that their erection might probably be put as far back as the time of the ancient British Church. The Secretary then read a paper by E. J. Carlos, Esq., an honorary member of the Society, recommending the adoption of a low pyramidal roof to the tower in the restoration of the church of St. Nicholas, Old Shoreham, instead of an embattled parapet. In proof that the former was the original finish to Norman towers, several drawings were exhibited from ancient MSS. and from the Bayeux Tapestry. In conclusion Mr. C. endeavoured to shew that the introduction of the embattled parapet in several neighbouring churches was of a much later date than the other parts of the tower.

MARCH 20.—*University Craven Scholarship.* On Saturday last, H. A. J. Munro, of Trinity coll., and H. M. Birch, of King's coll., were elected Scholars.—The Rev. R. Allen, rector of Barcombe, Sussex, has been instituted to the prebend of Exceit, on the presentation of her Majesty.—Rev. J. A. Morris, of Queens' coll., has been instituted by the Bishop of Worcester to the vicarage of Hampton in Arden, Warwickshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. T. Woodington, on the presentation of the master and brethren of the Earl of Leicester's Hospital, in Warwick. Value, 578*l*.

MARCH 27.—Rev. H. Calthrop, B.D., Senior Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi coll., and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, has been collated by his Lordship to the Prebend of Longdon in the cathedral church of Lichfield.—Rev. T. Sharpley, M.A., late of Emmanuel coll., has been instituted to the benefice of St. Peter's church, Blackburn, Lancashire, on the presentation of the Rev. J. W. Whitaker, vicar, the patron. Value, 163*l*.—On the 24th inst., the Venerable W. Strong, D.D., Archdeacon of Northampton, was instituted by the Bishop of Peterborough to the Canonry in the cathedral church of Peterborough, void by the death of the Rev. I. S. Pratt; the Canonry having been permanently annexed to the Archdeaconry by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England.—Rev. G. O. Townsend, M.A., of King's coll., has been chosen chaplain to the British residents at St. Germain-en-Laye, in the room of the Rev. W. Wright, LL.D.—We learn that the pupils and other friends of the late Rev. W. Ainger, D.D., of St. John's coll., and late Principal of St. Bees', have determined to erect a handsome marble bust of that lamented clergyman within the walls of the college.—At a Congregation held yesterday, the following Graces passed the Senate: 1. To nominate John Fenwick, Scholar of Corpus Christi coll., to one of Lady Lumley's Exhibitions. 2. To appoint Mr. S. Earnshaw, of St. John's coll., Deputy Proctor, in the absence of Mr. Dalton, Junior Proctor.—The trustees of King William's coll., Isle of Man, have appointed the Rev. R. Dixon, M.A., to be Principal, in place of the Rev. A. Phillips, M.A., who resigns.—Rev. C. M. Arnold, B.A., of St. John's coll., and incumbent of Lower Darwen, has been appointed to the Mastership of Lord Weymouth's endow'd school at Warminster.—*Cambridge Philosophical Society.* At a meeting of the

Cambridge Philosophical Society, held on Monday last, the President, Dr. Hodgson, in the chair, Prof. Miller read a paper giving an account of a series of observations on rainbows and their supernumerary bows, and of a comparison of their observed places with their places as determined theoretically by the Astronomer Royal.—*Cambridge Camden Society*. The eighteenth ordinary meeting of this Society was held on Saturday last. Seven new members were elected; and a list of the churches visited and described, and of the presents received, since the last meeting, was read by the Secretary. The committee presented the following report, which was unanimously adopted: "The committee have been engaged during the time which has elapsed since the last meeting, in preparing for publication the Tract addressed to Churchwardens, of which notice was then given to the Society. They hope that it will be ready within a week from this time, and that its circulation may be found useful. They take this opportunity of returning their thanks to all those members who have offered them any suggestions on the subject. The first part of the Society's Transactions is in the press, and will shortly be ready. The Society's Modeller is proceeding as fast as possible with Winchester Font, of which casts will be distributed to the subscribers early in next term. A large collection of models of Fonts, Crosses, &c. has arrived, and is now on sale at the Society's rooms. Twenty-six churches have been visited and reported since the last meeting. A short tour has been undertaken by certain of the committee in Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire, of which some account will be this evening offered to the Society. The committee have, with the permission of the Incumbent, undertaken the restoration of the curious font in the disused church of St. Peter. The bason as mended, and in one corner renewed, may be seen by members on application at Mr. Tomson's, Trumpington-street." The President explained a model of a newly-invented plan of roofing churches with slate slabs, which combines economy with durability. A paper was read by the Rev. J. J. Smith, of Caius college, V.P., on the church of Newport Pond, Essex. F. A. Paley, Esq., of St. John's college, read a paper on Little Bytham church, Lincolnshire. J. M. Neale, Esq., of Downing college, read an account of a late tour in Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire, undertaken by himself in company with the two Secretaries. J. G. Young, Esq., of Trinity college, read a translation of part of the Instructions du Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments: communicated to the Society by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., of Jesus college, English Correspondent. The meeting adjourned at a quarter before ten. It was intimated that the committee proposed that the day of meeting should be changed from Saturday to some other day in the week, to meet the convenience of many of the country clergy and gentry; and that, if no objection should be expressed, the day of the first meeting of next term would be changed from Saturday, May 8, to Tuesday, May 11, agreeably to the power vested in the committee by the existing Law XI., of which change due notice will be given. This will be the second anniversary meeting, and the general report for the last year will then be read by the retiring committee. The President has kindly undertaken to deliver on that occasion a second address to the Society.

APRIL 1.—The following regulations and provisions respecting candidates for a Licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, and also respecting candidates for the degree of Doctor of Physic, were sanctioned by the Senate: 1. That candidates for a Licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, being previously Bachelors of Physic, be required to produce to the Regius Professor of Physic certificates of their having attended on Hospital practice for three years exclusive of the nine terms which they kept by residence for the degree of Bachelor of Physic, and of their having attended lectures on the following subjects; namely, Practice of Physic and Pathology, Anatomy and Physiology, Chemistry, Botany, Medical Jurisprudence, Materia Medica and Pharmacy, Principles of Surgery, Principles of Midwifery, Practical Anatomy for two seasons. 2. That candidates for a Licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, being previously Masters of Arts, be required to bring satisfactory evidence to the Regius Professor of Physic of their having been employed in the study of Physic for five years after they became Bachelors of Arts; and to produce to him certificates of their having attended on Hospital practice for three of the said five years, and of their having attended lectures on the subjects before-mentioned. 3. That every candidate for a Licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, be required to pass an examination to the satisfaction of the Regius Professor of Physic, the Professor of Anatomy, the Downing Professor of Medicine, and a Doctor of Physic, to be nomi-

nated by the Vice-chancellor and approved by the Senate at the first congregation after the 10th of October in each year. 4. That in case any of the three Examiners ex officio be prevented by illness or absence from taking part in such examination, it be competent to him to appoint a Doctor of Physic to examine in his stead, subject to the approbation of the Vice-chancellor. 5. That there be two such examinations in every year; one in the week immediately preceding that in which the division of the Michaelmas term falls; the other in the week immediately preceding that in which the division of the Easter term falls. 6. That a candidate for a Licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, being previously Bachelor of Physic, shall not be examined for the said Licence until the examination which shall occur next but one after his having passed the examination required for the degree of Bachelor of Physic. 7. That every candidate for the degree of Doctor of Physic, who has not previously obtained a Licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, be required to produce to the Regius Professor of Physic the same certificates and pass the same examination as are required in the case of candidates for a Licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*. 8. Provided that the foregoing regulations shall not take effect until after the end of the Easter term 1841; provided also that the seventh regulation shall not apply to any person who was admitted *ad intrandum in Medicina* before the Lent term 1836.—The Marquis Camden, wishing to mark his sense of the respect shewn to his late father by the University of Cambridge, has been pleased to express to the Vice-chancellor and heads of colleges a desire to give annually a gold medal as a prize for the best exercise composed in Latin Hexameter verse. It is proposed that the prize be subject to the following regulations: 1. That this medal be called the "Camden Medal." 2. That the subject for the exercise be appointed by the Vice-chancellor. 3. That notice thereof be issued on or before the first day of January in every year; and that the exercises be sent in to the Vice-chancellor on or before the thirty-first day of the following March. 4. That no exercise exceed in length one hundred lines. 5. That all undergraduates, who shall have resided not less than two terms before the day on which the exercises must be sent in, may be candidates for this Medal. 6. That this Medal be adjudged by the Examiners for the Chancellor's Medals: and that the prize exercise be recited publicly at the Commencement. 7. That a copy of the successful exercise, when printed, be sent annually to the Marquis Camden, the donor of the Medal. The subject for the present year is, *Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo*. The exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor on or before the 31st day of May next, and no exercise is to exceed one hundred lines in length.—A Grace passed the Senate on Thursday "to affix the seal to a letter of thanks to the Marquis Camden, written by the Public Orator."—The Syndicate appointed to confer with the magistrates for the county of Cambridge, on an enquiry made by the said magistrates of the Vice-chancellor whether a site for the intended new county courts could be obtained in the present Botanical garden, on Thursday reported to the Senate, "That the Magistrates, in a conference with the Syndicate, pointed out the particular portion of the garden which they are desirous of obtaining for the site; being the south-west part of the garden, with a frontage towards Downing-street. The Syndicate, having carefully considered the proposal of the Magistrates, are of opinion that it is not advisable for the University to sell separately the particular portion for which the Magistrates have applied."—Rev. T. Ainger, M.A., formerly of St. John's coll., has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Hampstead, Middlesex, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. White. Patron, Sir T. M. Wilson. Value, 887*l.*; pop. 8588.—The Very Rev. C. H. Terrot, M.A., of Trinity coll., and dean of Edinburgh, has been appointed successor to the late Dr. Walker, in the see of Edinburgh.

APRIL 3.—On Monday last the following gentlemen were elected Foundation Fellows of St. John's coll.: H. Thompson, J. A. Coombe, R. Ellis, and T. P. Boulton. —On Tuesday last the Rev. R. Jeffreys, B.D., Fellow of St. John's coll., was presented by the Master and Fellows of that society to the rectory of Cockfield, Suffolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. R. Bligh, B.D. Value, about 1,000*l.*—On the same day the Rev. T. Lund, B.D., Fellow of St. John's coll., was presented by the Master and Fellows of that society to the rectory of Morton, Derbyshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. R. B. Turbutt. Value, 460*l.*—*Caius College Classical Examinations.* On Monday last, the following gentlemen of Caius college obtained the classical prizes: *Second Year*, Hall, first prize; Gould, second ditto: *First Year*, R. Barker, first prize; Trevelyan, second ditto.

APRIL 10.—Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., of St. John's coll., incumbent of St. Mary's, Bilston, is appointed afternoon lecturer at the collegiate church, Wolverhampton.—Rev. H. D. Fussell, M.A., of Sidney Sussex coll., has been presented to the stipendiary curacy of Fifield Bavant, Wilts.—Rev. F. Teed, M.A., has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the rectory of St. Michael's, Lewes, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Proctor. Value, 116*l*.—*Bell's Scholars*. The following gentlemen have been elected University Scholars on the Rev. Dr. Bell's foundation: T. Field, St. John's coll.; H. Keary, Trinity coll.

APRIL 17.—Rev. T. Riddell, Fellow of Trinity coll., has been presented by the Master and Fellows of that society to the vicarage of Masham, Yorkshire, vacant by the promotion of the Rev. G. Waddington to the deanery of Durham. Value, 384*l*.—Rev. H. James, of St. John's coll., has been presented by John Howell, Esq., of Regent-street, London, to the rectory of Lytchett Matravers, Dorset, void by the death of the Rev. C. Fleet. Value, 396*l*.—W. Martin, Esq., late Fellow of St. John's coll., has been appointed Chief Justice of New Zealand.—Rev. J. S. Dunn, of St. John's coll., has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Manningtree, Essex. Patron, Lord Rivers.—Rev. W. S. Hartley, of Queens' coll., has been presented to the vicarage of Loughton-en-le-Morthen, and the perpetual curacy of St. John's, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

APRIL 24.—Rev. J. Bosworth, D.D., of Trinity coll., has been presented by Wm. Haigh, Esq., of Halifax, to the vicarage of Waith, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Geo. Grantham. Value, 86*l*; population, 31.—The Bishop of Lincoln has collated the Rev. J. Waite, M.A., of St. John's coll., to the vicarage of Tathwell, Lincolnshire, vacant by the cession of the Rev. J. Bowstead. Value, 227*l*; population, 338.—Rev. C. Howes, M.A., Fellow of Clare hall, has been admitted Fellow of Dulwich coll., on the nomination of the Master and Fellows of that society.—Rev. G. Gibbon, B.A., of Cath. hall, has been appointed assistant curate to the Rev. W. Holt, incumbent of Holcombe, near Bury, Lancashire.—At a court of the governors of Leeds Free Grammar school, held on the 19th, the Rev. R. Wilson, M.A. of Trinity coll., was unanimously elected second master, in the room of the Rev. W. C. Woolaston, resigned.

MAY 1.—*Voluntary Classical Examination, St. John's*. 1st Class: Ainger, Babington, Barbury, Gifford, Sheringham, H. J. Vidal, O. E. Vidal, Wilson, Wolfe, 2nd Class: Alston, Bulmer, Girling, Hardesty, Holcombe, Light, Maule, Molesworth, Robinson, Slade, Slater.—Rev. C. U. Barry, B.A., of Trinity hall, has been appointed, by the Master and Fellows of that society, Minister of St. Edwards, in this town.—On Thursday evening the following gentlemen were elected Scholars of Trinity coll.: Sheepshanks, Brimley, Thrupp, Ommamey, Riley, Kinder, Felgate, Cubitt, Brian, Newman, Gibbs, Gray, Sargent, Gell. *From Westminster*, Jermy, Monkhouse, Greenlaw.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has granted a dispensation to the Rev. F. Simpson, of Queens' coll., to hold the vicarage of Carnaby, and chapelry of Fraithorpe, in the county of York, together with the vicarage of Boyn-ton, in the same county, on the presentation of Sir G. Strickland, Bart., M.P.—Rev. W. Drake, M.A., of St. John's coll., has been elected by the Trustees of the Free School at Coventry, Second Master, and nominated to the Lectureship in St. John's church, in the same city; the two offices being united by Act of Parliament.—Rev. R. Daniel, of Clare hall, perpetual curate of West Somerton, Norfolk, has been appointed to the Deanery of Flegg and Town of Great Yarmouth.—Rev. T. A. Hedley, M.A., of Trinity college, has been admitted to the newly consecrated Church of St. James, near the city of Gloucester and Bristol.

Proposed Course of Theological Study.—The following document, dated Christ's College Lodge, April 26, 1841, has been circulated amongst the Members of the Senate:—"The attention of the Members of the Senate is invited to the following proposal for the institution of an elementary Course of Theological Study preparatory to Holy Orders:—'The course of study pursued in the University, antecedently to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, consists principally in the cultivation of Mathematical Science and Classical Learning. Experience has proved the efficacy of this system, as well in imparting valuable knowledge, as in forming habits of studious thought, and improving the taste and judgment; and thus preparing the mind for the subsequent prosecution of the peculiar studies of the liberal professions. After passing the Examination for this first degree, the generality of students immediately quit the University; many of them with the intention of taking the earliest

opportunity of offering themselves Candidates for Holy Orders. That they may be fitly qualified for their intended profession, it is necessary for them to possess a competent stock of Theological Learning, for the acquisition of which no more than a very partial provision is made in the existing system of Academical Education. They have frequently to complete the requisite preparation in a very inadequate space of time, and under all the disadvantages arising from the want of systematic superintendence and efficient aid. For supplying this deficiency, and furnishing Candidates for Holy Orders with the degree of Theological Learning which is demanded both by the responsibility of their intended office and the intelligence of the age, no plan seems to be so desirable as that of superadding to the course of general study prescribed for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, an elementary course of Theological Instruction. As however it is manifest that any material extension of the period of residence would be attended with an increase of expense, which might be seriously inconvenient to many of the students or their friends; the only mode by which the desired plan can be carried into effect without introducing this inconvenience, appears to be by abridging the period of study required for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, so as to reserve a portion of time which may be appropriated to the study of Theology. It is conceived that such an abridgment as would answer the proposed end, might be made, without materially affecting the benefits derived from the general course of study at present pursued. For, as students now usually commence their residence at a more mature age and with greater attainments than formerly, the University would be enabled, under the proposed alteration, still to maintain a high standard of requirement in the Examinations for Mathematical and Classical Honours. Those Students who are intended for the Lay Professions and the active business of life, would be at liberty to leave the University at a somewhat earlier, and to themselves a more convenient time than at present, and yet with such attainments of general knowledge as would amply qualify them for entering with advantage upon their intended pursuits. At the same time, the institution of an elementary course of Theological Study, for the especial benefit of that numerous class of Students who are designed for Holy Orders, would be in entire accordance with the great and primary objects of the University, as a seminary of sound learning and religious education; and would, it is hoped, satisfy an expectation long and anxiously entertained by many of its members and friends. The following Regulations (I) and Plan (II) exhibit the modifications of the existing Academical System, by which the proposed Theological course may, it is conceived, be conveniently introduced and rendered effective:—I. Proposed Regulations relating to the times at which the several undermentioned Examinations are to take place; so as to complete within the period of three Academical years the Course of Study for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, and the Examinations at present connected therewith. 1. That in the year 1843 the Previous Examination of those Undergraduates, who, having commenced their residence in the year 1841, shall have kept One Term at least during that year, begin on the Monday preceding the first Monday in the Lent Term; and similarly in subsequent years. 2. That in the year 1844, and every subsequent year, the Moderators publish, at the Division of the Lent Term, the names of those whom they judge fit to be admitted as candidates for mathematical honours at the next following general Examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. 3. That the general Examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which, according to the existing system, would take place in January 1845, do, instead thereof, commence, as respects candidates for mathematical honours, on the Wednesday in the Easter week of the preceding year; and, as respects those who are not candidates for mathematical honours, on the next following Wednesday, being the first day of the Easter Term; and similarly in subsequent years. 4. That in the year 1844, and every subsequent year, the admission *ad respondendum questioni* of those candidates, who have passed the general Examination, take place upon the second Saturday of the Easter Term. 5. That in the year 1844, and every subsequent year, the Examination for the Classical Tripos commence upon the fourth Monday of the Easter Term. 6. That in the year 1844, and every subsequent year, the Examination for the Chancellor's Medals commence upon the sixth Monday of the Easter Term. 7. That all persons admitted *ad respondendum questioni* upon any day between Ash-Wednesday and the end of the Easter Term in the year 1844, become actually Bachelors of

Arts upon the Thursday after Mid-Lent Sunday in the year 1845: and that all persons admitted *ad respondendum questioni* between the end of the Easter Term 1844 and the end of the Easter Term 1845, become actually Bachelors of Arts upon the Thursday after Mid-Lent Sunday in the year 1846; and so on in subsequent years. 8. That the Examiners, appointed in the Michaelmas Term 1843 to assist in conducting the general Examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in January 1844, be also then appointed to conduct, in conjunction with the Moderators, the general Examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which, according to the third proposed regulation, will take place immediately after Easter 1844. —9. That each of the Moderators and Examiners so appointed receive £20 from the Common Chest in consideration of the additional services which in that particular year they will have to perform. 10. That the foregoing Regulations do not affect the Composition between the University and King's college.—II. Plan of an Examination in Theology after admission *ad respondendum questioni*. 1. That in the Lent Term of the year 1845, and of every subsequent year, there be an Examination in Theology of all persons, voluntarily offering themselves, who shall have been admitted *ad respondendum questioni* before the end of the preceding Easter term, and shall have resided during the Michaelmas term next before the examination, and during the Lent term in which it takes place. 2. That such examination commence upon the last Monday but one in the Lent term, and be continued upon the next following Tuesday and Wednesday, and also upon the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the succeeding week. 3. That the examination be conducted by four Examiners to be annually nominated by the Vice-chancellor, the Regius, Margaret, and Norrisian Professors of Divinity, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, and the Regius Professor of Greek. 4. That the names of the persons so nominated to conduct the examination of any year be submitted to the Senate, for their approbation, at the first congregation in the Easter term of the preceding year. 5. That the subjects of examination be: A portion of the Old Testament in Hebrew, to be selected by the persons who nominate the Examiners; The New Testament in Greek, or such parts of it as shall be selected by the same persons; Scripture History; Such of the undermentioned Books, or such portions of them, as shall be selected by the same authority: Gray's Key to the Old Testament; Beausobre's Introduction to the Reading of the New Testament; Allix's Reflexions on the Books of Scripture; Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature; Grotius de Veritate Religionis Christianæ; Paley's Evidences of Christianity; Paley's Horæ Paulinæ; Lardner's History of the Apostles and Evangelists; Mosheim's Commentaries on the Affairs of the Christians before the time of Constantine; Burnet's Abridgment of his History of the Reformation of the Church of England; Juelli Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; Noelli Catechismus; Burnet's Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. 6. That public notice of the subjects of examination for any year be given by the Vice-chancellor on the last Saturday in the Easter term of the preceding year. 7. That the examination be conducted by means of printed papers. 8. That the candidates, who shall have passed the examination to the satisfaction of the Examiners, be arranged in two classes, each in alphabetical order; the first class indicating distinguished merit, regard being had both to general proficiency and to excellence in particular branches of the examination; the second, and, as may generally be expected, the most numerous class denoting a creditable measure of attainment. 9. That the classes be published on the first day of the Easter term immediately following the examination. 10. That Students in the Civil Law, who have resided nine terms, and also have performed the exercises and passed the examinations required for the degree of Bachelor of Laws, be allowed to offer themselves as candidates at the Theological Examination in any year; provided that, in addition to the said nine terms, they shall have also resided during the Michaelmas term next preceding such examination, and during the Lent term in which it takes place. 11. That each of the Examiners receive 20*l*. from the Common Chest. 12. That the foregoing regulations do not affect the composition between the University and King's coll.—Notice is hereby given, That at the congregation appointed for Wednesday, the 26th of May next, a grace will be offered to the Senate: To affix the seal to a petition to her Majesty the Queen, praying for such an abridgment in the course of study now prescribed by the statutes of the University for the degree of Bachelor of Arts as is necessary for carrying the foregoing Regulations (I) into effect; and

to sanction the foregoing Regulations (I) and Plan (II), subject to the obtaining of the royal consent to the prayer of the petition above-mentioned.—At a congregation holden on Wednesday, April 28, a grace passed the Senate to confer the degree of Doctor in Divinity upon the Very Rev. C. H. Terrot, Master of Arts, of Trinity coll., by royal mandate. At the same congregation the following degrees were conferred: *Doctor in Physic*, J. C. Snowball, St. John's. *Bachelor in Divinity*, J. Pullen, Corpus Christi. *Masters of Arts*: W. J. Havart, St. John's; H. J. Hodgson, Trinity; C. A. Wilkinson, King's; J. W. Fulton, Trinity; J. T. Walker, Caius; G. H. Hooper, Trinity; C. Laing, Queens'; C. G. Prowett, Caius; C. S. Drake, Jesus; J. G. Venables, Jesus; D. Pooley, St. John's; G. Currey, St. John's. *Bachelor in the Civil Law*, S. T. Bartlett, Clare hall. *Bachelors of Arts*: B. W. Wright, Clare hall; M. Ware, Trinity; H. V. Broughton, St. Peter's; T. G. Ragland, Corpus Christi; W. R. Ick, Sidney; W. S. Symonds, Christ's; H. L. Distin, Caius; A. A. Bagshawe, Corpus Christi; G. F. R. Weidemann, Cath. hall; M. Booth, Corpus Christi; B. Maddock, Corpus Christi; J. W. Neat, Corpus Christi; G. C. Gordon, Corpus Christi. At the same congregation the Rev. John Mitchel Chapman, of Balliol college, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this university. There will be congregations on the following days: Wednesday, May 26, at eleven; Friday, June 11, (Stat. B. D. Comm.) at ten; Friday, June 25, at eleven; Saturday, July 8, at eleven; Monday, July 5, at ten; Friday, July 9, (end of term) at ten.—The following will be the classical subjects of examination for the degree of B.A. in the year 1849: *The Fourth Book of Xenophon's Memorabilia*; *Cicero's Oration for Milo*.

MAY 8.—The following gentlemen were on Thursday called to the bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn: John Lindsell, B.A., St. Peter's coll.; G. H. Hooper, M.A., Trin. coll.; Basil Woodd, B.A., Trin. coll.; J. W. Smith, B.C.L., Trin. hall.—On the 4th instant, T. G. Ragland, B.A., and W. Martin, B.A., of Corpus Christi coll., were elected Fellows of that society.—On Friday last, H. Hall and H. Thring, of Magdalen coll., were elected Fellows of that society.—*Cambridge Antiquarian Society*. On Thursday last, this society held its first annual meeting. The business of the meeting commenced with a proposal to modify one of the existing laws, so as to admit of the enlargement of the Council. This proposal having been adopted, a Board of Management for the year ensuing was chosen as follows:—President: The Rev. Ralph Tatham, D.D., Master of St. John's college. Council: Rev. W. H. Cockson, M.A.; Rev. Professor Corrie, B.D.; Sir Henry Dryden, Bart., M.A.; J. O. Halliwell, Esq.; Rev. J. Hildyard, M.A.; C. Lestourgeon, Esq., M.A.; Rev. J. Lodge, M.A.; Rev. J. J. Smith, M.A.; F. Thackeray, Esq., M.D.; Rev. W. Webb, D.D., Master of Clare hall; H. A. Woodham, Esq., B.A. Treasurer: The Rev. J. J. Smith. Secretary: J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Auditors: J. Packer, Esq., M.A., Vice-Provost of King's college; the Rev. W. Bates. A report was then read, in which the object of the society was insisted upon; and the manner of its operations, as well as the advantages which might be expected to result from them, were described and illustrated by example; and it concluded with a review of the present state of the society and its transactions during the first period of its existence. This report was received, and it was agreed that it should be printed. Several presents were then announced. A paper was read by Sir H. Dryden, on a number of camps which he considers connected with each other, chiefly on the edge of a range of hills bounding on the east of the valley of the Severn and upper Avon, extending from Bath and Bristol, on the lower Avon, to Darenty, in Northamptonshire, a distance of eighty-five miles. This paper was illustrated by a map, and by plans and sections of the camps described, and it appears highly probable that these camps were a part of the chain used, if not formed, by Ostorius Scapula for the protection of the Roman provinces. Mr. Woodham explained the delay in the appearance of his communication upon "the Application of Heraldry to the Public and Collegiate Buildings of the University," which is to form No. iv. of the society's publications; and held out the prospect for certain of its being published in a fortnight. A number of remains, chiefly Roman, lay upon the table. Some found in the immediate neighbourhood of Cambridge, were from the collection of Mr. Deck. The rest, together with his own drawings, representing two tessellated pavements and the coloured chamber-walls of a Roman villa, found not long since at Lidington, were exhibited by the Rev. W. Clack. This selection from his museum, formed by his own exertions, contained some highly interesting specimens; and the inspection of them was the more gratifying to the meeting, being accompanied with

illustrations and description by himself. A full account of his collection, so rich as it is, and derived principally from one spot, would appear an object worthy of the society's support. The time allowed by circumstances to the meeting having elapsed, the remainder of the communications were deferred to the next meeting; and thanks having been expressed for the communications made, the meeting separated.

MAY 15.—At a meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, held on Monday evening May 10, Dr. Hodgson the President being in the chair, Professor Willis read a paper on the arrangement of the joints of crustaceous animals and insects, and afterwards gave an account of an original drawing of Gothic mouldings in the MSS of the Itinerary of William of Wyncestre, which is preserved in the Library of Corpus Christi College, in this University.—*Cambridge Camden Society.* The second anniversary meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, May 11, at the rooms of the Philosophical Society. The chair having been taken by the President, at half-past 7, twenty-two members were ballotted for and elected. The President announced that the Society had been honoured by the accession of the Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and the Lords Bishops of Winchester, Lincoln, Bath and Wells, Sodor and Man, and Edinburgh. The report of the retiring committee was then read, from which it appeared that 250 churches had been visited and described; that grants had been made during the year in aid of the restoration of the York Minster—Old Shoreham, Sussex—Brixworth, Northamptonshire—Feastanton, Hunts—Lolworth, Cambs—Denton, Sussex; that the society had published several tracts in support of its designs; and that the balance in the Treasurer's hands amounted to £170. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the office of committee for 1841-2:—I. M. Neale, Esq., B.A., Downing, Chairman; A. S. Eddis, Esq., B.A., Fellow of Trinity, Treasurer; B. Webb, Esq., Trinity, and J. G. Young, Esq., B.A., Trinity, Joint Honorary Secretaries; and C. Collison, Esq., B.A., Fellow of St. John's; and F. A. Paley, Esq., St. John's. The President then delivered an address on the objects, principles, and nature of the society; considering it not only as an architectural, but as an ecclesiastical body. He argued from what it had done to what it might be expected to do; and concluded by shewing how ample was the field for its exertions. A paper was then read by F. A. Paley, Esq., B.A., on Brixworth church, Northamptonshire—the oldest church in the kingdom—which he illustrated by several sketches. A paper by the Rev. E. T. Codd, B.A., St. John's, on Daglingworth church, Gloucestershire, was, from want of time, necessarily deferred till the next meeting. Upwards of seventy brasses from various parts of the kingdom were exhibited. The society's large model of the font in Winchester Cathedral was placed on the table.—*Gonville and Caius College.* The Chemical Examination for the Mickleburgh Scholarship was held on the 13th; the first on the list was *William Davies*, one of the Tancred Students.—The Rev. J. B. Sneigar, of Jesus coll., has been presented by the Right Hon. Lord Dacre to the vicarage of Royston, Herts, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. Catherly. Value, 107*l*. Population, 1767.—The Rev. C. Broughton, M.A., of Emmanuel coll., has been presented by W. Smith, Esq., to the rectory of Stopham, Sussex, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. C. Whicher. Value, 160*l*. Population, 120.—The Rev. G. H. Walsh, M.A., of Corpus Christi coll., has been presented to the incumbency of the newly consecrated church of St. John the Evangelist, Clifton, Bristol.—The Rev. R. Brocklebank, late of Queens' coll., has been presented by the Earl of Burlington to the perpetual curacy of Udimore, Sussex. Value, 100*l*. Population, 454.—An application was made yesterday se'nnight to the Master of the Rolls, by Mr. Pemberton, on the petition of the Trustees of the Craven Charitable Fund, to increase the Craven Scholarships in Oxford and Cambridge to 75*l*. a year to each scholar. The petition was ordered to stand over for the production of the certificate of the trustees.—The Rev. John Ashley, of Jesus coll., chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ely, has been inducted to the prebendal stall in Ely Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Cambridge.—W. D. Christie, Esq., B.A., scholar of Trinity coll., has been appointed private secretary to the Right Hon. the Earl of Minto, first Lord of the Admiralty, in the room of Lord Melgund, retired.—The Queen has been pleased to appoint T. Welch, Esq., of Queens' coll., to be Attorney General of Van Diemen's Land.—At a congregation on Wednesday, the following degrees were conferred: *Doctor in Civil Law*, H. P. Wyatt, Fellow of Trinity hall. *Masters of Arts*: W. N. Nicholson, Trinity; T. G. Wilmer, Trinity; G. Waring, Trinity; W. A. Smith, St. John's. *Bachelors of Arts*: W. F. Witts, King's; J. K. Tucker, St. Peter's; C. Phillips, Trinity; J. Cockle, Trinity; W. Headley, Corpus.

BACHELORS' COMMENCEMENT,

JANUARY 22, 1841.

<i>Moderators:</i>	{ ALEXANDER THURTELL, M.A., Caius college.
	{ EDWIN STEVENTON, M.A., Corpus Christi college.
<i>Examiners:</i>	{ HENRY WILKINSON COOKSON, St. Peter's college.
	{ EDWARD BRUMELL, M.A., St. John's college.

WRANGLERS.

1 STOKES, <i>Pemb.</i>	14 Hall, <i>Magd.</i>	26 Maccall, <i>Pemb.</i>
2 Jones, H. C. <i>Trin.</i>	Edwards, } <i>Queens'.</i>	27 Molyneux, <i>Trin.</i>
3 Sykes, <i>Pemb.</i>	Goren, } <i>Queens'.</i>	28 Begbie, <i>Pet.</i>
4 Hagland, <i>Corpus.</i>	17 Wrigley, <i>Joh.</i>	29 Heathcote, <i>Trin.</i>
5 Boulbee, <i>Joh.</i>	18 Fisher, <i>Jes.</i>	30 Richardson, <i>Trin.</i>
6 Swainson, <i>Trin.</i>	19 Smith, G. P. <i>Trin.</i>	31 Nicholson, <i>Trin.</i>
7 Smith, W. <i>Trin.</i>	20 Sangster, <i>Joh.</i>	32 Turnbull, <i>Trin.</i>
8 Power, <i>Pemb.</i>	21 Headlam, <i>Pemb.</i>	33 Cockle, <i>Trin.</i>
9 Bull, <i>Joh.</i>	22 Piggott, <i>Pet.</i>	34 Pearson, <i>Cath.</i>
10 Inehbald, <i>Joh.</i>	23 Weideman, <i>Cath.</i>	35 Parish, <i>Joh.</i>
11 Scott, <i>Joh.</i>	24 Ick, <i>Sid.</i>	Lodge, } <i>Magd.</i>
12 Riggott, <i>Joh.</i>	25 Preston, <i>Trin.</i>	Tate, } <i>Joh.</i>
13 Lovell, <i>Joh.</i>		

SENIOR OPTIMES.

1 Ridout, <i>Christ's.</i>	14 Harrison, <i>Caius.</i>	Braddy, } <i>Joh.</i>
2 Pitman, <i>Clare.</i>	15 Beard, <i>Joh.</i>	Treacy, } <i>Emm.</i>
3 King, <i>Jes.</i>	16 Strickland, <i>Trin.</i>	28 Ware, <i>Trin.</i>
4 Braithwait, <i>Jes.</i>	17 Ellicott, <i>Joh.</i>	29 Poynder, <i>Trin.</i>
5 Currey, <i>Trin.</i>	18 Harrison, <i>Trin.</i>	30 Easther, <i>Emm.</i>
6 Robinson, T. <i>Trin.</i>	19 Gooch, <i>Caius.</i>	31 Young, <i>Trin.</i>
7 Turner, <i>Trin.</i>	20 Hardcastle, <i>Joh.</i>	32 Layng, <i>Sid.</i>
8 Rugeley, <i>Joh.</i>	21 Hodgson, <i>Corpus.</i>	33 Bennet, <i>Joh.</i>
9 Westhorp, <i>Clare.</i>	22 Jones, R. P. <i>Trin.</i>	34 Domville, <i>Christ's.</i>
10 Watkin, <i>Joh.</i>	23 Halson, <i>Pemb.</i>	35 Martin, <i>Corpus.</i>
11 Cumming, <i>Pemb.</i>	Beaumont, } <i>Trin.</i>	36 Martineau, <i>Trin.</i>
12 Craufurd, <i>Trin.</i>	Macmichael, } <i>Pemb.</i>	
13 Reid, <i>Caius.</i>		

JUNIOR OPTIMES.

Allnutt, } <i>Pet.</i>	13 Wood, <i>Cath.</i>	Hughes, } <i>Jes.</i>
Broughton, } <i>Pet.</i>	14 Thring, <i>Magd.</i>	Tagg, } <i>Pemb.</i>
3 Bickerdike, <i>Trin.</i>	Cope, } <i>Trin.</i>	27 Shaboe, <i>Queens'.</i>
4 Jephson, <i>Corpus.</i>	Smith, } <i>Joh.</i>	28 Forbes, <i>Trin.</i>
5 Stock, <i>Joh.</i>	Tritton, } <i>Trin.</i>	29 Weir, <i>Trin.</i>
6 Patch, <i>Queens'.</i>	18 Gisborne, <i>Trin.</i>	30 Colville, <i>Trin.</i>
7 Bather, <i>Joh.</i>	19 Titcomb, <i>Pet.</i>	31 Mee, <i>Christ's.</i>
8 Flint, <i>Magd.</i>	Harris, } <i>Cath.</i>	32 Rawson, <i>Trin.</i>
9 Perry, <i>Trin.</i>	Parker, } <i>Trin.</i>	33 Mathews, <i>Clare.</i>
Bickersteth, } <i>Queens'.</i>	22 Wheatley, <i>Down.</i>	34 Boufflower, <i>Joh.</i>
Nicholson, } <i>Caius.</i>	Gould, } <i>Joh.</i>	35 Charlton, <i>Joh.</i>
12 Miller, <i>Joh.</i>	James, } <i>Joh.</i>	

DEGREES ALLOWED.

1 Boden, <i>Trin.</i>	4 Mason, <i>Trin.</i>	7 Ramsden, R. <i>Trin.</i>
2 D'Aglié, <i>Magd.</i>	5 Phillips, <i>Trin.</i>	8 Reynolds, <i>Queens'.</i>
3 Dean, <i>Christ's.</i>	6 Ramsden, C. <i>Trin.</i>	9 Wheeler, <i>Christ's.</i>

QUESTIONISTS, NOT CANDIDATES FOR HONORS.

Examiners : { JOHN MILLS, M.A., Pembroke college.
JOHN ROBINSON HUTCHINSON, M.A., St. John's college.
GEORGE WHITAKER, M.A., Queens' college.
WILLIAM WIGAN HARVEY, M.A., King's college.
WILLIAM DIXON RANGELEY, M.A., Queens' college.
RICHARD SHILLETO, M.A., Trinity college.

1 BRINE,	<i>Queens'.</i>	44 Barker,	<i>Pemb.</i>	86 Distin,	<i>Catus.</i>
2 Jones, L.	<i>Trin.</i>	45 Bevan,	<i>Trin.</i>	87 Blackden,	<i>Queens'.</i>
3 Hughes,	<i>Cath.</i>	46 Hodgson,	<i>Trin.</i>	88 Shelley,	<i>Joh.</i>
4 Harris, J.	<i>Cath.</i>	47 Chamberlain,	<i>Christ's</i>	89 Turton,	<i>Jes.</i>
5 Holland,	<i>Queens'.</i>	48 Daubeny,	<i>Jes.</i>	90 Coates,	<i>Cath.</i>
6 Hibbs,	<i>Joh.</i>	49 Tooth,	<i>Trin.</i>	91 Ffolkes,	<i>Emm.</i>
7 Lees,	<i>Corpus.</i>	50 Beal,	<i>Trin.</i>	92 Allott,	<i>Jes.</i>
8 Swansborough,	<i>Pemb.</i>	51 Wright,	<i>Clare.</i>	93 Shoubridge,	<i>Catus.</i>
9 Vivian,	<i>Trin.</i>	52 Griffith,	<i>Trin.</i>	94 Caffin,	<i>Catus.</i>
10 Morewood,	<i>Queens'.</i>	53 Jenkins,	<i>Trin.</i>	95 Manson,	<i>Trin.</i>
11 Field,	<i>Corpus.</i>	54 Stockdale,	<i>Cath.</i>	96 Jermyn,	<i>Trin. H.</i>
12 Yatman,	<i>Catus.</i>	55 Cripps,	<i>Joh.</i>	97 Davies,	<i>Queens'.</i>
13 Fitzpatrick,	<i>Pet.</i>	56 Grenside,	<i>Pet.</i>	98 Pearson, J.	<i>Cath.</i>
14 Kingsford,	<i>Corp.</i>	57 Booth,	<i>Corpus.</i>	99 Constable,	<i>Jes.</i>
15 Manners, Ld. G.	<i>Trin.</i>	58 Roberts,	<i>Jes.</i>	100 Bishop,	<i>Magd.</i>
16 Boggis,	<i>Emm.</i>	59 Taylor,	<i>Trin.</i>	101 Howlett,	<i>Jes.</i>
17 Hutchinson,	<i>Joh.</i>	60 Cooper,	<i>Corpus.</i>	102 Beauchamp,	<i>Christ's.</i>
18 Headley,	<i>Cor.</i>	61 Elliott, J. E.	<i>Cath.</i>	103 Peckston,	<i>Trin.</i>
19 Lyttelton, Hon. W.	<i>Trin.</i>	62 Thornhill,	<i>Emm.</i>	104 Sawle,	<i>Clare.</i>
20 Townsend,	<i>Clare.</i>	63 Fortescue, Hon. D.	<i>Trin.</i>	105 Dyke,	<i>Clare.</i>
21 Rose,	<i>Trin.</i>	64 Yates,	<i>Cath.</i>	106 Goodchild,	<i>Sid.</i>
22 Parry,	<i>Pemb.</i>	65 Bates,	<i>Trin.</i>	107 Wells,	<i>Joh.</i>
23 Winter,	<i>Jes.</i>	66 Shelley,	<i>Trin.</i>	108 Symonds,	<i>Christ's.</i>
24 Bland,	<i>Trin.</i>	67 Jones,	<i>Pemb.</i>	109 King,	<i>Queens'.</i>
25 Tucker,	<i>Pet.</i>	68 Elborne,	<i>Pet.</i>		
26 Harrison,	<i>Christ's.</i>	69 Irving,	<i>Trin.</i>	Abbott,	<i>Queens'.</i>
27 Maddock,	<i>Corpus.</i>	70 Smith, N.	<i>Trin.</i>	Alford,	<i>Queens'.</i>
28 Halla,	<i>Queens'.</i>	71 White,	<i>Trin. H.</i>	Barnes,	<i>Clare.</i>
29 Wood,	<i>Magd.</i>	72 Neat,	<i>Corpus.</i>	Carwardine,	<i>Joh.</i>
30 Coney,	<i>Corpus.</i>	73 Moore,	<i>Joh.</i>	Drury,	<i>Christ's.</i>
31 Roberts,	<i>Trin.</i>	74 a'Court,	<i>Joh.</i>	Gibson,	<i>Joh.</i>
32 Langslow,	<i>Jes.</i>	75 Surtees,	<i>Corpus.</i>	Hall,	<i>Joh.</i>
33 Bussell,	<i>Trin.</i>	76 Babbington,	<i>Trin.</i>	Julius,	<i>Joh.</i>
34 Dawes,	<i>Trin.</i>	77 Jeaffreson,	<i>Pemb.</i>	Millett,	<i>Clare.</i>
35 Paris,	<i>Trin.</i>	78 Wood,	<i>Trin.</i>	Oliver,	<i>Trin.</i>
36 Cattley,	<i>Trin.</i>	79 Bagshawe,	<i>Corp.</i>	Raw,	<i>Queens'.</i>
37 Fenton,	<i>Trin.</i>	80 Fisher, C. J.	<i>Jes.</i>	Robinson, O.	<i>Trin.</i>
38 Flint,	<i>Trin.</i>	81 Vereker, Hon. C.	<i>Trin.</i>	Savile, Hon. A.	<i>Trin.</i>
39 Daniell,	<i>Magd.</i>	82 M'Lachlan,	<i>Trin. H.</i>	Wawn,	<i>Joh.</i>
40 Powell,	<i>Trin.</i>	83 Courtenay,	<i>Trin.</i>	Williams,	<i>Queens'.</i>
41 Losh,	<i>Jes.</i>	84 Balfour,	<i>Trin.</i>	Wilson,	<i>Pet.</i>
42 Loudon,	<i>Corpus.</i>	85 Johnson,	<i>Corp.</i>	Woodcock,	<i>Emm.</i>
43 Pyke,	<i>Corpus.</i>				

ÆGROTAT.

Rowlatt, *Queens'.* | Taunton, *Joh.*

SENATE-HOUSE EXAMINATION.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6, 1841.....9 to 11½.

[N.B. *The Differential Calculus is not to be employed.*]

1. THE angles which one straight line makes with another upon the one side of it are either two right angles, or are together equal to two right angles.

2. Describe an isosceles triangle, having each of the angles at the base double of the third angle. Shew that if the points of intersection of the circles, in Euclid's figure, be joined with the vertex of the triangle and with each other, another triangle will be formed similar and equal to the former.

3. State the difference between interest and discount, and find the discount on £397. 6s. 8d. due 9 months hence, at 4 per cent. per ann.

4. Find the number of feet, inches and parts, in the side of a square whose area is 14 feet 11 inches.

5. Define the least common multiple of two quantities, and prove that it measures every other common multiple of them. Find the least common multiple of $3x^2 - 5x + 2$ and $4x^3 - 4x^2 - x + 1$.

6. Solve the following equations:

$$(1) \frac{1}{x-2} - \frac{2}{x+2} = \frac{3}{5}.$$

$$(2) \left. \begin{array}{l} x - y = 12 \\ x^2 + y^2 = 74 \end{array} \right\},$$

and shew that a quadratic equation cannot have more than two roots.

7. Shew that if any one term of the series for $(1+x)^{\pm n}$, where x is a proper fraction, be numerically less than the one which precedes it, the same is true of all the following terms.

Find the coefficient of x^n in the expansion of $\left(x - \frac{1}{x}\right)^{2n-1}$.

8. Prove that $\tan A = \pm \sqrt{\frac{1 - \cos 2A}{1 + \cos 2A}}$, and shew which of the two signs ought to be used in particular cases.

9. Explain the use of subsidiary angles in adapting algebraical formulæ to numerical calculation.

$$\text{Ex. (1) } a \sin x + b \cos x = c, \quad (2) \quad x = \sqrt{a-b} + \sqrt{a+b}.$$

10. Find the equation to a straight line passing through a given point in the axis of x , and making an angle of 45° with the straight line whose equation is $\frac{x}{a} - \frac{y}{b} = 1$.

11. In the parabola shew that $SY^2 = AS \cdot SP$, and prove that there is only one point where the focal distance is perpendicular to the tangent.

12. Find the equation to the ellipse, referred to the centre as origin of co-ordinates, and a system of conjugate diameters as axes. Find

the angle between the axes when the equation is reduced to the form

$$x^2 + y^2 = c^2.$$

13. Shew how to transform an equation into one which shall want its second term, Take away the second term from the equation

$$x^3 - 6x^2 + 12x + 19 = 0,$$

and find the three roots of the resulting equation.

14. Prove that in a spherical triangle,

(1) Any one side is greater than the difference between the two others.

(2) The sum of any two angles is greater or less than 180° according as the sum of the two opposite sides is greater or less than 180° .

15. Find an expression for the side of a spherical triangle in terms of another side and the angles which are adjacent to that side.

16. How are different systems of logarithms distinguished? Having given the logarithm of a number in one system, shew how to find it in another. Assuming the series for $\log(1+x)$ prove that

$$\log_e(x+2h) = 2 \log_e(x+h) - \log_e x - \left\{ \frac{h^2}{(x+h)^3} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{h^4}{(x+h)^4} + \frac{1}{3} \frac{h^6}{(x+h)^6} + \&c. \right\}$$

$$17. \text{ Prove that } \frac{\sin \theta}{\theta} = \left(1 - \frac{\theta^2}{\pi^2}\right) \left(1 - \frac{\theta^2}{2^2\pi^2}\right) \left(1 - \frac{\theta^2}{3^2\pi^2}\right) \&c.$$

Explain fully the advantages of a set of tables which give the numerical values of $\log_{10} \frac{\sin \theta}{\theta}$, when θ is small.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6, 1841.....1 to 4.

[N.B. *The Differential Calculus is not to be employed.*]

1. If two weights, acting perpendicularly upon a straight lever on opposite sides of the fulcrum, have their distances from the fulcrum inversely as the weights, they will balance each other.

2. If three forces keep a point in equilibrium, and three straight lines be drawn, making with the direction of the forces three equal angles toward the same parts so as to form a triangle, the sides of the triangle will represent the magnitudes of the respective forces.

3. Find the ratio of P to W when there is equilibrium on the screw.

4. Define accelerating force, mass and moving force, and give their respective measures.

State and prove the third law of motion. What is the meaning of the term "action" in the expression "action and reaction are equal and opposite"?

5. Find the accelerating force when a heavy body hanging vertically draws another up a given inclined plane, the string being parallel to the plane. Also find the horizontal space described by their common centre of gravity in one second.

6. Find the equation to the path of a projectile in vacuo; shew how the curve is situated; and find the velocity with which a body

may be projected in a given direction from the top of a tower, so as to strike the ground at a given point.

7. Find the pressure at any point of a heavy fluid at rest.

Determine the vertical pressure on the rectangular side of a full trough, inclined at a given acute angle to the horizontal bottom; also, the dimensions of the side being given, find the angle of inclination when this pressure is the greatest.

8. Describe the common hydrometer and its use.

The specific gravities of three fluids which mix freely are a, b, c ; and weights of them are taken in the proportion of $1 : m : n$; find the specific gravity of the compound.

9. Find the geometrical focus, when a small diverging pencil is incident directly on a concave reflector; and, a small object being placed at right angles to the axis, half way between the surface and the principal focus, compare the linear magnitudes of the image and object.

10. When a ray passes out of one medium into another, the deviation increases with the angle of incidence.

11. Describe Gregory's telescope; and explain why the eye-piece must be drawn out in order to adapt it to objects not very distant.

12. Enunciate and prove the tenth lemma of Newton's first section.

13. The velocity at any point of a curve described about a centre of force is that due to one-fourth of the chord of curvature through the centre.

14. A body is projected with a given velocity at a given distance from a centre of force varying inversely as the square of the distance; shew that the axis major of the orbit described is independent of the direction of projection.

15. Give the arguments for supposing the Earth to be round; and, on the supposition of its being a sphere, investigate a formula for calculating approximately the dip of the horizon.

16. Shew that the Earth's annual motion, its axis being always parallel to a fixed line, is the cause of the periodical change in the Sun's declination.

17. Define a sidereal and a mean solar day.

Shew how to set a sidereal clock from the observed altitude of a known star.

THURSDAY, Jan. 7, 1841.....9 to 11½.

1. IN the single moveable pulley, the power is to the weight as the velocity of the weight is to that of the power. Prove this,

(1) When the strings are parallel.

(2) When they include a given angle.

2. Find an expression for the centre of gravity of a solid of revolution.

From a hemisphere a paraboloid is cut away having the same base and vertex as the hemisphere, find the centre of gravity of the remainder.

3. If r be the radius vector of a body which describes an angle θ round a centre of force f in time t , shew that $\frac{d^2r}{dt^2} = -f + \left(\frac{d\theta}{dt}\right)^2 r$.

Account for the existence of the term $\left(\frac{d\theta}{dt}\right)^2 r$ in this expression when there is no such term in those for $\frac{d^2x}{dt^2}$ and $\frac{d^2y}{dt^2}$.

4. Assuming the polar equation to the path of a body about a centre of force, apply it to find the angle between the apsides in an orbit nearly circular when the force $= \frac{\mu}{r^2} - \mu'r$; and having given the least apsidal distance and the ratio of the velocity to that in a circle at that distance, find the greatest apsidal distance.

5. State D'Alembert's principle, and apply it to find the motion of two weights on a straight lever, neglecting the weight of the lever. If the lever descend from a horizontal position, find the velocities of the weights when it reaches the vertical position.

6. How is the pressure at a given point of a mass of fluid measured? Prove that when an elastic fluid of uniform temperature acted on by gravity is at rest, its density is the same at all points in the same horizontal plane.

How is it that the pressure of the atmosphere will support the mercurial column in a barometer, and will not support the water in a glass turned upside down?

7. Investigate (without first assuming the pencil to be a convergent or divergent one) the amount of the longitudinal aberration when a small pencil of parallel rays is incident directly on a convex spherical refracting surface. Find also the distance of the circle of least aberration from the refracting surface, and draw carefully a diagram shewing the course of the rays.

8. Find the ratio between the focal lengths of two lenses in order that they may form an achromatic combination when placed in contact. If the lenses do not exactly fulfil the required condition, shew in what case the achromatism may be secured by slightly separating them.

With what view have object-glasses of three lenses been constructed?

9. Shew that whilst the Earth moves from perihelion to aphelion the Moon's periodic time is diminished. (*Newton*, Prop. LXVI. Cor. 6.)

What secular inequality is the Moon's mean annual motion subject to?

10. Find the effect of the central disturbing force on the eccentricity of the Moon's orbit in one revolution, perigee being between upper quadrature and nearer syzygy. (*Newton*, Prop. LXVI. Cor. 9.)

State the nature of the evection, and shew how it is accounted for.

11. Compare the lengths of the shortest day at two given places, and shew that the Sun does not rise in latitude $66^\circ 32'$ for 24 hours at the time of the winter solstice.

12. Shew how the Moon's horizontal equatoreal parallax may be found from observations made in the plane of the meridian. What correction is necessary if the observations be made on different meridians?

13. Mention the different instrumental errors to which observations

of the transits of stars are liable, and how they are corrected in practice. Find the effect of the "error of level" on the observed time of transit of a star.

THURSDAY, Jan. 7, 1841.....1 to 4.

1. (α) If the price in shillings of a cwt. of goods be multiplied by 3 and divided by 7, the result is the value in farthings of a pound weight.

(β) If $a_1 a_2 \dots a_n$ be positive quantities, $\frac{n-1}{2} (a_1 + a_2 \dots + a_n)$ is always greater than $\sqrt{(a_1 a_2)} + \sqrt{(a_1 a_3)} + \sqrt{(a_2 a_3)} + \dots$. Also, the former expression is the greatest value the latter can have under the condition $a_1 + a_2 + \dots + a_n = \text{constant}$.

2. If there be n equations between n unknown quantities $x_1 x_2 \dots x_n$, and $n+1$ known quantities $a_1 a_2 \dots a_n$ and c , the m^{th} equation being

$$a_1^{m-1} x_1 + a_2^{m-1} x_2 \dots + a_n^{m-1} x_n = c^{m-1}; \text{ then}$$

$$x_1 = \frac{(c - a_2)(c - a_3) \dots (c - a_n)}{(a_1 - a_2)(a_1 - a_3) \dots (a_1 - a_n)}, \text{ and similarly for } x_2, x_3 \dots$$

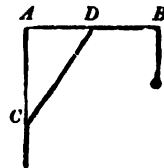
Prove this when $n=3$, or generally.

3. A cloud, or other object known to be moving in a horizontal plane, is observed by a person within a room; from the line in which it seems to move across the window and the position of the eye, determine the direction of its motion.

4. There are n straight lines in a plane; α of them are parallel to each other and to none else; β parallel to each other and to none else, and so on; and none of the remaining $n - \alpha - \beta - \gamma - \dots$ lines are parallel to any of the former, or to each other; find the greatest possible number of their intersections.

5. If A and B be the extremities of the axis major of a conic section, T the point where a tangent at a point P in the curve meets AB , QTR a line perpendicular to AB and meeting AP and BP in Q and R respectively; then $QT = RT$.

6. A and C are fixed points, or pegs, in the same vertical line, about which beams AB , CD are freely moveable; AB is supported in a horizontal position by C , D , and has a weight suspended at B ; find the pressure at C , (1) when there is a hinge-joint at D , (2) when CD forms one piece with AB , the weights of the beam being in each case neglected.



7. Two billiard balls are lying in contact on the table; in what direction must one of them be struck by a third so as to go off in a given direction? The balls are supposed equal in all respects, smooth, and of the same elasticity.

8. If for any curve, r be the distance of any point in it from a fixed point, and s the arc, then the perpendicular from the fixed point upon the normal $= r \frac{dr}{ds}$.

If ρ be the radius of curvature, then the radius of curvature ρ_1 of the evolute at the corresponding point $= \rho \frac{d\rho}{ds}$; and if ρ_n be the radius of curvature of the n^{th} evolute (the evolute of the first evolute being called the second evolute, and so on), then $\rho_n = \rho \frac{d\rho_{n-1}}{ds}$.

Prove these formulæ, and give their geometrical interpretation.

9. Shew that a uniform rod of different density from that of water, when left to itself in water, must practically either float at length on the surface, or lie at length at the bottom.

A uniform rod, of less specific gravity than that of water, has a string attached to one end of it and also to the bottom of a pond whose depth is less than the sum of the lengths of the rod and string; find each position of stable equilibrium which the rod can take.

10. A plane revolves uniformly about a vertical axis through which it passes, and a body descends with its flat smooth surface pressing against the plane; find the equation to the path of the body upon the plane.

11. Prove that $\Delta_x^m \Delta_y^n u_{x,y} = \Delta_x^n \Delta_y^m u_{x,y}$, and that each expression $= (u_x - 1)^m (u_y - 1)^n$, if generally $u_x^r u_y^s = u_{x+r, y+s}$, where h and k are the increments of x and y respectively.

12. Find the nature of the curve in which, if any two radii vectores be inclined to each other at a given angle, the tangents at their extremities are inclined to each other at another given angle. Discuss the cases when the angle between the radii vectores is double of that between the tangents, and when it is equal to it.

13. A circular hoop has communicated to it a velocity of translation, parallel to a given rough inclined plane with which it is in contact, and in the downward direction; and also at the same time a velocity of rotation about its centre. The motion takes place in a plane which is perpendicular to the intersection of the inclined plane with a horizontal one. Find the conditions under which the hoop will descend to a given point on the inclined plane and then just return to the place whence it set out; also point out the circumstances of the remainder of the motion.

14. On the emission theory of light the amount of aberration is independent of the density of the medium through which the light comes to the eye, but not so on the undulatory theory.

15. There are four candidates for an office and four electors; each elector gives two votes, one to each of two candidates; and in the first scrutiny one candidate, viz. he who has fewest votes or none, is to be rejected. Shew that the rejected candidate may not be the one who is least approved. Also, neglecting moral causes, find the chance of its being necessary to repeat the first scrutiny, (1) on account of each of the four candidates having two votes, and (2) on account of some two at least having the same number of votes or none.

16. From each point of the exterior of two concentric ellipsoids, whose axes are in the same directions, tangent planes are drawn to the surface of the interior one; shew that all the planes of contact,

corresponding to the several points of the exterior surface, touch another concentric ellipsoid.

Shew also, that if tangents be drawn from each point of any plane curve of the second order to any other curve of the second order in the same plane, however situated, the lines which join the points of contact of the pairs of tangents drawn from each point of the first curve, touch another curve of the second order.

17. Two parallel indefinite planes are maintained at different constant temperatures; a thin indefinite plane lamina being placed between them so as to be parallel to each, find the temperature which it will ultimately attain, on the supposition of the space between the planes being a vacuum.

To what causes may the excessive cold of the higher regions of the atmosphere be attributed?

State the steps of the reasoning by which the temperature of that part of space in which the earth moves has been approximated to.

18. Prove that, if at each point of space a force act which is any function of its distance from a given point A , and θ be the angle at which the tangent to a point P of an arbitrary curve, connecting any two points P_1, P_2 in space, is inclined to the direction of the force f at P , then $\int f \cos \theta ds$, from P_1 to P_2 , depends only on the distances AP_1, AP_2 .

Assuming that the law of force in the action of the particles of the magnetic fluid is that of the inverse square of the distance, shew that the existence of two points on the Earth's surface where the total horizontal magnetic force vanishes, and the total intensity is a maximum for both or a minimum for both, necessitates the existence of a third point where the total horizontal force vanishes.

19. If a beam hang vertically by means of a string attached to its upper extremity and to a fixed point, shew that there are two ways in which the beam can oscillate so that each point in it comes to the vertical position of rest at the same instant, and find the respective times of small oscillations of this nature.

20. Find an expression for the time of a small oscillation of any body about a fixed horizontal axis, the body being partly immersed in a fluid; and deduce from it the times of oscillation, (1) when the body floats freely and moves about its centre of gravity, (2) when it is wholly immersed. The resistance of the fluid is not to be taken into account.

FRIDAY, Jan. 8, 1841.....9 to 11½.

1. In equal circles angles whether at the centres or circumferences have the same ratio which the circumferences on which they stand have to one another.

2. Draw a straight line perpendicular to a plane from a given point above it.

3. Find the present value of an annuity for any number of years commencing at the present time, at compound interest; and shew that the present value of an annuity to commence p years hence and continue q years, is a sum which in p years would amount to the present value of the same annuity to commence now and last q years.

4. Explain the method of finding the limits of the negative roots of a proposed equation; and apply it to find a negative quantity numerically less than any of the negative roots of the equation

$$x^3 + 7x + 1 = 0$$

and a near limit to them.

5. Shew that in any plane triangle the sines of the angles are to one another as the sides opposite.

Two sides of a triangle being 1 foot and 1000 feet respectively, and the angle opposite to the latter being 30° , give the several logarithmic formulæ for obtaining the angle opposite to the other, and explain which is the best.

6. If, in a spherical triangle, A , B , and a be given, and $A + B$ be $< 180^\circ$, shew when there is an ambiguity in the solution.

In the formula for determining c , values may be arbitrarily given to A , B , and a , so that there shall be two triangles, only one, or none at all.

7. Prove that in the hyperbola $CD \cdot PF = AC \cdot BC$.

8. Find the equations to a straight line drawn through the origin at right angles to a given plane; and find the equation to a plane which passes through the point whose co-ordinates are a , b , c , and makes angles of 60° and 45° with the planes of yz and xz respectively.

9. If $u=f(y)$ and $y=\phi(x)$, then $\frac{du}{dx} = \frac{du}{dy} \frac{dy}{dx}$.

Differentiate $\sec^{-1} \frac{a}{x}$ and $\log_e \frac{x - \sqrt{a^2 - x^2}}{x + \sqrt{a^2 - x^2}}$.

If $(a^2 - x^2) \frac{d^2z}{dx^2} + \frac{a^2 - 3x^2}{x} \frac{dz}{dx} - z = 0$, and $x^2 + y^2 = a^2$,

find the differential equation between z and y , y being the independent variable.

10. Deduce Maclaurin's Theorem from Taylor's.

Apply the theorem to expand $\log_e \frac{a-x}{a-2x}$ in series—(1) of ascending, and (2) of descending powers of x , each to three terms.

11. Explain what is meant by maximum and minimum values of a function of one variable; and shew that the corresponding value of the first differential coefficient is nothing or infinite.

Determine the maximum and minimum values of $\frac{(a-x)^3}{(a-2x)^2}$.

12. Prove that the angle between the radius vector and the tangent of a curve referred to polar co-ordinates $= \tan^{-1} r \frac{d\theta}{dr}$.

Find the relation between this angle and θ , and also that between p and r , for the curve whose equation is $r = a \cos \theta$.

13. Integrate the following expressions:

$$\frac{1}{\sqrt{x^2 + a^2}}, \quad \frac{x^3 + 3x + 1}{(x+1)^3(x^2 + 2x - 1)}, \quad \frac{\sin^2 x}{a + b \cos^2 x}.$$

Find the surface of a prolate spheroid.

FRIDAY, Jan. 8, 1841.....1 to 4.

1. Having given $\tan \phi = \frac{\sin \theta \cos \theta'}{\sin \theta' + \cos \theta}$, shew that

$$\tan \frac{\phi}{2} = \tan \frac{\theta}{2} \tan \left(45^\circ - \frac{\theta'}{2} \right);$$

shew also that the equation

$$a^2b^4(x'-x)^2 + a^4b^2(y'-y)^2 + (b^2x^2 + a^2y^2 - a^2b^2)(b^2x'^2 + a^2y'^2 - a^2b^2) = 0$$

is equivalent to the two

$$a^2b^2 - a^2yy' - b^2xx' = 0, \text{ and } xy' - x'y = 0.$$

2. What plane rectilineal figure is that in which a similar rectilineal figure can be inscribed, whose area shall be $\left(\frac{1}{n}\right)^{\text{th}}$ of the area of the former?

Ex. $n = 2, n = 4$.

3. If from one of the angles of a rectangle a perpendicular be drawn to its diagonal, and from the point of their intersection lines be drawn perpendicular to the sides which contain the opposite angle; shew that if p and p' be the lengths of the perpendiculars last drawn, and d the diagonal of the rectangle,

$$p^{\frac{2}{3}} + p'^{\frac{2}{3}} = d^{\frac{2}{3}}.$$

4. A hollow vessel in the form of a tetrahedron is filled with a given weight w of fluid, and is placed in an inverted position on a horizontal plane; shew that the fluid will escape from under the vessel, unless the weight of the vessel be at least equal to twice w .

5. A cone rests with its base upon the vertex of a given paraboloid, find the greatest ratio which the height of the cone can bear to the length of the latus rectum of the paraboloid, while the equilibrium remains stable.

6. A hollow square and a hollow equilateral wedge, each r deep, have the same number n of men in each of their fronts; also the number of men in the innermost ranks of the square is equal to p times the corresponding number in the wedge; shew that

$$r(9p-8) = n(3p-4) + 6p-4.$$

7. A small pencil of rays is transmitted through a prism in a plane perpendicular to its axis; find the focus of emergent rays in the primary plane, taking account of the thickness of the prism; and deduce from the result the expression for the place of the focus when a pencil is transmitted through a plate which is bounded by parallel plane surfaces.

8. If a prismatic diving-bell of given volume be sunk to a given depth in water, find the volume of air (at its natural density) which will be required to be forced into the bell, in order that $\left(\frac{1}{m}\right)^{\text{th}}$ of its volume may be free from water.

9. Shew that the curve whose equation is

$$\frac{y}{r} = \sin \frac{\alpha}{r}, \text{ where } y^2 - 2rx + x^2 = 0,$$

intersects the axis of x in an infinite number of points; also that the curve

$$ye^{\frac{1}{\sqrt{(3)}} \tan^{-1} \left(\frac{2x-1}{\sqrt{(3)}} \right)} = c \sqrt{(x^2 - x + 1)},$$

is one of those denoted by the equations

$$\log \left(\frac{y}{c} \right) = \int_x \frac{1}{x - \phi(x)} \text{ and } \phi^2(x) = x.$$

10. If two bodies be projected from the same point, at the same instant, with velocities v and v_1 , and in directions α and α_1 , shew that the time which elapses between their transits through the other point which is common to both their paths is equal to

$$\frac{2}{g} \cdot \frac{vv_1 \sin(\alpha \sim \alpha_1)}{v_1 \cos \alpha_1 + v \cos \alpha}.$$

11. A certain substance whose volume is v and density ρ , is enclosed in a thin expansible film and sunk in water. The substance undergoes a change (in proportion to the time) such, that each portion of it swells into m times its original volume; shew that the substance will begin to rise in the water after $\frac{v(\rho - 1)}{n(m - 1)}$ seconds, if n be the portion of the substance changed in one second, and unity represent the density of water. Find also the portion of the substance which remains unchanged at that instant.

12. If the density of a straight rod AB vary as (dist.) ^{n} from one end A , and k, k' be the radii of gyration of the rod round A and B respectively, shew that k^2 is always some exact multiple of k'^2 , whatever be the integral value of n ; find also the value of n so that k may be equal to $6k'$.

13. A conical surface, whose vertex is A , is cut by a plane which is parallel to one of its slant sides AC , and the part of the surface which contains the vertex is developed into a plane, the surface being again cut along AC ; shew that the polar equation to the curved boundary of the plane figure, measuring from A , is

$$r = \frac{2AB}{1 + \cos(\theta \operatorname{cosec} \alpha)},$$

where 2α is the vertical angle of the cone, and B the point of intersection of the cutting plane with the slant side which is opposite to AC .

14. If the condition that an equation of the second order may represent a parabola be introduced into the equation

$$(a^2\beta^2 + b^2\alpha^2 - a^2b^2)(a^2\beta_1^2 + b^2\alpha_1^2 - a^2b^2)(a^2y^2 + b^2x^2 - a^2b^2) \\ + a^4b^4\{y(a_1 - a) - x(\beta_1 - \beta) + \alpha\beta_1 - \alpha_1\beta\}^2 = 0,$$

shew that the equation will be reduced to the form

$$\frac{a}{b} \sqrt{(\beta\beta_1)} y + \frac{b}{a} \sqrt{(aa_1)} x = \pm ab.$$

15. Two particles P and P' , whose masses are m and m' , are connected by a straight rod, and, being constrained to move in two straight grooves AP , AP' , which are inclined to the horizon at given angles, make small oscillations in a vertical plane; shew that the length of the isochronous pendulum is $\frac{m \cdot OP^2 + m' \cdot OP'^2}{(m + m') GH}$, where OP , OP' are perpendiculars to AP , AP' , and GH is the depth of the centre of gravity of P and P' below the horizontal plane drawn through A , when the system is in equilibrium.

16. Prove that the apparent places of the centre of the moon on the solar disc as seen from different points on the earth's surface, considered spherical, at the same moment of the middle of a given solar eclipse all lie in a straight line which passes through the centre of the solar disc.

17. A seed grain is planted, and when one year old produces the next year tenfold; and when two years old and upwards produces annually eighteenfold. Every grain is planted as soon as it is produced, and the produce of each is according to the above law. Find the number of grains at the end of the x^{th} year.

18. A plane is moved so as to cut off from the co-ordinate planes areas whose sum is always equal to $2n^2$; shew that the surface, to which the plane is always a tangent plane, is represented by the equation

$$(3x-u)(3y-u)(3z-u) + 9n^2u = 0,$$

where $u = x + y + z \mp \sqrt{(3n^2 + x^2 + y^2 + z^2 - xy - xz - yz)}$.

19. A semi-elliptical arch stands with its plane vertical and perpendicular to the meridian, and its axis in the plane of the meridian; find the equation to the shadow of the arch on the horizontal plane at six o'clock, in terms of the declination of the sun and the latitude of the place.

20. Each of a series of numbers beginning from unity is formed by multiplying the preceding one by a , and adding $2m$ or subtracting m according as the order of the number to be formed is odd or even: shew that the x^{th} number in the series is equal to

$$\frac{a^2 - 1 - m(a-2)}{a^2 - 1} \cdot a^{x-1} - \frac{m}{2} \left\{ \frac{1}{a-1} + \frac{3(-1)^x}{a+1} \right\}.$$

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1841.....9 to 11½.

1. BETWEEN a and b , a being $< b$, insert n means, $a_1, a_2, \dots, a_n$, such that $a_1 - a, a_2 - a_1, \dots, b - a_n$, form an arithmetical progression whose common difference is d ; and find the limits between which the value of d must lie.

2. If it be required to find the n quantities, $x_1, x_2, \dots, x_n$, from the n equations

$$\begin{aligned} x_1 + x_2 &= a_1, \\ x_2 + x_3 &= a_2, \\ &\dots\dots\dots \\ x_{n-1} + x_n &= a_{n-1}, \\ x_n + x_1 &= a_n, \end{aligned}$$

shew that the problem will be determinate if n be an odd number, but indeterminate or impossible if n be an even number.

3. A number of spheres are put into a hollow cone one above another, and each touching the one above, the one below, and the sides of the cone. The radii of the spheres form a geometrical progression of which the common ratio is $\tan^2 (45^\circ + \frac{1}{4} \text{ the vertical angle of the cone})$.

4. Shew how to find the distance of an inaccessible object upon a horizontal plane by means of a measuring chain, or staff alone, and without observing any angles.

5. A straight line of given length $2c$ is made to move so that its ends are always in contact with two other straight lines which include a given angle 2α ; shew that the locus of its middle point is an ellipse whose semi-axes are $c \tan \alpha$ and $c \cot \alpha$, and the direction of one of its axes bisects the angle included by the given straight lines.

6. If θ be the acute angle between the tangent and focal distance at any point of an ellipse, the distance of that point from the centre is

$$= \sqrt{(a^2 - b^2 \cot^2 \theta)}.$$

7. If $a\beta$, $a'\beta'$ be the co-ordinates of two points in a diameter of an ellipse, and be subject to the condition

$$a^2 b^2 = a^2 \beta \beta' + b^2 a a',$$

where a and b are the semi-axes of the ellipse, shew that the equations to the tangents at the extremities of this diameter are

$$a^2 \sqrt{(\beta \beta')} y + b^2 \sqrt{(a a')} x = \pm a^2 b^2.$$

8. (a) If $\sin(a + \alpha x) = c \tan(b + \beta x)$ for all values of x ; then, so long as αx and βx are small quantities, x is very nearly

$$= \frac{a \cot \alpha - 2\beta \operatorname{cosec} 2b}{a^2 + 2\beta^2 \sec^2 b}.$$

(\beta) Eliminate by differentiation the constants and exponential forms from the equation

$$ae^{ax} + be^{-x} = fe^{x^2} + ge^{-x^2}.$$

(\gamma) Find the nature of the curve $y + 1 = 2x - x^2 \pm (2 - x)^{\frac{1}{2}}$ at the point corresponding to $x = 2$.

9. If θ be eliminated from the equations

$$\frac{dy}{dx} = \tan \theta \quad \text{and} \quad \frac{d\theta}{dx} = \frac{ae^{a\theta}}{\cos \theta},$$

shew that the curve represented by the resulting equation has this property, viz. the radius of curvature varies as the length of the arc.

10. A straight uniform beam is placed upon two rough planes whose inclinations to the horizon are α and α' , and the coefficients of friction $\tan \lambda$ and $\tan \lambda'$; shew that if θ be the limiting value of the angle of inclination of the beam to the horizon at which it will rest, W its weight, and R, R' the pressures upon the planes,

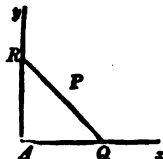
$$2 \tan \theta = \cot(\alpha' + \lambda') - \cot(\alpha - \lambda),$$

$$\text{and } \frac{R}{\cos \lambda \sin(\alpha' + \lambda')} = \frac{R'}{\cos \lambda' \sin(\alpha - \lambda)} = \frac{W}{\sin(\alpha - \lambda + \alpha' + \lambda')}.$$

11. A cubical vessel full of fluid revolves uniformly about a vertical axis through one edge. The upper face is the lid of the vessel,

and is moveable about the angular point next the axis; find the angular velocity that the weight of the lid may keep it in its place.

12. In any straight line QR , which cuts the rectangular axes AQx , ARy , in Q and R , a point P is taken such that $PQ \div PR$ is always constant. Find the curve which always touches QR at the point P ; explain the meaning of the arbitrary constant introduced; and shew that, for the same constants, there are two curves which answer the conditions of the problem.



13. A weight is attached to a fixed point on a smooth horizontal plane by an elastic string, and is made to revolve on the plane about the fixed point; supposing the initial position of the string to be a straight line, and the original velocity to be impressed in a direction perpendicular to that of the string, find the path of the weight.

14. The moment of inertia of any plane figure about any axis equally inclined to the principal axes, which have the same origin, is equal to two-thirds of the greatest of the moments about those principal axes.

15. A uniform and straight plank rests with its middle point upon a rough horizontal cylinder which is fixed, their directions being perpendicular to each other. Find the greatest weight that can be put upon one end of the plank without its sliding off the cylinder. Also, supposing the weight suddenly removed, find the time of the small oscillations of the plank.

16. A telegraph has m arms, and each arm is capable of n distinct positions; find the total number of signals which can be made with the telegraph.

17. The whole height of the fall at a water-mill, and the quantity of water passing through the wheel in a given time, are given; find the relation between the height from which the water falls before it strikes the buckets, and the uniform velocity of the centre of each bucket, when the effect produced is the greatest possible.

18. A sphere of less specific gravity than water is placed at a given depth in a stream running with a given uniform velocity, and then left to the action of the stream; find the motion and path of the sphere.

SATURDAY, Jan. 9, 1841.....1 to 4.

1. SHew that the square root of a number which contains $2n$ or $2n-1$ digits contains n digits; if P contain n digits, find the limits to the number of digits in P^m .

2. Investigate the number of permutations of n things taken all together.

Find the number of words which can be formed out of 7 letters taken all together, each word being such that 3 given letters are never separated.

3. Assuming Demoivre's theorem, obtain $\tan(2n+1)\theta$ in terms of $\tan\theta$ and its powers. Ex. $\tan 7\theta$.

4. In the equation

$$ay^3 + bxy + dy + ez = 0,$$

find the relation among the coefficients that it may represent two straight lines.

5. Shew that the normal at any point of a curve is a tangent to the evolute. Find the equation to the circle of curvature at the extremity of the latus rectum of a parabola.

6. Investigate an expression for the differential coefficient of a volume referred to polar co-ordinates, and apply it to find the volume of an oblate spheroid.

7. Find $\int_0^a (a^2 - x^2)^{\frac{3}{2}} dx$ and integrate the equation

$$\frac{dy}{dx} + \frac{xy}{x^2 - a^2} = \frac{a^4}{x^4}.$$

Sum the series $1^2 - 2^2 + 3^2 - 4^2 + \&c.$ to n terms, and shew that

$$x^n = (-1)^n \left\{ \Delta o^{n+1} - \frac{\Delta^2 o^{n+1}}{1.2} (x+1) + \frac{\Delta^3 o^{n+1}}{1.2.3} (x+1)(x+2) - \&c. \right\}$$

8. Supposing a system of forces to admit of a single resultant, find its magnitude and the equations to the line in which it acts.

Ex. When each particle in the arc of an elliptic quadrant is acted on by a force in the direction of the normal varying as the ordinate of the point.

9. Enumerate the observations to be made in order to find the difference of altitude of two stations accurately by means of the barometer and thermometer. Determine the height of a mountain on the supposition that gravity is variable and the temperature of the air the mean between the greatest and least temperatures.

10. When a small diverging pencil of rays is incident obliquely on a convex spherical surface so as to converge after refraction, investigate the position of the primary focus.

11. Find the law of attraction of each particle in order that a spherical shell may exert no force upon a particle within it.

Shew the use of this proposition in finding the law of force of an electrical particle.

12. State the principle of Kater's method of finding the length of a seconds' pendulum, and shew how the number of oscillations made in a given time may be practically determined.

13. Three observations of a quantity near its maximum or minimum are made at given times not necessarily equidistant, find when the maximum or minimum takes place.

If the Sun's declination at three successive noons be $23^{\circ}.27'.31''$, $23^{\circ}.27'.34''$, $23^{\circ}.27'.12''$ respectively, find when the declination is the greatest, and its value.

14. Investigate the method of finding the longitude by observing the distance of the Moon from a star; and explain the advantage of selecting those stars whose distances from the Moon increase fastest.

15. A series of waves diverging from a point falls upon two plane mirrors inclined at a small angle α , and is reflected to a screen; assuming the intensity of the illumination at a point whose distance from the central white band is x to be

$$\frac{4c^2}{(\alpha + \delta)^2} \cos^2 \left(\frac{2\pi \alpha \sin \alpha}{\lambda (\alpha + \delta)} x \right),$$

explain the appearances on the screen, and shew fully why the bands become coloured as x increases, and finally disappear.

MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1841.....9 to 11½.

1. FIND the number of degrees, minutes, &c. in the angle subtended by an arc equal to the radius.

The diameter of the base of a right cone being one foot and the vertical angle $12^{\circ}.45'$, find approximately the number of feet in the length of the axis.

2. A heavy body is projected perpendicularly upwards with a velocity of 96 feet; find its height and velocity at the end of four seconds.

3. Find the differential coefficient of the arc of a curve of double curvature. Determine that curve on the surface of a sphere which is always inclined to a given diameter at an angle of 45° .

4. The effect of a couple on the equilibrium of a body is not altered by transferring the couple to any plane parallel to its own, the arm of the couple remaining parallel to its former position.

5. If chords be drawn from the upper extremity of a vertical diameter of a circle, the time in which a body will descend, in a medium whose resistance varies as the velocity, down each of the chords, will be equal to the time down the diameter.

6. A semi-ellipse revolves about a given diameter, which is horizontal, as an axis; find the pressure upon the axis, the initial position being horizontal.

7. Shew that the vis viva of a material system in motion is equal to the vis viva of translation added to the vis viva of rotation.

If a right cone slide between a horizontal and vertical plane, its axis being always in a vertical plane, find the whole vis viva in any position in terms of the angular velocity.

8. Find an expression for the indistinctness arising from spherical aberration in the direct passage of a pencil of rays through two lenses; and shew that it is less in a Galileo's telescope than in an astronomical one of the same power.

9. State the methods by which the eccentricity of the earth's orbit may be found from observations. Find an expression for the eccentricity according to each method, and explain how the respective data are obtained.

10. Shew how to integrate the equation $Pp + Qq = R$, where P, Q, R are functions of x, y , and z .

11. Explain clearly the several steps in the process of finding the moon's mass by means of observations on the tides.

Explain also how Newton shewed that the force by which the moon is retained in her orbit is the same with the force of gravity which acts upon terrestrial bodies. *Newton*, Book III. Prop. iv.

12. If $z = \phi(ax - y) + \psi(\beta x - y)$, required the forms of ϕ and ψ , so that when $y = Ax$, $z = Bx$, and when $y = ax$, $z = bx$.

MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1841.....1 to 4.

1. FIND the fractions which converge to $\frac{445}{612}$.

If mb and na be positive integral values of x and y respectively, which satisfy the equation $ax + by = c$, shew how to find all the positive integral values, and determine their number.

2. A prism, whose transverse section is a triangle, is just immersed in a fluid with its axis vertical; find the pressures on the sides, and shew that it has no tendency to lateral motion.

3. If v , V be the velocities of a body at distances r and a respectively from a centre of force, shew that, if P be the force at distance r ,

$$v^2 - V^2 = 2 \int_a^r P dr,$$

- (1) when the body moves in a straight line towards the centre,
 (2) when its path is any whatever.

4. Assuming that the motion of translation of a rigid system, acted upon by given forces, is the same as if the forces were applied at the centre of gravity, shew that in calculating the motion of rotation, the centre of gravity may be considered a fixed point.

A straight rigid rod in motion is acted upon at its extremities by two given constant forces, whose directions are parallel to two fixed lines at right angles to each other, in the plane of the motion; find the angular velocity and the equation to the path described by the centre of gravity.

5. Under what circumstances is the motion of a fluid said to be steady? If X , Y , Z be the accelerating forces impressed on a point (x, y, z) of an incompressible and homogeneous fluid which is moving steadily, prove the equation

$$p = \rho \int (Xdx + Ydy + Zdz) - \frac{1}{2}\rho v^2.$$

6. Shew in what respects singular solutions of equations of differences differ from those of differential equations.

Find all the solutions of the equation $(\Delta u_x)^2 - a^2 = 0$.

7. The centre of gravity of the earth and moon describes very nearly an ellipse in one plane about the sun; prove this, and shew how the sun's apparent latitude and longitude are affected in consequence.

8. Investigate the effect produced upon the time of oscillation of a pendulum by a small disturbing force acting in the direction of the motion, and apply the result to explain the advantages of the dead-beat escapement in clocks.

9. Having given $u = \int V dx$ and

$$\delta u = V \delta x + \int \{ N(\delta y - p \delta x) + P \frac{d(\delta y - p \delta x)}{dx} + Q \frac{d^2(\delta y - p \delta x)}{dx^2} + \&c. \} dx,$$

complete the determination of δu , and hence find the conditions to be satisfied when u is a maximum or minimum.

Shew that if V be a function of x , y , p and q , $N - \frac{dP}{dx} + \frac{d^2Q}{dx^2} = 0$ is the condition for $V dx$ being a complete differential of some function of x , y , and p .

Find the relation between x and y in order that

$$\int \left(ax^3 \frac{d^2y}{dx^2} - 2bxy \frac{dy}{dx} + cy^2 \right) dx$$

may be a maximum or minimum.

10. When a pulse of sound is propagated in a cylindrical column of air, investigate the condition to be fulfilled in order that it may not be divided. If the pulse meet a medium of different density from that in which it has been propagated, shew strictly that it will be divided into two, running in opposite directions.

11. If Q_n be the coefficient of h^n in the expansion of

$$\{1 - 2h [\mu\mu' + \sqrt{(1-\mu^2)}\sqrt{(1-\mu'^2)} \cos(\phi-\phi')] + h^2\}^{-\frac{1}{2}},$$

shew that the series $Q_0 + 3Q_1 + 5Q_2 + \&c.$ is discontinuous; and prove that

$$\int_0^{2\pi} \int_{-1}^1 F(\mu, \phi) (Q_0 + 3Q_1 + 5Q_2 + \&c.) d\mu d\phi = 4\pi F(\mu', \phi'),$$

where $F(\mu, \phi)$ denotes any function of μ and ϕ which remains finite between the values -1 and 1 of μ , and 0 and 2π of ϕ .

TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1841.....9 to 11½.

1. ASSUMING the formulæ for determining the resultant of a system of parallel forces acting upon a rigid body, discuss the several cases which may arise.

Deduce the general conditions of equilibrium of such a system from the principle of virtual velocities.

2. Integrate the following equations:

(1) $\frac{d^2y}{dx^2} - \frac{dy}{dx} + y = e^x \sin x$, by the method of parameters.

(2) $z(z+y)dx + z(z-x)dy + y(x+y)dz = 0$.

3. Find the attraction of a prolate spheroid upon a particle within it, in a direction passing through the axis and perpendicular to it.

4. Find the time in a very elongated ellipse in terms of the true anomaly and the perihelion distance.

Explain the construction of the tables for finding the true anomaly in a comet's orbit at a given time, and investigate the correction employed.

5. The expression for the tangent of the moon's latitude is

$$s = k \sin(g\theta - \gamma) + \frac{Smk}{g} \sin\{(2-2m-g)\theta - 2\beta + \gamma\};$$

explain the effect of the respective terms.

State briefly how the inequality in the moon's motion, discovered by Laplace, has escaped detection.

6. Assuming the moon to describe a circle round the earth, investigate the motion of the earth's pole parallel to the plane of the moon's orbit produced by the moon's action in a sidereal revolution.

In what respects does the calculation of the motion of the moon about its centre of gravity differ from the corresponding calculation for the earth? What are the principal results which have been obtained respecting the moon's motion about its centre of gravity?

7. Explain what surfaces may be represented by the equation

$$ax^2 + by^2 + cz^2 + 2a'yz + 2b'xz + 2c'xy + 2a''x + 2b''y + 2c''z + d = 0,$$

when the coefficients satisfy the condition

$$abc - aa'^2 - bb'^2 - cc'^2 + 2a'b'c' = 0,$$

and determine the distinctive characteristics of each.

Ex. $x^2 + 4y^2 - z^2 - 2yz - xz + 4xy + 2z = 0$.

8. A grating of numerous small equal and equidistant wires is placed before the object-glass of a telescope; calculate an expression for determining the appearance produced.

9. Investigate the variation in the eccentricity of the disturbed orbit of a planet. A term in the development of R being

$$Pe^2e'^2 \cos\{13(nt + \epsilon) - 8(n't + \epsilon') - 3\pi - 2\pi'\},$$

find its effect upon the eccentricity.

10. Shew that an infinite series of the form

$$u = A e^{a\alpha x} e^{\beta x} + B e^{a\beta x} e^{\alpha x} + C e^{a\gamma x} e^{\gamma x} + \&c.$$

is the complete integral of the equation $\frac{du}{dt} = a \frac{d^2u}{dx^2}$.

TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1841.....1 to 4.

1. EXPLAIN how Newton's method of approximation may be adjusted so as to furnish the real roots of an equation to any required degree of accuracy.

2. Explain how the position of the invariable plane of a system of material particles is determined. Extend the method to the case of a system of bodies of finite magnitude. Upon what suppositions may the position of the invariable plane of the solar system be found, and how far are they correct?

3. A given number of concentric spherical shells, the thickness of each being uniform, are separated by non-conducting media; find the effect of their mutual influence when they are electrized.

4. Explain the nature of developable and twisted surfaces, and shew that the hyperboloid of one sheet is a twisted surface.

5. State the results which have been obtained in the theoretical investigation of the earth's figure independently of any assumed law of the density, and calculate the length of a degree of latitude at any place on the earth's surface in terms of the length of a degree at the equator.

What reason is there for supposing that the variations of pressure in the interior of the earth are proportional to the squares of the densities?

6. Find the variation of $\int_x F(x, y, z, \frac{dy}{dx}, \frac{dz}{dx}, \&c.)$ subject to the condition that $f(x, y, z, \frac{dy}{dx}, \frac{dz}{dx}, \&c.) = 0$, and apply the result to determine the curve of quickest descent in a medium resisting as any function of the velocity.

7. Explain the effect of eccentrical refraction through a lens in producing distortion. A ray of light is incident upon a glass lens in a direction parallel to the axis; find the tangent of the angle which the emergent ray makes with the axis, to a second approximation. Find also the ratio between the radii when the coefficient of the small term, for a given focal length, is a minimum.

8. Assuming the properties of the axes of elasticity, find the velocity of transmission of a wave of light after refraction at the surface of a uniaxal crystal. If the crystal be bounded by planes perpendicular to the axis investigate the difference of retardations of the ordinary and extraordinary rays. State briefly how it is shewn by experiment that plane and circularly polarized light differ from each other.

9. Enunciate the propositions by which it is proved (1) that the eccentricities of the planetary orbits, (2) that their inclinations to the ecliptic, are always small. How are they affected by the circumstance that all the planets revolve in the same direction about the sun? Shew that the variations of the inclination and longitude of the node are given by the equations

$$\frac{d(\tan i_1)}{dt} = \frac{n_1 a_1}{\mu \tan i_1 \sqrt{(1-e_1^2)}} \frac{dR}{d\Omega_1},$$

$$\frac{d\Omega_1}{dt} = - \frac{n_1 a_1}{\mu \tan i_1 \sqrt{(1-e_1^2)}} \frac{dR}{di_1}.$$

OUR GREEN BAG.

Bring the green bag.

— The bag is here.—*Swellfoot the Tyrant.*

BETWEEN our Green Bag, and the Green Bag in the satiric drama from which we have chosen our motto, there is but one point of resemblance—its colour. The Green Bag of the poet was one filled with deadly poisons: calumny, worse than death; gadfly's venom fifty times distilled; black rat's bane, and all perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things. Our bag is filled with roots of divine effect, that are of sovran use against all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp, with cordial juleps, with spirits of balm and fragrant syrups, with bright golden flowers of spring, and sweet garland wreaths of summer, won from the twilight meadows, and the sunny gardens of the dead kings of melody, or of those who in these our days minister to the god of light and life and poesy, and who are as yet the inheritors of unfulfilled renown.

More than a twelvemonth has now elapsed since we, Benjamin Grey—gentle reader, we make our best bow—first bethought us of keeping a bag wherein to hive our simples mild, our flowers fragrant, our healing herbs, and medicinal sweets. We selected one of ample dimensions, “with a gaping mouth and a gullet wide,” and of a bright green colour, green being our favourite colour because the most catholic, because our own intellect is often of a rather verdant hue, and because our name very narrowly escaped being made up of the five letters which form this word: indeed it has always been a source of great annoyance to us that our illustrious ancestor was green enough to call himself Grey. We remember, however, the old story of the sword that Balaam *wished* for, and *might* have used to slay his ass: and when we reflect that Green is the cognomen we wished for; and that if our name is *not* Green, at least it *might* have been, we breathe again and are comforted.

We will not occupy the readers' time by saying more of ourselves and our bag. True it is, that poor Benjamin Grey is a youth to science and to fame unknown, and now for the first time introduced to the society of the choice spirits that haunt the ever honoured banks of reedy Cam, or walk the studious cloisters pale; the favoured children of our “nursing mother;” yet we love not to babble about ourselves, though some misjudging souls have even gone so far as to declare that we are *occasionally* garrulous. The impeachment we indeed do utterly deny. Yet what if we were a little given in our merrier hours to “discourse a tenfold chorus” of us and ours! was not Nestor so given, and Priam, and Ulysses, and Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, and the great Pope of Rome, and the Lord Mayor of London? and are not all the ladies of England so given; and the House of Commons, and Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. O'Connell? Gar-

ulous, quotha! and thinkest then that because thou art virtuous that there shall be no more cakes and ale? However, as we said before, we are not garrulous, and we mean not to detain our gentle readers by giving them a long account of our birth, parentage, and education: enough that we are Benjamin Grey, that our father was Benjamin Grey; that we have been bred a Grey, and will die a Grey. We may be a broken-down dandy, like Lord Byron when he wrote Beppo, or what is more likely, *un auteur tombé des nues*. No matter; time will shew what and who we are; or if not, our friends at least will know more of us before we grow *grey*.

It is a pleasant thing, says Alfred Tennyson, to have "a little room so soft and white, wherein to read, wherein to write." Now, just such a room have we. Far removed from the dust and din of more ambitious apartments, free alike from the visitations of housemaids and the more troublesome visits of kinsfolk and acquaintances, those tinkling cymbals of humanity, at the very summit of the house; above the smoke and stir of the dim spot which men call earth, we sit and muse, the brother of the clouds and companion of the stars. Our room is small enough for Queen Mab herself, and neat enough to give her tiny majesty satisfaction if she looked in upon us, which we sometimes *dream* she does. We have little furniture in it, but what we have is mostly green. It occupies about one third of our room: papers, books, and magazines possess another third; and flowers—for we love the many-coloured children of the earth—and a chaos of anomalies, which we should find it impossible to cataloguize, share the remaining portion between them. In the middle of our shrine is a table, with all sorts of quips and cranks upon it—pens, flower-pots, tea-cups, coppers, gloves, soda, cards, a song book, a Greek play, lives of the missionaries, and life of Edward Gibbon, Fielding's Tom Jones, and Shelley's Banquet of Plato, Wesley's Journal, and the Ninetieth Tract. At one end of the table is our Green Bag, whose verdant rotundity it would do your heart good to see, as it does ours; at the opposite end is our desk, likewise of green; and leaning over our desk you may behold the shadowy figure of the last of the Greys.

Here then we sit and smile or sigh, as is our bent: sometimes we read, sometimes write, but oftener muse; for the jarring and inexplicable frame of this wrong world too frequently prevents us from gathering up our energies, and keeps our mind in a sort of twilight between thought and no-thought,—a half slumber, which has made us what we are, an idler in the land. To-day, however, we have been more profitably employed. The wondrous tale of the Fated King of Thebes, he who solved the riddle of man's life, but to whom his own life was a dark enigma which baffled his most earnest scrutiny, lies open before us. Although we have often read this divine offspring of the genius of the Grecian Shakspeare, there was much in it that seemed new and fresh and *youthful* to us. Like the first violet of spring, it awakened long slumbering feelings, and revived ancient associations buried in the grave of Possession. There is in the first part of this noble life-history of a king, a choral melody

which seemed to us peculiarly significant, full of a rich and fearful beauty, and standing out with singular distinctness towards the close of the play, shortly before the arrival of the dread hour which wraps in night the kingless throne of Thebes. The ode, unlike all which have preceded it, is one of triumph and jubilee; yet in its rejoicing is something far more terrible than in the earnest lamentation of all the others: it is haunted with an opposing spirit; it is a song sad from associated feelings; a dream, sweet and pleasant in itself, but to be interpreted by its contrary: it is like the banquet of Milton in *Paradise Regained*—by its regal magnificence making the drear solitude and tingling silentness of the desert, with its dark shades and wild rocks, still more intense, still more fearful. What has been called the cryptical science of poetic defects, was well known to both poets. It consists in intensifying the sentiment by a strong antagonism and subtle and unacknowledged repulsion. So much by way of introduction to the choral song of the Greek dramatist. Our Green Bag furnishes the translation:—

I.

If I am a prophet true,
Wise in heart and spirit too,
By the serene Olympus hear me vow,
That when on the morrow's night,
Heaven's full moon is broad and bright,
It shall not be unknown to thee, as now,
Whether or not we shall hail thee and sing,
That thou art the land of our father and king,
The nurse of great Œdipus ever victorious,
Yea, the mother and nurse, O Cithæron the glorious!
O glorious and holy Cithæron!
While our many twinkling feet
In the merry dance shall fleet,
And we shout and sing on thy green breast, O beautiful retreat!
For tidings glad to tell and hear,
Hast thou sent to the lord whom we all hold dear,
O glorious and holy Cithæron!
Only may it give delight
To Apollo, young and bright,
To the oracular revealer,
Phœbus, the healer!

II.

Who is thy father, O Child! of the children above,
Of the radiant immortals, who is thy father?
Did some daughter of earth or of air win the friendship and love
Of Pan, who among the green hills thinks it heaven to rove;
Or gave she her beauty and love to the Loxian rather?
For all pastoral uplands and caverns hollow
Are beloved of the lord of the lyre—Apollo!
Or was it the Cyllenian king
Who nurtured thee—a chance-found thing?
Or the Bromian god, whose rest
Is the green hills' greener crest?
Did he receive thee in glory and pride,
From the faery shapes that glitter and glide
On the faery heights of Helicon old;
Faery shapes that he loves to fold
To his royal heart, the playmates bright
Of the lord of light!

The question was not long unanswered. The hour soon arrived in which the apparently inextricable intertangles of destiny were to be reduced to order, and the whole web of life to be drawn forth, in its terrible completeness and easily decipherable significance. The awful tale was soon revealed. The curses which the king of Thebes called down on the murderer of Laius, according to the Greek proverb, "*came home to roost*:" and the royal sage, the father of his country, the deliverer of Thebes, goes forth into self-denounced and voluntary exile; blind and poor, a fugitive and vagabond. Years roll by. His punishment is completed—the expiation made. A blind old man, and a fair and gentle girl, are seen wandering in a consecrated place, beautiful and fragrant with the green luxury of the laurel, the olive, and the vine, and musical with the sweet utterance of the nightingales. Afar gleam the marble temples and stately towers of a fair city. Fane and statue and holy grove are at hand. The young girl leads the old man to a polished stone, a pedestal unprofaned by any axe, and seats him there. A fountain pure as crystal murmurs by. There is religion here. It were almost a sin to gaze longer. Yet the awful majesty of that blind old man, and the open paradise of that fair girl's face, and her gentle and affectionate ministry, belong not to the world of every day, the fatal empire of fact and sin,—let alone the dreamy loveliness of the scenery, and the enchanted and holy quietness, which the nightingale makes stiller by her sound. Let us gaze awhile then. There is a subdued expression of pride in the aspect of that ancient man, which tells of a fortune far different to the present. He has suffered much and struggled much, and sorrow has taught him how vain and wicked a thing is scorn. Yet there is still left a trace of that haughtiness which once denied all superiority over himself, and led him to be harsh and cold and cruel to others. There is even now a lordliness about him which shows that he is other than he seems. His original brightness is not quite gone, it has only faded. Yet there is intense misery to be read in his whole frame, and you plainly see that he is one of those who have lived centuries of suffering, if thought and feeling may be taken as measures of time. And what shall we say of her—that pilot of the fate whose course has been so starless, that shape of love and life and light and deity: sweet and gentle and patient is she, and her woman's heart is the shrine of all fond and loving thought. Still she is but young; and when we look again, the princess and the heroine are visible in that glorious and mind-breathing face. The spot itself is one of the rarest beauty, and yet there is an atmosphere of awe over and around it. It hardly seems to belong to earth, but is such as our spirits have seen in their visioned wanderings upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn, amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves of divine sleep. There is a sense as of some solemn presence haunting it—a presence that can be felt, though not seen. True, there is beauty here; but it is beauty sleeping in the lap of horror. The loveliness we behold is the loveliness of terror: and no marvel, for this is the home of the furies, the very shrine of the dread goddesses. A mystical predominance has led the royal wanderer hither, for here only, said the voice

of prophecy, should he find a refuge and a sanctuary, a respite from affliction and a rest to his soul. Strange as it may seem that the persecutors should be the consolers, the idea is one which has truth for its basis. The tortured and the torturers are reconciled. In this behold an emblem. The man of crime, the man whose youth has been past in sin and shame; who has forfeited all claim to the love and respect of his fellow men, and all right to the approval of his own heart, shall vainly strive to set at defiance the received sentiments of others, and as vainly assay to live at enmity with himself, despising the warning voices whose whispers will be heard, whether he will listen or not; and combating the armed legions of fearful memories and dark regrets, which must obtain the victory, whether he will yield or not. No, there is but one hope for him; and that lies in submission. Let him manfully acquit himself in the contest—for contest there must be, not against his persecutors, but against himself. His fierce and tiger-like passions must be vanquished; his haughty will subdued; his evil nature outrooted. He must be king over himself—a conqueror over himself. He must not refuse to hear the accuser's voice. He must not run from the avenger, nor attempt to shun the punishment. He must be patient, meek, gentle, and humble as a weaned child. Then his sufferings may be blessings, his persecutors friends; the serpent-scourge may be for the healing of his soul, and the ministers of pain and fear and disappointment and mistrust and heavy contempt may become the agents of joy and hope and consolation and self-reverence. Then instead of looks of hate and anger the furies will have beautiful regards for him—for his nature will no longer be at variance with himself. The man will be reconciled to his conscience and reason, and the terrible furies will become kind and gentle spirits, administering comfort from the dim caves of thought which they inhabit. Then will his soul, in reverential joy, enter into the sacred grove which he before would fain have avoided, and in the mystical Colonus within will it find rest after its many wanderings, and hear sweet and subtle voices, and delicate music and holy songs, to welcome it to its true and proper home; even as in that earthly grove the blind old man was welcomed by the glad melodies of those who dwelt by the hallowed home of the divine Eumenides. Listen—

I.

Thou art come to a land where all that is rarest,
O Stranger! in bower and hall is shown us,
To the land where the steed is fleetest and fairest,
To the land of the silver-soiled Colonus.

Where the forest boughs are haunted
With the ghosts of melody,
Where the nightingale enchanted,
Sings her low sweet well-a-day;
Tenanted her ivy shrine,
Dark as with the hue of wine,
Or the solitary allies
Of the green and glossy vallies;

Our Green Bag.

Or the leafy cells where the Bromian dwells,
 Where the young winds sleep like folded flowers;
 Where no step hath been, and no eye hath seen
 The million fruits of the sunless bowers;
 Where Bacchus the reveller lives in delight,
 And companions his nurses so holy and bright.

II.

Where the crocus laughs in the golden splendour,
 From the golden shrine of her petals shaken,
 Where the sweet narcissi, so fond and tender,
 Their diadem'd flowers each day awaken.

Odorous dews in starry showers
 Heaven sends down, to cherish
 This ancient coronal of powers,
 That shall never perish.
 Sleepless founts in crystal beauty
 Are not wanting in their duty:
 Shepherding the streamers that shine
 In Cephissus the divine;

Where the meadow green, in its course serene,
 The river each day will lave,
 While the breasted earth with a face all mirth,
 Quaffs the dew of its silver wave:
 Where the sweet muses dance, and the Sea-child above,
 With a bridle of gold guides her chariot of love.

III.

There is a tree of beauty rare,
 In this bright land of ours,
 They sing it not in Asia fair,
 Nor Pelops' Dorian bowers;
 A terror to the foeman's spear,
 By mortal hand unplanted here!

The olive, yea, the olive tree,
 Of voluntary birth,
 Whose home hath been, and long shall be,
 In this our mother earth,
 Where fostering still our infant line,
 It yields its azure fruit divine.

Oh, youth, be reverent! Age, believe
 That Zeus beholds it still,
 And he shall have good cause to grieve,
 Who thinks or works it ill:
 The Eternal eye will on him be—
 The bright Athene loves her tree.

But nobler praise, O mother dear!
 Thy children offer thee—
 Land of the steed and cavalier!
 And lady of the sea!
 Oh, wrap thee in thy robe of pride,
 For thee a god hath glorified!

The Sea-king first on yon far plain,
 The conquering bit design'd,
 He gave the empire of the main,
 The war-horse swift as wind:
 To him we lift the hymn sublime,
 The child of the Eternal Prime!

Sing merrily—the winged oar
 Leaps over the blue mirror;
 Sing merrily—it leaps from shore,
 In wonder and in terror,
 Still following through those waters fair and free,
 Your twinkling feet, O daughters of the Sea!

The character of the song of the nightingale has not yet been decided. There seems indeed to have been but one opinion among the ancients. To them her voice was "most musical, most melancholy." Her song's burthen was lamentation, and her tale was one of woe. The moderns, however, have been divided in opinion: some consider her as the most joyous and most happy of birds; others as the saddest and most forlorn of all that ever built a nest, or warbled a note. It is perhaps difficult to account for the variety of opinion entertained on this subject; yet we do not think we shall be far out if we ascribe it to the difference of the feelings and dispositions of the listeners, and to the great variety of circumstances in which the nightingale has been heard. Neither is it improbable that the mystery is to be explained by the *repulsion* of which we spoke in a former part of the paper. There are moments in the lives of the greater part of the children of Adam in which the sweetest voices seem harsh and dissonant, and the most beautiful and delicate creations awaken only thoughts of grief, and call up memories which are associated with darkness and sorrow and despair. It is true philosophy, as well as fine poetry, which dictated the verses of him whose "name is written in water:"*

Yea, in the very temple of delight,
 Veil'd melancholy has her sovran shrine.

And small marvel, for the primal curse is still in operation, and the effect of man's first disobedience is still legible in no hieroglyphical characters in the earth which was cursed for his sake. The whole creation groans and sighs to be renewed.

All that flesh doth cover,
 Souls of birth sublime,
 Are but slaves made over
 To the master Time,
 To work out the ransom for the ancient crime.*

For ourselves, apart from all considerations which might lead us in certain peculiar states of the moral feeling, and under the pressure of a peculiar atmosphere of circumstance, to think otherwise, we must confess ourselves believers in

—The merry nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes.

Further, we hold with the great religious poet of our day, and therefore a great philosopher because religious, and because a poet,

* Keats.

† Milnes.

that "melancholy fancies spoil poetry; and they do what is infinitely worse, they spoil the character. Moreover—and added to this we must not even dwell too much upon mournful *truths*—they are only part, and the elementary part, of what we are called upon to believe. After looking abroad upon the varied scenes of glory and of beauty bestowed upon us in nature by the royal hand of God, we must not too often and too obstinately bring back our eye to gaze on our own *evil*, and therefore sad hearts, or on the evil, and therefore sad course of the world at large. The habit of suffering our minds to connect as necessarily inseparable, beauty and sorrow, love and death, mirth and melancholy, may give a momentary and superficial grace to our style of thought: but, independent of its moral ill effects, it tends to enervate the mind in its higher faculties, to prevent expansion of idea and vigour of imagination. No! the best poet will ever give us a holy and cheerful note; he will admit all that we see, man's disobedience and the fall, and then he will remind us of what we do *not* see—that if the ore of human nature is ever being cast into some furnace, the great Refiner is sitting by, intent to purify and prepare for glorious uses, the very treasure that sometimes we think destroyed."^{*}

Homer's accuracy of observation is apparent in the description which he gives of the retired habits and vast compass of song of the nightingale, in one of the most apposite and picturesque similes in the *Odyssey*. Speaking of the wife of Ulysses in her widowed state, he says that she mourns,

Even as old Pandar's daughter, sad and lone,
The green and golden nightingale may sing,
When, cloister'd among leaves of trees thick grown,
She pours at early advent of the spring,
Her voice of myriad notes from her green throne,
With fast thick warble, ever sorrowing
For Itylus, whom she unwitting slew,
Her darling child and thine, king Zethus, too.†

Perhaps no poem has ever been produced on this or on any similar subject, which, for delicacy of thought and language, and for its manifestation of sympathy, and for the exquisite pathos of its musical close—and its music is rather of idea than of sound—can rival one which may be found in the Greek Anthology, and of which our *Green Bag* enables us to supply the following version, our own doing when we thought ourselves a poet. All men have their dreams, and why not Ben Grey?

Sweet songstress of old Athens, gentle queen,
Still pasturing on the dews of honied flowers,
Why to thy nurlings in their nest unseen,
Bear'st thou the cigale from her pleasant bowers?
Robbing the fine of form and bright of wing,
The beautiful in voice, that sang with thee
The summer through—sweet herald of the spring,
Only a bough beyond, in endless glee!

* Wordsworth: Letter written from Rydal Mount.—See Housman's *Sonnets*, p. 350.

† *Od.* xix. 518, 523.

Oh, leave her, nightingale, upon her bough,
Leave her, sweet nightingale, to sing alone ;
She is a stranger here, and so art thou,
Then leave her, bird, to her melodious moan :
For oh, sweet nightingale, it is our faith,
No child of song should seek a brother's death.

Here, poets, is a lesson for you,—for you who seek to wound the feelings of your brothers of song, or to destroy their reputations, or to depreciate their excellencies, whether from jealousy of the fame which they enjoy, or in the self-willed blindness which prevents you from seeing the beauty of their literary creations. Sad it is to see men who, whether their mission be recognized or not, either by others or by their own souls, should be eminently the preachers of gentleness and good will and charity, in a world where violence and malice and hate are contending for the mastery : sad it is to see men who should be more merciful and more tender-hearted than all who wear the robe of flesh, pursuing each other with ill-grounded suspicion, causeless malice, unreasonable envy, cold sneers, and open denunciations. Sad it is, and strange, and half inexplicable too, that a brotherhood of men, who hold their sceptre from no earthly sovran, but who were anointed prophets, priests, and kings, by the great and only Potentate, and who all claim the same authority from the same fountain, and all utter the same oracles, and all preach the same doctrines, and all wear the same crown : strange and sad it is that they should live alone, without union, without charity, without any manifestation that they are all members of one family, that they all have the same task appointed them, to perceive intuitively, and to interpret authoritatively, the various phenomena of life, past, present, and future ; to be the seers and the harmonious revealers of the mysteries of humanity. Oh, what might not the brotherly communion of the poets of faith and of liberty effect ! Hitherto they have lived alone, without sympathy, and without mutual help, and without common council. The effects of this estrangement are only too apparent in their works and in their lives. The essential unity of their minds has not been felt, as it should have been, through all time and across all space.

To recur however to our old theme. The prey of the nightingale, the poor cicala, is greatly celebrated by the Grecian poets for its sweet song, and royal, godlike, and happy nature. Indeed it has always been an universal favourite, from the days when, believing them to have sprung from one common mother earth, the Athenians borrowed their name, and wore grasshoppers of gold in their hair, in token of their noble extraction, to the hour in which the pilgrim poet of England heard it chirp one good-night carol more, or in the solitude of the pine forest in the sweet hours of twilight, sang of the "shrill cicalas people of the pine, making their summer lives one ceaseless song." Leigh Hunt, too, has told us of the "green little vaulter in the sunny grass, catching its heart up at the feel of June ;" and Keats, with that vivid picturing and truthfulness of language for which he is always remarkable whenever he touches on the more familiar objects of nature, writes—

The poetry of earth is never dead !
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
 That is the grasshopper's : he takes the lead
 In summer luxury : he has never done
 With his delights ; for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The cigale of the south, however, is greatly superior to our grasshopper, both in outward beauty and in the melody of its voice. But as all the people who call themselves *Tourists*, have frequently given a catalogue of its merits as a musical amateur, and added a sort of "poulterer's-phoenix description of its appearance, we prefer letting one of them sing for himself. A genuine Athenian, we believe, though we are not quite sure. If you have an English guitar, you may accompany him. His silver chant already sounds. He appeals to the pity of man—the universal persecutor.

Why, merciless race ! why now
 Will ye follow poor me so fleetly ;
 Why envy the dewy bough
 To your cigale who sings so sweetly ?

Sweet hermit ! sweet songstress ! she sings
 In the golden noontide dancing,
 And she points to the river springs,
 In their cool soft channels glancing.

Ah, take the foe that your seed
 Or your luscious fruit may pilfer ;
 I harm ye not, for I feed
 On green leaves and on dewdrops silver !

Our song ceases with the cigale's. If you like the performance kind listeners, you shall not call in vain for another, from your shadowy friend,

BENJAMIN GREY.

QUEEN MELIOR.—1629.

A ROMANCE.

PART I.

PERCY LORRAINE was a Baron bold,
 His race was gentle, his wealth untold ;
 And never in hall, or in lady's bower
 Stood there a Knight of such pride and power.
 Gaston De L'Orme was a traitorous man,
 And under the Holy Church's ban ;
 He had been false to his plighted word,
 Lightly he spoke what he lightly heard ;
 Many he slander'd, and many he slew,
 So was dreaded by all, and obey'd by few.
 Lord Percy Lorraine has a doubtful strife,
 He must fight with Gaston De L'Orme for life :
 He fights not for glory, he fights not for fame,
 He fights not lest rumour should sully his name :
 But he fights for the cause of the fairest and best,
 That the earth ever bore on her motherly breast.

II.

The sky is clear—the stars are bright—
 Like infant worlds all wrought of light,
 They live along the crystal air,
 In endless triumph dancing there,
 And lend a beauty only given
 By them to their ancestral heaven ;
 And sanctify this earth of ours,
 With silver messages divine,
 To all the streams and groves and flowers,
 With which they commune as they shine.
 Ah ! who that view'd them in their glory,
 But own'd the night more fair than day,
 And felt the truth of that sweet story,
 Which tells of spirits far away,
 Who in their mercy and their grace,
 Cherish and love our fallen race ?
 And deem not thou the fancy vain,
 That in those golden worlds above us,
 The genii of our fortune reign,
 And guard and bless us, watch and love us.
 For oh ! beneath the skies of Eve,
 'Tis sweet to dream that in their bowers,
 Bright spirits for us mortals weave
 Garlands of love from starry flowers.
 And oh ! 'tis sweet, where'er we roam,
 To think we still can view our home,
 That like an island in the waters
 Of the blue air shines fond and free,
 The most divine of all the daughters,
 O beauteous Light ! conceiv'd of thee.

III.

'Tis midnight on the forest now,
 'Tis midnight on the mountain's brow,
 'Tis midnight on the sapphire sea,
 That smiles in its unconscious glee;
 And lifts to heaven its softest voice,
 As though its spirit could rejoice
 Beneath the milder, purer light,
 Which marks the silent steps of night.
 On playful wing the western gale
 Breathes to the listening ear its tale,
 And murmurs to the earth below,
 In pleasure half, and half in woe,
 Rises and falls and floats along,
 And faints and dies in mimic song.

IV.

A lovely lady sits alone,
 In the shadow of the night,
 Listening to the undertone
 Of the wind that maketh moan,
 Or murmureth in deep delight.
 There hath she sate since evening grey
 First follow'd on the death of day;
 There hath she sate, and there hath heard
 The music of each whisper'd word,—
 A simple music soft and low,
 Whose echo never can depart,
 And breath'd the old familiar vow
 Of the eternal human heart;
 And felt how blessed was the hour
 That brought her lover to her bower.
 But that sweet dream of love is over,
 And she hath parted with her lover:
 That hour so bright, so blest hath flown,
 And yet the lady sits alone!

V.

But lo! she rises from her seat,
 And cries with accent soft and sweet—
 "Shield me, ye saints in heaven that dwell,
 O Mary Mother! shield me well."
 The bower is left,—with folded hands
 By castle-gate the lady stands;
 Afar the warder pac'd along,
 And cheer'd the lingering hours with song.
 Nor deeming any mark'd him there,
 Forsook the object of his care,
 To gaze with an enraptured eye
 On the blue depth of sea and sky,
 While paused the lady by the gate,
 Though solemn was the hour and late.

VI.

The warder, when again he paced
 By the still spot her presence graced,
 Started to see a maiden bright
 Alone, at that dead hour of night;

And then his hand in fear applied
To grasp the weapon at his side,
And then withdrew it—on his breast
To sign the cross that saved and blest,
As doubtful if that being fair
Were native of the earth or air.
The lady first the silence broke,
In queenly phrase the lady spoke—
“Methinks in days so wild as ours,
When battle crimsons all the border,
That princely Morven's ancient towers
At least might claim a careful warder!”
Soon as the trembling soldier heard
That high-born maiden's earliest word,
He knew Lord William's daughter fair,
And lowly bow'd with courtly air;
And soon the silence would have broken,
Had not that gentle lady spoken:
“Nay, answer not—the idle tale
For idler ear may well avail;
But polish'd phrase and specious plea,
Soldier, may lightly weigh with me.
But now the castle-gate uncloses,
For I no more would woo repose,
But on a night so fair as this,
Would know one hour of waking bliss.”

VII.

She past the gate, but past with fear,
Each meek eye clouded with a tear.
Like some sweet star whose orb of light
Is coldly fair and sadly bright:
A timid step she half advanced,
And then again that step withdrew;
From earth to heaven she wildly glanced,
And watch'd that sea of deepest blue;
Upon whose breast the night-beams falling,
Gleam'd like a shower of dying stars,
While the maternal moon seem'd calling
Her radiant children in their cars,
As with a passionate delight
They met in the blue halls of night,
And in their loveliness serene
Throng'd round their Mother and their Queen.
The winds upon the waters' breast,
Like infants murmur'd in their rest;
With broken accents sweet and low,
They sigh'd their endless song of woe,
And in disquiet linger'd there,
The viewless daughters of the air.
The shore, with all her countless charms,
Slept in blue ocean's loving arms,
Whilst one bright wave pursued another,
Each loudly laughing at his brother,
And flinging as from playmate's hand,
Garlands of silver on the strand.

VIII.

But all was still, and calm, and fair,
 There breath'd not a voice in the silent air,
 Save the whoop of the owl from his lonely tower,
 As he sang the dirge of the dying hour;
 Save the rustling of leaves on the topmost bough,
 As the wind awoke on the mountain's brow,
 Or the dash of the waves in their ceaseless flow,
 As they hurried to and fro,
 Flinging their arrowy gleams on high,
 Like lightnings seen in a summer's sky.
 Yes! all save these was as still as death,
 Mute as a man when he draws not a breath;
 Calm as an infant when laid on its bier,
 It knows not a grief, and sheds not a tear,
 But slumbers in quiet among the flowers,
 That the mourner hath cull'd from spring's rarest bowers,
 That beauty and fragrance may be with the dead,
 When the turf hath been laid o'er the slumberer's head.

IX.

Her vest the lady closer drew,
 Her cheek hast lost its wonted hue;
 The rose of her sweet lip hath faded,
 Which lately blush'd with tint divine;
 Her brow by sorrow overshadowed,
 Dull thought hath chosen for a shrine.
 She is as sad, as sweet, as pale,
 As infant lily of the vale,
 When the silver rain hath wrought
 A pearl for every bell,
 And the fairy ear hath caught
 The music of its knell.

X.

She gazes with a look as wild
 As the glance of wakening child,
 When some vision most unholy,
 Dawning on its fancy slowly,
 Grows so palpable to view,
 That the dreamer thinks it true,
 And uprising with a start,
 Quivering pulse and fluttering heart,
 Sees the phantoms of its sleep
 Round the couch their station keep.

XI.

She pauses by a cavern, seen
 But dimly through its natural screen
 Of woven boughs and ivy dun,
 And trees that disallow the sun;
 A lonely spot where few would be
 When darkness shadows earth and sea;
 For here the spirits of the Fell
 Had home, and shrine, and oracle;
 And all who question'd them by night,
 And sought to read their fate aright,

Were led as if in dream along,
With spell, and talisman, and song,
To some lone spot that lay afar,
Where dwelt the genius of their star.

XII.

One moment paus'd the lady there,
Gazing on the vacant air,
In that suspense that thrills the soul
When fearing destiny's controul
Between bright hope and pallid fear,
It hovers like a falling tear ;
Or like a silent globe of rain,
That swells and shrinks and swells again,
Doubtful whether it shall fall
From the ivy on the wall,
Or still linger where it gleams,
Like a pearl from orient streams,
While the sunbeam, softly bright,
Is mirror'd there with colour'd light.

XIII.

That moment fled—another came—
The maiden spoke. A shape of flame,
Beautiful, and soft, and rare,
Slowly grew up in the air,
And said unto the lady fair—
“Lilith, be thou led along
With spell, and talisman, and song!”
And then arose a solemn strain,
And the figure melted in air again !

XIV.

A lady stands by distant stream,
Which murmurs as it were in dream,
Now loudly clear, now faintly heard,
Like the low music of a bird.
Why stands the lady by the stream,
Why murmurs it as though in dream ?
She seeks the stream, but not to quaff
The waters that in moonlight laugh ;
And not with poet's eye to view
The brow of heaven, so darkly blue ;
Or the young stars—night's fairy daughters,
Glast in the mirror of the waters !
She seeks the stream—but not to hear
Its voice, so sorrowfully clear :
She seeks the stream—that maiden fair,
But not to meet her lover there.
Then why at such a solemn hour
Hath the bright lady left her bower ?
That lady bright is Lilith fair !
A spell hath led the maiden there.
But what can ail the silver stream,
That murmurs as it were in dream ?
A starry shape—a power divine,
Hath in that silver stream a shrine !

xv.

Stranger! the lady looks above;
 Lives in that look the light of love,
 Glows on her cheek love's rosy hue
 As morning on some cloud of dew.
 And every trace of fear hath fled,
 And all but love seems mute or dead,
 As though she felt some holy power
 Would aid her in this awful hour.
 Stranger! the lady o'er the water
 Bends proudly as a monarch's daughter,
 Then breathes with quivering lips the spell
 That calls the Fairy of the Well.

LILITH'S INVOCATION.

Fairy! I have wander'd hither
 In the shadow of the night,
 Talisman and song together
 Lead me to these waters bright,
 Where in majesty serene,
 Thou art set in light divinest!
 Hear and answer, Fairy Queen,
 From the throne whereon thou shinest,
 While thy beauteous people wait
 Round thee in their solemn state.

Fairy! I have wander'd hither,
 With a heart but ill at rest;
 Fairy! grief and love together
 Are contending in my breast.
 Hear, O hear me when I call,
 Beauteous spirit of the waters;
 By the blue sky over all,
 Hear the saddest of earth's daughters.
 Fairy! thou hast call'd me here,
 Part the waters and appear!

Lo! a thousand glorious faces
 Brighten on the air around,
 And in all these solemn places
 There is heard a low sweet sound.
 Grief and love are in my heart,
 Sad am I, but uncomplaining—
 Fairy! bid the waters part
 To reveal where thou art reigning,
 And enchant the silent night
 With thy presence of delight!

Water from thy watery dwelling,
 Thrice I sprinkle in the air,
 Thus, O Fairy Queen, compelling
 Thee to quit thy purple lair.
 By the silver sisterhood
 Of the ancient stars above us,
 By all spirits fair and good,
 And all things that bless and love us;
 By thyself I call thee here,
 The spell is woven—Queen—appear!

XVII.

The maiden's voice the stream hath heard,
And to its bluest depths hath stirr'd ;
The stream is flowing faster now,
By grassy bank and mossy bough ;
The stream divides, the stream hath risen,
The fish leaps gladly from his prison ;
The water glows with solemn light,
More brightly glows, and yet more bright.
And low sweet sounds awaken there,
And rise and fall upon the air ;
And over the wild waters float
A fairy crew in music's fairy boat.

XVIII.

The lady closer drew her vest,
Folded her arms across her breast,
Like some sweet saint in marble rest ;
Then watch'd the stream, in mute surprise,
Swell like a dome of radiant dyes,
Swell like a dome of molten glass,
While lustrous shadows o'er it pass ;
And moonbeams leave their own blue air
To find a lovelier palace there.

XIX.

Then her eyes she uplifted and look'd on the sky,
That was rais'd like a dome of blue marble on high,
And bent o'er the green earth, asleep in her pride,
As a poet bends over his slumbering bride.
Then she look'd from the sky to the waters that rose
Like a palace of pearl in most solemn repose,
Which the hands of the Genii have built in a night
For some princess of Araby, beauteous and bright.
And there stood a lady as fair as the day
When the mists of the morning have melted away,
And the sun like the Angel of splendour looks down
From his temple of air without shadow or frown ;
When the winds of the south on their young wings are flying,
And the flowers in fulness of beauty are lying ;
Laughs the earth, laughs the sky, laugh the waves every one,
And the sweet birds awaken and sing to the sun.

XX.

The lady was clad in a robe of white,
Soft and beautiful as the light,
So fine in texture and clear in hue.
Ye might see the flushes of beauty through,
Veining her limbs that were pure as the snows,
As the blushes of love vein the delicate rose.
Her brow was brighter than Evening's star,
And her eyes were mild as the moonbeams are ;
Her tresses were loose, and like threads of gold,
Were woven in many a sunny fold :
The softest tint of the rosiest ray
That is glast in the lake at the death of day,
Carnation'd her cheek, or the delicate hues
Of some flower that's fed by the silver dews,
Lull'd and awaken'd by songs of streams
In a land of enchantment and golden dreams.

XXI.

And there in all her beauty's pride,
 Queen Melior stood by Lilith's side!
 Queen Melior spoke—her voice was love,
 Each tone a music from above,
 Or echo from an angel's lute,
 Which the lark hears and is mute;
 Queen Melior spoke—in words like these,
 Her song rang out upon the breeze.

QUEEN MELIOR'S SONG.

From that sweet paradise of love,
 The fairest of the worlds above,
 The Queen of that infantine star
 That glideth in its silver car,
 When Evening weaves her chains of gold,
 And bids the willing shepherd fold,
 I came to this thy mother Earth,
 When then, sweet Lilith, hadst thy birth.

In that fair paradise of yore,
 How dear to me the sway I bore;
 Each genius bright, each soul serene,
 Obey'd and blest their fairy Queen.
 But when the breath of life was thine,
 Fate bade me leave my throne divine;
 And now the fairy Melior dwells
 Beneath green earth in holiest cells.

And thou hast been a lovely flower,
 That blooms the favourite of the bower,
 A flower that softest sunbeams cherish,
 And all sweet winds forbid to perish.
 But lo! thy star of old so bright,
 Is shadow'd as with darkest night;
 And o'er its aspect faint and pale,
 The cloud of doom is seen to sail.

Though Percy's soul be pure as day,
 Proud though he bear him in the fray,
 The bravest spirit cannot quell,
 Or magic sword or mutter'd spell,
 Take, maiden, then, this radiant vest,
 And bind it round thy champion's breast;
 For haply here may dwell the charm
 To save from death and shield from harm.

While through the everlasting space,
 With musical, yet quiet pace,
 Her steeds more white than yon white star,
 Bear proud Fate in her whiter car;
 One day—but one—each happy sprite,
 Each emanation of the light,
 May claim the power and boast the skill
 To bend all to its own high will.

The last fair day that rose on earth,
The last to which the sun gave birth,
Maiden, was that when power was mine
To bow all to my will divine.
I know not if my day be spent,
But if the sun one beam have lent,
If Morn have half unclosed her eyes,
And smiled new light along the skies,

Then few and ill thy days shall be,
And close in tears and misery;
And I may never more regain
My silver throne and lucent fane.
And now, sweet Lilith, fare-thee-well!
Hence must I to the holy cell,
Where far beneath this colour'd dome
The Fairy Melior hath her home.

XXII.

The voice is mute—the song hath died—
In perfect calm the waters glide:
The Fairy Queen hath past away,
The mountains grow less darkly grey,
And in the heaven the stars less bright,
Fall one by one, and fade from sight;
The lady Lilith hath return'd,
And not a trace of morn discern'd;
Yet if the young enchantress, Day,
But lit the mountain with one ray,
That flash'd from the unrisen sun,
Though faint and feeble were that one,
Expiring almost in its birth,
And dead as soon as born to earth;
Then woe, inevitable woe,
Shall be fair Lilith's lot below,
And the bright lady of the stream
Shall vanish like a noonday dream!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

TEN MINUTES WITH EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"Cast forth thy word into the everliving, everworking universe,—it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove (perhaps, alas! as a hemlock-forest) after a thousand years."—SANTOR RESARTUS.

THE name of Ebenezer Elliott has been for some time before the world, but it is only of late years that enquiry has been directed towards him. For a grumbling politician, who vented his discontents in rhyme, and that, it was supposed, of no extraordinary merit, very few persons of the vast mass of the reading public felt inclined to lay aside the ephemeral attraction—the *poetry for the nonce*, which by some strange infatuation had turned the brains of the whole world. So that Elliott, together with his superiors, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and all those whom it was the fashion to stigmatize as the Lakers, were shoved aside to make room for the misanthropes and the butterflies—the Byrons and the Moores of modern literature.

But the voice of a true poet will make itself heard. And so, in lapse of time, and when the Corsair-mania had in a great degree subsided, and the catastrophe of Missolonghi was forgotten, there awoke from hill and valley, and from the breast of universal nature, melodious sphere-music, prostrating the idol-god of the multitude. And the mock-heroic went no more on stilts. Coleridge was read then, and Wordsworth, and man loved his brother because the fiend was departed from him; and the sneer of the scoffer gave place to holiness and belief. Then the poet's mission was recognised, and man became the worshipper of the Infinite.

But *our* poets were mostly learned—read in Greek and Latin—college-bred men—though God knows what some of them learned there! Byron, Wordsworth, Campbell, Southey, Scott, Wilson, Moore, and perhaps one or two others whose names have escaped us—Milman, certainly. Shelley, poor fellow! for about three months was habited in the toga, and then—Oxford knows the rest. Yet was he a finer classic than one half of the sumpsh who cling for nearly four years to the skirts of Alma Mater. Crabbe, who spent his infancy amongst the shingles, mingling on the beach with the fishermen—ragged, barefooted, unwashed—in after life rejoiced in a college degree, without a college education. Coleridge had the education without the degree. Lamb was a Christ's Hospital boy: so was Leigh Hunt. Keats, though he wrote of Greece, knew nothing of her language, nor of her poetry, but through the medium of Chapman's Homer. But of men who, like Burns, were educated by nature, the number is very small. The Ettrick Shepherd and Elliott are the only names that occur to us.*

* We should include Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant. It is well known that this extraordinary man has been for some years subject to such aberration of mind as rendered it necessary that he should be removed from his family, and

And this brings us to what we know of Elliott's history. His father was an old Cameronian, and a born rebel. "His little preaching parlour," says the poet, "(he preached for love, not money, and believed that ninety-nine in the hundred of his fellow-men would be damned,) was adorned with aqua-tint prints of Oliver Cromwell, Israel Putnam, John Hampden, and George Washington, and the glorious victories of Lexington and Bunker's Hill." No wonder that Ebenezer—fitting name for the son of such a father—grew up so stern and sturdy a republican. It was in 1783 that the poet first saw the light. He was sent to school at his birthplace, Rotherham, where little was taught beyond English and arithmetic; but his instruction even in these branches was deficient. When nothing was to be done at home he pursued his studies, and left them again when his services were required elsewhere. He was about twelve years old when he quarrelled with his father, because he denied that one Englishman could thrash five Frenchmen. At sixteen he left school altogether, and is indebted entirely to self-application for whatever instruction he has since acquired.

But, like Burns, whom in no small degree he resembles, he needed not the culture that is derived from books. Like the Scottish poet, his inspiration came from above; and it was while sitting with the rest of his father's family around the domestic hearth, that the effect produced on his mind by the description of a thunder-storm, read aloud by his mother from Thomson's Seasons, revealed the mysterious secret—*ed io son pittire*. This was in his fifteenth year, and before he was sixteen he had written his first poem, 'The Vernal Walk;' "printed," says its author, "at Cambridge, by the father of the liberal newspaper press, Benjamin Flower, a man great in his goodness." "Now," (1840) he writes, "I am fifty-eight years old, and have been forty-three years a scribbler. Of more than two-thirds of a long life, scarcely a month has passed in which I did not write on some subject or other. Men now call me 'Venerable Bard,'—confound them!" Fifty-eight years! and since his sixteenth, his trade has been that of weighing and breaking heavy bars of iron in the mechanical town of Sheffield! To such

placed in a situation where the best medical treatment, and most judicious means of management, could be engaged in contributing to his recovery. He has now been under the care of Dr. Allen, of Fairmead House, Epping Forest, for nearly four years: and it is with much pleasure that all the admirers of genius will hear that, in Dr. Allen's opinion, Clare's recovery would soon be complete, if his anxiety for the welfare of his family could be relieved by the consciousness that he had an income more adequate to their support. A subscription was made towards this object in 1820, which amounted to £393. 15s. It was placed in the funds under the care of trustees, and the interest derived from it is paid half-yearly to the family; but the amount from this source at three-and-a-half per cent. is only £13. 15s. 6d. per annum. The Marquis of Exeter also allows Clare £15. a-year, and Earl Spencer has continued his father's bounty of £10. annually. These sums amount altogether to nearly £39. a-year. If £500. more could be obtained, or the income of the family could be raised to £60. a-year, it is confidently expected that the happy event of Clare's restoration to health, and to the society of his wife and children, would soon be accomplished. We have contributed our mite; cannot our readers do something? Means of forwarding donations may be satisfactorily learned at the publisher's.

drudgery is the fire-soul of the poet degraded—linked, too, to the bitter heart-burning, the calumny, and the canker, "the weariness, the fever, and the fret." How else could he aspire to be a poet?

Originality is the test of a great poet; and Ebenezer Elliott is original. Something he has of Wordsworth—something also of Crabbe; but he is essentially different from either. You see occasionally the Byron plague-spot. The false—of which are your Harolds and your Giaours—cannot live; it is "already dead, or lives only with a mock life."

As a missionary to the poor—and not altogether the cottage poor, with their woodbine porch and cultivated gardens, *æsthetic* even in their poverty—but the immolated mechanics wearing away their lives amongst looms and forges, for whom no beams of God's sun, and none of the freshesses of creation, are vouchsafed; as such a missionary and God-teacher he has gone forth, leading the way through flowery places, till the pent spirit follows him at will. Does he repine? It is not at mimic woes. His tears are human,—good hearty *English* tears. And if he be not resolute to denounce wrong, who ministers at the altar, how shall the sin be corrected, or the sinner redeemed? But only as he *thus* teaches, does the poet become the priest, the episcopos—that men are vicious because they are unwise, and that while we hate the crime, we must ever pity the criminal.

What poetical rank do we assign to Elliott, said long ago one of the first of critics? Professor Wilson classed him with Cowper, and Wordsworth, and Burns. Jeffrey followed in the wake of Blackwood, and likened him to Churchill and Beranger. Then he was taken up by everybody. All the Reviews, Tory, Whig, and Radical—except the Quarterly; all the Magazines, and all the Journals, suddenly discovered that they had a prophet amongst them. It was a kind of scarlet-day, and nobleman's robe-day for Elliott. He was almost compelled to doubt whether he still lived in England. "What!" he exclaims, "in the land of castes and cant, take a poor self-educated man by the hand, and declare to the world that *his* book is worth reading!" Well, Ebenezer, and what then? Was not Burns a self-taught peasant? Give to the poet his volcano-spirit, and whether rich or poor, his words are as the fire-drops of a furnace, burning even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow. Not by the temporal condition, the riches or the poverty, is the poet's influence to be estimated. Better that he be a Lazarus than a Dives. His glance is heavenward, and his path is amongst the stars. Who has called him a hireling, that his communion should be with usurers,—his life with the slavish and the impure? "*Withstand then, and eschew thou vices; worship and love thou virtues; arise thy courage to rightfull hopes; yeeld thou humble prayers and high.*"*

Thomas Carlyle, likewise, that Jean-Paul Richter man, has given us his judgment of Ebenezer. "Strange as it may seem," he says, "it is nevertheless true, that here we have once more got sight of a book

calling itself Poetry, yet which actually is a kind of book, and no empty paste-board case, and simulacrum, or 'ghost-defunct' of a book such as is too often palmed on the world, and handed over booksellers' counters, with a demand of real money for it, as if it too were a reality." And poetry it is, no doubt: not in every publishing season,—nor in decades of publishing seasons, do we meet with its like;—written in a "Vulcanic dialect;"—like the prose of William Cobbett, to be less relished than understood; "a voice coming from the deep Cyclopean forges," and muttering and grumbling, and sometimes thundering, as it reaches the surface of the earth—but still poetry, if not of the highest, at least of a high, and in no way of a common estimation.

Ebenezer Elliott is a poor man,—writing for poor men,—an expositor;—sometimes a dictator,—a detailer of grievances,—a Corn Law, not simply repealer, but agitator. The world is standing on its head, and the repeal of the Corn Laws would set it on its heels again. Would it indeed, Ebenezer Elliott? We care not to dispute the question with you. We suspect the injury lies far deeper.

Ebenezer Elliott is a poor man,—who for fifty-eight—fifty-nine years *now*, has sweated under the curse; he has brought up ten children, notwithstanding. He is a Christian, yet nothing of a Puritan,—as little perhaps a Churchman, as little perhaps of any Church. A teacher too, in his way, and nothing contemptible, though somewhat of the roughest. He must write no more Corn-Law Rhymes. We trust he has written his last. Let our penny-a-line editors,—our Sunday-Times, and Weekly-Dispatch politicians,—our Grub-street parliament members, fight that battle. Ebenezer Elliott has nothing in common with *them*.

We make no selection from the poems of Elliott, partly because for four shillings the reader, if he chooses, may purchase a complete edition of them; partly that this publisher of ours would fain persuade you that we have filled up too much space already of this ninth number. Poor Enoch Wray! We had, indeed, intended to have wandered with thee over that village of thine—to have visited thy mill, and beheld all thy stone-cuttings, and Chantrey-carvings,—peradventure, to have led thee by the sunny brooks, and listened to thy stories, and looked into thy sightless eyes: but, as it is, only with a kind of yearning, and ghost-like communion, have we dwelt with thee, and already art thou of the "stuff that dreams are made of." But if not of the poems, surely of something or other? Get up a preface-hunt, if nothing else. For we do consider him a poet, and no pitiful rhymester; and that he writes prose of a good order, the following passage shall testify. It is from the preface to his last publication. "I thank the readers of my two first volumes. They are, I believe, mostly poor people, who would have bought more of my books if they had not wanted bread; and the sale I have no doubt will keep pace exactly with their progress in knowledge, virtue, and freedom. I know not whether my publisher is satisfied—I trust he is; but for myself I am sufficiently rewarded, if my poetry has led one poor despairing victim of misrule from the ale-house to the fields; if I have been chosen of God to shew his desolated heart, that though his wrongs have been heavy and his fall deep, and though the

spoiler is yet abroad, still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain-top the lonely fir pointing with her many fingers to our Father in heaven,—to Him, whose wisdom is at once inscrutable and indubitable, and to whom ages are as a moment—to Him, who has created another and a better world for all who act nobly or suffer unjustly here ; a world of river-feeding mountains, to which the oak will come in his strength, and the ash in her beauty,—of chiming streams and elmy vales, where the wild-flowers of our country, and among them the little daisy, will not refuse to bloom.” God be praised ! this hope is left us even in the stormiest moments. And on the sunny tops of that fair Pisgah, nothing, though of the lowliest, shall be wanting, that is owned in kindred of the Good and True.

And now farewell for the present, Ebenezer. Farewell, and God speed thee ! Thou, too, art a prophet ;—thou, too, art of the magi. Go on and prosper, for much—more than thou thinkest for—is in thy power. *Thou reachest down to the infinite, with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of thine and canst do miracles if need be.*

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

WE weep not, Brother, o'er the lowly grave,
 Where thy cold clay in Death's embrace is lying ;
 The God who *took* thy chastened spirit, *gave*,—
 Rest thou with him, most happy in thy dying !
 Why weep for thee ? The world no more is trying
 To move thy spirit from its heavenward way ;
 Thy course was run 'mid sorrow, pain, and sighing,
 Till brightly dawned on thee an endless day.
 Man dealt the blow—he snapt the silver cord,
 And rudely brake the pitcher at the well ;
 Nor deemed that so he wrought thy will, O Lord,
 To loose thy servant from this earthly cell :
 Upheld by thee, a martyr's death he bore,
 To wear a martyr's crown of bliss for evermore.

J. S.

ENTOMOLOGY.

" Let no presuming impious railer tax
 Creative wisdom, as if ought was formed
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?

————— Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings lessening down
 From infinite perfection to the brink
 Of dreary nothing,—desolate abyss,
 From which astonished thought, recoiling, turns ?"

Of all the branches of Natural History, perhaps Entomology exhibits the greatest number of varieties ; and although, comparatively, very many look down with contempt upon it, and despise it as beneath their notice, yet, to a *rational* mind, nothing is more pleasing than to contemplate the wonderful economy and ten thousand different forms which the insect world displays, and nothing so calculated to raise one's thoughts to that Being, by whose hand and for whose pleasure they were all created. How narrow must be the mind of that man, who, content with observing only those objects in nature, which from their *size* recommend *themselves*, as it were, to his notice, despises by far the greater portion of the animal creation, and passes over myriads of minute yet astonishingly formed creatures, as though God had designed them for no purpose, and had not intended them to exercise any part whatever in the scale of nature ! Such however is the case with *thousands*, who look upon this race of beings as not only offensive and *useless*, but too often consider them alike destitute of all manner of beauty and variety of form. The following is the opinion of the celebrated Swammerdam on the subject, who justly considered it one of the most important and interesting that can occupy the human mind, as well as one of the most pleasing in animated nature. " We cannot help allowing," says he, " after an attentive examination of the nature and anatomy of the smallest as well as the largest animals, an equal, if not a superior degree of dignity in the former. If, while we dissect with care the larger animals, we are filled with wonder at the elegant disposition of their parts, to what a height is our astonishment raised, when we discover all these parts arranged in the same regular manner in the *smallest* ! Notwithstanding the minuteness of ants, nothing hinders our preferring them to the largest animals ; if we consider even their unwearied diligence, their wonderful strength, or their inimitable propensity to labour. Their amazing love to their young is still more unparalleled among the larger classes. They not only daily carry them to such places as may afford them food ; but if by accident they are killed, and even cut to pieces, they, with the utmost tenderness, will carry them away piecemeal in their arms.

Who can shew such an example among the larger animals, which are dignified with the title of *perfect*? Who can find an instance in any other creature that can come in competition with this?*

The ancients, apparently, had but little knowledge of Entomology. Aristotle is the first who seems to have devoted any attention to it; and although he is now found to have erred in many important points, yet we shall for ever remain indebted to him for the foundation he laid for future Entomologists to build upon. From his time to that of Pliny, little was added to the science; and although the latter has enlarged considerably upon it, yet his notices appear to be in a great measure, if not entirely, compiled from those of Aristotle. We shall not attempt to describe its progress during the times of the later and more eminent Entomologists; it will be enough to observe, that from the time of Pliny to the beginning of the seventeenth century, there seem to have been but few additions made to it. About this period appears the name of Ulysses Aldrovandus, an Italian, who attempted a classification of insects. At the distance of nearly a hundred years after him, follow Swammerdam, Ray, and Willoughby, who were succeeded by De Geer and Olivier, of whom the former three arranged them according to the metamorphoses or changes which they undergo—a plan first adopted by Swammerdam in his *Historia Insectorum Generalis*. About this era also Linnæus was born, whose indefatigable researches in every branch of Natural History have rendered him truly celebrated in the scientific world: he appears to have followed out in a great measure the classification of Aristotle, and established what has been termed the *Alary System*, from *ala* a wing, since he distinguished his genera by the absence or presence of those organs. After him followed, amongst many others, Fabricius, Latreille, Leach, and Donovan, each of whom contributed greatly to the advancement of this interesting science. It would be needless to remind our readers of the many excellent authors and beautiful works on the subject, which the present age has produced; suffice it to say, that the names of Kirby, Spence, Curtis, and Stephens, although *last* in our pedigree, are not held *least* in our estimation, since we are indebted to them for by far the most useful and instructive publications which have yet appeared on Entomology; and which have justly gained them that praise and approbation which their indefatigable labours have merited.

Entomology is derived from the Greek word *ἔντομα*, which corresponds with the Latin *Insecta*, and with our own term *Insect*. It has been applied to this class of animals because they are generally *insected*, or divided into *segments*. These segments are usually three in number; the *head*, *trunk*, and *abdomen*: the first contains the *mouth*, *eyes*, and *antennæ*. The eyes are always *immoveable*, and in most cases are *compound*, or composed of an innumerable quantity of smaller eyes or lenses, resembling lace-work, any number of which may be destroyed without depriving the others of the power of sight. It has been computed by Leeuwenhoek, that in each eye of the com-

* Goldsmith's Animated Nature, p. 585.

mon dragon-fly (*Libellula*) there are no less than 12,544 of these smaller organs: "the pictures of objects painted thereon must therefore be millions* of times less than the images of them pictured in the human eye." The common house-fly has about 8,000 of these minute hexagonal faces in each eye, i.e. within the dimensions of a pin's head. The *antennæ* are two in number, and are placed on the fore part of the head: they serve, with two pair of smaller feelers or *palpi*, as organs of touch. It has long been a matter of doubt whether the sense of hearing† does not reside in the antennæ, but has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. The *trunk* is the next principal section into which the insect is divided, and is that to which the organs of *motion* are for the most part attached: it contains the *Thorax*, *Sternum*, and *Scutellum*, the former term of which is sometimes used to designate the whole division, the scutellum excepted. The *Abdomen* is the under part of the insect, and has sometimes been confounded with the trunk; it is generally composed of rings or segments,‡ which fit into each other like the tubes of a telescope, and in most insects can be inflated or contracted at pleasure. Insects do not breathe like other animals; for, although they *respire* air through their mouths, they do not receive it by means of the same organs, but through small pores or apertures on their sides, called by Entomologists *spiracula* or *spiracles*.

All insects are produced from eggs, and most of them undergo several distinct changes before they arrive at maturity, or at what is termed the *imago* or *perfect* state. The following are the different stages, through which the greater portion of insects pass previously to their complete developement—I. the *Egg*; II. the *Larva*; III. the *Pupa*; IV. the *Imago*.

I. The eggs in some few instances are hatched within the body of the parent insect, which are on that account denominated *ovo-viviparous*; but this is confined to a comparatively small portion of them. The colour of the eggs varies in different species, but the greater number of them are white; they differ from those of birds in being elastic instead of brittle, and in their having no membrane within the shell.

The contrivances which nature has provided insects with to deposit their eggs, as well as the singular instinct wherewith she has instructed each species to select a suitable place, and provide for the safety and nourishment of their future offspring, is beyond comparison wonderful. The common gnat exhibits one of the most remarkable instances of this extraordinary intuition. She constructs as it were a little *raft* of eggs, of such a form, that when combined, they float on the surface of the water until hatched,—these are generally between two and three hundred in number, and built in a pyramidal form; the larvæ and pupæ do not quit the water until they have attained their perfect state.§ A common spider (*Lycosa saccata*—Leach) may frequently be seen during the summer months dragging its eggs about with it in

* Samouelle, Comp. p. 21.

† Ib. Comp. p. 32.

‡ White's Nat. Hist. of Selborne, p. 214.

§ Reaumer, Mem. iv. p. 621.

a case of skin attached to the hinder part of its body,* which is supposed by De Geer to be conducive to their hatching as well as their safety, since it is probable that heat is thus conveyed to them.† Many insects exhibit astonishing foresight in the manner they preserve their eggs from the injurious effects of the weather: some glaze them over with a thick transparent cement, in which state they remain during the whole winter; others enclose them in a small case or box, from which the young ones escape as soon as they are hatched; while others, as for instance the common Vapourer moth (*Orgyia antiqua*), always deposit them on the web from which they have just issued.‡ Cold, apparently, has no effect upon them, as has been proved by many curious experiments made upon them by Spallanzani. The accuracy of this has been tested by immersing them in a mixture of rock-salt and nitrate of ammonia, and reducing the thermometer to twenty-two degrees below zero, which had not the least effect upon them § Kirby and Spence, however, give an instance of the eggs of an *Aphis* which were hatched in doors a month sooner than those in the open air.|| To all eggs, *light* is decidedly unfavourable, since it has been observed that those invariably hatch the soonest which are kept entirely free from it.¶

II. The *Larva* or *Caterpillar* state, is the next stage on which the insect enters after it is produced from the egg. On its first appearance it is so small as to be almost imperceptible, but rapidly increases in size. It moults its skin several times before it arrives at maturity, and, in many instances, greatly alters its appearance at each successive change. The *grubs* or *caterpillars* of some insects live much longer than those of others; some requiring, as in the case with the larva of the goat-moth (*Cossus ligniperda*—Leach),** several years before they arrive at perfection, while others remain only a few weeks in that state. Even in this stage of their existence insects are not altogether void of defence against their more powerful enemies: some protect themselves by the sharp spikes with which they are covered; while to another family nature has given a more subtle means of deceiving their numerous pursuants. This class of caterpillars, called by Entomologists *geometricians* (*Geometridæ*), from the peculiar figures they describe with their bodies when crawling, are so formed as to resemble the twigs of the trees on which they feed, and may often be seen stretched into the most grotesque shapes, so that it requires an experienced eye to detect them from among the dead sticks or shoots of the tree on which they happen to be feeding. Of this genus is the caterpillar of the swallow-tail moth (*Ourapteryx sambucaria*—Leach), common in many parts of England on the lime trees, in the month of May, and which thus often escapes even the clutches of its most destructive enemies, the feathered tribes, and is therefore far more frequently overlooked by the unexperienced and less searching eye of

* Swammerdam, Hist. of Insects, i. p. 24.

† De Geer, Mém. vii. p. 194.

‡ Ib. ii. p. 7.

§ White's Selborne, p. 273.

|| Kirby and Spence, Introd. ii. p. 434.

¶ Phil. Mag. ix. p. 244.

** Samouelle, Comp. p. 246.

man. Previously to their entering the pupa state, all caterpillars select for themselves some place, wherein they may perform the third grand change of their existence. These places vary according to the different species. The greater part of those which pass the winter in the chrysalis state, retire under ground in the autumn, where they form cells or nests, composed of particles of earth bound together by means of the web which they spin; some eat their way into the trunks of trees, and enclose themselves in cases of wood; others, as is the case with many of the smaller caterpillars, roll up the leaves of the trees on which they feed; while the greater number of those which remain only a few weeks in this state, content themselves with merely spinning a web in any place they may chance to find, wherein the chrysalis remains until its final development.

III. The *Pupa* state is that which immediately succeeds the *Larva*, and assumes therefore in some insects very different and opposite appearances to what it does in others. Some remain motionless and inactive during the whole time, and apparently destitute of all life: while others, as for instance the common dragon-fly (*Libellula*), sport about in various directions in search of food, and are more voracious than in any other stage of their existence. The length of time also which insects remain in this form, varies considerably according to the different species; some requiring only a few weeks, some months, and some even years, before they arrive at maturity. The pupæ of the order *Lepidoptera* are entirely destitute of locomotion, and are generally known by the name of *chrysalides*, or *nymphs*: they eat nothing during the time they remain in this state of their existence, and in spite of the unseen and wonderful operation which is going on in the interior, they exhibit no outward marks of change until their transformation. Insects vary less in colour when in the pupa state, than at any other time during their life; the greater number of them being either dark-red, brown, or black. Some, however, are exceptions to this general rule, as, for instance, those of the common magpie-moth (*Abraxas grossularia*—Leach), and many of those also of our commonest butterflies, as is the case with the genera *Vanessa* and *Pontia*.

IV. The *Imago* is the last stage of existence, and includes all perfect insects. We shall not attempt to enter into any particulars under this head, since the limits of our present paper will not admit of it; we must therefore refer our readers to the more lengthened works on the subject.

Insects appear to be generally divided into four classes: *Insecta*, *Arachnoida*, *Acari*, and *Myriapoda*. The former was classed by Latreille, in the year 1806, in the following manner:

- I. *Coleoptera*, including beetles.
- II. *Orthoptera*, consisting of locusts (*Acry-dii*); crickets (*Gryllides*), and cock-roaches (*Blattæ*).
- III. *Rhipiptera*, comprehending the two genera *Xenos* and *Stylops*.
- IV. *Hemiptera*, comprising grasshoppers (*Cicadaria*); water-boatsmen and water-scorpions (*Hydrocorisæ*); bugs (*Cimicides*), and plant-lice (*Aphidii*).

V. *Lepidoptera*, including *butterflies* and *moths*.

VI. *Neuroptera*, comprising the *dragon-flies* (*Libellulinae*): the *Ephemerinidae*, and all those insects which are produced from the different species of *cane-worm*.

VII. *Hymenoptera*, comprising the various sorts of *Tenthredo* and *Ichneumon*; with *ants* (*Formicariæ*), and all insects with *stings*.

VIII. *Diptera*, consisting of *gnats* (*Tipulariæ*), and all *two-winged flies*.

IX. *Suctoria*, comprehending the different species of *fleas* (*Pulices*.)

In the above classification we have inserted one or two examples under each head, as the representatives of their respective order. We shall not adopt the arrangement of Latreille in any of the remaining classes, for since the publication of his *Genera Crustaceorum et Insectorum*, many new discoveries have been made, which have in some cases altered the entire arrangement. According to Dr. Leach, the class Arachnoïda may be divided into the following orders.—

I. *Polymerosomata*, including the *Scorpionidae* and *Sirorida*.

II. *Dimerosomata*, including *spiders* (*Araneidae*) and the *Phalangidae*.

The *Acari*, formerly included with the Arachnidans, were first separated as a distinct class by Dr. Leach. Less is known of them than perhaps any other portion of our insect population, since there are doubtless many hundreds, even in our own country, still undiscovered: the greater number of them are *parasitical*, attaching themselves to the bodies of other animals, particularly to some of the larger species of coleopterous insects, as the *Histeridae*, *Geotrupidae* and *Scarabæidae*. They are divided by Dr. Leach into five families: *Trombididae*; *Gammasidae*; *Acaridae*, including the *cheese-mites*; *Cheyletida*, and *Ixodiada*, containing the *Ixodes ricinus*, commonly known as the *dog-tick*.

The fourth class, *Myriapoda*, was formerly included among *insects*, and was also established and separated from them by Dr. Leach. Latreille arranged it with the Arachnides, and Fabricius in a distinct class called *Mitosata*. The orders into which they are divided by Dr. Leach, and whose classification we will retain, are the following:

I. *Chilognatha*, including the families of *Julidae*, *Polydesmidae*, and *Glomeridae*.

II. *Syngnatha*, containing the *Geophilidae* and *Scolopendrada*.

Having now given a slight outline of the history of insects in general, we will add a few words as to their local or geographical distribution. When we consider the immense variety of species which have been ascertained to inhabit our globe, and the thousands, we may say, which in all probability remain yet undiscovered, we naturally enquire whether it is possible, with any degree of accuracy, to make even a conjecture as to their actual number. It has been supposed that their existence depends greatly on that of plants: but, although this may be true to a certain extent, we should be inclined to question the correctness of any conclusion drawn from it, since there are many thousands which are in no way dependent on the

vegetable world. In our own island alone, more than 12,000 species have already been ascertained to exist; whereas, in the whole world, it is conjectured that there are no less than 500,000 distinct varieties, since we cannot but allow that an almost infinite number of them must be yet undiscovered. The regions between the tropics, especially the East and West Indies and the Brazils, appear to be the most prolific of any with which we are acquainted. Next to these, perhaps China, with the southern parts of Tartary, and the north of Hindoostan, about the Himaleh mountains, are the most productive. The south of Mexico and the United States, with parts of New Holland and Van Dieman's Land, abound with the most rare and beautiful insects; while Italy, Greece, and the south of Russia appear to open the most extensive fields for the researches of the Entomologists in Europe.

It may be useful to our readers to point out a few of the principal localities in our own island, which have been proved by experience to be the most productive; for, although there is not a county which has not a certain number of insects that may be said to be almost peculiar to itself, yet it has been found by all collectors that some are much more prolific than others. The fenny districts of Cambridgeshire, Huntingdon, and the south of Lincoln, especially the neighbourhood of Whittlesea Mere and the Isle of Ely, boast, upon the whole, a greater variety than perhaps any other part of England. The low woods of Nottinghamshire, about Sherwood Forest, as well as those of Epping and Windsor, with the New Forest in Hampshire, Coombewood in Surrey, and some parts of Oxfordshire, harbour many rare and beautiful species, which are not generally to be met with in other situations. The sandy shores of Kent and Sussex, with those of Devon, Cornwall, and the south of Wales, produce also many rarities: while the bleak heights of Dartmoor in Devon, and the lofty range of the Malvern and Cotswold hills, although not so prolific as the above-mentioned localities, have nevertheless their peculiar varieties. A *clayey* soil is decidedly unfavourable to the Entomologist, and, on that account, fewer insects are taken in Northamptonshire, Stafford, and parts of Leicester, than perhaps in any other counties. Heaths and commons abound with many species: the most productive of these, with which we are acquainted, are in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmund's, and near Norwich; Battersea fields in Surrey; Salisbury Plain; parts of Yorkshire, Cumberland, and the south of Wales, especially about Swansea and Tenby. The north of England and Scotland do not generally produce such an abundance as the southern and more midland counties, but have nevertheless afforded many very rare and curious insects, which have been searched for in vain in other parts of our island: the neighbourhood of Edinburgh and Newcastle, in particular, deserve to be noticed, as being remarkably productive.

When, therefore, we consider how decided a superiority Cambridgeshire and its adjoining counties have over the whole of England in their Entomological productions, we cannot help regretting that in so important a town as Cambridge, where so many facilities are

afforded for the advancement of all other branches of scientific studies, more advantage is not taken of the excellent situation which it enjoys, to promote the extension and advancement of so interesting and attractive a science; and further the knowledge of a study, whose ordinary phenomena cannot fail to excite the wonder and admiration of even the most careless observer, and which will bring fresh stores of wisdom, and prove a never-failing fountain of delight, to those who devote even a small portion of their time and mental energies to the investigation of the more occult phenomena which characterise this most interesting yet generally despised department of the animal creation.

T. V. W.

EPIGRAM.

MANKIND, though Satirists, with jobation weary us,
 Have two faults only, if they're rightly reckoned;
 The first of which is trifling with things serious,
 And seriousness in trifles is the second:
 Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,
 And fools will be as scarce as wise men now.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Quicquid delirant homines (procul este severi)
 Si bene quæsieris, sit modo culpa duplex,
 Altera nam risu perverso seria ducit,
 Altera, cum ludit, seria semper agit.
 Tolle duos nævos, si quis modo tollere possit,
 Stultus et—ut sapiens nunc—fere nullus erit.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep.—*King Lear*.

EVERY tourist to the Isle of Wight, who has taken a boat at Freshwater Gate, according to general custom, and, after sailing round the Needles, has extended his excursion as far as Alum Bay, will have noticed a small ruinous shealing, perched by itself upon the top of one of those apparently inaccessible crags which are born of the conflict of the elements, shivered by the frost, and undermined by the ocean.

It is possible that the eyrie-like situation of this abode will attract from the stranger's observation little further notice than a passing gaze. He may wonder at its secluded position, and may tax his ingenuity to discover by what means its inhabitants could have held intercourse with the world around them. He may even ask himself for what purpose such a hovel could have been constructed, and what reason could have operated to have fixed its foundation on a ledge of land, barely spacious enough on a winter's day to serve as a landing-place for any individual who might not choose to run the risk of being hurled by the wind to the foot of the tremendous precipice beneath him. And then for the materials of which it had been built—how, and by what human aid had they been transported thither? and who had helped in their erection? All these considerations might astonish him for the moment, but his attention would be diverted by other objects, and delighted by the ever-varying magnificence of the scenery.

Much moreover would depend on the disposition of the traveller himself. The boatman at the prow might tell him a charmed tale, the matron on the beach might recount to him no housewife's tradition; but it might happen that he would feel little unusual interest in the story. The novelty of the prospect, the excitement of the beautiful, would overcome the natural longing for adventure, and he would turn his ear and his eye seaward, and drink in the cry of the water-fowl, and the flash of the billow.

Separated from the rest of the world, the inhabitant of this secluded hut must have enjoyed in all their fulness the blessings which we are told wait upon solitude. His only companions were the numerous sea-fowl which frequent the rocks, and these only in the summer season. The only sounds which invaded the stillness were the dashing of the waves against the shore, or the "surly laughter" of the ocean which precedes a storm. At the time of its erection it

was the only dwelling in the neighbourhood which was inhabited by man. A few straggling cottages might have been seen on the other side of the down, surrounded generally by clumps of alder trees, above whose branches the white smoke curled into the evening sky.

A more romantic spot could not have been chosen. With the subdued expression of southern landscape, it possessed all the wild magnificence of the northern coast. Rocks that towered seven hundred feet into the air, inaccessible from the shore, and only to be descended from above at the literal and imminent risk of life; their white and glaring surfaces alone relieved by the green patches of samphire which found nourishment in their soil. To the north his view was bounded by the hills of Hampshire, by those of Sussex to the east; in the west lay the far-distant Isle of Purbeck; while to the south was the limitless ocean, terminated only by the sky.

Upon the summit of the High-Down Cliff, which is the loftiest of the whole range of hills which stretch into the interior of the Isle of Wight, as far as Carisbrooke, two persons of different sexes, the man of patriarchal years and appearance, and the female a young and blooming girl, were enjoying at once the freshness of an autumn morning, and the luxury of an unrivalled prospect. We have called it autumn,—it should be termed rather the decline of summer, for portions of the harvest were still standing in the fields, bound into golden sheaves, and waiting but the hand of the husbandman to transport them to the garner. The sun had not yet risen. Night—to borrow the expression of the poet of Hawthornden—was reeling beyond the hills like a drunkard.

The appearance of the girl offered a beautiful contrast to that of the ancient man. His locks were white as with the snows of many winters, and were scattered scantily upon his brow. She, in all the pride of damselhood, was like the opening rose-bud, blushing into life, with a colour upon her cheeks that rivalled the crimson of that "queen of flowers." In her hand she held two greyhounds by a leash, which crouched at her feet, obedient to her well-known voice. The man was reclining on the extreme verge of the cliff, as composedly as if upon his bed, instead of being within almost a hair's breadth of the tremendous precipice. The girl stood by his side, nothing alarmed by her own or by her companion's still greater proximity to danger.

From the elevation which they commanded, an extensive sweep of scenery lay before them, as in a picture. The Yare, winding through its valley, and murmuring onward to the ocean: the valley itself, green with the foliage of forest trees. The frowning outlines of the cliffs at Atherfield, the lowering and romantic aspect of Black Gang Chine, and the neighbouring coast at Rocken End, finely contrasting with the more composed and placid landscape of the interior. The sky above them with its soft and fleecy clouds; the ocean, stretching into the distance as far as eye could pierce, sparkling with tiny billows, and studded with sails that seemed scarce larger than shining specks; and nearer the shore the venturesome craft of the fisherman, in which human beings could plainly be discerned, and their motions accurately watched. The Needles on the right extending into the sea, and covered

with sea-birds of all kinds—puffins, eider-ducks, razor-bills, gulls, terns, cormorants, choughs, starlings, and pigeons, which flocked between their peaks and the shore. The shore itself presenting only to the eye dun masses of shivered and sundered rock, or ruder crags, that projected from the face of the perpendicular cliff—perpendicular, and seven hundred feet in its descent!

Scattered over the down itself, and contentedly browsing its scanty pasture, a flock of sheep added to the romantic beauty of the prospect. Some of these fearless creatures had even ventured to descend the cliff, and had formed down its precipitous sides a path or sheep-walk of some fifty feet in length. Here they fed as if unexposed to danger, meeting and crossing each other with a sense of the most perfect security, and biting at the insulated tufts of herbage which grew upon the bare and dazzling surface of the cliff.

The old man directed the attention of his fair companion to the intrepidity which the venturesome animals displayed.

"You see, lady," he remarked, "that the nature of the creatures is not so timorous as they are represented. Shew me the being would set his foot adown those tracts, where nothing, one would think, would be safe but the terns or the red-legged choughs. Is there a man living would do it?"

"No, Richard, no," replied the girl: "I have wondered before at their hardihood, and at the sureness of tread they must possess."

"Sureness of tread! you may well say that. It must be a very certain step would venture to imitate their amusement. I mind the time," added the old man with a sigh, "when I wouldn't have thought it much to have followed them. I have known these rocks from a boy; and if I were to say, I've planted my foot against every inch of their faces, I shouldn't be far from the truth, I'm thinking."

"Lie down, Juno," said the soft voice of the female to one of the animals which she held in charge. "The pups hear the notes of the fisher's whistle. No, Juno—no, Bright, your master is not come yet."

"The creatures are 'vigorated with the freshness of the morning," remarked the old man in reply. "And why shouldn't they be? God sends his breezes for cattle and dumb things, and the beasts are the most thankful for the blessing."

"Not always—oh, not ever!" answered the maiden with earnestness. "And yet the sense of delight which they manifest might almost be taken for gratitude."

"The animals are uneasy; you may rely upon it that Master Heathcote is not far off. It's something to see how these dumb creatures mind a friend that has once given them a word of kindness. Well, well—in our best of thankfulness we are behind the rest of the creation, which is saying a great deal, for we that call ourselves the lords of all — They've proved their nature, howsomever, the creatures! and that they've nothing in them akin to man."

"How? What mean you, Richard?"

"They remember an old friend, that's all," returned the old man drily. "Master Heathcote's an old acquaintance, and they don't disown him, the animals!"

The maiden's answer was prevented by the shrill tones of a distant whistle, at the sound of which the dogs leapt to their feet, and expressed their joy by barking and wagging their tails. The gaze of their mistress was instantly directed towards the spot from which the notes proceeded with a quickness that almost rivalled the perception of the animals themselves.

"Ay, ay—Bright, Juno—it is your master now. Off, pups, off!" she exclaimed, slipping the string from their necks; "Off, oh! the glad creatures! Father," she continued, addressing the old man, "shall I leave you here, while I go forward and meet him?"

"Bless the child! go, go! he beckons ye. I can take care of myself: old as I am, I was as young as he once."

With a speed almost as fleet as was the greyhounds', the maiden sprang to meet the new comer. The old man raised his sleeves and wiped a tear from his eyes, as he glanced for a moment after her, and then, resting his elbow on the turf, riveted his gaze upon the sea.

"I was as young as he once. It's nigh these sixty years agone though: I've seen them laid in their graves that should'n't have been, and I am old now, and am grown ripe myself. But they drooped off while they were green and the boughs were fresh; three boys and three girls, and the youngest but a new-born. It's hard to see it, and say God is merciful, though it's His doing, and they are His handiwork."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.—ROBERTS.

A young man in the dress of an officer, but with apparel soiled and dusty, evidently the result of a long and tedious journey, hastily approached to meet the eager girl. His features, which for want of rest wore somewhat of a jaded cast, lightened up and sparkled with delight. He stooped for a moment to pat the dogs as they bounded towards him, and then came forward to offer a more welcome salutation to their mistress. The embrace was long and cordial.

"My dearest Margaret! am I not punctual? The sun has not yet crossed the Culver."

"And have you really travelled all night?" she enquired with solicitude. "Yes, yes—your features have an air of languor. This is not my Heathcote's usual prudence."

"An officer in the king's service, Margaret, is not used to be over solicitous about his pillow," returned the young soldier gaily. "But you are not alone; is not your companion old Richard? There is something on the shore attractive enough at all events, for he does not seem to be aware of my arrival. Let us hasten forward and take him by surprise."

Placing her arm in that of her brother—for such was the relationship

of the young stranger—and continuing the conversation, Margaret led the way to the spot where she had left the patriarch. The old man had not moved from his position, but still seemed gazing earnestly at some object on the distant waves; and when he turned round at the address of the young soldier, his aged eyes were filled with tears.

"It would come, I knew it would," he said, in reply to the expressions of surprise which were uttered by his friends. "It would come, and I could not keep it down. I had children as young, and as fair, and as beautiful as you are, and when they came of your height and age, they died and left me childless, and so I've been till this day. I feel it coming upon me at last. I sha'n't be here long, and 'tis not fit I should, for I've lived past the life of man, and have had my health and strength; though I can't do what I could in my younger days,—but that is neither here nor there. God is merciful—God has been merciful, very merciful to me, for he's given me to see the light and loveliness of this fair earth, for nigh a hundred years."

"But why do you weep, old man?" asked the youth; "you are not afraid of death, if it be so near as you deem it."

"Afraid of death! you need not ask that question, Mister Heathcote," returned the patriarch; "there's nothing fearful in being gathered to one's native elements; no, no! not afraid of death! But did ye never have the strange fits come over ye that ye could not tell the nature of, and that made ye shed girl's tears, and you not knowing of the cause? And did you never know what it is to think of them that's dead and gone, many a long year maybe, and you wishing yourself in the same grave with them? No, no, not afraid of death!"

"Richard, you must not talk thus," said the girl, stooping down, and gently removing the hand with which the old man had covered his face in the endeavour to hide the grief which the convulsive sob rendered too evident. "You must not talk thus: up, up, on your feet, old man,—there's Matty Trummett on the shore with his fowling-piece, and he will want your aid to lead him to the best places for taking aim, and we want to descend the cliffs ourselves. I have to prepare breakfast, you know; Heathcote has had a walk of some fifteen miles without breaking his morning's fast, and you, you, father, must be hungry."

The old man suffered himself to be raised from his reclining posture, and to be led away by the tender arm of the young girl. They walked in silence on the way to the path by which the descent to the shore was to be effected.

The youth and maiden remained for some minutes on the edge of the cliff, watching their old companion in his descent. The path which he had chosen winded itself amongst the rocks, and was in some places so steep as to be almost perpendicular; but he threaded it amidst all its dangers with an agility and suppleness of limb that would have done credit to the nimblest youth, and which were truly astonishing in one upon whose brow the suns of eighty-seven summers had shone. The younger couple, accompanied by the hounds, descended to the beach by an easier and safer path than that which was chosen by the patriarch.

"Down, Bright, sir, down, said Margaret," leading the attention of the young soldier from the caresses of the overjoyed animal. "See! yonder at the spring is Ruth; aye, and Seth too. The poor girl has brought her brother to the vicarage, and the child is happy as the days are long; you can see his round flaxen head shining through the trees."

"You are at least leading a romantic life, and are surrounded by romantic companions, Margaret," said her brother. There's Dick o' the World, the dark Egyptian gleaner, and the fair and flaxen-pated Seth; and Matthew Trummett,—I have not seen that gentleman, is he likewise your protégé?"

"No, truly! I am not going to act the patroness so far. The dutiful Ruth willingly—but not Matthew—though I half suspect that Matty will prove a Boaz. We shall have him stalking to the church before the winter, to bear off his Moabitish spouse to the mountains. Alack-a-day! he is not like the kinsman of Elimelech,—a mighty man of wealth. Where be his farms, and his fields, and his reapers?"

"But the flaxen-headed Seth! do you not intend to rear him as your page? Let us descend to the spring, and see the child; he will tell us how many birds' nests he has pilfered, and how many eggs he has hanging from the chimney, suspended on a string of heather-grass. See, he has caught sight of the dogs, and is afraid. Call them in; Juno, Bright!—here, dogs,—here."

During this conversation, the young people had descended the down, and leaving the beach on their left hand, were following the direction of the path which conducted to the spring in question. A row of noble oaks, for which the traveller on a sultry day will now sigh in vain, flung their beautiful shade over the ground, strewing it with lavish acorns,—a lawful prize to the swine, which were grubbing at their roots. The cool breeze played amongst the branches, twirling the tangles of the maiden's hair.

A gentle slope, enlivened with the golden gorse-flower, conducted them from their present situation to the spring which they were desirous of visiting,—a picturesque and secluded spot situated at the foot of the knoll. A cluster of stately elms growing by its side threw up their arms towards the welkin, while the humbler but graceful willows depended over the margin of the pool, and dipped their thirsty branches in the water.

The country around wore a more fertile appearance than when beheld from the eminence of the cliffs. The woods seemed to have robed themselves in more beautiful hues, varied with the tints of Autumn;

"Some very red, and some a glad light grene." *

The birds—not of the ocean, but of the forest—were singing their love-liest songs, making the breeze vocal with the music, or as Drummond would have called it, the *ramage* of the groves. The whole scene was changed. They had lately stood upon half-barren cliffs, with nothing before them but the sea. The prospect of that element was now ex-

* Chaucer.—*The Flower and the Leaf*.

cluded, and the fair earth smiled in its stead—hill and dale, sweep and valley, lawn and forest. Clouds were gathered in the opposite sky, folded in banks on the slope of the horizon. The sense was charmed with the hum of awakened nature, that murmured and went into the ear deliciously.

It was a beautiful Arcadian spot, one of those sylvan haunts which are so often to be met with in rural England, and which seem still to breathe of the old poets and their melodies. The Spring itself was such as Browne would have celebrated in his pastorals. One might have fancied a deity to preside over it, and might almost have expected to see him emerge from the flood—

“His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge.”

The water gushed pure from the earth, and formed itself into a deep and glassy pool, which was shaded from the rays of the sun by willows and osiers; and a short descent of steps which age had

“—— embraced with the golden curls

Of moss that slept with the sounds the waters made,”*

conducted to the surface.

A cross, like that of Sybil Grey, but formed of wood, and of rude construction,—apparelled by length of years with that minute and almost artificial grey lichen which gives such an antique cast to the weather-beaten walls of churches, and other buildings of ancient date, had been erected beside the fountain-head. It was large, and resembled in appearance the crosses we meet with in Catholic countries, before which the chance passenger, or the humble maiden from some neighbouring village, kneels in lowly sanctity. It had doubtless been originally placed here by some devotee as a thank-offering for the bounties which the Spring dispensed. By the side of this relic flourished one or two alders, the shadow of which tree, says Evelyn, “does feed and nourish the very grass which grows under it.” The grass in this spot was not, however, very plentiful, but yielded rather to the sturdier water-flag, and the “lady-smocks, all silver white.”

A child, whose age did not exceed four years, with rosy cheeks, and arch expression of feature, stood beside the spring,—his mouth, as if with surprise, partly open, and displaying a row of large pearly teeth. A slight breeze turned aside his tresses, and gave to the day the burnish of a fair fresh brow. His sharp, quick eye glanced from the stranger to the bounds, as if endeavouring to satisfy itself of their unhostile purpose.

“Seth, you little rogue” said Margaret, “what have you done with the great pitcher you had charge of but now? where have you hidden it?”

“Sisser Ruth carry it away,” answered the child, in a clear shrill voice that went into the air like music.

“And who is sisser Ruth, Seth?”

“See is my sisser, and I am her sib. See say when I am naughty, I can’t be.”

The dogs now began to jump and fawn upon him; and Heathcote’s

* George Peele.—*David and Bethsabe*, 1560.

authority was required to keep them off. He took the opportunity to ingratiate himself into the child's favour.

"And so you have many birds' eggs, my little friend?" he said, in a tone as gentle as he could assume.

"Oh, many—many," answered the child, elevating his brow as if to consider the number; "big ones, little ones, and little *teeny* ones," screwing up his eyes to give full force to the last adjective.

"The child," said Margaret, "is the *genius loci*, as you or my father would term it. For this spring, you must know, Heathcote, like almost every nook in our weird island, has some legend associated with it. It was many years ago—thus do I commence my story—when a good dame, belonging to the village, missed from the cradle her only child, a fine chubby boy. Every nook and corner was searched, every dale and dingle,—but all in vain, for the child was borne away to faery land. Tradition says that he has been seen joining in their sports a troop of the elvish tribe, a rosy happy child; and peasants coming hither with their pails have seen him at this spring hanging over its banks, and playing with the sand that boils up with the bubbling water, his golden locks shining in the sun. And often has the seaman, resting at night upon his oars, been charmed with the songs, which sweeter than the nightingale's have been borne over the waves from the tongue of the elfin child. So that this spot is in the possession of faery land, and the spring is known as the faery spring."

"I have heard of this before. And pray is the urchin accounted a good or an evil genius?"

"Oh, good—decidedly."

Though it was yet but early morning, the villagers were abroad, in plain attire, and engaged in the duties of the day. Some of them were setting out from their cottages to join the gleaners in the harvest field: girls in their unpressed youth,—their sunburnt complexions heightening the beauty of their features,—their dark hair plaited, and their kirtle donned. The milk-maid, likewise, was returning from the byre, balancing upon her head her brimming pail, and singing as she went "old fashioned poetry, but choicely good," with a cadence that would have joyed the very soul of Piscator, or his honest historian, Izaak Walton.

They passed several of these rustic groups, and from each of them Margaret received a profound salutation of respect.

"Good morning, Stephen," she said, addressing a rustic who advanced towards her with a somewhat hesitating step. "What trade do you follow to-day—fowling or fishing?"

He was young, having to all appearance not yet emerged from boyhood, and possessed of a mien and feature which were considerably above the rank in which he appears before the reader. The natural fairness of his skin shone through his sunburnt complexion, and his hands, rendered hard and somewhat rough by the nature of the employment by which his bread was earned, were nevertheless of a mould more delicate than was warranted by his rustic descent. His hair was soft, and of an auburn tinge, and shaded with silken curls, a brow sculptured by nature with the same immortal chisel which she lent to Phidias.

His dress, however, did not correspond with the nobility of his features, but was coarse, even rugged, and bespoke the garb of a countryman, vulgar and unpolished.

"I have taken a fine turbot to the vicarage, which I caught this morning,—if you will accept it, lady," said the youth, with a shy and modest air, as if distrusting the liberty he had taken.

"Fishing so early, Stephen?" asked the lady; "why you must have risen before me, and I have just bade the sun good-morrow from the top of the High-Down Cliff."

"It was caught this morning at full tide, which was before the moon went down," replied the fisherman, "some two hours before sunrise. The tide will be beautiful again to-night, if the moon shines, and the sky is clear. It is a high spring tide."

"I will accept your present indeed, Stephen, and return you many thanks for it; moreover, I will find you a nobler exploit to perform, and one, I fear, which is not unattended with difficulty. We would fain next winter adorn ourselves with a tippet formed from the soft down of the eider-duck, which bird we are told is to be taken in great numbers from the Needles, and from the rocks at Watcombe."

This was said in a light and laughing tone, but a change, of which astonishment and incredulity were the chief features, passed over the countenance of the boy, as he replied, gravely, "The season is nigh over, lady, and the birds are getting scarce, and will soon take their departure. But I will perform your request, if mortal hand can accomplish it."

"Thou art a brave and a willing youth," answered Margaret, placing her arm within that of her brother, and turning her steps homeward, the child Seth still walking by their side, and the grey-hounds leaping around them. They passed the descent to the meadows in which the pool was situated, crossing the stile that led to the village by the nearest path.

When they were no longer visible, the young countryman moved from the position in which, while they remained in sight, he had continued stationary.

"Difficulty—good God!" he exclaimed, "is she aware of the *danger*?" But we must follow his fortunes in a separate chapter.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Alb. My mother!

Emma. Bless thee, Albert!

How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.

William Tell.

The young man directed his course through a green and flowery lane, shaded with the overhanging boughs of the hawthorn and the hazel, that, impervious to the rays of the sun, remained cool and

inviting in the hottest days of summer, sending up from its verdant banks the odour of flowers too minute to be perceived without a careful search, and when found, apparently too insignificant for notice; and delighting the eye with petals of a gaudier hue, but which exhale no fragrance.

At intervals an opening in the bank would let in a view of the beautiful world that lay like life around. The ocean, with its wide and dazzling surface, and the heaven, canopied in purest blue, and the living earth that quivered in the breath of the young day; and all the undying beauty that was sent forth from a thousand shapes of hill and dale, and flood and forest. Along this path, increasing his pace with his excitement, the young rustic rather flew than walked, till he had gained the extremity of the lane, and emerged from its recesses upon the lofty summit of the Needles-down. Nor did he slacken his steps till they had brought him to the chine by which the path conducts to the shore beneath.

Disdaining the easier descent which was afforded by a rude flight of steps cut in the slope of the cliff, he bounded fearlessly from crag to crag, till he stood before the door of a cottage that had been built on a narrow ledge of land, but a few yards from the extreme projection of the rock that descended perpendicularly to the depth of five hundred, while it towered above the roof of the building to the height of nearly two hundred feet. It was the dwelling to which we alluded at the opening of our first chapter, and we owe it to the reader to describe it more minutely.

As if the whole of the frame-work of which it was composed had been fashioned and fitted together in the builder's yard—had been brought entire to the site which it now occupied; and as if that site had been determined more from the result of chance than from any definite object or advantage, this singular habitation seemed to have risen into existence. It was merely a hut or cottage, but it possessed more comfort than distinguishes that class of buildings in general, considering the scanty space which had been allotted for its foundation. Its small glazed windows, its neat and painted door, even its solid walls, formed as they were of rugged and unbewn stone, the very thatch which covered the roof, had an air of comfort, and indicated a superiority of taste in the architect, seldom to be met with in the humble dwellings of the poor. It was, in fact, a little cottage *ornée* among the cliffs, but, from its barren and uncongenial site, deprived of the fragrant clematis, and mantling woodbine, which, it must be confessed, are necessary to complete the picturesque. In such a situation, however, they would have been out of place: the features of the scene were those of the grand and terrible, and the nest of the eagle is not lined with the tender materials of that of the wren or goldfinch.

The interior corresponded with the external appearance. It was neat, cleanly, and comfortable. The first room boasted a small carpet, worn and faded indeed. Two tables, one in the centre of the floor, the other stationary against the wall, and supporting a pile of books, mostly folios, among which a family Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs were conspicuous, together with some half-a-dozen ancient high-

backed chairs with quaint cane bottoms, a stool for the repose of the matron's feet, an old-fashioned fire-screen formed of the plumage of the peacock, and a small cupboard containing some curious antique specimens of China, fixed in the corner opposite the fire-place, completed the furniture of the apartment.

The ornaments, however, were more numerous, and consisted of Indian shells, corals, beads, feathers, small Hindoo deities of pure silver, with high-peaked hats, ears marvellously large, their arms crossed in front of their bodies after the fashion of the modern Puritans, and resting themselves upon their knees, after the manner of the workmen at Stultz's. Hung around the white-washed wall was a collection of pictures, in bright showy colours, illustrative of various scenes and occurrences recorded in Scripture. A small hour-glass, in which the swift-winged time was chronicled by the ever-shifting sand, rested upon the table by the corner of the elbow-chair in which the matron herself reclined.

Besides this apartment there were two others, which served as bedrooms, small indeed, but neatly and conveniently fitted up.

The view from the windows, or from the narrow platform before the door, was of the most majestic description. The sea—the sea, for the want of which even the vale of Tempe seemed distasteful to the eyes of the Greek islander, was cradled beneath it, as a lamb in its calmness, but rousing as a lion in its wrath. The rocks themselves, the proud, tall, beetling rocks, with their caves and crags and precipices, immemorial heights upon which the first sun of the creation shone, when the heavens were first spread, and the earth was first kindled out of chaos; and over all, the bright clear sky, unveiled even by the shadow of a cloud, or rivalling the dark night in the depth of its dense blackness.

"Mother!" cried the youth, bursting into the dwelling. "where is my fowling-piece?"

"Where you hung it last, it has the best right to be now," answered his parent.

"Get it then for me," continued the boy, sinking languidly into a chair. "I am tired—I fear I am not well."

"Bless the child!" said the poor woman coming forward, and grasping her son's arm, as she stooped to put back the curls which hung in clusters upon his brow. "You were up so early. I heard you climbing the rocks before daylight; ay, now I remember, long and long before the moon went down. What for do you want the gun, Stephy?"

"Never mind, mother, let me have it," answered the boy peevishly.

"Aye, let ye have it, you undutiful boy. Who has a better right to know than I have? I ask you again, Stephen, what you lack with it?"

"Give it me, and ask no questions, mother, or I must fetch it myself. There are sea-birds on the top of the tall Needle must be in Widow Cromartie's but before the glooming, and I must be amongst them, for I am losing the best part of the day; and were every inch of these rocks which you see before you covered with eider-fowl, it wouldn't tell the number must line the inside of this cabin before sunset."

"And how do you mean to destroy so many?" asked his mother with astonishment; "and what want you with them when they are taken?"

"It don't matter, mother—give me the gun."

"Something's come of the lad," said his parent. "Nonsense, boy, nonsense! you have not broken your morning's fast, and I have a loaf of wheaten bread for your breakfast, the best has blessed your mouth these three moons."

"I have eaten my fill, mother," returned the youth. "I took the brown crust that was left of last night's supper, and I got a draught of clear water at the faery spring before the lark sung. I have eaten enough,—give me the gun. The birds will soon be gone, and the cliffs bare again. I must make the crop whilst the sun is willing."

"Pshaw! the boy's a fool! Stephen, this is not the way you *used* to treat your mother."

"Mother," cried the boy impressively, "forgive me, if for this once I seem undutiful. I am not so, and God knows I love you as ever son loved mother: but give me the gun. I cannot tell you, indeed I cannot; you *will* know, and before long perhaps: dearest mother," continued the youth, rising from his seat, and clasping his parent by the neck. "Get me the gun, or let me seek it."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed the woman, touched and softened by her son's affection, and returning his embrace; "you shall have it then, you shall have it. But, Stepby, my boy, don't get into danger, don't harm yourself,—and come back to dinner. The child must have his whims," she continued, as she moved to fetch the gun from its resting place.

"Ha!" cried the youth, as he grasped its barrel, and held it up to examine the lock, "many's the water-bird I have killed with this, many's the chough and the tern and the cormorant has fed the fishes' maw, which this prime piece has sent shivering on the water! Well, mother, God bless you, and ask His blessing upon me before I go."

"God bless you, again and again, my son! Aye, Stephen, it is a great thing that we have a Father whose blessing won't pass away like the good words and fair speeches of our fellow-creatures. God bless you, my boy! and mind you make a quick return. Now don't, Stepby, be away all day; come home to dinner, for I'll stay from the leasing to get ye a cooked meal, and give ye a kind word to grace it."

The youth turned away, and left the cottage. But before he ascended the rock, he paused as if endeavouring to repress some internal emotion, and once more approached the threshold to which his mother had followed him.

"Mother," he said, "don't think much of my words; but things do come about sometimes, and it may be we may never see each other again. Never think me undutiful nor ungrateful, but believe me I have a motive for this which you will know one day. So now let me embrace you, mother, and bid you good bye, not as though we were never to return again, but only that we may provide against What-may-happens. God knows I hope soon to be with you, and to share your table and your pottage."

Many and anxious were the glances which the poor woman cast after her son, as he toiled slowly up the rocks, upon the dazzling sides and steep shelves of which the first rays of the early sun were glittering. And while she watched his light and graceful form steal gradually away, as he hurried over the downs, the tears gathered fast into her eyelids; and when he had altogether disappeared, she returned into her cabin, and, throwing herself into her chair—she knew not why or wherefore—gave way to a violent fit of grief.

Meanwhile the boy tarried not. On he went, resting his gun upon his shoulder, and grasping in his hand a stout coil of rope. The flight of the sea-bird skimming the light air was wild and dizzy; the vapoury clouds, thin and fleecy, swept along the sky, hurrying onward and never stopping, veiling without darkening the sun; but swifter, almost, than vapour or wild sea-fowl, and yet far too slow for the pace which the excitement of his passions suggested, the young rustic bounded on his path.

He hurried on and he hurried on, springing over the elastic turf, borrowing—not alas! in spirit—the buoyancy of the air he inhaled. God be praised for the elevations of the earth! “*sur les hautes montagnes, ou l’air est pure et subtil, on se sent plus de facilité dans la respiration, plus de legereté dans le corps, plus de sérénité dans l’esprit, les plaisirs y sont moins ardents, les passions plus modérées. Les méditations y prennent je ne sais quel caractère grand et sublime proportionné aux objets qui nous frappent, je ne sais quelle volupté tranquille qui n’a rien d’acre et de sensuel. Il semble qu’en s’élevant au-dessus du séjour des hommes, on y laisse tous les sentimens bas et terrestres, et qu’à mesure qu’on approche les régions éthérées, l’ame contracte quelque chose de leur inalterable pureté.*”^{*} Blessed be God for the mountains! He hurried on and gained the brow of the steep cliff. Suddenly the sound of voices, ascending as it seemed from the rocks beneath, attracted his attention.

“Now, grant me pardon,” exclaimed the first speaker, “if I refuse to climb any further. I’ve scraped my knees bare already, and my head’s getting as dizzy as a child’s in the whirli-go-round.”

“Ha, ha!” returned a second, with a hoarse laugh, “come a little higher, man; see, here’s a shelve to rest on, and when you are ready, I’ll give a shout, and you’ll murder at least a score, if you take steady aim, and look well to the priming.”

But the man who had first spoken, replied with an oath which we will not repeat.

“Hold hard, man—hold hard! “shouted his companion; “one step more ——”

The encouraging tones, however, were drowned by a tremendous crash, as of the downfall of an immense mass of loosened rock. The air was immediately darkened with sea-fowl, and the momentary silence which followed was broken by their cries. With a sudden impulse the youth had hurried to the brow of the cliff, and now bent cautiously over. At one glance, and it was all that he dared make on account of his own perilous situation, he discovered two men, one stationed

^{*} Rousseau.

securely on a ledge of firm rock, the other clinging for his life to the tough roots of some vegetable substance,—his hair on end, his eyes starting from their sockets from the excess of fear. And below him was a precipice of six hundred feet, and the sea was laving its base, and clung lovingly to the scattered rocks.

"They are giving way, they are giving way!" screamed the agonizing man. Again the youth bent over; yes, the earth was loosening around the roots, the knees of the sufferer wore against the sharp surface of the cliff, and his feet dangled in the air; there was no crag on which they could sustain themselves within reach. Eternity was beneath him, and he was suspended by a breaking thread.

This time the youth did not withdraw: he did not even feel giddy. The upturned face of Matthew Trummert—the imploring look directed in agony towards heaven; the severing fibres to which he clung—the sullen sea that dashed so far beneath, that the sea-birds that hovered over its surface seemed only dim, white specks, gliding everywhere with the rapidity of light; the paleness as that of death, which spread over the features of the poor doomed creature—the fixedness, the almost marble rigidity which they assumed; the hopeless and indescribable expression, when the last struggle proved unsuccessful; the combat of nature against death so awful when the body is in full health and activity,—and one moment to decide everything, with the almost absolute certainty of the result; millions of chances to one that it proved fatal! Oh, God! when the earth is so wide that there should not be one narrow foot of land to save a human life!

Swifter than thought, swifter than the light that travels in a moment of time from the farthest point of space, the youth had uncoiled the rope, and lowered it over the cliff.

"So, hold on there, one moment longer—now we have it, Dick of the World; look out for it below—steady there, steady—we shall save him yet. Fasten it round him, Dick, and I'll heave him up alongside of you."

"Easier said than done," answered the old man; "my arms, God help me, are not long enough to reach him, and I can't move an inch further. The ground beneath me is as soft as a mole-hill, and—he is fainting, he won't hold on another minute! Heaven be merciful, what shall we do?"

"Do!" shouted the youth, stamping with passion, "do, old fool! make a loop to be sure, and throw it over him—you can manage that, surely, and make it secure—mind ye, secure;—that's well, now throw, ah! bad! now, again! that's done it—gently, gently, or you'll pitch him forward on his face. Well managed—now, steady the rope by that end, and I'll hoist him onward; look well to the landing—he's safe!"

"Aye," ejaculated the old man fervently, "when he puts forth His hand, the rough places are made smooth. He that measures the waters in the hollow of His hand can protect the most humble of His creatures. Well is it for you, Stephen Cromartie, for through Him you have saved life this day!"

But the youth had left the spot, and was seeking a path by which to gain the shore.

With the agile step of one whose world from infancy had been those trackless rocks, he bounded fearlessly from crag to crag: the chamois trod her native Alps not surer. On, on—clearing at every leap almost a furlong's length; now hanging from some protruding peak, and dropping gently to some ledge beneath; now, on hands and knees, working down precipices almost vertical, neither sustaining harm nor encountering peril. And thus he made his way.

(*To be continued.*)

HAYMAKING.

Manu versate diurna.—HORAT.

MANE NOVO, dum ros humentibus incubat herbis,
Falcibus armati sese effudere per arva
Messores, operum patiens et mascula turba.
Illi tela manu prensantes cote sonora
Exacuunt; tum proni in ferrea verbera pendent,
Gramineasque metunt acies: procul audiit æris
Stridorem, trepidusque fuga caput occuluit mus.
Mox, ubi conscendit medium Sol aureus orbem,
Concurrunt læti agricolæ furcasque bicornes
Vibrant, Iphitus acer, inornatusque Menalcas,
Et Taurus pugil, et pedibus gravis Ennosigæus,
Cumque Marone Dryops, roburque Aruntis, et instar
Geryonis Corydon: catus ille volubile fœnum
Conripere in plaustra et stratum disponere tignis.
Turba puellarum post hos, Amaryllis, Elisa,
Floraque, Daphneque, et ridens roseo ore Næara,
Phyllodoceque, Chloeque, et pagi gloria Dorcas.
Ordine procedunt longo nymphæque virique:
Subsequitur Corydon Amaryllida, Taurus Elisam,
Teque Næara Maro exultans, teque Iphitus urget
Flava Chloe: Floram premit Ennosigæus, et Aruns
Dorcada, Phyllodocenque Dryops, Daphnenque Menalcas.
Una omnes operi incumbunt: jam vertitur herba,
Mutaturque latus fœsum et resupina quiescit,
Udaque desueto sentit recreata calore.
Nam nubes, grave sollicitis messoribus omen,
Undique cæruleum Titan per inane fugavit,

Et solus secum in cœlestibus ambulat arvis,
 Omnia convicens radiis Pater: ille nocentes
 Decoquit humores et amico temperat igni.
 Sin autem pluvias contraxit turbida ab alto
 Tempestas, et opacus inhorruit imbribus æther;
 Tum pedibus lentis opera imperfecta relinquunt
 Inviti agricolæ, pagumque et tecta requirunt
 Rastra reportantes humeris et inutile ferrum.

Progreditur labor interea; versatile gramen
 In partes rapiunt varias, torquentque, rotantque,
 Et Zephyro tradunt ambire sequacibus alis.
 Nec minus exercent sociæ commercia linguæ,
 Præcipitantque diem tardum cantuque jocoque,
 Dulcibus alloquiis operum. Tenet Iphitus acer
 Voce Chloen, narratque dicax, quæ nuper in urbe
 Contigua spectarit, equum dum vendat herilem;
 Ut se perculerint herorum imitamina picta
 Mimi, flammivorusque Phlegon, nanique, gigantesque,
 Et bene clausa cavis ululantum monstra ferarum.
 Haud aliter nympham insignem roseo ore Neæram
 Prosequitur cantuque Maro plenisque leporum
 Versiculis. Ridet; nec se, cur rideat, inquit
 Scire Neæra rubens: sed si cui riserit unquam
 Vati Melpomene, multam risisse Maroni.
 Hæc et multa quidem leviora jocantibus addit
 Cententus avium vicinia; dantque sonorem
 Fusa fuga tenui muscarum examina, et errans
 Murmur apīs trahit ærium aut thyma nota requirens
 Arentes stipulas humili circumgemit ala.

Te vero, Daphne, festiva et garrula virgo,
 Daphne, quam multus circumvolitavit amator,
 Te sequitur mœrentem ac sidera dura vocantem
 Trux animi mutoque inglorius ore Menalcas.
 Non oculis vaser ille loqui; non ille disertus
 Versuto vultu ad nymphas obliqua tueri:
 Quassanda tacitus totum se ponit in herba.
 Ipse tamen, dum vicinos bibit aure lepores,
 Ingemit indocilis per nugas ire canoras
 Molirique sales et dædala fingere dicta.
 Jamque diu siluisse pudet; jam labra rotunda
 Informat fanti similis: sed rara foras vox
 Truditur: invitæ stant verba in limine linguæ.

Ecce autem interea, multo ante recognitus idem,
 Glaucō vectus equo in campum sese arduus infert
 Possessor fundi Hippomedon. Operantibus ille
 Defigens oculos, inritamenta laborum,
 Omnia conlustrat dominus: modo servat apertum
 Æthera, si qua parte minax impendeat imber;
 Nunc animum magno culmorum pascit acervo
 Dum reputat venturam hiemem et fœnilia plena,

Dives cornipedum quibus arida gramina cordi.

Mox satur obtutus longi calcaria verso
Tandem subdit equo et campis excedit avitis.
Continuo agrestes rapit ingens ardor edendi :
Defixere solo furcas : ferit æthera clamor
Lætantum et naso suspendentum Hippomedonta.
Nec mora : gramineum propter cœnacula rivum
Opportuna legunt. Non illi aulæa requirunt
Duri ruricolæ ! Non lecti sutilis auro,
Non mensæ desiderium sentitur acernæ :
Illice sub patula in viridi discumbitur herba ;
Herba torum mensamque, lacunar sufficit ilex.
Jamque parant epulas famulæ, gravidum canistrum
Expediunt : canit Orpheo festivior hymno
Tinnitus patinarum et cultri stridulus horror.
En primum calatho extrahitur mirantibus ipsis
Immortale bovis tergum : dein caseus ingens
Volvitur in latus, ingenuo prædives odore ;
Hunc sequitur mira candens pinguedine perna,
Deliciæ Dryopis ; quo non felicior alter
Salsa carne frui multamque recondere in alvum.
Nulla mora est : cepere locum ; mens omnibus una ;
Lancibus incubuere : sonat mandentibus escam
Malarum labor adsiduus plausumque palatum.

Musa, velim sileas, claraverit Ennosigæum
Quanta gula, et calices sorbendi quanta facultas.
Olli nec bibitur simplex Acheloius humor,
Nec dulcis vini latices : Cerealìa siccant
Pocula : Lenæos compensant hordea succos.

Vos autem, Juvenes, Grantai Matris alumni,
Gloria si jubet aut pietas secunda salutis
Ire per inscriptos obscura vocabula libros,
Si vobis placet in dubia pallescere charta,
In studiisque mori certis non reddere vitam,
Exemplo moniti sudantum in gramine verso
Discite naturæ vegetas non perdere vires ;
Exercete pari corpus mentemque labore :
Sic vobis aderit mens sana in corpore sano.

Φιλόμουσος.

SOME OF OUR ERRORS.—No. I.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

(By the Author of "THE CRITIC.")

EVERY age has its great characteristic feature. That of our's is—the Press. We speak particularly of the Periodical Press; and from the universality of its diffusion, and the great influence it wields, it may certainly be said to form the grand *power*—the distinctive *moving agency* of this our age. We once heard it said that the Press had taken the same relative position and power, as to this age, as the priesthood possessed in the dark ages. "What! liken the influence of the Press in this age of enlightenment, intelligence, and illumination, to that of the priesthood in the age of darkness, superstition, and ignorance?" As regards the *extent* of the power wielded, certainly there is resemblance—aye, and verily on some other points likewise: this perhaps may be seen as we go on.

We by no means underrate the *importance*, any more than we do the *power*, of the Press. It is difficult for us to realize to ourselves what would be the effect, if to-morrow every periodical organ of public opinion or public intelligence were suppressed. We may, however, faintly picture to ourselves the startling, the confounding change from the extreme of public information and illumination, to its very *antipodes* of utter ignorance and darkness, as to all that passes around us, as to every movement of political, or commercial, or judicial, or legislative agencies; we may have a distinct idea of the convulsive motions with which society would "heave to and fro" in its struggles for the accustomed enlightenment, and of the excited feeling that would pervade all its ranks and grades, amid all the perplexity of rumour and all the bewilderment of uncertainty,—an attempt to stop the vital current, beating its mighty pulsations through a thousand channels of the vast national leviathan.

What, however, are the causes, what the sources,—what, we may say, is the *secret* of this mighty influence? For while all imperceptibly, involuntarily, unconsciously perhaps, partake the same wide-spread impulses, few stop to enquire "whence they come," or "whither they go." They come indeed, as the winds—unseen yet strongly moving. But unlike the winds, their power consists in no small degree of this very obscurity. Let us attempt to unfold some of its mysteries.

We used the terms just now, "*organs of public opinions and public intelligence.*" And these terms very well distinguish the two *phases*, so to speak, under which we think of the Press. We speak of it first as an organ of public intelligence, as the medium *i. e.* of public information; and next, as an organ of public opinion. These its two provinces are quite distinct. As the means whereby a vast community is daily informed of all that is moving about them and around them, in "this great world of toil and care," the Press must be regarded in the light in which we have just regarded it, as the very vitality of the nation. The nature of its influence as an organ of public opinion, and

the means whereby that influence works, is another subject, and the chief one we have now in view. It is that about which least *is*, while most *should* be, understood. It is that as to which we said, that the influence of the Press rested somewhat in its very mystery. It is that as to which we hinted at a resemblance in other points than that of mere *extent*, between the power of the Press in these modern times, and that of the Priesthood in the dark middle ages.

So far as the *mere* communication of information influences, and controls, and impels the public mind, of course the power of the Press resolves itself into the first and the simpler of its provinces—that of an organ of public *intelligence*: and as we have already expressed, upon its absolute *necessity*, its paramount, prodigious importance, in that view there can be at this time no doubt. Light *must* come in upon a nation,—may it be a clear and rightly directing, not a delusive and fallacious light! The vital current must bound through its myriad channels—may it be pure, and healthy, and vigorous!

We assumed in this allusion to the organs of public *intelligence*, that their information was *correct*. In the main we believe it is so. On the contrary supposition, quite a different train of ideas must arise; and undoubtedly, *no* light is better than a delusive, deceptive, and misleading light. However, though *sometimes* an event is described which never took place, and rumours published that never existed; if occasionally a person finds himself reported as dead, and has to tell the world that he is alive; or a most elaborate and excited narrative turns out to be the offspring of a fervid imagination, a “thing of air and fantasy;” why the same channel which originates the error will always, and *does* generally, publish the correction; and, whether owing to the salutary dread of *legal* correction, or to a pretty general sense of fairness and justice (we are ready to believe the latter), an unfounded or erroneous statement is sure to be counteracted by a true account, or by a contradiction. Howbeit, there cannot be a doubt that in some cases the correction is a *little* too late to prevent *all* the mischief of the error. But then, to be sure, there is the “deepest sorrow,” and the “most sincere regret.”

The *mere* communication of facts, however, forms not the whole, nor indeed the principal portion of the functions of the Press. Some people may think that it *ought* to be the principal portion of those functions; nay, some may think (every one does when he is attacked by some stinging personalities in the papers,) that it should be the *whole*. *These* last would however be in a very diminutive majority. The Press, as a medium for the expression of public opinion, no less than an organ of public information, is now a “part and parcel of the British constitution”—“the palladium of all our rights and liberties,” &c. &c.

There is indeed a little more philosophy in the point than may appear at first sight. All states, especially one wherein there is such an abundance of public intelligence, must have *safety valves*, through which may issue harmlessly, or at least with much less danger than would exist without such open expression, all the discontents, complaints, and ill feelings of every kind which are apt to generate in the popular mind. Our safety valve is the Press, and by this medium

a host of dissatisfied grumbings expand themselves "into air, into thin air," which might else rankle concealed into venomous malignity. We doubt not that, had there been a free newspaper press at the time of our Stuarts, there would have been no temporary demolition of monarchy; the angry feelings which led to Marston Moor and Naseby, would have found vent in fierce "articles," and spirited "leaders:" and had there been such an unfettered press in old France, the revolutionary spirit would have been naturally and harmlessly dissipated in paper controversies, ere it was exasperated by pressure to the fury of an unbridled explosion.*

So that we are quite awake to the use of a periodical press. But we are equally so to its abuse. The life-blood of the national leviathan must, as we have said, flow—but it may be *diseased*.

There is a danger of the Press acquiring an unnatural, and therefore necessarily pernicious influence as an organ of public opinion. We say necessarily pernicious, because the history of human nature shows that any influence, so soon as it becomes *excessive*, is sure to be abused. All great powers, all mighty agencies, have ended in *despotism*. So did the power of the Priesthood in the middle ages. Less likely, certainly, may be the Press, the medium of information in an age of enlightenment, to become so. Still there is the danger.

It can only arise from the nature and sources of the influence which the Press exerts being misunderstood. What is obscure, is magnified. Mystery is thus ever the parent of power: it was so with the Priesthood of the middle ages; it is so in some degree with the Press now. The former maintained its power by keeping the light to itself; the latter supports its influence by shrouding itself in obscurity. Under *this* system, as under *that*, the power is enhanced by the conceptions which are entertained of it. Few *understand* the Press.

Somehow or other people do not judge of opinions in print, as they would of the same opinions expressed *viva voce* to them. Why is this? There is something of magic in *print*. What a man *says* in conversation or otherwise, by oral address, is treated as *his* opinion only, and generally rather unceremoniously disposed of; but if the same man writes a "leader" in a journal, the very identical sentiments receive an importance, are elevated into a dignity, and command an influence, quite new to them. This shows that whatever of influence papers exert, is not owing to their intrinsic worth, but to some adventitious circumstances and impressions.

We think if men were to look into the matter a little, they would find that at the bottom of the regard they have for the opinions expressed in the newspapers, is an idea that these organs do not express the opinions merely of one or of a few; there is a vague impression abroad that the journals are certain mysterious and mighty expositions of

* [We differ from our able correspondent in some of the points which he has advanced; but we think it sufficient to state the fact, without going into the grounds of this difference. It may be as well however to observe, that what we draw from history and philosophy is totally at variance with that which appears in one part of this article: "Affliction cometh not forth from the dust, neither doth sorrow spring out of the ground." And something more than "angry feelings" led to the Battle of Marston Moor, and the misery of three great kingdoms, and the imprisonment of two great principles in Cavalier and Roundhead, and the tragedy of Whitehall, and the Commonwealth of Cromwell!—Ed. U. M.]

public feeling : there lies the *error*. The public, in other words, are influenced by the Press, in consequence of the impression each *unit* of the public entertains, that all the rest of the public participate in the sentiments so expressed, or at least some great section of the public. Thus the independence of individual judgment is set at rest and neutralized ; and an indefinable *prestige* stands around the oracular “we” of journalism, more potent even than the same “plural nominative” when employed by royalty.

To show that this is the case, it may be sufficient to remark, that beyond all question, except in one or two rare instances, where a reputation for first-rate writing is so established that intrinsic merit is a little regarded, we give importance to the opinions expressed in a journal, just in proportion as we judge of the extent of its circulation : a manifest evidence that it is for something quite *ultra* the opinions themselves we respect them, and that there is floating in our minds a vague impression that great multitudes of persons have their sentiments expressed in this journal, which is therefore to be looked upon with reverence as the collective wisdom of many wise men.

Now this is a delusion,—a delusion which is of course encouraged by the journalists, but which would be quite dispelled by simply knowing “how they do these things.”

The principle on which the influence of journalism rests, is that man is a gregarious animal. Gregarious, we mean of course, not only in a physically grouping sense, but in a mentally combining sense. Men not only go together, but think together : *classes*—i.e. those who happen to be separated by certain points of difference—of course will in those respects be opposed ; but each *class*, in opinion and sentiment, think together ; men think and feel in *masses*. Journalists know this. They know they have but to touch the common chords, all will vibrate in accordance. They know they have only to make each member of the class they address, believe that every other member of it thinks in accordance with the sentiments expressed, to secure the assent of the whole. And how do the journalists accomplish this ? Simply by discovering, which a little experience enables them to do pretty correctly, what is the tone of feeling on any subject in the class they write for, and adapting their writing to it : in short, while professing to *lead*, they really *follow* public opinion—the opinion i.e. of the class they consult.

It is manifest that it needs only to fully perceive this, to do away with all unnatural and excessive influence on the part of the Press, and to restore the ordinary independence of individual judgment. When once it is clearly understood that only one man is writing his opinions, calling himself “we ;” and so far from writing from a conviction of truth, and endeavouring to guide you to truth, is just trying to suit your taste and meet your assent ; why, this will certainly take away all superfluous reverence from your feelings towards the “organ of public opinion.”

“Does then the Press exert no real influence, does it possess no actual power over public opinion ?” It does—but not ordinarily, and as regards men’s general ideas on public subjects—in the way of *proselytism*, rather of *confirmation* : it does not usually *alter* men’s opinions, it only fixes and excites them ; it does not so much *win*

supporters, as *keep* them, and encourage them. Who ever heard of any man, who upon *general* topics was changed in his sentiments by reading newspaper arguments? We don't believe such an individual could be found. As we said before, men think in masses: Conservatives, Whigs, Radicals—each class think *together*. And these are just the cases in which, from peculiar circumstances, the paper is on some points dis-severed from its *party*, and its writing is, or seems to be, dictated by a sense of right and regard for truth. This invests it with a moral force winning even the respect, if not the assent, of ordinary opponents; thus proving that, were the independent dictates of conviction consulted by journalists, their influence would be much greater.

Another case in which the papers are powerful is a case rather out of the common run of public events, in which it happens that all or nearly all the journals are influenced by one feeling, and proceed in one direction. This is a pretty fair indication of the general tone of public feeling; but by no means an indication of its *justice*,—nay, in many cases the symptom of great public prejudice and undue excitement.

This brings us to a rather important point—the mischief which in many cases, under this or the former class, is created by journal writers, through their not consulting the dictates of their conscientious judgments. Even in the case of a journal deviating apparently from its party, it is seldom, if ever, the practice of journalists to depart from the grand principle we have alluded to, of writing for the approval rather than the conviction of their readers. In some cases a journalist believes, that by departing from the ordinary track of his party sentiments, he shall gain more approval beyond his class than he shall lose in it; and give moreover a valuable degree of credit for high feeling, independence, impartiality, &c. In other cases, all journalists may fancy that by taking a certain course they will secure the support of all, or the great majority of the public; shrewdly suspecting, generally correctly, that public feeling (as it is called—too often public *prejudice*) is in one direction; hence in one case a marvellous manliness, in another an astounding uniformity; in both the principle regarded being the same, the wisdom of taking a *popular* side—the very foundation of journal *interest*.

So much for “Errors of the Press” on general subjects. Before however adverting to prevalent errors on more particular points, we would make a remark or two which will have a general application. We would preface them by a simple question, which we address to the recollection and the experience of every reader. Who ever detected on the part of any journal writer, of any writer of journal articles of whatever kind, political, critical, commercial, or polemical, the slightest symptom, the “shadow of a shade” (as Lord Brougham would say), of aught approximating to doubt, hesitation, or modesty? We will venture to reply. Nobody ever did, and nobody ever will, while journalists remain the same. Now it is obvious that there are only three explanations of this. Either that journalists *are* infallible; or that they thoroughly believe themselves to be so; or that they care not a straw whether they are so or not, and only assume the *ex cathedra* tone as more decisive and imposing. The first suppo-

sition is manifestly untenable, seeing that they all differ not only from each other, but, from time to time, from themselves. The second theory, we should say that journalists are too enlightened, and too much men of the world, to be guilty of the extravagance of supporting. We are reduced then to the last hypothesis; and really it agrees with, and is explained by, our preceding theory:—the peremptory tone of journalists manifestly is in part the result of a firm persuasion, that whenever they write with their ordinary knowledge of the sentiments of their readers, they are sure of being approved of, whether right or wrong;—their knowledge of human nature in the abstract extending certainly to this, that on political subjects at least, and perhaps on most others, men seldom stop to enquire calmly if their own sentiments are correct or not; nay, men seldom take their sentiments on any particular measure from their own judgment on it, but from its conformity with, or variance from, the general run of their principles: besides, journalists have hardly time to *write*; they surely have not time to doubt,—still less to enquire,—yet less to investigate: the only course they can take is to decide first, and investigate afterwards;—as, however, the latter branch of the system would be clearly nugatory, in all probability they do not attend to it.

Moreover there are other reasons for this dogmatic, down-right, despotic—Dr. Johnsonism, shall we call it? or journalism. Perhaps the principal one is grounded on much the same feature of our nature as that which induces, under the protection of a mask, much greater license than would be betrayed without such protection. Men write boldly in the dark. How strangely altered would be the tone of any editor or journal writer living, were he to be compelled to write, affixing his name and address! *Then* he would write as a common member of society; *now* he is a sort of god, elevated above many of the paltry restraints that fetter ordinary humanity. The libel laws, to be sure, prescribe a few regulations. But so long as he does not attack *private* character, he is safe; i. e. he may prove a man to be a rogue in parliament, provided he does not charge roguery out of parliament. Our moralists draw a distinction here, as well as our lawyers; it is no longer a crime to be a *public villain*.

A stronger reason still for this dogmatism and confidence of our journalists is, that the public would not pay any attention to them if they were not thus confident; another instance this of the different way in which people judge of men who speak in private, and of men who write in papers; owing to that obscurity of conception regarding the individuality and other properties of the latter. When men in conversation are loud and blustering; or when men we *know*, write with an utter absence of doubt, modesty, or hesitation, on topics the most momentous, most abstruse, or most complicated, we by no means are disposed to consider their confidence and recklessness as unequivocal proofs of their correctness. And possibly, were any of us charged with so deeming in respect to journals, we should deny it, and in all sincerity; but we shrewdly suspect that, nevertheless, not the less so because, unconsciously and involuntarily, the confident tone of journalists enhances their influence, at least with the majority of readers;

that a journal, which on subjects, however stupendous or difficult, should express modest doubt, or reason in a very temperate tone, as disposed to be rather suspicious of its own conclusions, would be voted dreadfully dull and insipidly tame ;—that people generally in fact judge of journals as some ill-humoured writers say the fair sex judge of men—by their confidence. Perhaps this may in some degree arise from the entire absence on the part of most readers, of any intention to read the papers for the improvement of their judgments ; or any desire to find subjects treated of as though truth were the object. Perhaps, in short, it is too generally the case that people, as we have before expressed, read the papers, not to be informed, but confirmed,—not to be convinced, but maintained. No doubt we do not relish anything dull when we take up a paper ; nor is it at all necessary that a journal should be dull, because somewhat argumentative ; the few which are at all worthy of perusal are so : there is no fault to be found with the wit or humour whereby they may endeavour to enlighten reasoning ; nor is there perhaps much marvel if they reason with personalities the dryness of logic. It is, however, offensive in the highest degree to find in journals (as is always the case) the least entitled from ability to assume such a tone, for the best of them, as we have just mentioned, are more inclined to fair argument than impudent dogmatism ; the gravest subjects discussed with an impertinent affectation of superior power ; or sacred questions disposed of with a disgusting reality of impiety. The fact is, it is lamentable how little ability combined with sufficient impudence will suffice, or does suffice, in too many cases, to write to the public in journals ; and how small a sense of responsibility on account of the moral influence they wield too often actuates men who write, or the proprietors who direct.

Then, to allude to the lighter portions of a journal's articles—its literary reviews, its criticisms of various kinds, too often are they marked by the same recklessness and the same incompetence. There are illustrious exceptions ; still, unfortunately, they are exceptions.

Here is strikingly visible the immense weight which is conferred on opinions, perhaps utterly worthless, by appearance in print. The opinion of any person on any work of literature or art, we should value just at its worth,—its intrinsic worth from the known competence of the person for an opinion. Yet the *dicta* of unknown critics invested with the importance of prints, produce an influence vastly disproportionate to their deserts, and are viewed with a respect quite incommensurate with their real authority.

It would be well if on these, as on more serious subjects, the public would simply exercise their own judgments as unfettered by the dogmatism of journalists, and as unawed by the "pomp of print," as they would be, did they know what some know of the *internal machinery* and its working. How people would laugh, who have just read with the most implicit credence, nay, reverent respect, some critique on a musical performance, to find that it had been written by a person who never heard what he thus describes from the *programme*. How much less would be the degree of respect paid to a literary review of some important work, to find that the labour of a master mind had been

summarily disposed of by one who had just glanced at hazard into a page or two at the middle of the book, looked over the *contents*, and got the *title* correctly. And what light it would throw upon a rather unaccountable comparison between two performers, whereof the decidedly *best* was very disadvantageously "shown up," to find that the fortunate man, "who possessed every qualification characteristic of first-rate excellence," was (unlike the other, "who was an extraordinary instance of utter incompetence pushed into notoriety,") a personal friend of the critic's.

Even where there is no personal bias, how few diurnal, or even weekly critics recollect or apply Pope's admonitions to their race—

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

Let it be clearly understood that we apply these remarks only to a *portion—too large* a portion we fear though—of the Press. There cannot be a doubt that in several distinguished instances, journalist criticisms are able, impartial, and beneficial: a good criticism cannot but be beneficial, whether approving or condemning; whether encouraging excellence, always modest; or rebuking impertinent pretensions, too frequent in this age of literary fecundity.

The learning on the part of the spurious critics, as indeed on the part of those more serious impostors, the critics *political*, is towards *censure*. This is quite human nature. Men conscious of incompetence for judging fairly, and utterly destitute of the *desire*, think that they can be much more effective in censure, than *tame*, judicious commendation. Hence a great fondness in this race of the *political* species, to what is called "showing up;" and of the *critical* class to "cutting up." They are herein sagacious. Not only is it much more easy to detect, or at least to *censure*, a defect, than to perceive and describe an excellence; but it is much more pleasant to an inferior mind to ridicule than to investigate,—

"Discit enim citius meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet quam quod probat et veneratur."

As Pope has it,

"All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side."

How much easier to ridicule a great statesman than to comprehend him; to deride a splendid work than to appreciate it!

Further, ridicule or scurrility are with too many much more successful than reason; the same cause, of their being more easy, rendering them more palatable. As readers seem to consider, that

"They who live to read should *read* to amuse;"

so journalists appear to think, that

"They who write to live should *write* to amuse."

Perhaps on the principle,

"Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res,"

at all events quite neglectful of the precept given by the same poet,

"Neque te ut miretur turba labores
Contentus paucis lectoribus."

And this, if kept in mind, would render us awake to "the Errors of the Press."

THE LIVING DRAMATISTS OF ENGLAND.—No. II.

SIR E. L. BULWER.

IN selecting BULWER as the subject of our first article on the Living Dramatists of England, we do not pretend to decide on his or their comparative merits as dramatists, but simply to pay that homage which is due to a literary reputation extending through Europe, and which is built upon all kinds of works, good, bad, and indifferent, yet most of them displaying genius of an order scarcely at all below the first. Hardly yet arrived at the prime of life, and the full vigour and maturity of his powers, Bulwer has for years past been pouring forth work after work, with a profusion that proves at least the rich fertility of his mind. Novel, History, Poem, Play, Essay, and Political Pamphlet, have succeeded each other with unexampled rapidity, keeping him constantly before the public eye, and each adding something either in the way of foundation or ornament, of strength or grace, of durability or beauty, to that "monumentum ære perennius," which he has raised for himself as surely as any writer of his age. Of course in his, as in all other writings that are not a dead level of dullness and stupidity, great inequalities are to be observed; the mind is not always the same, nor at all times capable of successful effort, even in the greatest men,—as readers of Shakspeare and Walter Scott will be most ready to admit. But the merits of authors ought rather to be tested by their beauties than their faults, or rather their common-place passages; it is in the former that the individuality and originality of their genius is shewn—in fact, all by which they differ from the common herd, the *ignobile vulgus*: it is when he soars full in the sun's eye, towering to a dizzy height till he is scarce seen, a dim speck, far up in the cloudless sky, that the falcon displays his keen glance and strength of wing.—With these brief preliminary observations, as our reason for placing Bulwer's name at the head of our article, we proceed to our main subject, the examination and analysis of his plays, accompanied by such critical remarks as may be necessary to point out their leading beauties or defects.

The first of the plays before us is entitled "The Duchess de la Vallière," and embodies the love and repentance, the fall and atonement, of that soft-hearted lady, whose fault was more than half redeemed by the self-sacrificing tenderness which was its cause; while the neglect and desertion which was in her case, as in most similar cases, the quick reward of that tenderness, turns condemnation to pity, and while it rouses a virtuous indignation against her heartless and capricious seducer, conveys an impressive lesson of morality, that is wanted to shield the subject from imputations that might otherwise be cast upon it. The play opens with a dialogue between the heroine and her mother, on the eve of the departure of the former for the court of Louis, in which her gentle and affectionate disposition, her guileless

purity of heart, and religious fervour of thought, are beautifully brought out. The scene is the garden of the old Chateau—the time sunset.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—'Tis our last eve, my mother!

Madame de la Vallière.

Thou regrettest it,

My own Louise! albeit the court invites thee—

A court beside whose glories, dull and dim

The pomp of eastern kings, by poets told;

A court—

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—In which I shall not see my mother!

Nor these old walls, in which, from every stone,

Childhood speaks eloquent of happy years;

Nor vines and woods, which bade me love the earth,

Nor yonder spires, which raised that love to God!—

(*The vesper bell tolls.*)

The vesper bell!—my mother, when, once more,

I hear from those grey towers that holy chime,

May thy child's heart be still as full of Heaven,

And callous to all thoughts of earth, save those

Which mirror Eden in the face of Home!

Madame de la Vallière.—Do I not know thy soul?—through every snare

My gentle dove shall 'scape with spotless plumes.

Alone in courts, I have no fear for thee;—

Some natures take from Innocence the lore

Experience teaches; and their delicate leaves,

Like the soft plant, shut out all wrong, and shrink

From vice by instinct, as the wise by knowledge:

And such is thine! My voice thou wilt not hear,

But Thought shall whisper where my voice would warn,

And Conscience be thy mother and thy guide!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Oh, may I merit all thy care, and most

Thy present trust!—Thou'lt write to me, my mother,

And tell me of thyself: amidst the court

My childhood's images shall rise. Be kind

To the poor cotters in the wood;—alas,

They'll miss me in the winter!—and my birds?—

Thy hand will feed them?—

Madame de la Vallière.

And that noble heart

That loves thee as my daughter should be loved—

The gallant Bragelone!—should I hear

Some tidings Fame forgets—if in the din

Of camps I learn thy image makes his solace,

Shall I not write of him?—

Mademoiselle de la Vallière. (*with indifference*)—His name will breathe

Of home and friendship;—yea—

Madame de la Vallière.

Of nought beside!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Nay, why so pressing?—let me change the theme.

The King!—you have seen him;—is he, as they say,

So fair—so stately?

We have here presented to us a perfect history of the mode in which *Mademoiselle de la Vallière's* days have hitherto been passed,—the quiet home pleasures which have rippled without disturbing the crystal stream of her existence, and the duties of devotion, benevolence, and affection, which have deepened and strengthened its current, while they have cast a transient shadow over the otherwise uninterrupted brightness of its surface. In a word, while her life has been happy and tranquil, it has also been serious and earnest; thus uniting those

elements which form a character, if not the most powerful and impressive, at least the most lovely and fascinating. We like thus to be let into the previous history of our heroine, to accompany her in her visits of benevolence, to feed her birds with her, to kneel with her before the sainted Mother of God, to walk with her by the side of her own earthly mother, listening to the experience of virtuous old age poured forth with the tenderness of the fondest affection. And can we not picture to ourselves the stern warrior, the gallant knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, irresistibly charmed by the beauties and the virtues of the young Louise, paying her that devoted homage, made up of passion and protection, dashed with a strange mixture of bashfulness, which characterises peculiarly the love of a man for a very young girl, she all the while receiving it with child-like unconsciousness or unsusceptibility of the feeling which prompts it? Little however as the young lady seems to return the ardour of her lover's passion, backed as it is by her mother's approval, it is plain, from the last words of the scene we have quoted, that with all her innocence and simplicity, she is sufficiently prepared to admire the man who comes up to her *beau idéal*; and the concluding lines of the conversation are, we think, very skilfully introduced, to prepare the mind of the spectator for the apparent suddenness of the passion for the thing. It seems that in her solitude, though she has had but little converse with the real world, imagination has been busy in picturing the form of one worthy of her love and admiration; and in the following lines, rich as they are in poetry of expression, she gives signs of an uncontrolled fancy, and indulgence in a most dangerous sort of romantic day-dreaming, which throw a strong light on her subsequent conduct, otherwise hardly to be accounted for.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Strange, that so often through mine early dreams

A royal vision flitted;—a proud form,
Upon whose brow nature had written 'empire';
While, on the lip,—love, smiling, wrapt in sunshine
The charmed world that was its worshipper—
A form like that which clothed the gods of old,
Lured from Olympus by some mortal maid,—
Youthful it seemed—but with ambrosial youth;
And beautiful—but half as beauty were
A garb too earthly for a thing divine:—
Was it not strange, my mother?

Madame de la Vallière.

A child's fancy,
Breathed into life by thy brave father's soul.
He taught thee, in thy cradle yet, to hie
Thy sovereign's name in prayer—and still together,
In thy first infant creed, were linked the lessons
'To honour God, and love the king;' it was
A part of that old knightly faith of France
Which made it half religion to be loyal.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—It might be so. I have preserved the lesson,
Ev'n with too weak a reverence.

A scene ensues between Louise and Bragelone, in which he comes to take leave of her, and discloses more formally than before his passion for her. We must quote part of his speech.

—Louise! thy sire
 Betrothed us in thy childhood: I have watched thee
 Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth
 Have seemed to hoard my own!—I think of *these*,
 And I am youthful still! The passionate prayer—
 The wild idolatry—the purple light
 Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn;—
 Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth
 Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee!
 And yet so well I love, that if thy heart
 Recoil from mine,—if but one single wish,
 A shade more timid than the fear which ever
 Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope
 Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,
 Speak, and my suit is tongueless!

She confesses that she cannot love him. “As legend and song have often painted love.” He continues—

My soul is less heroic than I deemed it.
 Perchance my passion asks too much from thine,
 And would forestal the fruit ere yet the blossom
 Blushes from out the coy and maiden leaves.
 No! let *me* love; and say, perchance the time
 May come when *thou* wilt bid *me* not forget thee.
 Absence may plead my cause; it hath some magic;
 I fear not contrast with the courtier-herd;
 And thou art not Louise if thou art won
 By a smooth outside and a honeyed tongue.
 No! when thou seest these hunters after power,
 These shadows, minioned to the royal sun,—
 Proud to the humble, servile to the great,—
 Perchance thou'lt learn how much one honest heart,
 That never wronged a friend or shunn'd a foe,—
 How much the old hereditary knighthood,
 Faithful to God, to glory, and to love,
 Outweighs an universe of cringing courtiers!
 Louise, I ask no more!—I bide my time!

Re-enter Madame de la Vallière from the chateau.

Madame de la Vallière.—The twilight darkens. Art thou now, Alphonso,
 Convinced her heart is such as thou wouldst have it?

Bragelone. It is a heavenly tablet—but my name
 Good angels have not writ there!

Madame de la Vallière. Nay, as yet,
 Love wears the mask of friendship: she must love thee.

Bragelone (half incredulously).—Think'st thou so?

Madame de la Vallière.

Ay, be sure!

Bragelone.

I'll think so too.

The whole of this scene is exceedingly beautiful, and affords room for the most graceful and pathetic acting.

The scene next changes to an old armoury in the Castle of Bragelone, and a lively conversation is kept up between Bertrand the armourer, and his master, of which we give a specimen.

Bragelone.

—So! this, then, is the sword
 You'd have me wear. God wot! a tranchant blade,
 Not of the modern fashion.

Bertrand.

My good lord,
 Yourself are scarcely of the modern fashion.
 They tell me, that to serve one's king for nothing,
 To deem one's country worthier than one's self,

To hold one's honour not a phrase to swear by,—
 They tell me, now, all *this* is out of fashion.
 Come, take the sword, my lord!—you have your father's
 Stout arm and lordly heart: they're out of fashion,
 And yet you keep the one—come, take the other.
 Why you turn satirist!

Bragelone.

Bertrand.

Bragelone.

Satirist! what is that?
 Satirists, my friend, are those who speak the truth
 That courts may say—they do not know the fashion!
 Satire on Vice is Wit's revenge on fools
 That slander Virtue!

The conversation turns upon Bragelone's anticipated marriage with Louise, and is interrupted by a letter from Madame de la Vallière, relating her daughter's arrival at court, and pining for home amidst all its splendour. Animated by this intelligence, Bragelone gives vent to a fine burst of enthusiasm. We cannot forbear quoting a most delicate touch at the end of this scene; and indeed we ought to have said before, that the character of Bragelone is as accurately painted and as highly finished as it is powerfully conceived.—He has left the armourer alone, who says—

Bertrand.

Oh! there'll be merry doings in the hall
 When my dear lord returns! A merry wedding,
 And then—and then—oh, such a merry christening!
 How well I fancy his grave manly face
 Brightening upon his first-born. (*As he is going*)

Re-enters Bragelone.

Bragelone.

Ho, there! Bertrand!
 One charge I had forgot:—Be sure they train
 The woodbine richly round the western wing—
 My mother's old apartment. Well, man! well!
 Do you not hear me?

Bertrand.

Bragelone.

You, my lord! the woodbine?
 Yes; see it duly done. I know she loves it;
 It clammers round her lattice. I would not
 Have one thing absent she could miss.

Remember! [Exit Bragelone.]

Bertrand.

And this is he whom Warriors call 'the Stern!'
 The dove's heart beats beneath that lion breast.

This shews a delicacy of mind and refinement of feeling, that exquisitely harmonise, while they strongly contrast with the darker and deeper tints of his character; and do equal honour to the author's genius as a poet, and his skill as an artist.

We feel that we must check our desire to quote all that pleases us in this charming play; or we shall be forced to leave untouched the four other dramas that have succeeded it. Our excuse up to this point must be, that the characters of the two principal persons are strongly marked in all that we have quoted: the fond, timid, home-bred, yet romantic and enthusiastic girl; and the brave, high-minded, ardent soldier, in whose mind, honour and love, while they possess the strength of passions, partake of the depth and durability of principles. We now change the scene to the Palace of Fontainebleau, and the brilliant, witty, and profligate court of Louis. The arrival of La Vallière is narrated and commented upon by two of the courtiers, the famous Duc

de Lauzun and the Count de Grammont, in a style of dialogue worthy of the reputation they have left behind them, which Lauzun thus closes in soliloquy :

—The King
Must have a mistress : I must lead that mistress.
The times are changed !—'twas by the sword and spear
Our fathers bought ambition—vulgar butchers !
But now our wit's our spear—intrigue our armour ;
The ante-chamber is our field of battle ;
And the best hero is—the cleverest rogue !

The curtain again rises, disclosing the gardens of the Fontainebleau by night, magnificently illuminated for a regal fête ; giving scope for all that lavish profusion of decoration for which the modern theatre is celebrated. The introduction of

“ A most divine diverting pompous Marquis,
Who has but one idea and two phrases ;”

the one idea, that he is a Marquis ; and the two phrases, “ I'm in despair,” “ I'm charmed, enraptured,” as suits the occasion, affords a favourable specimen of the author's comic powers. At length the king enters, and speaks to Lauzun of La Vallière, of whose innocent admiration he is unconscious till informed by the Duke ; Louis replies to his account—

Blest thought ! Oh, what a picture of delight
Your words have painted !—

Lauzun. While we speak, behold,
Through yonder alleys, with her sister planets,
Your moonlight beauty gleams.

Louis. 'Tis she !—this shade
Shall hide us !—quick— [*Enters one of the bosquets.*]

Lauzun (*following him*). I trust my creditors
Will grow the merrier from this night's adventure !

Enter Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and Maids of Honour.

First Maid. How handsome looks the Duke de Guiche to-night !

Second Maid. Well ! to my taste, the graceful Grammont bears
The bell from all !—

Third Maid. But, then, that charming Lauzun
Has so much wit !

First Maid. And which, of all these gallants,
May please the fair La Vallière most ?

Mademoiselle de la Vallière. In truth
I scarcely marked them ; when the King is by,
Who can have eye, or ear, or thought for others ?

First Maid. You raise your fancies high !

Second Maid. And raise them vainly !
The King disdains all love !

Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Who spoke of love ?
The sunflower, gazing on the Lord of heaven,
Asks but its sun to shine !—Who spoke of love ?
And who would wish the bright and lofty Louis
To stoop from glory ? Love should not confound
So great a spirit with the herd of men.
Who spoke of Love ?—

First Maid. My country friend, you talk
Extremely well ; but some young lord will teach you
To think of Louis less, and more of love.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Nay, ev'n the very presence of his greatness
Exalts the heart from each more low temptation.

He seems to walk the earth as if to raise
And purify our wandering thoughts, by fixing
Thought on himself;—and she who thinks on Louis
Shuts out the world, and scorns the name of love!

First Maid. Wait till you're tried— *(Music.)*

But, hark! the music chides us

For wasting this most heavenly night so idly.

Come! let us join the dancers. *[Exeunt Maids.]*

(As La Vallière follows, the King steals from the bosquet, and takes her hand, while Lauzun retires in the opposite direction.)

Louis.

Sweet La Vallière!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Ah!—

Louis.

Nay, fair lady, fly not, ere we welcome

Her who gives night its beauty!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

Sire, permit me!

My comrades wait me.

Louis.

What! my loveliest subject

So soon a rebel? Silent!—Well, be mute,

And teach the world the eloquence of blushes.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—I may not listen—

Louis.

What if I had set

Thyself the example? What if I had listened,

Veiled by yon friendly boughs, and dared to dream

That one blest word which spoke of Louis absent

Might charm his presence, and make Nature music?

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—You did not, Sire! you could not!

Louis.

Could not hear thee,

Nor pine for these divine, unwitnessed moments,

To pray thee, dearest lady, to divorce

No more the thought of love from him who loves thee,

And—faithful still to glory—swears thy heart

Unfolds the fairest world a king can conquer!

Hear me, Louise!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

No, Sire; forget those words!

I am not what their foolish meaning spoke me,

But a poor simple girl, who loves her King,

And honour more! Forget, and do not scorn!

[Exit Mademoiselle de la Vallière.]

Louis.

Her modest coyness fires me more than all

Her half-unconscious and most virgin love.

If this scene be long, no one, we think, will be disposed to deny that it is equally elegant and natural. The consequences of the undisguised passion of the king are soon apparent in the slander and calumny of court scandal. Strange rumours of his mistress reach the ears of Bragelone, and he hastens to court to interpose between her and ruin, half distracted by the intelligence he has heard, and doubtful as to its truth or falsehood. He meets Lauzun and questions him; already half mad with his doubts and fears, he loses all command of himself at the cool, sneering tone in which Lauzun answers his questions, and confirms his worst apprehensions; and after giving him the lie, and disarming him in the combat that ensues, rushes from the stage, to seek Louise de la Vallière, between whom and Bragelone a most powerful and affecting scene follows. She indignantly denies the guilt with which he charges her, and the stormy passion of the previous part of

the act subsides into the subdued tone of deep, heartfelt sorrow on her part, and earnest remonstrance on his, that she should leave the court at once, and take refuge in a convent. Very beautiful and touching is the burst of passion with which she interrupts his curses upon the king, and equally so the momentary fierceness of his reply, that almost instantly falls into a strain of overflowing tenderness, changing again abruptly at the close to the melancholy exclamation, "Oh, I am sick of earth!" Admirably painted is the tremendous struggle between inclination, passion, and conscience, first one and then the other preponderating: and in an artistic point of view, nothing can be finer than the contrast between the high-wrought passion of the woman, and the stern, deep resolve of the man, softened as it is by a pervading tone of sadness:

The convent!

Alas! alas! to meet those eyes no more!
Never to hear that voice!

Bragelone (departing.) Enough.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Yet, stay!
I'll see him once! one last farewell—and then—
Yes, to the convent!

Bragelone. I have done!—and yet,
Ere I depart, take back the scarf thou gav'st me.
Then didst 'thou honour worth!' now, gift and giver
Alike are worthless!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Worthless! Didst thou hear me?
Have I not said that—

Bragelone. Thou wouldst see the King!
Vice first, and virtue after! O'er the marge
Of the abyss thou tremblest! One step more,
And from all heaven the Angels shall cry 'Lost!'
Thou ask'st that single step! Wouldst thou be saved,
Lose not a moment!—Come!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière (in great agony.)—Beside that tree,
When stars shone soft, he vowed for aye to love me!

Bragelone. Think of thy mother! At this very hour
She blesses God that thou wert born—the last
Fair scion of a proud and stainless race!
To-morrow, and thy shame may cast a shade
Over a hundred 'scutcheons, and thy mother
Feel thou wert born that *she* might long to die!
Come!

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—I am ready—take my hand!
(*Her eye falls on the bracelet.*) Away!
This is his gift! And shall I leave him thus?
Not one kind word to break the shock of parting—
And break a mother's heart!

Bragelone.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Be still! Thou'rt man!
Thou canst not feel as woman feels!—her weakness
Thou canst not sound! O Louis, Heaven protect thee!
May Fate look on thee with La Vallière's eyes!
Now I am ready, sir! Thou'st seen how weak
Woman is ever where she loves. Now, learn,
Proportioned to that weakness is the strength
With which she conquers love!—O Louis! Louis!
Quick! take me hence!—

Bragelone. The heart she wrongs hath saved her!
And is that all!—The shelter for mine age—
The Hope that was the garner for Affection—
The fair and lovely tree, beneath whose shade

The wearied soldier thought to rest at last,
 And watch life's sun go calm and cloudless down,
 Smiling the day to sleep—all, all lie shattered!
 No matter! I have saved thy soul from sorrow,
 Whose hideous depth thy vision cannot fathom.
 Joy!—I have saved thee!

The king pursues the fair fugitive to the convent, and aided as he is by the traitor within her own bosom, too easily persuades her to fly with him. The scene between them is as powerful as any in the play; and taking place as it does by night, in the dimly illuminated chapel of the convent, during a violent storm of thunder and lightning, contains material for the finest stage effect. We quote the close :

Louise,
 I will not hear thee! What! farewell? that word
 Sounds like a knell to all that's worth the living!
 Farewell! why, then, farewell all peace to Louis,
 And the poor King is once more but a thing
 Of state and forms. The impulse and the passion—
 The blessed air of happy human life—
 The all that made him envy not his subjects
 Dies in that word! Ah, canst thou—dar'st thou say it?
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Oh, speak not thus!—Speak harshly!—threat : command!—
 Be all the King!

Louis. The King! he kneels to thee! [*Lightning.*
Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Not there!—not at the cross!—the angry lightning,
 See how it darts around!—not there!
Louis (passing his arm round her.) So ever
 Would this heart guard thine own!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière. In mercy leave me!
 I'm weak—be generous! My own soul betrays me;
 But thou betray me not!

Louis. Nay, hear me, sweet one!—
 Desert me not this once, and I will swear
 To know no guiltier wish—to curb my heart—
 To banish hope from love—and nurse no dream
 Thy spotless soul itself shall blush to cherish?
 Hear me, Louise—thou lov'st me?

Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Love thee, Louis!
Louis. Thou lov'st me,—then confide! Who loves, trusts ever!

(*Mademoiselle de la Vallière has insensibly let go her hold of the cross, and now placing her hand on his arm, looks him in the face.*)

Mademoiselle de la Vallière.—Trust thee!—ah! dare I?

Louis (clasping her in his arms.) Ay, till death! What ho!
 Lauzun! I say! [*Enter Lauzun.*

Mademoiselle de la Vallière (endeavouring again to cling to the cross)—
 No, no!

Louis. Not trust me, dearest?
 (*She falls on his shoulder—the Abbess and Nuns advance.*)

Abbess. Still firm!

Lauzun. No, Madam!—Way, there, for the King!

Here closes the first division of the play, both in point of time and action. Years are supposed to intervene before the curtain rises again, and that interval is sufficient to change La Vallière, from the romantic impassioned girl, to the gentle and affectionate woman, whose character is only saddened, not corrupted, by her circumstances; and Louis from the ardent lover, to the cold and stately king. His first flush of

youth is over; self-indulgence and excitement have produced satiety, and the modest quiet charms of a character like La Vallière can no longer afford sufficient zest to his jaded appetite: moreover, she has powerful enemies. Lauzun has not found her the easy tool with which he expected to work out his own fortunes: too retiring to mix in court intrigues, and too good to make friends of the profligate and vicious, she has secured no party, and is entirely unprepared for any attack. A rival is thrust forward in the person of Madame de Montespan, whose character, the very opposite of La Vallière's, is thus admirably described by Lauzun to herself:—

Lauzun. —You have that temper which
Makes courts its element.
Madame de Montespan. And how?—define, Sir.
Lauzun. First, then—but shall I not offend?
Madame de Montespan. Be candid.
I'd know my faults, to make them look like virtues.
Lauzun. First then, *Athené*, you've an outward frankness.
Deceit in you looks honestest than truth.
Thoughts, at a court, like faces on the stage,
Require some rouge. You rouge your thoughts so well
That one would deem their only fault, that nature
Gave them too bright a bloom!
Madame de Montespan. Proceed!
Lauzun. Your wit,
Is of the true court breed—it plays with nothings;
Just bright enough to warm, but never burn—
Excites the dull, but ne'er offends the vain.
You have much energy; it looks like feeling!
Your cold ambition seems an easy impulse;
Your head most ably counterfeits the heart,
But never, like the heart, betrays itself!
Oh! you'll succeed at court!—you see I know you!
Not so this new-made Duchess—young *La Vallière*.
Madame de Montespan.—The weak, fond fool!
Lauzun. Yes, weak—*she* has a heart;
Yet you, too, love the King!
Madame de Montespan. And she does not!
She loves but *Louis*—I but love the King:
Pomp, riches, state, and power—these who would love not?

The second scene of this act presents us *Louis* and *La Vallière* playing at chess; the conversation proceeds in a quiet tone, till *Louis* mentioning the reported death of *Bragelone*, she is unable to restrain her feelings, and bursts into tears, disclosing to *Louis* her early betrothment to *Bragelone*. A scene ensues, in which the entirely selfish and ungenerous nature of the King is strongly, almost painfully, depicted; and the struggle in the mind of *La Vallière* between the feelings of remorse called up by the remembrance of *Bragelone*, and her wish to please, dashed with a slight shade of fear of offending her royal lover, powerfully affects the spectator. The following soliloquy, which closes the scene, puts us in complete possession of the King's feeling towards her:—

Louis. She was my first love, and my fondest.—*Was!*
Alas, the word must come!—I love her yet,
But love wanes glimmering to that twilight—friendship!
Grant that she never loved this *Bragelone*;

Still, tears and sighs make up dull interludes
 In passion's short-lived drama! She is good,
 Gentle, and meek,—and I do think she loves me,
 (A truth no King is sure of!)—But, in fine,
 I have begun to feel the hours are long
 Pass'd in her presence; what I hotly sought
 Coldly I weary of. I'll seek De Lauzun:
 I like his wit—I almost like his knavery;
 It never makes us yawn, like high-flown virtues.
 Thirst, hunger, rest—these are the wants of peasants:
 A courtier's wants are titles, place, and gold;
 But a poor king, who has these wants so sated,
 Has only one want left—to be amused!

We pass over much of brilliant and witty dialogue, to come at once to the anticipated catastrophe. Madame de Montespan, under the guise of friendship, pleads for La Vallière's forgiveness from the King, who has left her in anger, or at least in coldness, in a manner which ensures the widening of the breach; and the final result is, that the false friend succeeds in the object of her ambition. Most true to nature is the exquisite art shewn in the contrasted characters of these two women: the one simple, pure, meek, and gentle, embodying all that youth pants for in its first love; the other artful, worldly, proud, ambitious, eloquent, and energetic, the very woman to stir the passions, not the heart, and stimulate the jaded senses into unnatural vivacity. The King thus compares them:—

Her voice
 Is hush'd; but still its queen-like music lingers
 In my rapt ears. I dreamt Louise had loved me;
 She who felt love disgrace! Before the true,
 How the pale counterfeit grows pale and lifeless.
 By the sad brow of yon devout La Vallière
 I feel a man, and fear myself a culprit!
 But this high spirit wakes in mine the sense
 Of what it is—I *am* that Louis whom
 The world has called 'The Great!'—and in her pride
 Mirror mine own. This jaded life assumes
 The zest, the youth, the glory of *excitement*!
 To-night we meet again;—speed fast, dull hours!

The fall of the Duchess from the favour of the King, is the signal for the reappearance of Bragelone on the stage. In the disguise of a monk he seeks La Vallière, representing himself as the brother of her early lover, and, as acting in accordance with his dying injunction; paints to her in affecting colours her mother's death resulting from her conduct, and his own brother as broken-hearted, but forgiving. She rushes from the room in an agony of grief, when Louis enters to see how a negotiation he has set on foot to marry her to Lauzun at his own request is proceeding. A well-sustained though declamatory scene ensues between the King and the disguised monk, of which we quote part:—

Louis.

Are you her Grace's almoner?

Well, Monk,

Bragelone.

Sire, no!

Louis.

So short, yet know us?

Bragelone.

Sire, I do. You are

The man—

Louis.

How, priest!—the man!

Bragelone.

The word offends you?

The King, who raised a maiden to a Duchess.
That maiden's father was a gallant subject:
Kingly reward!—you made his daughter Duchess.
That maiden's mother was a stainless matron:
Her heart you broke, though mother to a Duchess!
That maiden was affianced from her youth
To one who served you well—nay, saved your life:
His life you robbed of all that gave life value;
And yet—you made his fair betrothed a Duchess!
You are that King. The world proclaims you 'Great';
A million warriors bled to buy your laurels;
A million peasants starved to build Versailles:
Your people famish; but your court is splendid!
Priests from their pulpits bless your glorious reign;
Poets have sung the greater than Augustus;
And painters placed you on immortal canvass,
Limn'd as the Jove whose thunders awe the world:
But to the humble minister of God,
You are the King who has betrayed his trust—
Beggared a nation but to bloat a court,
Seen in men's lives the pastime to ambition,
Looked but on virtue as the toy for vice;
And, for the first time, from a subject's lips,
Now learns the name he leaves to Time and God!

Stung to the very soul by the indifference and coldness displayed by Louis during this interview, she announces to Bragelone her intention to take the veil.

Louis.

Adieu!—and Heaven protect you!

[*Exit Louis.*]

Duchess de la Vallière (*gazing after him*).

Heaven hath heard thee,

And in this last most cruel, but most gracious,
Proof of thy coldness, breaks the lingering chain
That bound my soul to earth.

[*Enter Bragelone.*]

O holy father!

Brother to him whose grave my guilt prepared,
Witness my firm resolve, support my struggles,
And guide me back to Virtue through Repentance!
Pause, ere thou dost decide.

Bragelone.

Duchess de la Vallière.

I've paused too long,

And now, impatient of this weary load,
Sigh for repose.

Bragelone.

Oh, Heaven, receive her back!

Through the wide earth, the sorrowing dove hath flown,
And found no haven; weary though her wing
And sullied with the dust of lengthened travail,
Now let her flee away and be at rest!
The peace that man has broken—THOU restorest
Whose holiest name is FATHER!

Duchess de la Vallière.

Hear us, Heaven!

Two parts of this pathetic history are now ended. Louise de la Vallière has sinned, and has suffered for her sin: but her sufferings have hitherto been involuntary; for, though doubtless she long mourned in secret over her fall, passion still awayed her heart, and it was by no effort of her's that the sinful connection between the King and her ceased, but rather against her will, and to her deep affliction

Sorrow had not then worked its perfect work, in purifying the heart, and shewing the utter worthlessness of all earthly things. Besides, the feelings of the spectator are too much interested in her favour to be satisfied with leaving her in the state of dreary despair in which, at the end of the fourth act, she resigns herself to the living sepulchre of the convent. Poetical justice, moreover, requires the punishment of Madame de Montespan,—a sentence in which every body's feelings perfectly coincide. The fifth act embraces the disclosure of Bragelone, the disgrace of De Montespan, and the taking the veil by Madame La Vallière: of the two former we have not space to quote, though both are well worked up; the latter we consider equally admirable in conception and execution. The scene lies in the chapel of the convent: the initiatory rites have already commenced, when Louis rushes upon the stage, and after some interruption from Bragelone, thus addresses his former mistress:—

Louis. Thou hast not ta'en the veil?—Ev'n Time had mercy.
Thou art saved!—thou art saved!—to love—to life!

Duchess de la Vallière. Ah, Sire!

Louis. Call me not Sire!—forget that dreary time
When thou wert Duchess, and myself the King.
Fly back, fly back, to those delicious hours
When I was but thy lover and thy Louis!
And thou my dream—my bird—my fairy flower—
My violet, shrinking in the modest shade
Until transplanted to this breast—to haunt
The common air with odours! Oh, Louise!
Hear me!—the fickle lust of change allured me,
The pride thy virtues wounded armed against thee,
Until I dreamed I loved thyself no longer;
But now this dread resolve, this awe of parting,
Re-binds me to thee—bares my soul before me—
Dispers the lying mists that veiled thine image,
And tells me that I never loved but thee!

Duchess de la Vallière.—I am not then despised!—thou lov'st me still!
And when I pray for thee, my heart may feel
That it hath nothing to forgive!

Louis. Louise!
Thou dost renounce this gloomy purpose?

Duchess de la Vallière. Never!

It is not gloomy!—think'st thou it is gloom
To feel that, as my soul becomes more pure,
Heaven will more kindly listen to the prayers
That rise for thee?—is that thought gloom, my Louis?

Louis. Oh! slay me not with tenderness! Return!
And if thy conscience startle at my love,
Be still my friend—my angel!

Duchess de la Vallière. I am weak,
But, in the knowledge of my weakness, strong!
I could not breathe the air that's sweet with thee,
Nor cease to love!—in flight my only safety;
And were that flight not made by solemn vows
Eternal, it were bootless; for the wings
Of my wild soul know but two bournes to speed to—
Louis and Heaven! And, oh! in Heaven at last
My soul, unsinning, may unite with Louis!

Louis. I do implore thee!—

Duchess de la Vallière. No; thou canst not tempt me!
My heart already is the nun.

Louis.

Thou know'st not
I have dismissed thy rival from the court.
Return!—though mine no more, at least thy Louis
Shall know no second love!

Duchess de la Vallière.

What! wilt thou, Louis,
Renounce for me eternally my rival,
And live alone for—

Louis.

Thee! Louise, I swear it!

Duchess de la Vallière (raising her arms to Heaven)—

Father! at length, I dare to hope for pardon,
For now remorse may prove itself sincere!
Bear witness, Heaven! I never loved this man
So well as now! and never seemed *his* love
Built on so sure a rock! Upon thine altar
I lay the offering. I revoke the past;
For Louis, Heaven was left—and now I leave
Louis, when tenfold more beloved, for Heaven!
Ah! pray with me! Be this our latest token—
This memory of sweet moments—sweet, though sinless!
Ah! pray with me! that I may live till death.
The thought—'we prayed together for forgiveness!'
Oh! wherefore never knew I till this hour
The treasure I shall lose! I dare not call thee
Back from the Heaven where thou art half already!
Thy soul demands celestial destinies,
And stoops no more to earth. Be thine the peace,
And mine the penance! Yet these awful walls,
The rigid laws of this severest order,
Yon spectral shapes, this human sepulchre,—
And thou, the soft, the delicate, the highborn,
The adored delight of Europe's mightiest king,—
Thou canst not bear it!

Duchess de la Vallière.

I have borne much worse—
Thy change and thy desertion!—Let it pass!
There is no terror in the things without;
Our souls alone the palace or the prison;
And the one thought, that I have fled from sin
Will fill the cell with images more glorious,
And haunt its silence with a mightier music,
Than ever thronged illumined halls, or broke
From harps by mortal strung!

Louis.

I will not hear thee!
I cannot brave these thoughts. Thy angel voice
But tells me what a sun of heavenly beauty
Glides from the earth, and leaves my soul to darkness.
This is my work!—'twas I for whom that soul
Forsook its native element; for me,
Sorrow consumed thy youth, and conscience gnawed
That patient, tender, unreprouched heart.
And now this crowns the whole! the priest—the altar—
The sacrifice—the victim! Touch me not!
Speak not! I am unmann'd enough already.
I—I—I choke! These tears—let them speak for me.
Now! now thy hand—O God! farewell, for ever! [*Exit Louis.*]

Duchess de la Vallière.

—For ever! till the angel's trump shall wake
Affection from the grave. Ah! blessed thought.
For ever! that's no word for earth; but angels
Shall cry 'for ever' when we meet again:
Be firm, my heart, be firm!

(*After a pause, turning to Bragelone, with a slight smile.*)

'Tis past! we've conquered!

Here we close our extracts from this play : and however long they may have appeared, we felt it impossible to do justice to the author, and yet make them shorter. The fact, too, that it has not, like Bulwer's other dramas, kept possession of the stage, has rendered it the more necessary to justify our praises by example. Nothing more remains than to sum up its merits and defects, and present our readers with a general and comprehensive view of the whole composition, in order to estimate its relative value as an addition to our dramatic literature.

Some years ago it was the custom, after reading a poem, to ask what was its moral, what particular lesson it inculcated ; and the answer was generally found by turning to the last page, and there, before the word "*Finis*," might be seen some half-dozen lines of euphonious rhyme, whose burden was always one or more of the ten commandments. In this point, at least, we are wiser than our fathers ; and the end of dramatic art is now generally understood to be the exhibition of human character and human passion, interesting and instructing an audience by means of their kindred sympathies, sounding for them the untried depths of their own nature, and thereby enriching them with a practical knowledge of its strength and weakness, of its capabilities for good or evil. We do not therefore feel called upon to hunt out any particular moral truth that may be inculcated by the history of *Madame de la Vallière* ; for it would be an insult to the author, to suppose that he took the trouble to write a play to inform the world, that a seducer is sure to tire of his victim, whether he be king or peasant ; and that a woman, when she has parted with her virtue, has but small security in the constancy of her lover. It is sufficient for us, that the effect of the whole is not in the least to make us look with an approving eye upon such a connection as that of the King and his mistress ; and surely no rules of morality or religion prevent us from pitying the distresses, or admiring the heroic resolution of one, who, had she been a worse woman, would never have suffered as she did. So much for any objections against the morality of the play. With respect to the plot, or distribution of the action, it is cleverly managed ; the principal figures stand out in bold relief : and the reappearance of *Bragelone*, when supposed to be dead, is a very happy thought, and well executed ; while the feelings excited in *Madame La Vallière*, by his assumed relationship to her departed lover, powerfully remind us of that fine stroke of art in the *Electra* of *Sophocles*, where, in the presence of *Orestes* disguised, *Electra* mourns over the urn which she supposes to contain the ashes of her dead brother ; the audience being in both cases aware of the real state of the case. But we must speak of the characters of the play : and here we cannot help complaining that *Lauzun* hardly comes up to the character left of him by *La Bruyère*, as an enigma to posterity. And this is the danger of taking well known historical characters : our expectations are raised to such a high pitch by their reputations, that we are almost sure to be disappointed by the representation, especially if from the construction of the piece they be subordinate, and stand in the back-ground. *Louis* is as magnificent and selfish as great kings generally are, utterly unworthy of the love or esteem of a gentle unsophisticated enthusiast,—

as being utterly incapable of appreciating her worth, or returning her affection: but the fact is, that Madame La Vallière was in love with the idea of the King before she saw him; and even the wisest women (and men too for that) are apt to be fascinated by a charming person and agreeable manners. The progression of his character is exceedingly well developed, and is particularly observable, as we have before remarked, in the contrast between his two mistresses. The great charm of Madame La Vallière's character, is simplicity and genuineness, a warm heart, and a modest retiring disposition; while the fascination of her successful rival consists in an exaggerated and highly-coloured style of thought and language, in towering ambition, and a forward cleverness. Of Bragelone, it would be difficult to speak too highly; the gallant knight and fond lover of the early scenes passes most truthfully into the stern reprover, yet firm protector of his falling angel. His very sternness, like Othello's deadly rage, rises from his depth of love:

"There where I have garnered up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim;
Aye, there, look grim as hell."

Yet the mood is but transient; the tenderness of his affection returns with the conviction that he has not yet to think of her, in whose life and honour his own are wrapped, as fallen and degraded; and the joyous ecstasy of the thought that he has saved her, comes upon one like the sublime and affecting declaration of Scripture, that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth." When he reappears at the close of the play, his voice truly sounds like a voice from the grave: and in his eloquent and stormy dialogue with the King, we feel as if in presence of one who had merely assumed the garb of mortality for the purpose of denouncing vice, stripping earth's puny dwarfs of their giant robes and trappings, and holding the mirror to their shrunken and deformed figures; till again the gentle and more lovely part of his character is brought out, as he pours the balm of consolation upon the wounded spirit of the fallen, but penitent woman, and mingling the memories of the past with exhortations for the future, re-wings her soul for its native heaven. In a word, he might take for his motto, Moore's beautiful lines:—

"Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart—
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!
Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this;
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee and save thee, or perish there too."

We proceed to a brief comment on "*Richelieu, or the Conspiracy*." Our space will not allow us room for any extracts; and as it has been, and is still, so often acted, we may suppose it sufficiently known to our

readers to justify the omission. In Richelieu we observe displayed the same artistic skill in stage effect, which we remarked in Madame de la Vallière, and which, when seconded by the efforts of a manager of kindred spirit like Macready, goes far to ensure the success of a play. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Neither Bulwer nor Macready are men to *substitute* the sensual for the spiritual, in the drama; though they well know how to *heighten* the effects of fine poetry and fine acting, by the blended charms of sight and sound, and shew their wisdom in availing themselves of the power thus put into their hands. It is the merest cant and folly to suppose, that because Shakspeare's genius triumphed over the poverty of the materials of theatric illusion in his age, we, with all the resources of modern art and modern science in our hands, are to throw these advantages aside, under the absurd apprehension that in proportion as the eye and ear are fascinated, the mind and feelings become insensible; that while we are bestowing our care and attention upon the body of the drama, its fine spirit, its ethereal essence, is being lost. With regard to the production now under consideration, we do not hesitate to say, that, taking into one view the united efforts of the poet, manager, and actor, a more powerful representation was never seen upon the boards of any theatre. Were we speaking now of Macready instead of Bulwer, we should call to the recollection of our readers, an old man with the snow of eighty winters upon his head, tottering and trembling on the verge of the grave, bowed to the earth by age and infirmity; yet life's candle, as it goes out, bursting now and then into supernatural brilliance, and at last blazing up with a volcanic violence, rendered more terrible and impressive by the deathlike torpor which had immediately preceded it. It is common to talk of electrical effects, and the expression is usually hyperbolical: but we really know of no other that can adequately express the sudden and overpowering excitement produced by Richelieu's resuscitation in the last act. In spite of our protestation we must quote the scene.

Richelieu. My end draws near. These sad ones, Sire, I love them,
I do not ask his life; but suffer justice
To halt, until I can dismiss his soul,
Charged with an old man's blessing.

Louis. Surely!

Baradas. Sire——

Louis. Silence—small favour to a dying servant.
Richelieu. You would consign your armies to the baton
Of your most honour'd brother. Sire, so be it!
Your minister, the Count de Baradas;
A most sagacious choice!—Your Secretaries
Of State attend me, Sire, to render up
The ledgers of a realm.—I do beseech you,
Suffer these noble gentlemen to learn
The nature of the glorious task that waits them,
Here, in my presence.

Louis. You say well, my Lord.

(*To Secretaries, as he seats himself.*)

Approach, Sire.

Richelieu. I—I—faint!—air—air—

(*Joseph and a gentleman assist him to a sofa, placed beneath a window.*)

I thank you—

Draw near, my children.

Baradas.

He's too weak to question,

Nay, scarce to speak; all's safe.

Moment Richelieu, Mauprat, and Julie, the last kneeling beside the Cardinal; the Officer of the Guard behind Mauprat. Joseph near Richelieu, watching the King. Louis. Baradas at the back of the King's chair, anxious and disturbed. Orleans at a greater distance, careless and triumphant. The Secretaries. As each Secretary advances in his turn, he takes the portfolios from the Sub-secretaries.

First Secretary.

The affairs of Portugal,

Most urgent, Sire;—One short month since the Duke Braganza was a rebel.

Louis.

And is still!

First Secretary.

No, Sire, *he has succeeded!* He is now Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succour Against the arms of Spain.

Louis.

We will not grant it

Against his lawful king. Eh, Count?

Baradas.

No, Sire.

First Secretary.

But Spain's your deadliest foe: whatever Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal *Would send the succours:—(solemnly)—*balance, Sire, of Europe! The Cardinal!—balance!—We'll consider.—Eh, Count?

Louis.

Baradas.

Yes, Sire;—fall back.

First Secretary.

But—

Baradas.

Oh! fall back, Sir.

Joseph.

Humph

Second Secretary.

—The affairs of England, Sire, most urgent: Charles The First has lost a battle that decides One half his realm,—craves moneys, Sire, and succour. He shall have both.—Eh, Baradas?

Louis.

Baradas.

Yes, Sire.

(Oh that despatch!—my veins are fire!)

Richelieu (feebly but with great distinctness.)

My liege—

Forgive me—Charles's cause is lost! A man, Named Cromwell, risen—a great man!—your succour Would fail—your loans be squander'd!—pause—reflect. Reflect.—Eh, Baradas?

Louis.

Baradas.

Reflect, Sire.

Joseph.

Humph!

Louis (aside).

I half repent!—No successor to Richelieu!— Round me thrones totter!—dynasties dissolve! The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake! Our star not yet eclipsed!—you mark the King? Oh! had we the despatch!

Richelieu.

Ah! Joseph!—Child—

Would I could help thee!

Enter Gentleman, whispers Joseph, who exit hastily.

Baradas (to Secretary).

Sir, fall back.

Second Secretary.

But—

Baradas.

Pshaw, Sir!

Third Secretary (mysteriously).—

The secret correspondence, Sire, most urgent,— Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics— Assassins—poisoners—schemes against yourself!— Myself!—most urgent!—(looking on the documents.)

Louis.

Re-enter Joseph with François, whose point is streaked with blood. François passes behind the Cardinal's attendants, and, sheltered by them from the sight of Baradas, &c., falls at Richelieu's feet.

François.

O! my Lord!

- Richelieu.* Thou art bleeding!
François. A scratch—I have not fall'd!—(*gives the packet.*)
Richelieu. Hush!—(*looking at the contents.*)
Third Secretary (to King). Sire, the Spaniards
 Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.
The Duc de Bouillon—
- Richelieu.* Hold!—In this department—
 A paper—here, Sire,—read yourself—then take
 The Count's advice in't.
Enter De Beringhen hastily, and draws aside Baradas.
 (*Richelieu, to Secretary, giving an open parchment.*)
Baradas (bursting from De Beringhen).—What! and left it from thee!
 Ha!—hold!
- Joseph.* Fall back, son,—it is your turn now!
Baradas. Death!—the Despatch!
Louis (reading). To Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans!—
 Baradas, too!—league with our foes of Spain!—
 Lead our Italian armies—what! to Paris!
 Capture the King—my health require repose—
 Make me subscribe my proper abdication—
 Orleans, my brother, Regent!—Saints of Heaven!
 These are the men I loved!
- (*Baradas draws,—attempts to rush out,—is arrested. Orleans, endeavouring to escape more quickly, meets Joseph's eye, and stops short.*)
 (*Richelieu falls back.*)
- Joseph.* See to the Cardinal!
Baradas. He's dying!—and I yet shall dupe the King!
Louis (rushing to Richelieu).—Richelieu!—Lord Cardinal!—'tis I resign!—
 Reign thou!
- Joseph.* Alas! too late!—he faints!
Louis. Reign, Richelieu!
Richelieu (feebly).—With absolute power?—
Louis. Most absolute!—Oh! live!—
 If not for me—for France!
- Richelieu.* FRANCE!
Louis. Oh! this treason!—
 The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Heavens!—the Spaniard!—
 Where will they be next week?—
- Richelieu (starting up).* There,—at my feet!
 (*To First and Second Secretary.*)
 Ere the clock strike!—The Envoys have their answer!
 (*To Third Secretary, with a ring.*)
 This to De Chavigny—he knows the rest—
 No need of parchment here—he must not halt
 For sleep—for food.—In my name,—MINE!—he will
 Arrest the Duc de Bouillon at the head
 Of his army!—Ho! there, Count de Baradas
 Thou hast lost the stake!—Away with him!
- (*As the Guards open the folding-doors, a view of the ante-room beyond, lined with Courtiers. Baradas passes through the line.*)
 Ha!—ha!—
- (*Snatching De Mauprat's death-warrant from the officer.*)
 See here De Mauprat's death-writ, Julie!—
 Parchment for battledores!—Embrace your husband!—
 At last the old man blesses you!
- Julie.* O joy!
 You are saved; you live—I hold you in these arms.
Mauprat. Never to part—
Julie. No—never, Adrien—never!
Louis (peevishly).—One moment makes a startling cure, Lord Cardinal;

Richelieu. Ay, Sire, for in one moment there did pass
 Into this wither'd frame the might of France !—
 My own dear France—I have thee yet—I have saved thee !
 I clasp thee still !—it was thy voice that call'd me
 Back from the tomb !—What mistress like our country ?

This quotation will shew, that however admirable the art of the actor—and admirable indeed it was—the poet has given him a conception to work out, that both requires and deserves it all. With a passionate love of power, not the vulgar ambition of place or wealth, Richelieu unites an imagination that embraces the noblest ends of power, and a clearness of intellect, and gigantic strength of purpose, that carries him on to those ends in spite of all obstacles. Like many imaginative and very successful men, he indulges the idea of astrological influence. Napoleon did so, and Richelieu and Napoleon have much in common ; though in one point of his character, his long and self-reproaching meditations, he more resembles Cromwell ; while in his playful and affectionate manner towards his adopted daughter, he exhibits a natural tenderness of heart, which few men preserve through a long life of successful ambition, and in which, both Napoleon and Cromwell were grievously deficient. Richelieu's character is thus beautifully redeemed from the harshness which attaches to a thoroughly worldly old man : and when we hear him express such strong and ardent sympathy with, and such nice and delicate appreciation of, the motives and feelings of the young De Mauprat and his wife, and listen to the melancholy reflections upon his own worn and wasted life, which he pours into the ear of night, we feel as if, in spite of his impetuosity of passion and his fierce ambition, we must perforce love and venerate him. The remaining characters of the play form a good back-ground for Richelieu ; they are drawn, without exception, vigorously, and have plenty to do and say. De Mauprat especially is the most interesting and effective person. Of Julie, we can only say that she is an affectionate daughter and a devoted wife, and when occasions require, displays a considerable degree of spirit. The play abounds in fine passages, and one of the most beautiful of them, which closes it, is borrowed from a work attributed to the Cardinal :

Richelieu. See, my liege—see thro' plots and counterplots—
 Thro' gain and loss—thro' glory and disgrace—
 Along the plains, where passionate Discord rears
 Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
 Of human happiness glides on !

Louis. And must we
 Thank for *that* also—our prime Minister ?

Richelieu. No—let us own it :—there is ONE above
 Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
 Ev'n better than prime ministers ;—

Alas !

*Our glories float between the earth and heaven
 Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
 And are the playthings of the casual wind ;
 Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
 The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
 May from its airy height drop gladness down
 On unsuspected virtue ;—and the flower
 May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away !*

(To be continued.)

THE SONNET WRITERS OF ENGLAND.*

Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.—*Milton's Comus.*

THE opinions as to the merits or demerits of the sonnet have been many and diverse. While some have regarded it as the noblest effort of poetic genius, or at least as the *experimentum crucis* of the existence of the poetic faculty; others have denounced it as the most stupid and puling of compositions. Some, again, have believed it to be peculiarly adapted to the state of a man violently agitated by a real passion, and wanting composure and vigour of mind to methodize his thoughts.† Others, and amongst these, Coleridge, consider it as the very reverse of a fitting medium for the expression of a momentary burst of passion: indeed, our philosophic poet says that he should sooner expect to write pathetic axes, or pour forth extempore eggs and altars.

We shall endeavour briefly to lay before our readers the result of our own enquiries on this subject; although our opinion has no doubt been anticipated, in consequence of the motto which we have attached to this paper,—borrowing it from the title-page of Mr. Housman's Collection of English Sonnets. Our task will be comparatively easy, for in the preparatory account of the nature and laws of the sonnet which Mr. Housman has furnished, all that is really of intrinsic importance is to be found, clothed in the most perspicuous and appropriate language.

The sonnet is believed on good grounds to have originated with the Provençals; and the conjecture is corroborated by the fact that the words *sonnette*, a little bell, and *sonnettier*, a maker of little bells, first occur in the French language. The invention, however, has been by some ascribed to an Italian, Giuttene d'Arezzo, who flourished about the year 1250. Giuttene must certainly be allowed the honour of having introduced the sonnet into the language of Italy; while in England, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1518), was the first to establish it in the literature of our country. It is to Surrey that we are indebted for blank verse; and it was Surrey who first employed in the English language the ternal rhyme of Dante. It is, perhaps, proper to state, that Sismundi, a name of high authority with some, considers the sonnets which are found in the Provence language, to be posterior to the earliest Italian sonnets, and even to those of Petrarch.‡

The form of the sonnet, its nature and character, are (says Mr. Housman) thus defined by an able writer. The legitimate sonnet is a poem of fourteen equal lines of a certain length, divided by the sense, as well as the rhyme, into two quatrains and two tercets. The subject should, according to the strictest division, be set forth in the first, and

* A Collection of English Sonnets. By R. F. Housman. Simpkins.

† Preston.

‡ Literature of South of Europe, translated by Roscoe, vol. I. p. 129.

illustrated in the second quatrain; confirmed by the first tercet, and concluded in the last: and much of the excellence of the sonnet will depend upon the beauty of its close, which, without being epigrammatical, should artfully wind up the subject with some striking thought or expression.* To preserve the oneness, and long-drawn-out, and linked sweetness of the sonnet, the artistical arrangement of the rhymes should be particularly maintained. The rhymed couplet at the close, although it has the sanction of many writers of celebrity, both in the English and Italian languages, should be carefully avoided. It destroys the continuous harmony and uniformity of the composition, and becomes a separate and independent part. It is like an unwelcome guest—we feel that it has no business to be there.

The legitimate sonnet is divided, both as to sense and rhyme, into two systems, the major and the minor; the former consisting of eight, the latter of six verses. The octave is composed of a double quatrain, of two rhymes twice repeated; the first and the last line, and the two intermediate verses in each stanza rhyming together. This is the Petrarchan model: but not even Petrarch himself invariably follows it. There are at least eight others which may be lawfully adopted. This, however, is the most original, the most beautiful, and the most difficult. The sextant consists either of two or three rhymes. The best forms of distribution are the alternate and the consecutive.

Coleridge has well described the character and capabilities of the sonnet in a paragraph of the "Introduction to the Sonnets," in the first volume of his Poems. In a sonnet we require a development of some lonely feeling, by whatever cause it may have been excited: but those sonnets appear to me the most exquisite, in which moral sentiments, affections, or feelings are deduced from and associated with the scenes of nature. Such compositions generate a habit of thought highly favourable to delicacy of character: they create a sweet and indissoluble union between the intellectual and material world. Easily remembered from their briefness, and interesting alike to the eye and the affections, these are the poems which we can "lay up in our heart and our soul," and repeat them "when we walk by the way, and when we lie down, and when we rise up." They domesticate with the heart, and become a part of our identity.

An eloquent writer in the *Retrospective Review* has characterized this small but celebrated species of lyric poetry, as "the unique, the harmonious, the dignified sonnet. That little poem, big with one fine sentiment, richly adorned, and delicately wrought; never tiring, never flagging,—which bursts forth with an organ-like peal, and proceeds in a sustained and majestic march, until the soft and melodious close sweetly and gently winds up the whole. When a silver voice takes its course through a fine sonnet, we listen to it as to an oracle: when the sound ceases, we feel as if a revelation had been made, and the very silence becomes musical. No poem leaves the mind in a finer mood than the grand and solemn sonnet."†

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. XII. vol. 6.

† *Retrospective Review*, No. XVIII. p. 359.—See Mr. Housman's Preface.

The peal of an organ, the blast of the trumpet, the voice of the thunders, the rolling off of an earthquake, the up-gathering, in-coming, and out-going of the wave that breaks on a pebbly shore, are all illustrations of what the sonnet is or should be. But perhaps the best illustration is to be found in Schiller's lines imitative and descriptive of the hexameter and pentameter. We give Coleridge's version, making the requisite substitution of words, and thereby spoiling the gem in the setting:

" In the octave rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the sextant aye flowing in melody back."

The quotations which we have made from the preface to Mr. Housman's Collection will convince the reader how ably, how judiciously, and conclusively, he has advocated the cause of this noble form of lyric verse. In addition to the Preface is an Appendix, which contains notes on the Literary History and Character of the Poets whose sonnets he has selected. They are all elegantly and alluringly written; but we would especially direct attention to the critique on the genius of Charles Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," and to the notices of Wordsworth, Miller, and John Keats.

The sonnets themselves, three hundred in number, are selected with great discrimination and exquisite taste and feeling,—commencing with Howard, and closing with Edmund Peel, the author of "Judge Not, and other Poems." Of Spenser, of Shakspeare, of Milton, and Wordsworth, we need give no specimens, for what lover of poetry knows them not? The first, with his concentration of thought, and feeling, and perfect sweetness of rhythm. The second, whose sonnets, "like the small statue by the chisel of Lysippus, demonstrate that the idea of greatness may be excited independently of the magnitude of size.* And the last, who pours forth sonnets as even Milton himself could not do—poems in hundreds of little channels, all solid and fluent gold."† Bowles, Coleridge, Lamb, Byron, Hemans, Barry Cornwall, and a long and radiant procession, must pass by unheeded—scarcely unheeded, for we gaze regretfully upon them, and long to call them back. But it may not be,—we must entertain others of less note, though not less loved. And first, Michael Drayton, most musical of names:

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part;
Nay, I have done—thou'lt get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free:
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes;
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

* Dr. Symmons.

† Leigh Hunt.

"My lute," says William Drummond, when a great grief had fallen upon him—

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When unmelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.

We quote these lines for their felicitous and musical expression, and for sake of that fine word *ramage*—now, we fear, for ever lost to our language. We shall not finish the sonnet, for we better love the address

TO SLEEP.

Sleep! silence child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach, peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppressed;
Lo! by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possessed,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show—
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt, bequeath—
I long to kiss the image of my death.

Our two finest sonnets we have kept to the last. The first is addressed by Hartly Coleridge to a friend; and the friend must be of royal heart and royal mind to deserve it.

TO A FRIEND.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills.
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That wisely doting, ask'd not *why* it doted;
And ours the unknown joy which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure:
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

So let them sleep, till we awaken them with a blast of John Keats' trumpet. Never was music of Endymion's more spirit-stirring.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,

That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

W. M. W. C.

DIALOGUE FROM LUCIAN.

LEONTICHUS, CHENIDAS, HYMNIS.

LEONTICHUS.—I say, Chenidas, of course you recollect that little engagement we once had with the rogues of Galatia? Well, just be good enough to state in what sort of style I outrode the rest of the troop on my milk white charger, and how they, upon seeing me, ran away with their tails between their legs scared out of their very lives. And don't you remember how I pinked that huge captain of theirs, ran him clean through with my sword, horse and all; and then charged a knot of desperate fellows that had formed themselves into a square, determined to make a stand against me, and how I overturned seven of 'em by the mere force of the charge, and then cleaved in two one of the officer's skulls, in spite of his iron head piece,—of course you remember all that, don't you, Chenidas?

CHENIDAS.—Certainly, sir. And when you fought with the Satrap in Paphlagonia, I think, sir, you did a thing or two that was thought rather respectable in its way.

LEONTICHUS.—True, friend, true. Yes, I *did* behave rather bravely on that occasion, and a very pretty piece of fighting it was, too! The Satrap you must know, my dear, was a prodigiously big and terrible fellow, who, thinking us Greeks no better than so many cock-chafers, bounced forth out of the ranks and challenged any one of us to mortal combat. I wish you'd seen what a fright all our officers and men were in! In fact, even our general, though one of the bravest men living, looked most particularly blue. But I didn't care a rush for the fellow, not I; so says I to my comrades, unhand me, gentlemen; for they actually wanted to hold me back, thinking it was all over with me, when they saw the big barbarian all glittering with his golden armour, and nodding his plumes, and brandishing his spear, and——

CHENIDAS.—Indeed, sir, I know that I felt dreadfully alarmed about you just then, and you recollect how I tried to pull you back; for you know, sir, if anything unpleasant had happened to you, I should have died broken-hearted for grief at your loss.

LEONTICHUS.—But however, I didn't care a fig for his spangled rattle-traps, and, I believe you, I was armed myself pretty nearly as handsomely as he was. Indeed, all our people, and the enemy to boot, uttered a cry of admiration when they saw me in my gorgeous panoply,

for I rather think they knew me by my accoutrements tolerably well. Pray, Chenidas, whom did they say I resembled at that time?

CHENIDAS.—I think, sir, it was Achilles, the son of Thetis and Peleus: your crest, sir, waved so particular beautiful, and your coat was so special scarlet, and your shield so uncommon polishy!

LEONTICHUS.—Well, my dear, we set too immediately in right good earnest. The big vagabond drew first blood, for he gave me a slight wound on the knee with his spear,—but I drove my sword clean through his shield to his very heart, and then quickly running up I chopped off his head and stuck it on my spear, and then spoiled him of his armour. I only wish you had seen me returning in triumph, all dripping with blood, and bearing the grim gory head over my shoulders!

HYMNIS.—Go away, you nasty man, and don't tell such beastly tales about yourself. I should like to know who would ever look at a horrid great buteber like you,—and as for drinking with you, or—go away, I say.

LEONTICHUS.—Nay, I always pay double, my dear,—besides I assure you I'm a very nice gentleman.

HYMNIS.—How can I possibly like such a dreadful, murderous, rampageous, ferocious man?

LEONTICHUS.—Oh, you need not be the least afraid, my dear—all that was done in Paphlagonia; but you know we're at peace here, just now.

HYMNIS.—But you are polluted—blood is upon you—it dripped from the head on your spear—would you expect me to kiss a horrid, cruel, unpleasant Jack Ketch?

LEONTICHUS.—I wish you'd just seen me in my armour. I'm certain I looked irresistible just then.

HYMNIS.—Irresistible, quotha? I'm sick at the mere description, and feel all over in a tremble. I declare I almost think I see the ghosts of the men you killed, particularly that poor unhappy captain whose head you cut in half. Mercy, suppose I had seen the bodies! I declare I never could bear to see a chicken killed in my life.

LEONTICHUS.—Why what a timid-hearted little wench it is! 'Pon my life, I thought you'd be quite enchanted at hearing about that sort of thing!

HYMNIS.—Then, sir, I beg you'll go and tell your tales to them kind of ladies as likes them. I'm off to my mother before it gets dark,—here, Grammis, follow me directly,—and so good day to your murderous captainship, and all such wholesale slaughterers of their fellow-creatures.

LEONTICHUS.—Stay, my dear little Hymnis—my jewel, my—Confound the wench, she's positively gone in sober earnest.

CHENIDAS.—I'm afraid, sir, you came it a little too strong about the nodding crest and glittering armour! I remarked she grew pale and contracted her features, when you were telling her about the officer—nay, she fairly shuddered when you described how you clave his head in two.

LEONTICHUS.—I thought she would like me all the better for being so brave. But why the deuce did you invent that infernal story about the duel with the Paphlagonian Satrap?

CHENIDAS.—I thought, sir, I was bound to tell lies when you did. Besides, you did make it *rather* more sanguinary than you need have done. Why couldn't you have chopped off the poor devil's head without sticking it on your spear, so as to have the blood trickle down upon your shoulders?

LEONTICHUS.—Why, it must be confessed, Chenidas, that *was* rather injudicious—somewhat gratuitous, in fact, for upon my life the idea *per se* was an excellent one. But run you after her now, and try to persuade her to come back.

CHENIDAS.—Then must I tell her, sir, that it was all a lie, just to make you appear more agreeable for your unparalleled bravery?

LEONTICHUS.—Why, really, it's rather discreditable to go quite so far as that.

CHENIDAS.—Very well, sir; only she won't come unless we do so: so you will please to choose between being hated for your mock-chivalry, and having Hymnis and the character of a liar.

LEONTICHUS.—'Pon my life, a most unpleasant alternative, I must confess! However, little Hymnis for me—so away with you, and tell her the story was false—that is, *partly* so.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MAY 22.—The Rev. S. Sowden, B.A., Magd. coll. has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Mytholm, in the parish of Halifax.—The Governors of Oakham School, at their late audit, were pleased to elect Mr. T. Field, of St. John's, and Mr. J. Lynes, of Christ's, to two exhibitions of forty pounds a-year each.—In the Medical examination at Caius, held on Thursday, May 13, the first place was obtained by W. Wegg.—The Rev. J. G. Cumming, M.A., of Emmanuel, Senior Classical and Mathematical Master in the West Riding of Yorkshire Proprietary School, has been appointed to be Vice-Principal of King William's college, in the Isle of Man.

MAY 29.—Yesterday the following gentlemen were elected Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholars; Henry Bailey, B.A., St. John's coll., first Hebrew Scholar; William Henry Guillemard, B.A., Pembroke coll., second Hebrew Scholar.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following grace passed the senate: "To grant to Mr. Ansted, of Jesus college, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds out of the Woodward Funds, for the assistance which he has afforded, during the last two years, towards the arrangement of the Geological Collection."—The Rev. J. Thornton, M.A., of Catharine hall, has been appointed to the united chaplaincies of the Infirmary and Lunatic Asylum, Northampton.—The Rev. George Dugard, M.A., of St. John's college, has been licensed to the perpetual curacy of Birch-within-Warrington. Patron, John Dickenson, Esq., Devonshire Place, London; value, 160*l*.—Hans Bush, Esq., of Trinity coll., has been called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn.

JUNE 5.—The Rev. C. R. Dicken, M.A., of Corpus Christi, has been presented to the lectureship of the united parishes of St. Bene't and St. Peter, Paul's wharf, London.—On Saturday last the Porson Prize (the interest of 400*l*. stock) was adjudged to Mr. George Druce, of St. Peter's coll. Subject: *Shakspeare's Tempest*, Act iv. sc. 1; beginning, "This is most strange,"—ending, "To still my breaking mind," translated into Greek verse.

JUNE 12.—At a congregation holden yesterday, the following gentleman were appointed Barnaby Lecturers; Robert William Bacon, M.A., Fellow of King's, Mathematics; Rev. William Mandell, B.D., Fellow of Queens', Philosophy; Rev. Francis Sheppard, M.A., Fellow of Clare hall, Rhetoric; Rev. B. W. Beatson, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke, Logic.—Mr. E. A. Darby, of Emmanuel college, has been elected a foundation scholar of that society.—The Rev. T. Burnaby, M.A., of Trinity college, has been presented to the rectory of Market Bosworth,

Leicestershire.—The Hon. and Rev. Edward Southwell Keppel, late of Caius, has been appointed one of the deputy clerks of the closet to her Majesty.—The Rev. R. Little, B.D., of Sidney Sussex, has been presented by the Lord-Chancellor to the living of Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, void by the resignation of the Rev. Sir George Burrard, Bart.—On Wednesday, the 9th inst., the Rev. D. Pooley, M.A., was elected, by the Worshipful Company of Grocers, head Master of the Oundle Grammar school, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Shillibeer.—The Rev. D. Meed, M.A., formerly of St. John's coll., has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Brewham, Somersetshire. Patron, Sir H. H. Hoare, Bart; value 102*l*.—The Rev. A. Wilkinson, M.A., of Jesus college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Christ Church, Downside, in the diocese of Bath and Wells.

JUNE 19.—At a congregation holden on Wednesday last, the following grace passed the senate: To affix the seal to a letter addressed by the Public Orator to Viscount Alford, expressing the thanks of the Senate for his Lordship's munificence in presenting to the University a valuable collection of Minerals.—The Rev. J. Holdsworth, B.A., late Scholar of St. John's, has been appointed by the Rev. W. Cartman, second master of Skipton Grammar School.—The Rev. M. A. Lawton, of Jesus college, has been presented by John Woodall, Esq., to the vicarage of Salton, Yorkshire; value, 90*l*., population, 355.—The Rev. G. A. Selwyn, curate of Windsor, of St. John's college, has received the appointment to the lately-created bishopric of New Zealand. Mr. Selwyn took his B.A. degree in 1831.—The Rev. W. D. Willis, M.A., of Sidney Sussex, Prebendary of Wells, has been presented by the Rev. L. Vernon Harcourt, to the rectory of Elsted, Sussex. Value, 187*l*.; population, 174.—The Rev. E. T. Seale, of Trinity, has been presented to the vicarage of Blackawton, Devonshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. W. Hocken. Patron, Sir J. H. Seale. Value, 122*l*.; population, 1477.—William Browne, Esq., of Trinity, was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Grey's Inn.—T. G. Parker, Esq., of Trinity; W. N. Nicholson, Esq., of Trinity; and B. D. Koe, Esq., of Caius, were called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn.—R. N. Philipps, of Christ's, and J. A. Hardcastle, Esq., of Trinity, were called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the inner Temple.—The Rev. J. Thurlow, of St. John's college, has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Norwich, to the vicarage of Worstead, Norfolk. Value, 251*l*., Population, 830.

JUNE 28.—On Thursday last, the Rev. I. W. Donaldson, M.A., late Fellow and assistant Tutor of Trinity college, was elected Head Master of the Royal Free Grammar School of Bury St. Edmund's, vacated by the promotion of the Rev. John Edwards to the Greek Professorship and stall in Durham.—On Monday last, Sir William Browne's Medals were awarded as follows:—Greek Ode, "*Principissa faustis auspiciis recens nata*." Reginald Walpole, Caius college.—Latin Ode, "*Annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis*." Henry Mildred Birch, King's college.—Greek Epigram, "*Hoc est vivere bis, vita posse priore frui*." Matthew Piers Watt Boulton, Trinity college.—Latin Epigram, "*Vehicula vi vaporis impulsæ*." Matthew Piers Watt Boulton, Trinity college.—*The Camden Medal*. On Tuesday last, the Camden Gold Medal, for the best exercise composed in Latin Hexameter verse, subject "*Quiquis sui memores alios fecere merendo*," was adjudged to Henry Mildred Birch, Scholar of King's college.

JULY 3.—On Wednesday last the Right Hon. H. Goulburn, M.A. of Trinity, and the Hon. Charles Ewan Law, M.A. of St. John's, were elected representatives in Parliament for this university, without opposition.—The Rev. J. Prosser, M.A., of Catharine hall, has been presented to the vicarage of Thame, with Sydenham, Tetworth, and Towersey, in the county of Oxford. Patron, W. Long, Esq.; Value, 800*l*.

JULY 10.—At a meeting of the Master and Fellows of Caius college, held on Saturday last, William R. Croker was elected a Fellow on the Perse foundation, and the following appointments were made:—Scholars: Hopkins; Woodhouse; Martineau; Brooke; W. G. Watson; Barker; Trevelyan; Baumgartner; Loftus; Robertson; Davies, Mickleburgh Scholar in Chemistry; Gould, Wortley Exhibitioner, for Moral Philosophy; Wegg, College Exhibitioner, in Medicine.—The Rev. E. S. Bosanquet, B.A. late of Trinity, has been presented to the Rectory of Bolingbrooke with Hareby, Lincolnshire, void by the cession of the Rev. R. W. Bosanquet, Value, 373*l*. Population, 806.—The Rev. H. S. Beresford, M.A., late of Clare Hall, has been appointed to the incumbency of the new church of the Holy Trinity, at West Bromwich.—The Rev. F. Crowther, B.A. of Caius college, has been appointed Principal of the Lincoln Central Diocesan school.—The Rev. J. Wright, M.A. of Christ's college, has been presented by John Roper, Esq., to the rectory of Congham,

Norfolk. Value, 455*l.*; population, 299.—The Rev. Thos. M. Sherwood, A.B. of Downing college, has been admitted to the perpetual curacy of Pauntley, in the county of Gloucester—Patron the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

JULY 17.—Yesterday the Norrisian prize was adjudged to J. S. Howson, M.A. of Trinity college—Subject, "*Both in the Old and New Testament eternal life is offered to mankind through Jesus Christ only.*"—The honours in civil law for the year 1840-41, have been this year adjudged, at Commencement, in the following order: *First Class*, Howes, Trinity hall; Stonestreet, St. John's. *Second Class*, Jenner, Trinity hall; Caldwell, ditto. *Third Class*, Roche. On Tuesday, July 6, Alfred Williams, of King's college, was admitted Fellow of that society. On the 5th inst., F. Hildyard, Esq. Barrister-at-law, junior Fellow of Clare hall, was elected a senior Fellow of that society.—On the 7th inst., the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instructed the Hon. and Rev. J. Sandilands, M.A. of Trinity college, to the rectory of Coston, in Leicestershire, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Kipling, on the presentation of the Queen.—The Rev. J. Taylor, M.A. of St. John's college, has been preferred from the curacy of Tawstock, Devonshire, to the perpetual curacy of St. John's the Evangelist, Dukinfield, Cheshire.—The Rev. S. J. Gambier, M.A. of Trinity, has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of Grinshill, Salop. Patron, John Wood, Esq.—The Rev. H. Owen, of Magdalene, has been appointed to be one of the domestic chaplains of the Earl of Stradbroke.

JULY 24.—The Rev. E. Elmhirst, B.A. of Trinity, has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the rectory of Shawell, Leicestershire, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Rencowse.—Yesterday se'n'ight a present of books, of the value of 20 guineas, was made by the Governors of Christ's Hospital to W. H. Guillemard, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke, (a former pupil and subsequent exhibitor of the Hospital,) on his obtaining one of the Hebrew Scholarships, in addition to the Crosse scholarship which he gained two years ago, and the 6th place in the first class of the Classical Tripos, as well as the 38th place in the list of Wranglers.

JULY 31.—The Rev. R. Reade, B.A. of Caius, has been presented to the rectory of Romaldeskirk, Yorkshire, void by the cession of the Rev. G. Price; patron, J. Bowes, Esq.; value, 773*l.*; population, 2,507.—The Rev. W. Haddon, M.A. of Trinity, has been appointed officiating minister of St. Stephen's, Liverpool.—Mr R. A. Thompson, of Catharine hall, and Mr John Hays, of St John's, have been appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Durham, to two of the scholarships founded by Dr. Hartwell, lately vacant.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Hardwicke has appointed the Rev. W. Law, rector of Orwell, to be one of his lordship's domestic chaplains.

AUGUST 7.—On Wednesday se'n'ight J. A. Yonge was admitted a scholar of King's.—The Rev. S. Davies, of Queens', has been presented by the Bishop of Chichester to the vicarage of Barnham, Sussex, held conjointly with Littlehampton.—The Rev. J. Daintry, M.A. of Trinity, late perpetual curate of Shedfield, Hants, has been presented by the Bishop of Winchester to the rectory of Patney, Wilts, vacant by the cession of the Rev. T. Patteson; value, 225*l.*; population, 144.—The Rev. V. Shortland, of Catharine hall, chaplain to the Hon. the East India Company, and curate of Wendy, Cambridgeshire, has been appointed domestic chaplain to the Earl Talbot.—The Rev. J. Freeman, M.A. of St Peter's, has been instituted to the rectory of Ashwicken-cum-Leziate, Norfolk, on his own petition.

AUGUST 14.—On the 7th instant, C. A. Swainson, B.A. of Trinity, was admitted a Foundation Fellow of Christ's; and on Wednesday the 11th instant, J. D. Ridout, B.A. of Christ's, was admitted a Foundation Fellow of the same society.—Mr Octavius Budd, student of Pembroke, has been appointed to a scholarship on that foundation.—The Rev. M. A. Lawton, B.A. of Jesus, has been instituted to the vicarage of Salton, in the county of York, on the presentation of John Woodall, Esq., of Scarborough.—The Rev. J. Browne, M.A. of St John's, has been licensed to the curacy of Chilfrom and Toller Fratrum, Dorset.—Abraham Hume, Esq., scholar of King's, has been elected a Fellow of that society.—The Rev. D. Ledam, M.A. of St John's, curate of Christ church, Birmingham, has been appointed by the Bishop and other Trustees to the incumbency of St Mark's church, in the same town.—The Rev. S. Smith, M.A. of St John's, has been appointed to the endowed lectureship at Trinity church, Margate.—The Rev. B. W. Savile, B.A. of Emmanuel, has been presented to the vicarage of Okehampton, Devon, void by the resignation of the Rev. L. Coxhead; patrons, the Rev. H. B. Wrey, and H. C. Millett, Esq.—On the 7th instant, the Rev. H. B. Forster, M.A. of Corpus, was instituted by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to the rectory of Coln Rogers, in the county of

Gloucester, vacant by the death of the Rev. A. B. Evans; patrons, the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester.

AUGUST 28.—The Rev. J. H. Lovett Cameron, M.A., of Trinity, has been preferred to the vicarage of Fleet, Dorset, void by the death of the Rev. G. Gould, on the presentation of Miss Jackson, of Fleet House.—The Rev. A. L. Irwin, M.A., of Caine, rector of St. George's, Norwich, has been appointed by the Society for propagating the Gospel, to the station of Principal of the Seminary at Madras.—The Rev. G. R. Blackburne, M.A., formerly of Magdalene, has been presented to the vicarage of Long Ashton, Somersetshire. Patrons, Sir John Smyth, Bart., and Colonel Gore Langton, M.P. Value, 1171.

SEPTEMBER 4.—The Rev. R. Smith, formerly of Magdalene, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Ely to the rectory of Astwick with Araley vicarage, Bedford.—The Rev. M. Forrest, of Queens', has been presented to the vicarage of Urawick, Lancashire; patrons, the landowners.

SEPTEMBER 11.—The Rev. J. Stock, M.A., of St. John's, has been presented to the vicarage of Finchfield, Essex, by the patron, J. Stock, Esq., of Poplar, Middlesex; vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Westerman.—The Rev. F. Van Der Meulen, M.A., of Trinity, has been instituted to the united rectory of Bow and Nymet Tracey, Devonshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. T. P. Lethbridge, on the presentation of F. Van Der Meulen, of Bishop's Stortford, Herts, Esq., the patron. Value, 3351.

SEPTEMBER 18.—The right Hon. H. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was re-elected the representative of this university in Parliament, on Wednesday morning last, without opposition.—A Grace having passed the Senate to the following effect—"That those to whom the Sunday afternoon turns at St. Mary's and the turns for Christmas-day and Good Friday are assigned, shall from the beginning of November 1841 to the end of May 1842, provide no other substitute than such as are appointed in conformity with that Grace;" the following persons have been elected, each for the month to which his name is affixed: 1841, *October*, the Hulsean Lecturer; *November*, the Rev. E. H. Browne, Emmanuel; *December*, the Rev. H. Philpott, Cath. hall; 1842, *January*, the Rev. E. Mortlock, Christ's; *February*, the Ven. Archdeacon Hoare, St. John's; *March*, the Bishop of Winchester, Trinity; *April*, the Hulsean Lecturer; *May*, the Rev. William Selwyn, St. John's.—The Rev. J. Daintry, M.A., of Trinity, has been preferred to the rectory of Patney, Wilts, void by the cession of the Rev. T. Patteson; patron, the Bishop of Winchester.—The Rev. E. T. Seale, M.A., of Trinity, has been presented by Sir J. H. Seale, Bart., to the rectory of Morleigh, Devon, vacant by the cession of the Rev. John Bywater.—The Rev. F. Jeffrey, M.A., of St. John's, has been appointed domestic chaplain to Lord Molesworth.—The Rev. J. Sabben, B.A., of Queens', has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the incumbency of St. Denis, York.—The Rev. E. Rendell, B.A., of St. John's, has been appointed to the vicarage of Bampton, Devon, by T. L. S. Rendell, Esq., vacant by the death of the Rev. B. Davys.—J. P. Beard, B.A., scholar of St. John's, appointed second master of the Grammar School, Dedham.

SEPTEMBER 25.—H. Kirwan, Esq., scholar of King's, has been admitted Fellow of that society.—Rev. J. Ditcher, M.A., late of Queens', Official of the Archdeacon of Wells, late Principal Surrogate of the Diocese, and Judge of the Consistorial Episcopical Court of the Diocese of Bath and Wells, has been preferred to the vicarage of South Brent, Somersetshire; patron, the Archdeacon of Wells.—Rev. O. E. Morgan, B.A., of Trinity, has been appointed domestic chaplain to the Countess of Carhampton.—The Earl of Gainsborough has appointed the Rev. J. Finley, M.A., of Trinity, and vicar of Studley, Warwickshire, one of his Lordship's chaplains.

OCTOBER 2.—There will be Congregations on the following days of the ensuing Michaelmas term: *Wednesday*, Dec. 16, at eleven; *Thursday*, Dec. 16, (end of Term) at ten.—Yesterday, being first of October, the following gentlemen were elected Fellows of Trinity college: Effingham John Lawrence, 29th Wrangler, and 12th in the second class of the Classical Tripos, 1839; Henry Lee Guillebaud, 15th Wrangler, 1839; George Hewitt Hodson, 31st Senior Optime, and 3rd Classic, 1840; Tom Taylor, 18th Junior Optime, and 5th Classic, 1840; H. C. Jones, 2nd Wrangler, 1841.—The Lord Bishop of Lichfield has been pleased to collate W. A. S. Clark, M.A., Archd. of Derby, to the prebend of Uffon, in the cathedral church of Lichfield, a John Kempthorne, B.D., deceased.—T. C. Peake, Esq., B.A., Mathematical Lecturer, of Sidney Sussex, has been elected a foundation Fellow of that society; and William Richard Ick, Esq., B.A., Mathematical Lecturer on the foun-

dation of Mr. Taylor.—His Grace the Archbishop of York has appointed the Rev. S. Creyke, vicar of Sutton-in-the-Forest and his Lordship's domestic chaplain, to a canonry in the cathedral church of York.—The Rev. T. Nunn, M.A., of Sidney, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Norwich, to the rectory of Claydon cum Akenham, Suffolk, on the presentation of Miss Drury of Claydon.—Rev. C. J. Vaughan, M.A., of Trinity, has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the vicarage of St. Martin's, Leicester.—The Rev. R. Stamworth, M.A., late of Queens', has been presented by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to the vicarage of Pontefract, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. H. Marshall.—The Rev. W. Pollock, A.M., officiating minister at Christ church, Macclesfield, has been appointed by the trustees to the incumbency of St. Helen's, Lancashire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. Furnival, A.M., of Queens'.

OCTOBER 9.—The following students of St. John's college, were recently elected Exhibitors on Dr. Wood's foundation, for the ensuing year: *Third Year*: Simpson; Bird; R. B. Mayor. *Second Year*: Adams; Gruggen; Campbell. *First Year*: T. Dixon; Heming; Stephen.—The Lord Bishop of Worcester has appointed the Rev. Henry Joseph Stevenson, M.A., of Jesus, his Lordship's examining chaplain, to a canonry in the cathedral church of Worcester.—The Lord Bishop of Chester has appointed the Rev. Christopher Bush, B.A., of Catharine hall, at present incumbent of Little Peover, to the incumbency of the Waterman's church, at West-ton Point, Runcorn.

OCTOBER 16.—At a congregation held on Monday last, being the first day of term, the following Officers of the University were appointed for the year ensuing: *Senior Proctor*: Rev. T. Gaskin, M.A., Fellow of Jesus. *Junior Proctor*: Rev. W. H. Thompson, Fellow of Trinity. *Scrutators*: Rev. H. Calthrop, B.D., Fellow of Corpus; Rev. C. Eyres, M.A., Fellow of Caius. *Moderators*: Rev. T. Gaskin, M.A., Fellow of Jesus; D. F. Gregory, M.A., Fellow of Trinity. *Tasers*: Rev. C. H. Maturin, M.A., Fellow of King's; Rev. J. Townson, M.A., Fellow of Queens'. *Auditors of Accounts*: Rev. R. Tatham, D.D., Master of St. John's; Rev. R. Birkett, B.D., Fellow of Emmanuel; Rev. J. Cartmell, M.A., Fellow of Christ's.—At a congregation held on Tuesday, the following were appointed for the ensuing year: *The Caput*: Rev. Vice-Chancellor. *Divinity*: Rev. Ralph Tatham, D.D., Master of St. John's. *Law*: Rev. J. W. Geldart, LL.D., Trinity hall. *Physic*: W. W. Fisher, M.D., Downing. *Sen. Non Regent*: Rev. R. Birkett, B.D., Emmanuel. *Sen. Regent*: Rev. J. Smith, M.A., Christ's.—The Rev. R. A. Phelps, M.A., Fellow of Sidney Sussex, has been appointed tutor in the room of the Rev. J. D. Simpson, M.A., resigned.

OCTOBER 23.—At a congregation held on Wednesday last, the following were admitted *ad eundem*: John Charnock, M.A., Lincoln college, Oxford; Francis Curtis, M.A., Balliol college, Oxford.—At the same congregation the following graces passed the Senate:—"To confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Mr. George Augustus Selwyn, of St. John's, by royal mandate."—"To invest in the 3 per cent. consolidated annuities the sum of 1,000*l.* sterling, bequeathed to the University by the late Rev. J. Palmer, B.D., Fellow of St. John's, for the perpetual augmentation of Sir Thomas Adams's Professorship of Arabic."—"To exempt persons, who have either been admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Physic or created Master of Arts before the end of last Easter term, from so much of the regulations sanctioned by the Senate, April 1, 1841, "respecting candidates for a licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, and also respecting candidates for the degree of Doctor of Physic as requires such candidates to produce to the Regius Professor of Physic certificates of their having attended lectures on certain subjects specified in the first of the aforesaid regulations."—"To appoint, in conformity with the before mentioned regulations, Dr. Paget, of Caius, to be an Examiner for the ensuing year of candidates for a licence *ad practicandum in Medicina*, and also of those candidates for the degree of Doctor of Physic who have not previously obtained such licences."—The following gentlemen have been elected scholars of St. John's college:—*By Mr. Crick*: Harris; Holmes; E. Allen; Handfield; R. Allen; Hobson; Sergeant Hadfield; Edman; Spurrier; and Hawarth.—*By Mr. Hymers*: T. Taylor; Body; Parkington; Brett; W. B. Smith; Cherriman; T. D. S. Smith; Cox; and Brame.—The Masters of Eton have presented the Rev. G. A. Selwyn, of St. John's, the recently consecrated Bishop of New Zealand, with a gift of Books, of the value of 90*l.*, as a testimony of their respect and esteem.—The Rev. W. Bailey, M.A., of Trinity, has been presented to the vicarage of Ulting, Essex, void by the cession of the Rev. J. Lupton; patron, R. Nicholson, Esq., value, 125*l.*—Mr. R. Potter, M.A.

Fellow of Queens', well known as an original investigator and experimentalist, has received the appointment of Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at University college, London, in the place of Professor Sylvester. Mr. Potter was sixth Wrangler in 1858.—On Thursday, the Rev. H. Snow, M.A. of St. John's, was instituted by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, to the vicarage of Sherborne cum Windrush, in the county of Gloucester, vacant by the cession of the Rev. George Dandridge; patron, the Right Hon. Lord Sherborne.—James Wigram, Esq., M.A. of Trinity, has been appointed to one of the new Judgeships created by the bill passed last session for facilitating the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery.—The Rev. T. C. Browne, M.A. of Trinity, has been licensed by the Archbishop of York, to the church recently erected at Darnall, in the parish of Sheffield.

OCTOBER 30.—The Margaret Professor's practical lectures on the acquirements and principal duties of the *Parish Priest*, begin Wednesday, November 3rd, at one o'clock, in the room at the Pitt Press, and to be continued on subsequent Wednesdays and Fridays of term. He resumes his lectures on the *Early Fathers* next term.—The Professor of Anatomy will commence his course of lectures on the Anatomy and Physiology of the human body, on Monday, November 15th, at one o'clock, in the anatomical schools.—The Jacksonian Professor will commence a course of lectures at the room in the Botanic Garden, on Mechanism, Statics, and Dynamics, November 8.—The Rev. J. Shaw, M.A., late Fellow of Jesus college, has been presented to the vicarage of Stoke Pogis, Bucks, vacant by the cession of the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne; patron, Lord Godolphin.—Rev. H. B. Mason, M.A., Fellow of Christ's, and assistant master of King Edward's School, Birmingham, has been appointed head master of the Free Grammar School, Brewood, Staffordshire.—D. T. Ansted, Esq., M.A., of Jesus college, and the Rev. J. Cooper, M.A., of Trinity, have been appointed pro-Proctors for the ensuing year.—On Thursday last, in the vestry of Great St. Mary's church, the Rev. John Hymers, D.D., of St. John's college, was elected Lady Margaret's preacher, vacant by the cession of the Rev. R. N. Adams, D.D. of Sidney Sussex.—The Seatonian prize, subject, "The Call of Abraham," has been adjudged to the Rev. Thomas Edwards Hankinson, M.A., of Corpus. Mr. Hankinson has now obtained this prize, eight times, namely, in 1831, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 40, and 1841.—The following is the order of the classes in the Civil Law for the academical year, 1840-41:—*First Class*.—Howes, Trin. hall; Stonestreet, Job. *Second Class*.—Jenner, Trin. hall; Caldwell, Trin. hall. *Third Class*.—Roche, Joh.—The Rev. J. W. Karslake, late of Magd. coll. presented to the vicarage of Culmstock, Devon, void by the cession of the Rev. W. Karslake.

NOVEMBER 6.—On Thursday last, the Rev. George Archdall, D.D., Master of Emmanuel college, was appointed Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing year.—At the congregation on Tuesday last, Graces to the following effect passed the Senate. "To appoint Mr. Thurtell of Caius college, and Mr. Potter of Queen's, Mathematical Examiners of the Questionists who are candidates for Honors, in January next." "To appoint Mr. Tozer of Caius, and Mr. Ansted of Jesus, Mathematical Examiners of the Questionists who are not candidates for Honors." "To appoint Mr. Drake of Jesus, and Mr. Conybeare of Trinity, Classical Examiners of the Questionists." "To appoint Mr. Fendall of Jesus college, and Mr. Atkinson of Trinity, Examiners of the Questionists in the Acts of the Apostles and Paley's Moral Philosophy." "To re-appoint Mr. Warter of Magdalene, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos, in the next Lent term." "To appoint Mr. Hildyard of Christ's, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos, in the next Lent term, in the place of Mr. Thompson, who declines examining for the second time." "To appoint Mr. Drake of Jesus college, Mr. Hemery of Trinity, Mr. Maturin of King's, and Mr. Dalton of Queen's, Examiners at the Previous Examinations in the next Lent and Michaelmas terms." "Whereas, by a grace of the 2nd of June, 1838, the Examination of the Questionists who are candidates for Mathematical Honors begins on the Monday preceding the 1st Monday in the Lent term." "That in the approaching January the said Examination do begin on the Wednesday week preceding the first Monday in the Lent term, and do continue on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of that week, and on the Monday and Tuesday of the following week." "To add Professor Whewell, Professor Blunt, and Professor Corrie to the Press Syndicate."—On the same day, Mr. Champnes, M.A., of St. Alban's hall, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this university.—The Lord Bishop of Ely has been pleased to collate the Rev. E. Baines, M.A., examining chaplain to his Lordship, rector of Clipstone, Northamptonshire, and late Fellow and Tutor of Christ's, to the rectory of Blunt-

isham-cum-Earith, Huntingdonshire.—At a meeting of the Perse Trustees at Caius college, on the 27th ult., H. Goodwin was elected a Fellow on the Perse foundation.—Rev. G. F. Lamb, curate of Eversden, in this county, has been appointed chaplain in the Hon. E. I. C. Bengal establishment.—On the 26th ult. the Rev. J. Edwards, M.A., of Jesus, and the Rev. W. K. Borton, M.A., of Catharine Hall, were presented and admitted *ad eundem* in the university of Durham.—On the 29th ult. the Rev. Frederick Walter Baker, M.A., of Caius, was admitted *ad eundem* in the university of Oxford.—The Rev. W. Williams, of Corpus, has been appointed to the vicarage of Llanelgan, Carnarvonshire. patron, the Bishop of Bangor.—The Rev. John Castle Barnett, M.A., of St. John's, curate of St. James's Bath, has been appointed to the vicarage of Berrow, Somersetshire.—The Inspectors of the Anatomical Museum for the present year, have reported to the senate, that they have inspected the Museum, and have found the collections in excellent order, and specimens in a good state of preservation; and that since the last inspection several valuable additions have been made to the collection by the Professor of Anatomy, and also by Dr. Budd, of Caius college.—The following gentlemen have been elected Foundation Scholars of Queens' college: W. H. Bodley, E. J. Welldon, W. C. Deighton, T. Staley, M. H. Whish, G. W. Proctor, and D. Somerville.—The Rev. E. N. Jones, B.A., late of Clare Hall, has been appointed to the living of Baudesey, Suffolk: patron, the Lord Chancellor.

NOVEMBER 13.—The Norrisian Professor has given notice that the subject for the Norrisian Prize for the present year is, "The Apostolical Epistles afford internal evidence that the persons to whom they were severally addressed had already been made acquainted with the great truths which those epistles inculcate." The essays are to be sent to one of the three Stewards of Mr. Norris's institution on or before the tenth day preceding the Sunday in Passion-week, 1842.—We have very great pleasure in announcing that a magnificent present has been made to the university, for the purpose of promoting a work of great interest. The Rev. Thomas Halford, M.A., of Jesus college, has invested in the Three per Cent. Reduced Annuities, the sum of 2,000, to be paid over with its accumulated interest, as soon as the building of a new wing of the Public Library is contracted for, and the work actually begun. Most sincerely do we hope this noble benefaction may not lie long unemployed.—On Wednesday the 3rd inst., at Lambeth Palace, W. W. Fisher, M.D., Fellow of Downing college, was elected to the office of Downing Professor of Physic; and on the ensuing Saturday was admitted at Downing Lodge to the said office by the Master.—On Tuesday last, the Rev. Henry Calthrop, B.D., senior Fellow and Tutor of Corpus, Prebendary of Lichfield, and examining chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, was presented, by the Master and Fellows of Corpus Christi college, to the rectory of Great Braxted, Essex.—The Rev. H. Woolley, vicar of Shenstone, has been presented to the valuable living of Handsworth, by the Rev. John Peel, brother of the First Lord of the Treasury.—The Rev. R. B. Baker, M.A., of Trinity college, incumbent of Hilderston, has been appointed rural dean of Stone, Staffordshire.—The Rev. T. T. Lewis, M.A. formerly of St. John's college, of Yatton Court, and curate of Aymestry, Herefordshire, has been collated to the vicarage of Bridstow, near Ross, vacant by the death of the Rev. L. Robertson.—The Rev. P. Anderson, B.A., of Corpus, curate of Saint Peter's church, Ashton-under-Lyne, has been appointed by the Hon. East India Company to a chaplaincy in the presidency of Bombay.—On Monday last the following gentlemen of St. John's, were elected Scholars of that Society: *Fourth year*—Tandy; Light; Penny; Wilson, W. G.; Wolfe; Vidal, O. E.; Vidal, J. H.; Davies; Sharples; Johnstone; Bird; Cook; Rowton. *Third year*—Molesworth, P. *Second year*—Walker, J. sen.; Field, T.; Hemming; Waddingham; Bereaford; Gray; Whittaker. *First year*—Yonge; Boucher; Taylor, W. H.

NOVEMBER 20.—On Thursday last, J. Sykes, B.A., and John Power, B.A., of Pembroke, were elected Foundation Fellows of that society.—The Rev. G. Dealtry, M.A., has been instituted to the vicarage of Arrington; patron, the Master and Seniors of Trinity college.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, a grace passed the Senate: "To appoint the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Christ's college, the Master of Caius college, the Master of Trinity college, the Plumian, Lucasian, and Lowndean Professors, Dr. Hymers, of St. John's college, Mr. Gaskin, of Jesus college, Mr. Williamson, of Clare hall, Mr. Gregory, of Trinity college, and Mr. Buxton, of Emmanuel college, a Syndicate to visit the Observatory till November 1842." "To authorize the payment of 176*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.* to the Plumian Professor, in

conformity with the regulations adopted February 27, 1829, the net receipts of the Plumian Professorship in the last year having been £231. 9s. 10d." "To appoint Mr. Bateson, of St. John's college, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos." "To appoint Mr. Bunbury, of Trinity college, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos." "To allow Mr. Fawcett, of Magdalene college, to resume his Regency."—The Rev. T. Pitts, B.A., of Queens' college, has been presented by the Venerable the Archdeacon Musgrave to the incumbency of St. George's church, Sowerby, vacant by the cession of the Rev. G. M. Carrick.—Rev. F. T. Blackburne, B.A., of Jesus college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Cannock, Staffordshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Shiel; patrons, the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield.—The Rev. C. A. Vignoles has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Chichester to the vicarage of Bodiam, vacant by the death of the Rev. Sir J. T. Revont, on the presentation of Lady Elizabeth Thomas.—*The Master of Trinity College: The Master of Trinity (Professor Whewell)* was on Tuesday last admitted to his office. At half-past eleven o'clock he presented himself at the principal gate of the college, which as well as the other entrances had been previously closed; and on the arrival of the Vice-Master and Fellows, of whom a very numerous body had assembled in the Combination-room, the great gates were thrown open, and the Master elect having exhibited his patent to the Vice-Master, the whole party turned back and proceeded to the chapel; where, the usual forms of admission having been gone through, and the new Master installed in his seat, the other members of the college and visitors were admitted into the chapel, and Te Deum was chanted by the choir. A large party, including many of the late members of the foundation, dined in the hall to welcome their new superior. We cannot quit this subject without adding our voice to the hearty and respectful homage which was paid to the late Master in long continued plaudits, when his successor in a feeling speech bore testimony to the integrity and disinterestedness, the firmness of character and singleness of purpose, the unwearied attention to business, unobtrusive kindness and zealous attention to the best interests of the college and its individual members, which distinguished his predecessor; and that dignified subordination of personal interests to public duty which, after he had laboured successfully to make it the ruling principle of his government, appropriately characterised its termination. In the letter announcing his resignation to the college, the late Master begged leave to present to it along with his portrait, the munificent donation of £500, to be added to a fund which that society possesses for the augmentation of its poorer vicarages; an object he always had most specially at heart, and by which during his incumbency a very extensive improvement has already been effected in that department of the college patronage.

. NOVEMBER 27.—The Greek Professor has given notice that the subject of his next course of lectures will be "The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar." The lectures will be given in the Pitt Press; and will commence on Tuesday, the 8th day of February next, at one o'clock; to be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, during term.—The Regius Professor of Hebrew has given notice, that he intends to commence a course of lectures on the "Proverbs of Solomon," on Monday the 14th of February next, in the upper Lecture room of the Pitt Press printing office, at 12 o'clock.—The Emperor of Russia has presented to the university of Cambridge, through the chancellor, a copy of a work by Professor Postels and Dr. Ruprecht, "On the Maritime Plants of the Northern Coasts of the Pacific Ocean." This splendid volume consists of a series of lithographic plates, exquisitely and most faithfully coloured after the original plants, with descriptive letter-press in Russian and Latin. This act of courtesy on the part of his Imperial Majesty towards the university, of which his Majesty is already a member, having received a diploma degree in 1817, cannot but be gratifying to all its members.—The Provost and Fellows of King's college have resolved to restore, as far as possible, the beautiful stained windows of their noble chapel to their original splendour. For this purpose, they have engaged the able services of Mr. Hedgland, of London.—T. H. Naylor, Esq., M.A., of Queens' college, and J. R. Cornish, Esq., formerly of the same college, were called to the bar by the honourable Society of the Inner Temple, on the 19th inst.—On Tuesday last, J. E. Heathcote, Esq., of Trinity, W. P. Murray, Esq., of Trinity, P. J. Harrison, Esq., of Magdalene, and W. D. Fane, Esq., of St. John's college, were called to the degree of Barrister-at-Law, by the honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.—R. Coote, Esq., of Trinity hall, A. F. Jackson, Esq., B.A., of Caius, C. B. G. Skinner, Esq., B.A., of Trinity, and R. R. A. Hawkins, Esq., M.A., of Trinity, have been called to the degree of Barrister-at-Law,

by the hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn.—The fossil *plesiosaurus dolichodeirus*, recently found at Whitby Cliff, considered the most entire specimen of this wonderful animal, has been sold to the committee of the Cambridge Museum for £230.—The Rev. J. Davies, M.A, formerly of Clare hall, has been presented to the vicarage of St. Nicholas, Leicester, void by the death of the Rev. R. Davies; patron, the Lord Chancellor: value, £85.—The Rev. W. Collett, M.A, of Catharine hall, and Master of the Grammar School, Woodbridge, has been selected by the council of Kings' college, London, to the office of Principal of King's college school, at Nassau, New Providence, Bahamas.—The Rev. H. C. Long, B.A, formerly of Christ's college, has been licensed to the perpetual curacy of Dunston, Norfolk; patron, R.K. Long, Esq., of Dunston Hall: value £30.—The Hon. and Rev. P. Y. Saville, M.A, of Trinity, has been presented by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to the rectory of Methley, Yorkshire, void by the death of the Hon. and Rev. A. H. Cathcart.—The Rev. A. Paton, M.A, of Queens' college, has been appointed to the incumbency of Trinity church, Louth, Lincolnshire; patrons, the trustees.

Meetings of Societies.

MAY 29.—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society held on Monday evening last, Dr. Paget, the treasurer, being in the chair; an account was given by Professor Challis of certain experiments made with reference to a new kind of interference of light, discovered by Sir D. Brewster. *Cambridge Camden Society*: The twentieth ordinary meeting of this Society was held on Saturday last, at the rooms of the Philosophical Society. The President having taken the chair at half-past seven, announced that the Lord Bishop of Chester had consented to become a Patron of the Society. The Rev. A. I. Suckling, M.A, of Bartscham, Suffolk, was elected an honorary member; and seven ordinary members were balloted for and elected. The following report was then read from the committee:—"The committee of the Cambridge Camden Society, regret that they have not been able to lay the 3rd No. of the Illustrations of Monumental Brasses before the Society this evening, owing to the non-arrival of two of the plates. The 4th No. will contain—Sir Humphrey Trafford; Prior Nelond, from Cowfold, Sussex; Sir Edmund Tame and Lady, from Fairfield, Gloucestershire; and Bishop Stanley (Ely), from Manchester Collegiate church. They take this opportunity of expressing their regret that many subscribers to this series have allowed themselves to fall into arrears of payment, and hope that they shall not again have occasion to mention such default." "They will be much obliged if such as are subscribers to Winchester Font will leave at the rooms of the Society the address to which they wish their casts to be forwarded. The Society's modeller is proceeding as far as possible with his work." "The publication of the Second Annual Report, which will contain the President's address at the two anniversary meetings, has been delayed in order that the names of the gentlemen admitted this evening might be included in the corrected list of members." "The meeting will be glad to hear that a member of the Society (C. Anderson, Esq.,) has undertaken to publish a small tract to aid in the restoration of Stowe Church, Lincolnshire, under the Society's sanction." "A grant of £5, has been made towards the repair of Ifley church, Oxfordshire, at the earnest request of the incumbent." "They request, contributions for the restoration of the beautiful east window at Fenstanton; drawings of which, by F. H. Paley, and F. Ll. Lloyd, Esqrs., of St. John's college, are before the meeting." "In conclusion, the committee hope that, when they shall next have the pleasure of meeting in the Michaelmas Term, they may have reason to congratulate the Society on the successful labours of its members during the summer vacation."—A paper on the Saxon church of Daglingworth, Gloucestershire, communicated by the Rev. E. T. Codd, B.A, of St. John's college, was read by the Secretary. A conversation took place on the nature and use of the arch thrown across the nave in this and other Saxon churches. A paper was read by Benjn. Webb, Esq., Trinity college, on the signification of the monogram "I H S," in which he proved its Greek origin, and refuted the prevalent opinion that it represented the sentence *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. In consequence of the curiosity generally expressed on this subject since allusion was made to it in the "Few Words to Churchwardens," the committee have determined to publish Mr. Webb's paper. A paper was read by J. M. Neale, Esq., B.A, Downing college, on the symbolical representation of Saints.

NOVEMBER 13.—At the anniversary meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, held on Saturday, November 6th, the Rev. W. Hodgson, D.D, Master of St. Peter's, being in the chair, the following officers and council were elected for

the ensuing year: *President*.—The Very Rev. George Peacock, D.D., F.R.S., F.Ast.S., F.G.S., Trinity college, Dean of Ely: *Vice-Presidents*.—The Rev. William Whewell, B.D., V.P.R.S., F.Ast., M.R.I.A., F.G.S., Trinity, Professor of Moral Philosophy; the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Fellow of Trinity college; the Rev. James Challis, M.A., Trinity: *Treasurer*.—G. E. Paget, M.D., Fellow of Caius college: *Secretaries*.—W. Hopkins, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., St. Peter's college; the Rev. R. Willis, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Caius college, Jacksonian Professor; W. H. Miller, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's college: *Old Council*.—The Rev. L. Jenyns, M.A., F.L.S., St. John's college; C. C. Babington, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S., St. John's college; D. T. Ansted, M.A., Fellow of Jesus college; the Rev. T. Gaskin, M.A., F.R.S., F.A.S., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus; the Rev. R. Jeffrey's B.D., Fellow of St. John's; W. W. Fisher, M.D., Fellow of Downing; J. Tozer, M.A., Fellow of Caius college: *New Council*.—The Rev. J. Power, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity hall; the Rev. M. O'Brien, B.A., Caius college; Ducan Farquharson Gregory, B.A., Fellow of Trinity college. *Cambridge Camden Society*.—On Monday evening last, the twenty-first meeting of this Society was held in the rooms of the Philosophical Society. The President took the chair at half-past seven o'clock, and the balloting for members immediately commenced. Seventy-five members were elected. The Bishop of Ross and Argyll, the Bishop of New Jersey, U.S., the Lord Bishop of New Zealand, and the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, were admitted as Patrons, by acclamation. A report of the committee was then read, containing an account of the restorations effected or set on foot by the Society during the summer vacation. Among the churches from which it has received application may be mentioned—Hexham Abbey, Bradwinch, Devon; Kingston-next-Lewes, and Rodwell, Sussex; Shrewsbury St. Mary; Daglingworth, Gloucestershire; Rand, Essex; Barrington and Foxton, Cambridgeshire; Ilfley, Oxford; Wingate, Sussex; Brixworth, Northamptonshire, and several others. It then mentioned the favourable state of the restoration of St. Sepulchre's, in this town, £300 having been raised by the inhabitants, and about £350 contributed: £300 more, however, are at the lowest computations, necessary to carry the designs of the committee into full effect.—It then proceeded to advert to the application made by the Lord Bishop of New Zealand, for designs for a cathedral and parish church: the latter were now being prepared, in order that the designs and models might be ready in December, when the Bishop sails.—A similar application had been received from the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, missionary in Tanjab, for a cross church, adapted to the separate accommodations of the Faithful, the Catechumens, the Penitents, and the Heathen.—Notice was given that a periodical report of its proceedings was about to be published by the Society, under the title of the *Ecclesiologist*.—A paper was then read by P. Freeman, Esq., B.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's, on the wooden roofs of Suffolk. He commenced by shewing the necessarily imperfect construction of all panelled and coned roofs, thence evolved the true principles of christian roofs as displayed in those of Suffolk, and concluded by pointing out the analogy between their foliations and those of a common window-light.

NOVEMBER 20.—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, on Monday last, the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, President, in the chair, a communication was made by Professor Sedgwick on the classification of the older rocks of the British isles. Mr. Power gave notice that at the following meeting, he would communicate to the society some remarks on the late accident on the Brighton Railway, with a mathematical investigation of the pitching motion of locomotive engines, and the mode of preventing it.

NOVEMBER 27.—The twenty-second Meeting of the Cambridge Camden Society was held on Monday last, the President took the chair at half-past seven o'clock, and the election of members immediately commenced. The newly consecrated Bishop, about to proceed to Jerusalem, was admitted Patron by acclamation. Twenty-one candidates were balloted for and elected. A list of presents received since the last meeting was read by the Secretary. A report was then read from the Committee, which adverted to the growing prosperity of the Society, and to the publication of the first No. of the *Ecclesiologist*, intended to be a periodical report of the Society for the use of the members, as well as to convey information to all concerned with church-building, or the study of Ecclesiastical architecture and antiquities. The report proceeded to state that £25 had been granted for the repairs of St. Sepulchre's Cambridge, and £5, for the restoration of Meldrith church; and that applications from St. Margaret's Leicester, and from Stapleford Abbots, were under consideration. The fourth number of the *Illustrations of Monumental Brasses* is nearly ready. An appendix to "A few words to Church-builders," had been published;

working models in wood were prepared for the Bishop of New Zealand to assist him in building churches there; and the governors of the church building Society had been prayed to alter some of their rules, which were altogether repugnant to the principles of Ecclesiastical Architecture. A very elaborate and interesting paper was read by J. M. Neale, Esq., B.A., Downing college, on the History of Pews; shewing that they were not in use prior to the Reformation, and accounting for their introduction. A paper was also read by H. G. Nicholls, Esq., Trinity college, on the Round Towers of Ireland.

College Examinations.

MAY 1841.—**QUEEN'S COLLEGE**.—*Senior Sophs*: DAVIES (*prize*).—*Junior Sophs*: Deighton (*prize*). *Freshman*.—*Classics*: Welldon (*prize*). *Freshman*.—*Mathematics*: Staley (*prize*). **TRINITY COLLEGE**.—*Senior Sophs, First Class*: Cayley; Bryan; Cubitt; Fenn; Shaw; Smith, B. F.: *Junior Sophs, First Class*: Armitage; Atkinson; Blomefield; Coombe; Gell; Gibbs; Gray; Johnson; Jones, W.; Newman, W. T.; Sargent: *Freshmen, First Class*: Bowring; Bristed; Burton; Clark, W. G.; Cooper, G. H.; Dalyell; Davies; Edwards, L. C.; Fenn; Hedley; Holmes; Hotham; Hughes; Keary; Kingdon; Mould; Rastrick; Richards; Stewart; Stokes; Thornton; Walker; Warren; Wratistlaw. **EMMANUEL COLLEGE**.—*Third Year*: Castlehow (*prize*), Carter (*prize*). *Second Year*: PIX (*prize*). *First Year*: Nicholson (*prize*). **JESUS COLLEGE**.—*Classical, First Year*: Rushton, and Dew (*prizes*). *Second Year*: Pope (*first prizeman*), Homer (*second prizeman*). *Mathematical, Second Year*: Rohrs (*first prize*), Christopher (*prize*). *First Year*: Bell (*prize*), Lathbury (*prize*). *Rustat Gratuities*: Ds. Norris, 24*l.*; Daubeny, 20*l.*; Homer, 20*l.*; Hudson, 18*l.*; Wright; F. Fisher, 20*l.*; Lathbury, 18*l.*; Randalph, 16*l.* *Declamation*: Hudson, 2*l.* **ST. PETER'S COLLEGE**.—*Mathematics, First Year*: Kite, and Woolley, (*prizes*). *Classical*: Hodgson (*prize*). *Mathematics, Second Year*: Howes (*prize*). *Third Year*: Fuller (*prize*). *Butler's Analogy*: Fuller. *Composition Prize, First Year*: Hodgson. *Second Year*: Druce. *Third Year*: Boucher. *Voluntary Classical, Second and Third Year*: Druce (*prize*), Cobbold. **ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE**.—*Third Year, First Class*: Simpson; Bird; Mayor; Wilson; Parnell; Johnstone; Cook; Davies; Light; Vidal, J.; Tandy. *Second Year: First Class*: Adams; Gruggen, Campbell; Goodeve; Bashforth; Gifford; Brown, W.; Spenser; Babb; Burbury; Foggo; Christian; Barnicoat; Babington; Bulmer; Robinson; Symonds; Knight; Slater; Moleworth. *First Year, First Class*: Dixon, T.; Hemming; Stephen; Hiley; Waddingham; Whittaker; Lawson; Curtis, W.; Wall; Wilkinson, C.; Hoare, A.; Gorham; Gutch; Snowball; Mason; Frampton; Davis; O'Reilly; Leeding; Barrow; Barrett; Frewer; Murton; Underwood; Greenamith; Wilson, J.; Field, T.; Stewart; Walker; Wright; Fowler; Fellowes; Smith, J. R.; Blaker; Allestree; Bennett; Chawner; Swindells; Field, J. W.; Smith, F. W.; Kirby, H.; Parr; Wren, T. *Declamation Prize*: Babington. *Reading Prizes*: Drew, and Alston. *Versé Prizes*: Ainger, and Burbury. **SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE**.—*Mathematics, Third Year*: Williams, (*Math. Prize*); Walker, (*Taylor's Exhib*); Metcalfe; Thurnall, (*Taylor's Exhib.*) *Second Year*: Elton, Yarrington, (30*l.* each, from *Taylor's Fund.*) *First Year*: Bromby, (*prize*). *Classics, Second and Third Year, First Class*: Elton, (*prize*). *Declamation Prize*: Edward Kefford Lutt. *Thés Prize*: Jeffery Robert Foot. *Divinity Prize*: Jeffery Robert Foot. *Reading Prize*: Edward Owen. **MAGDALENE COLLEGE**.—*Senior Sophs*: Penrose, (*prize*). *Junior Sophs*: Long, (*prize*). *Freshman*: Kewley, (*prize*). **CHRIST'S COLLEGE**.—*First Year, First Prize*: Goodman. *Second Prize*: Buck. **CLARE HALL**.—*Prizemen, Third Year*: Jones. *Second Year*: Petram. *Freshmen*: Tryon; Sells; Crease; Dikes. **TRINITY HALL**.—*Prizemen, First Year, Second*: Rogers. *Mathematical Prize*: Edward Richard Cook. **CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE**.—*Prizemen, Third Year*: Fenwick (*cup*); Jervis (*books*); Dumergue (*books*). *Second Year*: Goodwin (*cup*). *First Year*: Kilpack (*cup*); Burchell (*books*); Green (*books*). **PEMBROKE COLLEGE**.—*Second Year*: Andrews, Cartmell, (*prize*). *First Year*: Shortland, Venables, (*prizes*). *Freshmen*: Maine, Yates, (*prizes*). *Latin Essay*: Venables (*prize*). *Verses*: Woodford (*prize*). **CATHARINE HALL**.—*Divinity Prize*: Massey. *Declamation Prizes*: Smyth and Gascoigne. *Extra Mathematical Prize*: R. A. Thompson. **GONVILLE and CAIUS COLLEGE**.—*First Year*: Hopkins, and Woodhouse, (*prizes*).

Degrees Conferred.

MAY 29.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Physic*: W. H. Miller, St. John's—*Licentiate in Medicine*: T. Willis, Caius; H. F. Burman, Caius—*Masters of Arts*: J. A. Foot, Pembroke; B. D. Koe, Caius; E. D. Bland, Caius; W. Sharpe, St. John's; J. Thornhill, St. John's; J. B. Jukes, St. John's; E. Hicks, Trinity—*Bachelor of Arts*: T. Burbidge, Trinity; R. A. Wilimot, Trinity; J. Loah, Jesus.

JUNE 12.—At a congregation holden yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors of Divinity*: S. E. Walker, Trinity; J. N. Peill, Fellow of Queen's; J. Sheal, Corpus Christi—*Masters of Arts*: J. Clarke, St. John's; H. Thompson, Fellow of St. John's; T. C. Grover, Emmanuel:—*Bachelor in the Civil Law*: J. H. Keane, Trinity:—*Bachelors in Physic*: F. Thackeray, Caius; D. W. Cohen, Caius:—*Bachelors of Arts*: G. H. Deffell, Trinity; E. Colman, Trinity; A. W. Hall, St. Peter's; H. Wortham, Jesus; H. E. Bullivant, Catharine; J. S. Money, Emmanuel; T. Tudball, Emmanuel; W. Laverack, Catharine; H. Jones, Catharine; J. R. Webb, Corpus Christi; W. B. Budd, Queen's; J. S. Oxley, Queens; J. Hitchcock, Christ's; E. Graasett, Emmanuel; H. J. Harding, Pemb.

JUNE 19.—At a congregation on Wednesday by royal mandate the following degree was conferred:—*Doctor in Divinity*: C. H. Terrot, Trinity, Bishop of Edinburgh.

JUNE 26.—At a congregation held yesterday, the following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Divinity*: Rev. J. Hymers, Fellow of St. John's:—*Doctor in Physic*: E. Macgowan, Jesus:—*Master of Arts*: J. Jessopp, St. John's; E. N. Rolfe, Caius:—*Bachelor in Physic*: C. J. Hare, Caius. At the same congregation Wm. Young, D.C.L., of Oriel college Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

JULY 10.—At a congregation held on Saturday, the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors in the Civil Law*: J. Young, Trinity hall; E. B. Field, Sidney Sussex:—*Bachelors of Arts*: A. W. Bullen, Trinity; J. G. Lonsdale, Trinity; C. W. Strickland, Trinity; T. Troughton, Trinity.—At a congregation on Monday, the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor of Divinity*: Rev. J. Balfour, Queens:—*Bachelor in the Civil Law*: H. L. Jenner, Trinity hall:—*Bachelor in Physic*: G. Ball, Caius:—*Honorary Masters of Arts*: Lord G. J. Manners, Trinity; Mr. L. Powys, Catharine; Hon. C. S. Vereker, Trinity.—Tuesday last (being Commencement Day) the following Doctors and Masters were created:—*Doctors in Divinity*: Rev. J. Carter, St. John's, Master of the Grammar School, Wakefield; Rev. A. Boulton, Sidney, Second Master of the Grammar School, Tiverton; Rev. J. W. Worthington, Trinity:—*Doctors in the Civil Law*: Rev. H. S. Banks, Trinity hall; U. P. Wyatt, Esq., Fellow of Trinity hall; Rev. H. T. Day, Clare; Rev. S. Davies, Queens:—*Doctors in Physic*: F. Branson, Caius; W. W. Fisher, Downing; T. F. Reynolds, Sidney; J. B. Melson, Trinity; P. Blakiston, Emmanuel; S. W. J. Merriman, Caius; J. C. Snowball, St John's; H. A. Pitman, Trinity; A. R. Brown, Trinity; G. H. Barlow, Trinity; A. Farre, Caius.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*: Poley, W. W. Queens; Carrow, Harry, Trinity; Tatham, Alfred, St John's; Hellyer, Thomas, St John's; Bullen, Charles, Corpus.—Yesterday, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Adolphus Hamilton, of Caius.

OCTOBER 16.—At a congregation held on Monday last the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity*: Rev. J. E. Dalton, Fellow of Queens'. *Master of Arts*: F. A. Paley, St John's. *Bachelor of Arts*: J. Griffiths, Christ's.

OCTOBER 23.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—*Honorary Master of Arts*: Lord Somerton, Trinity. *Doctor of Physic*: W. D. Williams, Corpus. *Masters of Arts*: T. Wood, St John's; M. Biggs, Pembroke; S. F. Montgomery, Corpus. *Bachelors of Arts*: H. W. Sherer, Trinity; V. G. Hine, Trinity; J. Raw, Queens; C. H. Foster, Magdalene.

OCTOBER 30.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred, by royal mandate, on the Rev. George Augustus Selwyn, of St John's.

NOVEMBER 6.—At a congregation on Tuesday last the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*: T. Garratt, Trinity; J. H. Buxton, Queens; C. W. Goodwin, Catharine hall; E. T. May, Jesus; A. W. Lane, Caius. *Bachelor of Arts*: H. P. Wright, St Peter's.

NOVEMBER 20.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity*: V. Shortland, Catharine hall. *Masters of Arts*: H. Percy, St John's; T. E. Marshall, Emmanuel; S. Johnson, Downing. *Bachelor*

in the Civil Law : S. H. Sherard, Christ's. *Bachelors of Arts* : H. Halkett, Trinity ; W. Sawyers, Trinity ; N. Bridges, Trinity ; E. L. Knight, Trinity ; R. Burridge, St John's ; F. P. Pocock, St Peter's ; D. Tancred, Christ's ; W. Gover, Corpus ; R. S. Smith, Caius ; E. Brine, Queens'.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—JULY 10.

KING'S COLLEGE.

Wilkinson, Charles A
Kilwan, E D G M
Carter, William A

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Brown, James
Howson, John S
Frere, John A
Heath, Dunbar I
Gregory, Duncan F
Edleston, Joseph
Walmisley, Thomas A
Hodgson, Henry J
Fulton, John W
Waring, George
Hicks, Edward
Farrer, Matthew T
Evans, James J
Vaughan, Charles J
Kinglake, W C
Wilbraham, George F
Batt, Thomas
Denison, Edmund B
English, Charles
Gwyther, James H A
Cunningham, Francis M
Forsyth, John H
Carr, Edward H
Hill, William H
Wood, David
Hawkins, Edward
Jones, William H
Jones, Hugh H
Pennington, A R
Scholefield, R B
Preston, Thomas E
Ingram, Edward W
Thornton, Francis V
Peck, Edward A
Hardcastle, Joseph A
Simpson, George S
Baker, John G A
Bell, Matthew
Simpson, Percy
Charlton, W H
Bulpett, George
Ludgater, Henry
Chance, James T
Hole, Frederick F

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

Blackall, Samuel
Manley, Nicholas M
Currey, George
Pooley, David
Smith, William A
Sharpe, William C

Jukes, Joseph B
Thornhill, John
Thompson, Henry
Smith, Edwin
Pugh, James B
Brierley, James
Boddy, James A
Main, Thomas J
King, Watson
Boutflower, Samuel P
Hutchinson, Thomas
Parkinson, William
Maltby, Richard B
Docker, Edward
Mould, John
Brackenbury, J M
Johnson, Maurice
Ellis, Samuel A
Fane, William D
Darling, Thomas
Watson, John

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.

Parish, William S
Lindsell, John

CLARE HALL.

Wing, John
Sparke, John
Webb, John Moss
Bramah, Thomas J
Horner, Joseph
Allott, James

PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

Gullemard, William H
Marsh, William A
Lacey, George F
Hitchen, Isaac

CAIUS COLLEGE.

Young, James R
O'Brien, Matthew
Walker, John T
Prowett, Charles G
Barrett, Arthur C

TRINITY HALL.

Marsh, William
Hildyard, Richard
Davies, Thomas H
Heath, John C

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

Rashdall, Robert
Mould, James G
Reddall, Thomas
Johnson, William C
Grey, Henry C
Saunders, R W

Granville, A K B
Goodwin, Frederick G

QUEENS' COLLEGE.

Potter, Richard
Townson, Joseph
Naylor, Thomas H
Moon, Robert
Raven, Nicholas J
Poley, William W
Broderick, John B
Simpson, William
Birds, William T
Woodhouse, G W
Bree, Martin S
Whiting, James P
Fenner, Thomas P
Simpson, Francis

CATHARINE HALL.

Palmer, George
Wilson, John
Cordeaux, John
Shaw, Frederick W

JESUS COLLEGE.

Drake, Charles S
Craufurd, Alexander Q G
Brown, Stephen

CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

Heale, Henry N
Lingwood, Thomas J
Clark, Joseph
Francis, James
Green, John S
Wright, John
Greathed, A H

MAGDALENE COLLEGE.

Whlock, William W
Frost, Joseph L
May, George A C
Roberts, Horatio
Harrison, Pryce I

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

Woolley, Joseph
Grover, Thomas C
Bate, Henry
Burdett, H B
Dorrington, M B
Gilbert, Arthur

SIDNEY COLLEGE.

Kingsley, William T
Fowler, Hugh

DOWNING COLLEGE.

Duffield, Roger D

LIST OF FRESHMEN.—1841.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Felding, Ld.
Nelson, Ld.
FELLOW COMMONERS.
Aytoun, R. St. Clair
Bannerman, A.
Perry, J. W.
PENSIONERS.
Alder, G.
Alderson, E. S.
Allen, J. B.
Arkwright, C.
Babington, T. A.
Beaumont, J.
Best, J. R.
Blackburn, H.
Blake, W.
Elles, Fitzhenry
Elles, Frederick
Brooks, T. W.
Buxton, C.
Curlion, E. A.
Cayley, C. B.
Clarke, J. W.
Coombe, W. A. M.
Crisford, A. T.
Cure, R. C.
Dobede, J. F.
East, G. E. G.
Edwards, J. G.
Evans, W. S.
Ferard, C. C.
Fike, R. W.
Frime, J. B.
Fussell, J. G.
Garlner, J.
Garrad, S.
Gathorne, R.
Gibson, J. D.
Harrison, J. B.
Hartnell, E. G.
Head, G.
Henderson, P.
Heywood, T. P.
Hilmer, J.
Hinds, S.
Holden, H. A.
Hope, W. C.
Houston, W.
Hutton, C.
Knox, T. F.
Laishley, G. N.
Latham, H.
Lee, N. B. C.
Lightfoot, W. B.
Longridge, J. A.
Loring, E. H.
Lyons, G. J.
Macintosh, J.
Maclean, A. J.
Manley, J. C.
Manley, O.
Mather, G.
Mayne, F. O.
Meggison, A.
Miller, J. J.
Münner, J.
Mitchell, T.
Munro, C.
Munster, H.
Northmore, T. W.
Ogier, J. C.
Owen, R. D.
Peel, F.
Pile, A. I.
Pollock, A. B.
Fownall, G. F.
Freston, A. M.
Frickett, T. W.
Prince, S.
Rawlinson, T.
Rendall, F.
Richardson, J.
Rocks, T. O.
Romilly, G. T.
Rowley, G. D.
Sands, H. B.
Sargent, H.
Sheldon, H. J.
Bowden, F.
Spring, A. S.
Stephens, J.
Stewart, C. P.
Stoughton, C. W.
Strickland, H.
Taylor, E. C.
Tindall, T. W.
Vade, V. K.
Vials, G. C.
Wade, R. T.
Warcup, T. C. E.
Whish, J. M. H.
White, W. A. A. C.
Wiglesworth, H.
Wilkinson, J. H.
Williams, T. L.
Wilson, A. M.
Wilson, J. B.
Wood, T.
Yeoman, C. B.
SIXARS.
Brown, J.
Butland, B. B.
Gibbins, H. T.
Hathaway, M.
Hughes, J.
Ingle, J.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONERS.
Branton, W. A. W. H.
Hughes, H.
PENSIONERS.
Cross, W. H.
East, D. M.
Dickinson, H.
East, S.
Fitzpatrick, J. L.
Golding, S.
Greenalde, W. B.
Holmes, R.
Merest, J. J.
Parish, W. H.
Parker, E.
Scratchley, A.
Smith, G. E.
Suffield, R.
Thomson, W.
Vantier, R.
SIXAR.
Farry, H. L.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

Barr, A.
Betham, C. J.
Boyce, W.
Dawes, W.
Dennis, J.
Dennis, P. G.
Jacob, J. J.
Mosley, A.
Pierson, W. F.
Power, T. B.
Sapto, J. H.
Smith, L.
Vale, J.
Weston, G. K.
Woodman, T.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONERS.
Hoare, H. A.
Read, W.
PENSIONERS.
Barnard, H. J.
Beckerley, E. J.
Boucher, J. S.
Burgess, H. G.
Burnett, F. W.
Butterfield, C. D.
Clubbe, C. W.
Davys, E.
Dongan, J. C.
Franklin, W.
Gilder, W.
Gippe, W.
Grapel, W.
Hays, J.
Hughes, R. E.
Jarman, D. F.
Jefferson, J.
Kennett, M.
King, R. L.
Kitchen, W. V.
Laidley, W.
Layng, E. C.
Maddin, W. M.
Molesworth, W. E.
Morgan, W.
Murray, H.
Nares, R.
Newling, W.
Penistan, J.
Pickard, E.
Pierson, R.
Price, E. H.
Roberts, W. P.
Robinson, G. W.
Robinson, H. V.
Roughton, F. J.
Russell, H.
Salmon, T. P.
Sharp, G. P.
Slight, A.
Smalley, G. R.
Stallard, G.
Strong, R.
Swan, H.
Taylor, W. H.
Thompson, S.
Tritton, W. B.
Waldron, F. W.
Walker, J.
Williams, H.
Woodham, C. B.
Woolley, F.
Wrench, P. E.
Yate, C. A.
Yonge, V. G.
SIXARS.
Allen, E.
Allen, R.
Body, E. E.
Brame, J.
Brett, F. H.
Cherriman, J. B.
Cox, T.
Edman, E. H.
Haddfield, S.
Haddfield, G. J.
Harris, B.
Hobson, A. W.
Holmes, M.
Howarth, T.
Parkinson, S.
Sergeant, J. S.
Smith, T. D. S.
Smith, W. B.
Spurrier, G. H.
Taylor, J.

MAGDALENE COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONERS.
Aldrit, W.
Berthon, E. L.
Browne, J. de B.
Hopkinson, F.
PENSIONERS.
Hilman, G.
Lucas, C. J.
Neville, S.
Pease, G. C.
Somerset, W.
Wiglesworth, J. L.
SIXAR.
Clay, W. F.

CLARE HALL.

FELLOW COMMONER.
Brooks, E. A.
PENSIONERS.
Beamish, S. H.
Bryans, W.
Constable, W. J. R.
Copeman, G.
Crowther, G.
Goodwyn, A. J. B.
Jubb, G. M.
Mann, C. N.
Nelson, T. S.
Potchett, C.
Robins, J. Y.
Woodington, H. P. T.
SIXAR.
Atkinson, A.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

Airey, J. A. L.	Newport, H.
Astbury, J. S.	Parke, C.
Blunt, H. S. G.	Phillips, S. J.
Cooper, A.	Squire, A.
Fischer, W. F. L.	Stock, A.
Hemsworth, A. B.	Sizar.
Jones, T. H.	Allen, A.

CAIUS COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONER.	Laborde, H. W.
Southey, H. S.	Lewis, W. A.
PENSIONERS.	Mann, G.
Burrows, J.	Murphy, W. C.
Carver, D.	Ormerod, E. L.
Collett, W. R.	Sandham, C. F.
Goodwin, H. W.	Travers, R. D.
Haydon, F. S.	White, T. J.
Hogge, H.	White, W. B.
Hutt, W. W.	

TRINITY HALL.

Abdy, J. T.	Combe, M.
Bristowe, S. B.	Jenner, A. R.
Chace, C. F.	Walker, W. F. V.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE

FELLOW COMMONER.	Knipe, T. W.
Pooley, G. F.	Lamb, M. M.
PENSIONERS.	Paramore, J. H.
Barton, R. G.	Perowne, J. J. S.
Blathwayt, R.	Pulling, F. W.
Blenkin, G. B.	Rees, L. S. D.
Chamberlain, C.	Rogers, F. J.
Davis, R. P.	Sellers, S. B.
Dobson, T. W.	Wright, W.
Douglass, R. C.	Sizar.
Harding, R.	Rowlandson, W.
Henson, F.	

SIDNEY COLLEGE.

Baldwin, T. R.	Gibson, J. E.
Calder, W.	Hopkins, F. J.
Cook, R. H.	Ivatt, A. W.
Dale, T. P.	Rolls, G. H.
Elger, J. W.	Sykes, W. B.

KING'S COLLEGE.

Thring, E.	Yonge, J. A.
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CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

Bain, W. R.	Goode, W. P.
Barkley, C. W.	Hill, C.
Blackburn, S.	Huntington, H. J.
Bennett, T.	Jenkin, W. O.
Curaham, F. L.	Kent, A.
Davenport, A.	Layard, J. T.
Elwyn, W.	Leicester, W. H.
Elliott, F. H.	Smith, J.
Fisher, J.	Wilkinson, O.
Isard, W. C.	Wilkins, H. R.

DOWNING COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONER.	Atkins, G. M.
FELLOW COMMONERS.	Preston, C. J.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONER.	Nixon, E. J.
PENSIONERS.	Durrant, I.
Lanfeast, W. F.	Thompson, J. H.
Watts, H.	
SIZARS.	Brereton, A. H.
Buckley, J.	Evans, E. T.
Picton, J.	Seaman, J. B.
Serres, W. S.	

CATHARINE HALL.

Bell, J.	Potchet, W. H.
Berryman, J. W.	Paty, M.
Bewsher, T.	Pear, W. F.
Creswell, H.	Pugh, M.
Davy, T.	Richardson, W.
Field, A.	Sharpe, R. J.
Fleetwood, W.	Sharpe, T. H.
Goodrich, J. G.	Thornhill, W.
Headfield, R. J.	Wilson, J.
King, S. W.	Woodcock, T.

JESUS COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONER.	Milford, F.
Ashwell, J.	Ogle, J. F.
PENSIONERS.	Ritson, J.
Bailey, J. S.	Roberts, R. L. N.
Berry, A. G.	Smyth, H. B.
Brasse, J. R.	Stockdale, S.
Brunwin, H. T.	Stockdale, H. M.
Bulstrode, J. M.	Thomson, H. W.
Bytheses, H. F.	Wollaston, T. V.

THE MATRICULATIONS AMOUNT TO 386.

	<i>Noba.</i>	<i>F.C.</i>	<i>Pen.</i>	<i>Siz.</i>
King's			2 ..	
Trinity	2 ..	3 ..	102 ..	6 ..
St. John's ..		2 ..	55 ..	20 ..
St. Peter's ..		2 ..	16 ..	1 ..
Clare Hall ..		1 ..	12 ..	1 ..
Pembroke ..			12 ..	1 ..
Caius		1 ..	16 ..	
Trin. Hall ..			6 ..	
Corpus		1 ..	18 ..	1 ..
Queens'		1 ..	4 ..	6 ..
Cath. Hall ..			20 ..	
Jesus		1 ..	15 ..	
Christ's			20 ..	
Magdalene ..		4 ..	6 ..	1 ..
Emmanuel ..			15 ..	
Sidney			10 ..	
Downing		2 ..		
	2	18	329	37

CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEMS.

THE

DEATH OF MARQUESS CAMDEN,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

By John Charles Conybears, of St. Peter's College.

When thy heart is full, and wild thy mirth,
And thy thoughts are like the swelling wave,
'Twill make them purer than thoughts of earth
To think of those that are in the grave :
For so thy glee will tamper'd be,
And thy sorrow be sweeter than joy to thee.

MARKHAM.

ONCE more, bright Hepstyl,¹ arrowy stream, I stand
'Mid the wild valleys of my native land.
Here, as he sings the toiling ox² to cheer,
The peasant's song is wafted to my ear :
And bleat of flocks, o'er wide hills ranging free,
Blends with thine hoarse wave's mountain melody.
How sweet to wander here at daylight's close,
To muse on man's brief hour, and fleeting woes ;
And—whilst perchance thy mother's sainted shade
Still roams, where erst her maiden footsteps stray'd—
Far from life's busy strife, and heartless glee,
Camden, to twine a wild-flower wreath for thee.

Full many a year, my childhood's home, hath past
In joy, and sorrow, since I saw thee last ;
And turned with boyish tears my last long look
On copse, and sunny hill, and sparkling brook ;
Yet, as amid thy cherish'd scenes I stray,
The hour of parting seems but yesterday.
Still as half-hid 'mid yew trees "thickening green,"³
And ancient elms, thine ivied church is seen,
How sadly sweet the thoughts that throng my breast,
The memories fond, that may not be repress.
Yes, there I learnt, whilst yet a wayward boy,
To muse on death's calm sleep with peaceful joy.
'Twas autumn,—falling from the cheerless trees,
The last leaves flutter'd in the wailing breeze ;
And eddying still in sad profusion round,
Fell crisp and sere upon the hallow'd ground.

¹ The Hepstyl, or Honddu, joins the river Usk at Brecon. On its right bank stands Brecknock Priory, the seat of the Jeffreys family. The late Marquess Camden's mother was the daughter, and sole representative of Sir N. Jeffreys, the last of the name.

² Oxen are very generally used for ploughing in Brecknockshire. The plough-boy accompanies the labours of his team by a rude song, or rather measured halloo, the effect of which is quite unlike any thing I have ever heard in England. Every one who knows the country must remember the large flocks of mountain sheep, which wander apparently wild over unenclosed tracts of barren hill.

³ Ayr gently kissed his pebbly shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green.—BURNS.

As there I passed, in solemn tones and clear,
 The funeral hymn⁴ burst wildly on my ear;
 Now low, as fell the wind; now swelling higher,
 Like fitful cadence of Eolian lyre;
 Whilst a sad train, in "sable garb of woe,"
 Wound round yon hill with measured steps and slow.
 — I paused and mark'd the orphan's burning tear,
 As low he bent him o'er his father's bier.
 And, as they turned them from the grave away,
 Child-like, I wept, as bitterly as they.
 — When spring had waked to life each floweret fair,
 Again I saw that band of orphans there.
 Dejection's gloom from youth's clear brow had past,
 Though from each eye the tear-drops trickled fast,
 As o'er their father's grave I watch'd them fling
 Frail blossoms, tender nurselings of the spring,
 Sweet thoughts meanwhile, and pleasing sadness stole
 With chastening influence o'er my soften'd soul;
 And still, when musing on a good man's death,
 Methinks I see that starry primrose wreath;
 And sorrowing, Camden, o'er thy mortal doom,
 I mind me of the peasant's flower-lit tomb.

Sages of old have bid that ranged on high
 Ancestral skulls should meet the rev'ler's eye,
 That, when joy's laugh rang loudest, man might see
 The kindred relics of mortality.
 I too would know thee, Death; I too would trace
 The darkling outlines of thy shadowy face:
 Fain would I track thee to thy fabled land,
 And learn to "grasp" thee with a living hand."
 Fond thought! What eye may pierce thy realms of gloom?
 What tongue declare the secrets of the tomb?
 Yet why should man, in all he shrinks from, see
 Some symbol dread, some harrowing type of thee?
 Rather I'll deem thy sleep the wanderer's rest;
 And soothe with softer images my breast.
 Sere leaf, and faded flower shall whisper low
 Of death, to whom earth's fairest forms must bow.
 But chiefly, when the broad autumnal sun
 Sinks to his gorgeous couch, when day is done—
 While all the West with living splendour beams,
 And heaven is fleckt afar with rosy gleams—
 Oh! chiefly in that glorious scene I'll see,
 Christian, thy death, thy hope of victory.

Happy the babe that is but briefly prest
 In anxious fondness to its mother's breast;
 Then snatched from all our ceaseless cares below,
 Ere sin hath stain'd its bosom's spotless snow.
 Yet, Camden, as with sorrowing eye we gaze
 On the pure tenour of thine earthly days,

⁴ There is an old custom in some parts of Brecknockshire, and Glamorganshire, of singing hymns as the funeral procession is on its way to the church. On such occasions you may sometimes hear the voices of the mourners, while the procession itself is still hidden. The ancient and picturesque custom of dressing the graves with flowers at Easter is very generally maintained in the same places.

⁵ Smedley's Poems.

Oh ! who may deem thy soul less surely blest
In the calm haven of eternal rest ?

And thou art gone ! yet though on earth no more
Each mortal grace shall please, that pleased before ;
Still art thou seen by memory's magic ray ;
Still loved, as though thou hadst not past away.
Whilst sorrow, bending o'er thy silent urn,
Bids all thy life before her eye return ;
The statesman's toils—fair Bayham's calm retreat—⁶
The patriot's offering at his country's feet,
Earth's wealth to earth's best purpose nobly given,
The Christian's treasure stored for aye in heaven—
And fondly lingering marks with pensive tear
The closing moments of thy bright career.

The summer's days of idleness⁷ are o'er,
And Granta hails her youthful train once more ;
Whilst younger faces, and new forms are seen
Mixt with the older tenants of the scene.
Dost see yon pair ? Youth's springy step is there,
And manhood's thoughtful brow, and staid air :
A sire and son, in converse sweet they stray,
And while the thoughtful hour of eve away.
Now sauntering slow where meeting over-head
Their leafy canopy tall lindens spread,
They pause awhile, and mark with curious eye,
The branchy tracery of the arch on high
Checquer the blue beyond—now turn their gaze
On yonder chesnuts bright with sunset's rays,
Where autumn's hand her hectic tints hath shed,
And sober russet blends with deepening red.
Sadly the sire recalls youth's joyous day ;
And each bright dream, that long hath past away.
But who may tell what feelings undefined,
What high aspirings fill that youthful mind,
As fondly gazing with young hope around,
Granta, he treads at length thy classic ground,
And drinks with eye of rapturous delight
The silent beauty of the closing night ?
Silent ? ah no ! Hark ! from yon tower hath sped
The knell of Granta for her noble dead.
Hark ! every neighbouring fane in sad reply
Flings its wild death-note to the night-wind's sigh,
Now floating frequent on the sullen air—
Now intermitting pause irregular.
It seems, that fitful, melancholy sound,
As wide it spreads in airy circles round,
In thrilling accents on its pathless way,
To speak strange warnings to each child of clay.
The old it tells of death too soon their own ;
And young ambition trembles at its tone.

⁶ Bayham Abbey in Sussex, a country seat of the late Marquess Camden.

⁷ Alluding to his giving up to the public the revenue derived from his tellership.
During his life he gave up £360,000, and died poor, for a nobleman.

⁸ He was insensible for some time previous to his death.

⁹ His death occurred at the commencement of the October Term, 1840.

¹ εὐφροσύνη.

Spirit of youth, that ever lov'st to glide,
 Where 'neath deep groves old Camus pours his tide,
 That 'midst his halls hast fixt thy fairy throne,
 And boastest young-eyed laughter all thine own ;
 Say, hast thou never shed grief's scalding tear ?
 Say, dost thou mark unmoved thy Camden's bier ?
 And what, if brief thy mourning ; if the shade
 Of sorrow from thy brow too quickly fade ;
 If saddest thoughts so readily imprest,
 Like summer clouds, pass swiftly from thy breast ?
 Yet there are times when musings high and holy
 Lap thy wrought soul in sweetest melancholy.
 And oft that passing knell shall cheat thine ear,
 Like some loved strain to earliest childhood dear,
 What time thro' massy arches towering high
 Loud anthems pour their storm of melody :
 Or blent at vespers with the chaunted prayer,
 That floats around, and fills the charmed air,
 Whilst youthful forms in spotless white arrayed
 And bowed in prayer, where erst their fathers prayed.

There is a longing in the human breast,
 Claims the blue ether as the spirit's rest.
 The Northern warrior proudly loves to gaze,
 Where glows afar th' Aurora's rosy blaze ;
 And, as in streamers bright it flashes high,
 Or weaves its warm hues o'er the blushing sky,
 He thinks his fathers' joyous shades he sees,
 Careering wildly on the rushing breeze.
 Be't mine to watch pale Cynthia's crescent boat
 At night's deep noon 'mid fleecy islets float :
 Or mark, where with its faint innumerable light,
 The galaxy bespans the brow of night ;
 And idly dream, that o'er yon azure stray
 The deathless spirits that have passed away :
 And feel, in converse high, the mighty dead
 O'er the rapt soul their mystic influence shed.
 Till fancy deems that Newton's eagle eye
 Is brightly piercing from the deep blue sky ;
 And sees 'mid forms of light her Camden stand
 The youngest spirit of that guardian band.

Then, Granta, rouse thee from thy listless gloom :
 And fling the ² flowers he foster'd o'er his tomb.
 Should idle sorrow chill the kindling heart,
 Where "admiration" claims so large a part ?
 Should grief be thine ; since, when his course was run,
 He dropt his mantle on thy noblest son ?

As mourns the sailor from his country far
 The setting radiance of his favourite star ;
 Then turns, with murmur'd thanks, his tearful eye,
 Where some new star-beam gems the sloping sky ;
 And joys its pale reflected fires to view
 Restlessly quivering in the rippling blue :

² Alluding to the English Medal not being a bequest, like the Browne's Medals but the annual gift of the Chancellor.

³ Crabbe's Poems.

So, Camden, borne on time's advancing wave,
 Sadly we watch'd thee sink into the grave—
 So, noble Percy, here we turn to thee,
 To guide us onward o'er time's trackless sea.

Yet, oh! bright spirit, if to saints be given
 To watch o'er mortals from their rest in Heaven:
 Our cares, our dangers, and our joys to know,
 To mingle with this changeful scene below;
 Well may we deem thee with a spirit's love
 O'er Granta watching from thine home above:
 Or hovering still, a sleepless guardian, near
 Each hoary tower to classic memory dear:
 Nor thou alone—Lo fancy's raptured eye
 E'en now beholds the bright train floating by,
 Joying to hail thee, Percy; and to hear
 Quaint forms of ancient¹ meaning fill their ear.
 Methinks I feel their influence fire my soul—
 Hark thro' the massy pile their voices roll,
 "The air ye breathe, the very ground ye tread,
 Is monumental of the mighty dead."

LATIN POEM.

By Henry Mildred Birch, of King's College.

"*Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*"

ERGONE corporeas ubi tandem exuta catenas
 Vivida vis animæ superas migravit in auras,
 Ergone justorum pietas, præclaræque facta,
 Haud aliter sopita jacent ac corporis ossa
 Pulverei claustris, inhonora, extincta, sepulcri?
 Non ita—felices animi, quibus ignea virtus
 Angustæ dederit confinia temnere vitæ,
 Eternumque ambire decus—salvete virorum
 Nobilium sacrata manus, quos patria belli
 Spectârit placidæve obeuntes munia pacis
 Nitier indefessum, animasque impendere vero.

Nimirum si nec saxo commissæ figura,
 Nec Mausoleum, nec pietæ sacraverit urna
 Reliquias; at casta fides, at conscia virtus,
 Propositique tenax animus non talia poscunt
 Dona sibi—fortunati, vos addita custos
 Mnemosyne pia servat adhuc, vos Musa perenni
 Ilacrymans cineri gutta comes usque tuetur,
 Usque novos famæ gestorum inspirat odores.¹

Tæque adeo ante alios, prælari nominis hæres,
 Rite vocat precibus modo dona experta favoris
 Granta tui—salve spes aurea sanguinis alti,
 Non aliud meriture decus venientibus annis
 Quam quod avi jactant, quorum sibi Camus honores

⁴ Alluding to the forms used in the Installation of a new Chancellor. The annual prizes are recited in the Senate-House during the Installation.

P.S. The last thirty lines of this Poem were omitted in the recitation, in consequence of the Installation having been deferred after the adjudication of the prize.

¹ "the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Vindicat, annumeransque suis exultat alumnis:
 Quid memorem te, magne pater,² quem laudis adire
 Prima rudimenta et venturæ præmia vitæ
 Vidit, adhuc tenerum genialiter auspice tollens
 Mater Etona sinu, mox felix Granta recepta
 Progenie, hic inter Sophiæ Regalia templa
 Magno affectanti plaudens conamine famam,
 Sublimi ingenio et doctrinæ divite cultu
 Misit adornatum, patriæ nova jura daturum?
 Illum non tituli splendor, non cæca cupido
 Laudis, amorve sui, sed mens sincera, sed ardor
 Sanctus, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto,
 Defensorem æqui, libertatisque tenacem,
 Certatim in patriæ studium incendere salutis.

Nec tibi non similes offert pia Musa cupresso
 Implicitas laurus, aut denegat invida amorem,
 Cujus honorati maturo membra sepulcro
 Heu! queritur composta. Tui immortalis imago
 Restat adhuc, CAMDENE, tuum deflemus adempti
 Magnum animum; viduæ jam nunc per compita Granta
 Amissi desiderium lugubre parentis
 Ingruit, et taciti secum fert signa doloris—
 At, neque enim verno decusum in flore juventæ,
 Sed placide majestatem magis ac magis ipso
 Indutum occasu, sensimque recedere terra
 Vidimus, indigni lacrymis cessate doloris
 Indulgere; Tui potius meminisse juvabit,
 Qui patriæ reddens, tibi quod sacraverat, aurum
 Clara dabas aeris exempla imitanda Britannis.
 Quin si (quod suadet pietas) admissa bonorum
 Cæstibus umbra voles, cœlique ex arce serena
 Mortales digneris adhuc invisere sedes,
 Si te tangat amor nostri, si cura tuorum,
 Aspice magnanimo cursori lampada vitæ³
 Commissam, cœptis felicibus aspice natum
 In tua pergentem vestigia ponere gressus,
 Et memorem hunc memori donantem munere cætum.

Felix! ter felix! qui non oblitus avitæ
 Indolia, oblatosve patri aversatus honores
 Serta paras Musis, Musæ tibi dona rependunt
 Qualia sint hæc cunque, tui cape talia vatis
 Primitias, et ab his tam parvis disce, precamur,
 Quem tibi, quem stirpi grate reddamus amorem.
 Umbra senis veneranda vale, dum flumine Camus
 Lambit arundineo has captus⁴ dulcedine turres,
 Dum viget ingenium, nec cincta satellite Musæ
 Hic dedignatur Sapiëntia ponere sedem,
 "Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt"—
 Nosque ubi decidimus gelido data præda sepulcro,
 Sæpe iterum effugiens aliquis tua vincla, Mathesi,
 Flumineas salices nemorumve errabit ad umbras
 Sic temere, atque vocans faciles in vota sorores

² Vid. Life of Lord Chancellor Camden.—*Cyclopædia*.

³ Vid. Lucret. II. 77.

⁴ "Where willow Camus lingers with delight."—GRAY.

Laudabit, qui nascenti nova præmia monstrans
Ingenio primùm occultos accenderit ignes.

Itē igitur vos qui teneræ cunabula Musæ
Et palmam et castas sophiæ contemnitis arces,
I lucro devota cohors, rideque vacantem
Artibus ingenuis mentem, studioque Camænæ.
Scilicet hic primùm meditans testudine carmen
Dulcisonum lusit juveniliter optimus ille,⁴
Cui dedit angustos naturæ excedere fines
Non æquanda animi præstantia, quique⁵ juventæ
Delicias, ludosque breves, teque, alma Poesi,
Fila lyræ docuit resonare—neque inclyta lauro
Non habeat simili donandos Granta nepotes.
Nec fallax spes illa—loquentem plurima cingit
Natorum manus Aonios actura triumphos,
Atque iterum hic animi blandos hausura furores,
Auspiciis gavisæ novis—En! addita templo⁷
(Templo quod memori modo visum assurgere mole,
Munificumque animum, gratoque in corde repostum,
Granta, tui Mæcenatis testatur amorem)
Spirat Castalidum saxi sub imagine turba,
Cognatæ spirant artes—Tuque, optime,⁶ salve
Cui nuper positas tam digna in fronte corollas,
Cui Sophiæ fasces, placidique insignia regni
Tradidimus—longum (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Intersis, Percæ, tuis, longum ambiat illud
Laurus inempta caput, dum te jubet æmula virtus
Immortale decus CAMDENI æquare merendo.

PRINCIPISSA.

By Reginald Robert Walpole, Gonville and Caius College.

Φιλτάτα Μοῖσ', ἡμερόφωνον ὕμνον,
τᾶς ἐμᾶς εὐχᾶς αἰοῖσ', ἐγείρειν
σάμερον λῆς; Πότνια, κλυθί· χρὴ νῦν
οὔρον αἰοῦᾶς

πεμπέμεν γὰ πατρίδι·—τίς δ' ἄρ' οὗτος
αἰθέρ' ἐκπλήσων κτύπος; οἷδ' ἀκούων
συμμιγῇ παιᾶνα· βοᾶ δ' ἔναντος
οὐασιν ἀχέϊ.

"Χαῖρε, γὰ Βρεταννί! τείν τόδ' ἄμαρ

"ἄϊσιον μάννυμα χαρᾶς γένοιτο·

"σαῖς ἐπεὶ λιταῖς Θεὸς Ἰλαος Τυ-

"ρανίδι τιμὰν

"ᾠκυσεν νεάν·" τὰδ' αὔσε πληθὺς
πᾶσ', ὅκ' ᾠδίνων Βασιλίσσα πρῶαν
εὐτυχῶς ἐπαύσατο· τίς δὲ σάν εὐ-
δαίμονι μοῖραν

⁵ Milton.

⁶ Gray.

⁷ Fitzwilliam Museum.

⁸ Duke of Northumberland.

εἰσιδὼν, "Ανασσα, τίς οὐ γέγαθεν;
 τῷσδε γαίᾳς σκάπτων ἔχεις· θρόνον δὲ
 μᾶσσον ἀμπέχει γέρας, ὥς ἰδέω
 τοῦνυμα Μαρτρός.

Ὁρανῷ τὰ θέσμι' αἰς δύναιτ' ἂν
 ἐξερευνᾷν; μνάστις ἔχει, στεναγμοὺς
 Ἀλβίων ἤγειρεν ὅσους, ὅχ' ἄβα
 κυδιώσαν

σάν ἀνεψιᾶν βασιλῆϊδ' Ἀδης
 ἤρπασεν καὶ παῖδα νεοχμόν.—ἀ μὲν,
 ὥς ὄραμ' ὀράματος, ἐκ βίοιο
 ἐξαπόλωλε·

τὴν δὲ βουλαῖς θεοπέσιαις πέπρωται
 πάντ' ἔχειν ἑναλλα· μακαρτάταν σε
 ἀσμένως ἀσπαζόμεθ'· ἔλλαβες γάρ
 νυμφίον, ᾧ πρὶν

ἡπίαις ζεύχθης φιλίας ἀνάγκαις
 ξυγγενείας τ', ἐν νεοτᾶτος ὥρᾳ·
 ὅς δ', ἐπεὶ τᾷ δεξιτέρῳ ἀμοιβῇ
 πίστιν ἔδωκε,

οὔποτ' ἂν λήξει χάριν ἠδὲ τιμὰν
 προστιθείς· νῦν δ' ἄλλο τεῶν ἐπλησε
 καρδίαν χαρᾶς μελέδημα· τίς γάρ
 ἄρτι τεκοῖσας

ματέρος, τίς χάρμα λέγειν οἶός τε
 προσβλεποῖσας πρωτόγονον λόχενμα
 σπαργάνοις εἰλύμενον; ἄ! φιλαμό-
 των ὅσος ὄχλος!¹

ἄ! φρενῶν στέρηθηρα! πόθῳ δὲ τέκνου
 πολλάκις παρητῷ ἔτεγγε χλωρὰν,
 εἰς τάφον βεβακότος ἐμβαλοῖσα
 πένθιμον ὄμμα.

Μὴ σὺ δεινὸν τοῦτο πάθοις· ῥόδον δ' ὥς
 αὐξεται πνοιαῖς Ζεφύρων, ἄωτος
 εἶαρος, κάπου στεφάνωμα, τῶς σὸν
 εὐθαλὲς ἔρνος

βλαστάνοι· νῦν νηπίαχα φρονεῦσα,
 νηπία, πάσας τ' ὀδύνας ἀπειρος,
 αὐδύμοις γελάσμασιν ἀρχεταί σε
 ματέρα γινῶναι,

ἔμερον θυμῷ γλυκὺν ἐμπνεοῖσα·
 χάρματος δὲ μᾶσσονος, ὧ μάκαιρα,
 γενέσθαι, κρατὶδ' Ἀρετᾶς ὅταν τι-
 θεῖσα, διδάσκη

¹ φιλημάτων ὄχλῳ
 ψυχὴν ἐμὴν κτήσαιοτο.
 EURIP. Frag. Danaes.

εὐσεβῇ νοήματα, καὶ νέαισιν
ἐγγράφης φρεσὶν Σοφίας ἔρωτα·
ὔστερον δ' ἂν ὀλβοδότειρ' ἀέρι
σπέρμα τύραννον

Μοῖρα· καὶ τάχ', ἀμετέροις μέλημα²
ἐκγόνοις, παῖς τις σέθεν ἐκφυτευθεὶς
γῆς Βρετάνων ἂν κρατεῖοι, κλεεννός
ἐν τε μάχαισιν

κα'γοῦς βουλαῖσι· γέρας τοῖονδε
σὸν μενεῖ γένναμα·—τίη τὸ μέλλον
ἂν σκοποῖ βροτός, κρυφαῖς ταρατῶν
φροντίσιν ἦτορ;

ἐντιν ἦ γάρ, ἐντιν ὁμόστολόν τιν
φῶς ἔθ' ἄβας πορφύρεον· βίον δὲ
τὴν μακράων' εὐχομεθ' ἔμμεναι φι-
λόφρονι θυμῷ.

ὥς ἄρ' ἀστήρ, ὃν πεφίλακε Κύπρις
ἔξοχ' ἄλλων, οὐρανόθ' ὅψιν ἱρὰν
ἔξελε, στυγνὰν τ' ἐκέδασεν ἀχλὺν,
ξὺν δ' ἀκολουθεῖ

ποσσὶν ἀψόφοισιν ἀνάρθρ' ἄστρο·
ἔστ' ἂν ὑπόθ' ἄλιος ἔξορόνῃ,
ἀσπέτιό τ' αἶθερος ἐν θρόνοισιν
ἐμβασιλεύῃ·

τὼς ἔλαμψ' ὑπείροχον ἐν μονάρχοις
κοιρανῆον παρθενικᾶς Ἑλίσσας
κῦδος, ἕως τὴν τηλεφαναστέρα τᾶσδ'
ἔσβεσας αἴγλαν.

Δαρὸν ὦν, Νικαφόρε, πατρίδ' αἶαν
εὐδίας βιώσα βίον, φυλάττοις·
χῶπότην τὸ μόρσιμον ἄμαρ ἐνθῇ,
(καὶ γὰρ ἀναξιν,

ὥς βροτοῖς ἐοῦσι, θανεῖν πέκρωται·)
κῆτα, τύμβον τῶν προγόνων λαχοῖσας,
σὺν δέμας κόλποις ἐνὶ λαῖνοισι
μνάμα δέχεται,

δακρύων στάσδοντα δρόσῳ φέροντες
δῶρα Μοισᾶν παιδὶ τεῷ· “Λάβου τὸ
“ἐμπρεποῦς ἀρχᾶς στεφάνωμ”, ἐρούμεν·
“Ἰφι ἀνάσσοις

“τᾶσδε νάσου· χῶς ποκα τὰν τεκοῖσαν
“Ἀλβίων τίμασε, τεὸν παρ' ἄμμιν
“ζήσεται, δέλτοις φρενῶν τυπωθὲν,
“τοῦννυμ' ὁμοίως.”

“And fondly hoped
Our children would obey her child.”
Childe Harold, Canto iv.

LATIN ODE.

By Henry Mildred Birch, of King's College.

"Annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis."

Actum est—citatos præcipiti fuga
Menses per orbem vidimus annum;
Actum est—serenatumque pontum
Halcyone residesque venti
Componit iras, eia age, debitas
Trade insolenti, barbite, gaudio
Chordas, nec Anglorum recusa
Gesta loqui, meritamque famam!

Beata salve patria, si tibi
Exortus ipso in limine funera
Annus minaretur, feroxque
Seditio,¹ nimium timendi

Præsaga fati, sparsa per oppida
Et inquietæ pascua Cambriæ
Mussaret, occultam trementi
Imperio meditata cladem;

• At, qui supremo de solio Deus
Custos amatæ præsidet Angliæ,
Sopivit internos furores,
Et populo dedit apprecanti

(O si dedisset gentibus exteris!)
Jucunda pacis. Protinus anxia
Confidare civilem tumultum,
Et socias animare vires

In bella sævit Gallia,² non ea
Victoriarum aut immemor Anglici
Hostis, redonandi triumphi
Spem cupidam fovet. Ah! per omnem

Insaniam gens acta, quodd irritum
Turbârit urnam, membraque funebri
Compôsta somno—Tu sepulcri,
Prime³ ducum, taciturnitate

Major jacebas, nil levis indigus
Splendore pompæ; quem potius virum
Per ora⁴ jactatum decebat
Æquoream⁵ tenuisse rupem

Tibi sacratam, quàm miserabile
Funus reverti in jugera patriæ
Telluris, ultorisque belli
Materiem dare—sed procellæ

¹ Alluditur ad seditiosos homines Anglice "Chartists" dictos.

² Alluditur ad inquietum Galliæ statum priore anno et ultionis cupiditatem quam erant qui augurarentur orituram inter Gallos, Napoleonis funere viso.

³ Napoleon.

⁴ Ita apud Ennium "Volito vivus per ora virum."

⁵ St. Helena.

Ira imminentiæ detumuit—cape
 Quem deperibas, Gallia, non tibi
 Hoc invidemus, dum quieta
 Pace frui placet, et senatus
 Stat causa digni consilio viri⁶
 Confusa, regem et sceptrâ tuerier
 Ausi per obstantes catervas,
 Et domitæ dare jura plebi—
 Sed Musa quo me proripis impete
 Alatum? Eois partibus audio
 Miratus armorum fragorem,
 Ancipitisque minas duelli!
 Lætare celsa sede, Britannia,
 Et masculorum rite superbiens
 Virtute cordum! Te remotæ
 Impavidam didicere gentes
 Quid Marte posses. Testis adorem
 Deductus Angliâ ponere terminum
 Indus, quiescentesque Turcæ, et
 Tu veteris, Ptolemai, famæ
 Devicta nostris—Cerno ego militum
 Admota muris agmina, et æquora
 Candere vexillis, Britannûm
 Cerno alacres animos, et ipsi
 Parere Gallo⁷ nescia mœnia
 Præstantioris fassa potentiam,
 Prolisque non æquanda patrum
 Gesta æqui celeris—sed ecce!
 Longe remotas avehor in plagas,
 Qua Seres⁸ æquorum indociles pati
 Leges Britannorum minantur
 Aspera bella! parum potentes
 Frui triumpho! en! dum loquor, audio
 Compôsta honestè fœdera, et Angliam
 Per cuncta terrarum gerentem
 Incolumes sine clade fasces!
 At bellum et acres mitte loqui minas,
 Orbemque devictum; et potius domi
 Cantemus augustis avitum
 Auspiciis solum beari.
 Tuque O! tuorum cura fidelium,
 Regina, salve; quam modo civitas,
 Materque jam votis potita
 Flore novo nitidam juventæ
 Videre, fausto tela Cupidine
 Vibrante jactu, sumere flammeum,
 Castoque consorti pudorem
 Virgineum, niveamque dextram

⁶ Guizot.

⁷ Acre.

⁸ Napoleon.

⁹ Seres "The Chinese," alluditur ad fœdera recentur faustis conditionibus icta.

Committere ultro; scilicet insciam
 De more regum jungere nuptias,
 Aut plebis indignum favore
 In patriæ thalamicque partem
 Cepisse—quam tu sic tibi traditam
 Semper virili consilio potens,
 Alberte, confirmare, nostri
 Spem foveas columenque regni.
 Sorte invidendi vivite mutui
 Amoris ambo, neve iterum furor¹
 Insanus in vestram ministret
 Proh! facinus grave! tela cladem,
 Celansve diras seditio minas
 Erumpat audax; vivite numinis
 Altare, commissasque leges,
 Et veterum stabilire certi
 Decreta—nec te² non memorabilibus
 Quam nuper ortam sanguine regio
 Aspexit, exemplar³ futuram
 Regibus, imperioque avorum
 Jam nunc tenellam destinat Anglia,
 Cum (qui precamur sit procul exitus)
 Ætas honoratæ supremum
 Longa diem tulerit parenti—
 Annus valeto—non sine gloriâ
 (Arcere Musæ si modo noverint
 Oblivionem) tu peribis
 Per memores celebrandus olim
 Fastos—et annos O! tibi, Patria,
 Feliciores auguror, auguror
 Pacem, triumphatamque terram, et
 Jura tui inviolata ponti.
 Dum Camus artes pacis, et artium
 Musas sorores, quæque prius tuo
 Favore ditasti⁴ sophorum
 Templâ tibi, sophiamque tradens,
 Te, magne⁵ custos, (nec tamen immemor
 Desiderati quem queritur patris)⁶
 Te laude donatum recenti
 Concelebrat, tibi gratulatur,
 Percæ; tu nos suscipe—sic procul
 Dum bella tentant Martia pectora,
 Dum quercus, invictique nautæ
 Velivolis dominantur undis,

¹ Alluditur ad periculum Reginæ ab insano quodam homine allatum.

² Principissam recens natam.

³

“She shall be
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that succeed.”—HEN. VIII. Act. V. Sc. 4.

⁴ Alluditur ad munus a Cancellario datum Observatorio nostro.

⁵ Duke of Northumberland.

⁶ Marquess Camden ὁ μακαρίτης.

Has inter umbras, et Sapientiæ ...
Delubra, alumnos vindicet Anglia,
Qui jura, divinumque cultum, et
Pierias tueantur arces.

EPIGRAMMATA

By M. P. W. Boulton, of Trinity College.

Hoc est
Vivere his, vitâ posse priore frui.

Νήπιοι ἄνθρωποι, τὶ μάτην χριστοῖς τε ποτοῖς τε
προσκτᾶσθαι μακροῦ τέρμα ποθεῖτε βίον;
ἄλλως ταῦτα πονεῖτε φρενῶν ἅτερ, οὐδε συνίστε
οὐκ ἐτέρων πληθεῖ τοῦτ' ἀριθμητὸν εἶν.
ὅς γάρ ἀνὴρ κακὸς ἦ, δηναῖον ἂν οὔτι λέγοιμι,
οὐδ' εἰ Νεστορέων μέτρον ἴκαεν ἐτῶν.
δείσας γὰρ λένσσειν ὀπίσω, συνεχῶς δὲ προτείνων
εἰς τὸ πρόσω, πρηνὴς εἰς θάνατον φέρεται.
ὅς δ' ἀγαθὸς διάγῃ, τοῦ πρὶν μεμνημένος ἤδεως
δεύτερα καρποῦται χαρμοσύνας βίον.
τῷδ' ἄρα διπλασίης ζωῆς ἐξεστὶν ὕπασθαι,
καὶ νεαρός περ ὅμως μακρόβιος πέλεται.

VEHICULA VI VAPORIS IMPULSA.

O INVIDENDA cæteris præ gentibus,
Dilecta Dis Britannia,
Quantis beavit incolas tuas bonis
Scientiæ progressio!
Sileat Sabæa terra veloces equos,
Jactet neque Hellas Dædalum;
Perniciores machinam invenit tibi
Pectus sophorum callidum.
Ecce ut vaporis currus actus impetu
Ruit procellis ocyor:
Quam gaudet intra rapta fulmine ocyor
Stupetque plebs motum novum.
Heu! cum repente illisa desilit rota,
Excussa recto tramite,
Tum dira clades; civibus cives simul,
Nasque nasis corrunt.
Hic crura fracta, hic mæret obtusum caput,
Hic oris amissum decus.
At insciens nos turba, crassa pectora,
Cur rem queramur tantulam,
Planctuque vano gloriis scientiæ
Obstemus? ecquid æquius
Cum citius omnes itur in terras, via
Citiores ferri ad Tartara.

SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*. ACT. IV. SCENE I.

FER. This is most strange : your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIR. Never till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PRO. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-clapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd ;
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΦΕΡ. ΘΑΜΒΟΥΣ τὸδ' ἤδη κρεῖσσον, οἷα μαίνεται
πατὴρ δι' ὀργῆς ἢ νιν ἀγρίως ἐλαῖ.

ΜΙΡ. οὐκῶ γὰρ αὐτὸν εἶδον ἐς τὸδ' ἡμέρας
οὕτω δυσάργου λήματος νικώμενον.

ΠΡΟ. ὦ παῖ, σὺ δ' ὥς ἔοικας ἐκπλαγεῖς φρένα
βλέπειν τι δέργμ' ἄθυμον, εὐφραίνου δ' ὅμως.
ἤδη γὰρ ἤδη τῶνδε τῶν κῶμων τέλος
πάρεστι, πάντες δ' οἱ τὰδ' ἡγωνισμένοι,
ὁ καὶ προεῖπον, ἀμβροτοὶ πεφυκότες
ἐς αἰθέρ', ὑγρόν αἰθέρ', οἷχονται πάλιν
σχῆμ' οὖν τὸ κοῦφον τῶνδε φασμάτων ὅπως
χλιδαί τε μελάνθρων, καὶ νεφῶν περιστεφῇ
πυργώματ', ἐν δὲ σεμνὰ δαιμόνων ἔδη,
γῆς τ' ἀσπετον κύκλωμα, καὶ τὰ πάνθ' ὁμοῦ
ὅσων λέλογχε ρεύσεται τετηκότα,
καὶ τῷδ' ὅμοια τῷ κενῷ προσχήματι
βέβηκεν, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἡλύγην λέλοιπ' ἰδεῖν.
ταῦνδε τοι πέφυκεν ἀνθρώπων γένος,
ἄλλως ὀνείρων σχήματ', εἰς ὕπνον θ' ἅμα
πᾶς τις τὸ τοῦ ζῆν σύντομον κάμπτει τέλος.
νῦν δ' ἀχθομαι μὲν, σοὶ δὲ τὰκ φαύλης φρενὸς
ἀνεκτέ· ἢ γὰρ νοῦς τί μοι κάμνει γέρων.
μὴ νῦν ταραχθῆς οἷ' ἀμυνροῦμαι σθένος,
ἀλλ' εἰς στέγος τὸδ', εἰ δοκεῖ, ἐλίσθη' ἰών,
ἐγὼ δ' ἀποστῶ βαιὸν εἰς ἀναψυχὴν,
ἣν πως πτοηθὲν τοῦτο κοιμήσω κέαρ.

v. 5. Cf. Soph. Trach. 1238.—ἀνὴρ ὃδ' ὥς ἔοικεν οὐ νεμεῖν ἐμοὶ
φθίνοντι μοῖραν.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REPORTER.

(By the Author of the "CRITIC IN PARLIAMENT AND IN PUBLIC SINCE 1835.")

"I will a tale unfold."—*Shakespeare.*

"Non longa est fubula."

—sed narro quod eram."—*Horace.*

Who—nay, *what*—has not been autobiographised? Every conceivable creation—every imaginable impersonation,—heroes and halfpennies—philosophers and felons—preachers and players, have adventured themselves into autobiography; even Jack Ketch has told his history—and why should not a reporter?

Truly we know not any one better suited for it. What are the requisites of a good autobiography? That the writer should move in a sphere of life affording food for curiosity, and presenting incidents to interest; and that they should be cleverly and graphically told. Of the two first we feel sure that we are possessed; of the last, our modesty, which is immense, forbids us to say more than that we are comfortably complacent.

Everything (to commence with a philosophical abstraction—a *proposition*)—everything that is unknown is interesting; and what more unknown than a reporter? Who can say he knows the race? With the habits of antediluvians we are now pretty clearly acquainted; and of the eccentricities of comets almost perspicuously cognizant. The *individuality*, to speak metaphysically, of editors is now scarcely problematical; but a reporter,—he is to the mass of men as little known as an Etruscan hieroglyphic. He is veiled in an obscurity as mysterious as the origin of the American Aborigines. He is consciously invisible; he is a kind of intangible existence; nay, the public are, if not inconceivably ignorant, at least unaccountably irreflective of his very being. It is one of those moral problems on which metaphysicians might quarrel; it proves that the vigour of human inquisitiveness has woefully degenerated; it exhibits our nature in an unnatural stagnation, perfectly astounding (in an age of steam-boats)—that for so many generations have newspapers been published, and yet—the *people know not of reporters*. We have been startled by an evident awakening to a sense of some long-concealed and dormant fact, in the mind of an individual whom we have endeavoured to rouse to a consciousness of his ignorance, by enquiring, who he thought wrote the great mass of the contents of a newspaper, viz. the news? It was amusing—no, it was afflicting, to observe how he was struggling with some vague idea of certain indefinite, indiscernible agencies, whereby these valuable materials were collected; and how difficult it was for him to bring his faculties to the perception of a fact so plain, when *once thought of*, as that reporters must be visible realities, embodied personalities—breathing, living, moving, acting men.

What tends considerably, however, to produce this vague impression of the unsubstantiality of reporters, is the shadowy, shabby, ap-
Feb. 1842.—VOL. II. NO. X.

pearance of certain dark fitting forms, which the more observant of our race occasionally detect, with villainous habiliments, short pencils and dirty paper, pestering public meetings like the ghosts of pick-pockets, or haunting coroners' inquests, like the shades of suicides. Howbeit, about these creatures, there are, on a nearer approach, discovered such suspicious symptoms of rascality, that they tend to produce a rather unfavourable impression of the moral attributes of the whole *genus*. And the misfortune is, that the respectable portion of the race suffer for the vile appearance of these, the only specimens* which meet the public eye: therefore this ignorance of the popular mind upon the subject is to be deplored.

Our marvel however at the ignorance of mankind on this subject is considerably diminished by the reflection that, what people have never been told, it is highly probable they will not know. Moreover we recollect a profound remark of Bishop Taylor's, that "it is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and he therefore that can perceive it, hath it not." Still there is room for wonderment that, reading so many columns of parliamentary profundity and legal research, of provincial gatherings, and metropolitan murders, people never ask themselves,—where they have all this from?

Yet are not those who furnish these immense broadsheets with their miscellanies of intelligence, valuable, nay, essential components of the social framework? Have they not been rightly termed "the fourth estate?" Yea, we boldly maintain the equality of their importance with that of the other three. That states could go on without Sovereign or Parliaments, it has been tried to show,—dreadful failures, doubtless: but has it ever been tried to do without reporters? What revolutionist would have temerity enough for the bare suggestion? How could the Empire maintain its integrity but for reporters? How could anybody know what the world was about,—how could philanthropists gain patronage, and patriots *place*? How could parish orators establish a reputation, and eloquent senators achieve fame? But we wax reflective.

Have we not made out a case for our autobiography? A hundred voices cry (or we fancy they do—quite the same) "Yes." So, all this display of prefatory hesitation over, we proceed in the usual tone of autobiographical egotism.

To be methodical, like systematic orators, I divide my tale into three distinct portions: telling, first, how I became a reporter; secondly, what happened to me while I was a reporter; thirdly, how I ceased to be a reporter.

CHAPTER II.

How I came to be a Reporter.

"'Tis briefly told," as Sir Edward Bulwer's "Norman" says. Autobiographers always begin with their fathers. My father's an-

* The principal business of *regular* reporters being in Parliament or the Courts, where they are not seen by the public.

cestors were gentlemen, so he was one—(Sir Edward's hero would quarrel with this proposition, peradventure it is not logically correct; but I stop not to argue it)—and I of course, seeing I was the "son of my father," to use a Hibernism. He had a good fortune, but he lost it. How he came by it, concerned me little when he had it; and how he lost it, is of little consequence, as I shall never have it: I have heard however that he had it from his fathers, and that he lost it (mainly) through his friends; having ruined him, they were of course "willing to assist him." The little 'assortment' of which I formed a part, grew in appetite, and through eating *grew*. They pressed heavily upon the paternal exchequer: it became highly desirable, decidedly imperative, that it should be speedily lightened. I, as No. 1, was selected to detach: my father said he would "look out" for me. Without disparaging his sagacity, he certainly "looked out" a long time, and found nothing worth the search; as fathers who "look out" without money in their hands, for good situations, generally experience; and perhaps the reason my respected parent failed, was, that various other parents had been, and were, on precisely the same "look out." Visions of starvation and scribbling in an attorney's office, or of hunger and arithmetic in a counting-house, flitted before my anxious mind. Among all my picturings, however improbable, the idea of a reporter never occurred to my mind.

It did so happen, however, that my father knew an editor of an evening paper; it also happened that I knew a little shorthand. Thus it came about that the editor hearing of me, "negotiations" ensued, which terminated in my having an invitation to take a "trial" on the opening day, or rather night, of the Session of the year 183—.

It was with exciting expectation, that on the great day of the opening of Parliament I waited upon the editor aforesaid. Hitherto I had known nothing of newspapers, save that they were huge broadsheets, to which people referred for advertisements and murders. Now I was going to be introduced into the secresies of these vast miscellanies of the novel and the marvellous. I found the office the centre of a kind of whirlpool of bustle and activity: on entering the outer apartment the very atmosphere seemed warm with the eager excitement; already had startling announcements been affixed to the exterior, anticipatory of "Queen's Speech," "Debates on Address," "Longest Report," "Latest Intelligence up to seven o'clock," "In time for Post," "Second Edition," &c. A host of ragged little urchins were running to and fro on inexplicable errands,—cabs were dashing up to the door every now and then, and darting out their impatient and impetuous inmates, and messengers rushing out with equal rapidity.

After some delay, I obtained ingress into the recesses of the editorial cabinet. I knew so little of the nature of an editor, I hardly expected to find him like other men: his *sanctum* was more difficult of access, apparently, than a monarch's audience-chamber; buried in obscure passages, veiled by many green-baize doors. The editor displayed the address of a gentleman,—his tone of conversation evinced both the man of education and of business; there was something in his whole appearance indicative of much writing; literary toil had left paleness in his

countenance, and dimmed the lustre of his eye; his forehead bore the traces of many a wearying lucubration. Before him was a large table covered with papers, and scattered round the room were mountains of literary miscellanies; new books, doubtless with the "publisher's compliments;" metropolitan papers, underlined for commentaries; and provincial, marked for extract-cutting; letters from politicians; communications "from correspondents," ready to be inserted—in the fire; cards for theatres, scraps of intelligence; and a small heap of "slips," on the uppermost of which the ink was not dry, of a half-finished "leader," whereby the new ministry, just about to meet Parliament for the first time, were to be utterly abolished.

Well, the editor had projected a glorious scheme, whereof he had pledged himself to the public, that there would be a Second Edition of his paper that evening at *seven*, containing the debates on the address, down to a quarter-of-an-hour before!! To share in this glorious achievement was I selected.

So I became a Reporter.

CHAPTER III.

What happened to me when I was a Reporter.

With the accustomed splendour of spectacle, and the usual shouting of spectators—the regular accompaniments of royalty, life-guards, beef-eaters, pensioners, state-coaches, and policemen; and the ordinary out-breakings of loyalty; the *omnium* of sounds produced by the combined firing of guns, ringing of bells, blowing of trumpets, and beating of drums, which seem to produce on the ear a strange sense of confusion, and appears a somewhat needless connection of legislation and uproar,—the Session of 183— opened. And when the last remnant of the parliamentary pageant had passed away, and the vast multitude, ever ready to rush either to a royal, or a puppet-show, had dispersed, leaving the space around the Hall of St. Stephen's once more in its wonted quiet, I was conducted through many winding avenues, and by many ascending staircases; and after undergoing the rigid inspection and investigation of sundry officials within and without, found myself in the HOUSE OF COMMONS!—yes, in that great Hall around which, from my earliest boyhood, imagination had thrown dim visions of glory, drawn from long histories of the past. Hitherto indeed I had entertained the most uncertain and ill-defined ideas of this high assembly; it was only as a *vision* in my mind—a thing of history—a *notion*—a *NAME*: here was the reality. The Hall indeed was now empty, and those calm, comfortable, green-covered benches gave no indication of the illustrious scenes there wont to be enacted. Of those tremendous "debates," whereof I had sometimes heard rumours, I had as yet formed no conception, except that derived from having occasionally glanced at ten, fifteen, or twenty columns in the diurnals, of what had ever appeared to me the height of dulness, unintelligibility, and unimportance: my curiosity was at its pitch to witness one of these proceedings; the drift, object, or meaning of which was utterly unguessed by me.

As the time approached nearer four, members "dropped in," first by straggling twos and threes, then increasing in number till the influx was general and rapid. There was thus leisure to observe somewhat of personal appearance, and detect something of *class character*, as well as individual distinction. For instance, it was easy to tell the hale, hearty, fresh-looking, top-booted, blue-coated country gentlemen, just come up from their estates, where for six months they had been enjoying all the jollity of hunting, and all the dignity of county sessions, from the *calculation-looking*, keen, business-like manufacturers of Manchester, or merchants of London; it was easy to distinguish the lean, hungry, malicious radicals, from the high-bred, gentlemanly aristocrats; or to mark the difference between the profound, studious *concentration* of the great lawyers of the House, and the frank, free, spirited gaiety of the young officers: and as the hour of business drew near, it was interesting to observe the heads of the great political parties, the veterans in public life, so different, in their anxious, deep-thinking expression, from the unconcerned and inexperienced air of the "freshmen," the "new members."

Four o'clock arrives—house crowded—near six hundred members present; the buzz of conversation overpowering for the next hour; so many parliamentary friends meeting after the separation of the recess; so much to be conjectured as to the new ministry, whether it will stand,—if not, who will succeed? members every minute rising, vainly endeavouring amidst the din to be heard; energetic dumb show, with scattered words here and there, such as "give notice" (unheard time), "call attention," "relations with" (some country, the name ending in—'ussia'): or, as we sometimes see it in the papers, "an honourable member" (whose name we did not hear) presented a petition from some place (the noise prevented us distinctly from catching), praying for the repeal of a bill (the title of which we regret we did not quite understand). The Speaker's voice is heard at intervals lustily calling "Order," thereby merely adding to—not in the slightest degree suppressing the noise: the gallery opposite the chair is crowded with about three hundred patient and perspiring strangers, wondering what it is all about. In the course of these proceedings, two members—one in some species of uniform, the other in court costume (O'Connell called them "exceedingly well dressed gentlemen")—enter the House; they go behind the Treasury bench, whereon are sitting a dozen or so individuals, with their hats pulled over their eyes, looking very determined and indignant at the opposite bench, on which a similar party are seen, hats pulled down in the same manner, and looking exceedingly heroic, patriotic, and fierce. (By the bye, I now comprehend the terms "Ministerial and Opposition benches," which have sorely puzzled me.)

• Five o'clock is at hand: the uproar subsides—the silence of suspense begins to reign—the "exceedingly well dressed gentlemen" (who I afterwards understood to be the mover and seconder of the address) become fidgetty, and look nervous, because they are novices as usual: the individuals on the Treasury bench are anxious; the people opposite impatient—the strangers are getting outrageous. At last issues

indistinctly from the chair, "Order of day—considering his Majesty's most gracious speech—he read—opinion say aye—contrary no—I think ayes have it." The clerk reads a word or two inaudible; then rises one of the "exceedingly well dressed," and commences a modest maiden speech, all stutter and stammer, hesitation and hawing, which is listened to partly from curiosity, "to see what he'll make of it," but chiefly from eager expectation of some point which may fire the inflammable combustibility of party-spirit; and the point soon arrives, just as the unhappy orator is beginning to get the better of his nervousness: he happens to drop some magic word, "municipal reform," "appropriation," or whatever may be the exciting "topic" of the day; and at the utterance thereof, a volcano of voice explodes on his side, with a shout indicative of triumph, followed by a yet louder shout significant of defiance, re-echoed from these benches, reiterated from those, the effect being thoroughly to throw the "mover" back on his stammerings: and this succession of shoutings from the hearers, followed by stutterings of speaker, goes on till the speech—a chain of carefully concocted eulogies on the government—comes to a close, with a few congratulatory cheers. And then the "seconder" repeats as much of his well-conned lesson as he recollects, accompanied by the same stuttering and more interruption, members now becoming warm with the little preparatory excitements, and panting from the coming contest.

It is begun by one on the Opposition front bench, who pours out a bitter torrent of vituperation at the unprincipled Ministry who have dared to assume the government; and then shows how infinitely more beneficial it would be for the country that he and his friends should possess power,—that is to say, he shows this to the entire satisfaction of those friends (all he expected to do), by whom he is hailed with uproarious applause, ever and anon drowning the elaborate conclusions of his pompous, patriotic periods. Orator No. 2, rises from the abused and derided Ministry: he begs to throw back with scorn the imputations of the right honourable gentleman opposite; "declares that his colleagues and himself accepted office from the sincere belief that in doing so, they would be promoting the best interests of the country;" and supports this triumphantly in the opinion of those behind him, while he is continually greeted by those *before* him with "cheers" I soon learnt to discriminate as "ironical." Orator No. 3, "will not attempt to follow the noble lord through those numerous irrelevant topics which he had pressed into this debate;" there are however "one or two points" on which he "presumes to differ with the noble lord:" and then he proceeds to "follow the noble lord through" every one of those irrelevant topics, and to bring a good many more in himself, provoking thereby an angry answer from orator No. 4, who perfectly agrees with No. 2; and so they go on alternating with marvellous regularity, it being a striking circumstance that every speaker on the Ministerial side is decidedly convinced by the arguments on their side, though no speaker on the Opposition side can be brought to acknowledge in them aught but—*humbug*.

Not much however of the eloquence had I time to appreciate—my

own trial was at hand: speedily I was to make my first essay at reporting; and a certain feverish trembling came over me, which reminded me of the nervousness displayed by the "exceedingly well dressed couple." The *corps* whereof I was one, were "taking short turns," as they called it, each of them rushing precipitately to the office to transcribe the portion he had, in order to its being printed. Eagerly I watched the hand of the clock, for the precise moment when I was to make the dreaded plunge;—the moment came; impetuously did my predecessor rush forth, leaving me the latter half of a lengthy period, of which not only had I not heard the former half, owing to my nervous watching of the clock, but I was perfectly ignorant of its connexion, and of course profoundly so of its meaning; in short, I was in the midst of a speech which it was vain to hope to comprehend in the least, seeing that I knew nothing whatever of any one of the topics whereon the orator was expatiating. Notes I took indeed, copious enough, nay, with prodigious rapidity,—the only draw-back (a slight one) being, that when I arrived at the office (express *per cab*), I discovered (horror unspeakable!) that I could not read them. Oh, the agony of that moment, none but a reporter who has experienced it can conceive. The office from top to bottom in a state of awful convulsion; head printer vociferating, journeymen printers vituperating, editor execrating, sub-editors imprecating, devil at elbow, (start not, gentle reader! every newspaper hath several devils, *i.e.* devils figurative; harmless, save as to dirt, resembling their prototypes only in what Lord Castlereagh would have called "the fundamental feature" of their common blackness,) crying out for 'copy;' none for him; within ten minutes of publishing time—publisher becoming insane. At last, by immense exertion, and with the aid of many suggestions and promptings, which were of much more use to me than my notes, two very small sentences were extricated; and it is gratifying for me to state, that on afterwards perusing them, they were *only* absurd.

The fact was, I had forgotten—or rather I had never known—that nobody can report what he does not understand. Experience taught me wisdom: I set about in earnest the acquisition of that peculiar kind of information a reporter requires; at length succeeded, and my life began in earnest upon the most enterprising evening paper. Tremendous was the toil—terrific the wear and tear of body and mind, still broken and diversified by constant change. From ten till four at a great meeting; from four to four the next morning, in the House of Commons, have I been writing, when a debate was "expressed," for the astonishment of the "natives" in the country. The most opposed of scenes were those I had to enter, from Westminster Abbey to the Central Criminal Court; from an appeal before the House of Lords to a Police Court; from the Privy Council to a meeting at the London Tavern; now at a Coronation—next day at a "Radical demonstration;" one day listening to Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons—the next, hearing Mr. Cleave at a Chartist convention. Truly a reporter's life is peculiarly chequered with all the numberless lights and shades of human life.

It would be amusing to the public to be now and then "behind

the scenes" a little, in respect to the management of a daily paper : to hear, for instance, the diurnal directions of an editor, as to the manner in which the information and diversion of the people shall be provided for in the ensuing number of his paper. An "evening editor" will be found early in the forenoon thus issuing orders to his "staff," i. e. the sub-editors, the head printer, and perhaps the senior reporter, with all the "mornings" before him, ready to be anatomized by scissars, for supplying the greater portion of the evening's contents: "Very little interesting in the papers this morning; must fill ours though. Debate on the Ballot—not worth much—thread-worn subject—nothing new, I suppose, in what the Government say; think time not arrived—other remedies, &c." "Meeting on Church Rates;" not going to puff those factious preachers into notoriety—give a paragraph. [Enter devil for copy; exit with about six columns of the *Times*, cut out from various places, principally Parliamentary reports.] Now what is there to-day? Anti-slavery meeting, Exeter hall—Brougham in the chair; ay, we must have some of that—dare say he'll attack the Government; then there's that important proceeding in the Queen's Bench must be noticed. By-the-by, Macready brings out a new play—should like something about it; but mind, there's an express from Epsom to be expected, and don't forget to have a boy waiting at every train from Birmingham. Think there may be some important intelligence of the Chartists. Heavy debate to-night? Corn-laws—dry—but important; oh, there's the Marylebone election, nomination to-day—somebody should go there—noisy, no doubt. Did you not say Chalmers would begin his Church and State lectures to-morrow? splendid fellow—put a notice up about it. There's a motion to-night, too, I see, of Brougham's—unimportant, but he'll make a speech of course. On Friday ministers are certain of being in a minority—afraid they won't move though—prefer being where they are—wish they'd go—make things lively in the country. Have you seen that heavy leader in the *Chronicle* to-day, about the corn-laws? the insane, thick-headed old blockhead that "edits" that paper, will be the death of it—(what a pity the proprietors don't see that it need not necessarily be a stupid paper, because it is a Whig!)—there's nothing to *argue* against, but as usual several monstrous falsehoods to be exposed." And so on.

To describe half the scenes I have had to engage in, would be, though perhaps diverting, too lengthy. Sometimes I had to push and punch my way through about three thousand closely packed "unwashed," eagerly listening to an alarming explanation of grievances they had long been (unconsciously) exposed to; and when I reached the place under the platform, had to suffer for some hours a dreadful infliction of disgusting coarseness, now and then relieved by a dash of the ludicrous, and endeavour to collate a few intelligible sentences from the trash of ignorance which was being cheered to the echo by the deluded and besotted audience. Sometimes I had to fight or argue my way into a densely crowded court, risking the censure of disturbed judge, and wrath of angry usher, in order to give the public an account of some trial, with the details of which every one was anxious to gratify his curiosity. Sometimes I had (owing to the peculiarly

sagacious arrangement of a returning officer) to stand just before an unpopular candidate at an election, having to stoop almost to the dislocation of my spine, to avoid hiding him from the mob, and often receiving various electioneering missiles intended for him: sometimes had I to travel night and day down to some distant country town, in order that, by whirling rapidly up in a postchaise, I might gratify the Londoners with a report, a few hours sooner than they would otherwise have it, of a "Grey Banquet," or a "Wellington Festival." Thus life was a series of excitements,—everything at a kind of steam-power rate; whether patriotism at the Freemasons, or philanthropy at Exeter Hall, had to be published almost as soon as the meetings were over; or whether people in the metropolis were to read over night what else they must wait till next morning for, about a Conservative dinner at Glasgow, or a Radical gathering at Birmingham. It is impossible to paint the craving on the part of the public for early news, or the impatience on the part of the papers to satisfy them; the eagerness with which Londoners expected accounts from the country being only equalled by the impetuosity with which provincials rushed to the news-rooms in country towns, to hear of the doings in Parliament.

Perhaps one or two of the more striking of my adventures may not be unamusing. I received instructions one morning to attend to a meeting of the "Insane Persons Protection, and Insane Asylums' Exposure Society," as it was termed by an individual who had transmitted the information. The direction was to a house in the Haymarket—a private residence I found: thought it strange—must be a mistake—enquired,—was told, "all right, walk up;" found seated at a writing-table, one respectable and athletic personage, who courteously received me; and in answer to my somewhat curious enquiries about the meeting, told me it had not yet assembled, and begged me to wait: I did so; and a conversation ensued, naturally turning upon Insane Asylums, against the abuses of which my companion inveighed most vehemently, I thought unaccountably so, till he let out that he had not long ago *escaped from one himself!* an announcement, of course, more startling than gratifying; which produced reflections about the indelicacy of my intrusion into a private residence, and a strong inclination to depart,—when there entered a remarkably steady-looking elderly gentleman in black, with white neck-cloth, quite pastoral in his appearance—no doubt his guardian thought I; he entered into conversation immediately on the very subject we had been discussing; he spoke upon it by degrees with a warmth quite equalling that of his friend, and soon disclosed that he also was an instance of providential escape from a lunatic asylum! yes—he, that solemn, nay, venerable looking man! "Then came my fit again;" i. e. my former sense of insecurity, and with double force. I was on the point of attempting a precipitate retreat, when a third person appeared. Good heaven! thought I, this cannot be another!—no; he was only a sympathising friend. This was the "meeting:" they lamented to me the great apathy of the public; spoke however of this small gathering as the germ of great things to come; they proceeded to discuss the abuses of lunatic asylums, with various energetic episodes from each of the "escaped;" settled in half-an-hour,

that nothing could be of greater benefit to the country than the society they contemplated forming; in another half-hour determined, that with such small numbers it was useless to attempt it; and after anathematizing the public very vigorously for their selfish apathy, adjourned. I never vanished more speedily.

I afterwards learnt that the individual I first saw had been the object of family persecution; that he had been confined for some time under a certificate (procured from one or two infamous members of the medical profession) that he was insane; that he had by dint of great bodily strength, and considerable courage, broken from his keepers; that pursued by them he had sought the protection of a police magistrate, urging his application with a force of argument and appeal very unlike insanity; that the magistrate declining to interfere, he had been with great violence retaken, and again confined; that once more he had, after a desperate struggle, escaped; and when I saw him was in hourly dread of another attack upon his liberty. And what saved him from such villainy? what secured his freedom? The press. The publication of the case in the papers raised so strong a feeling in the public, that his persecutors desisted; his gratitude was intense. Does not this show the benefit which the scrutiny and the publicity of the press confers on the public?

On another occasion I was desired to "look in" at a meeting about Poland, which was to take place in some rather obscure locality. At the time specified I found the "Assembly Room," as it was called, tolerably full; but for upwards of an hour no chairman was forthcoming. This looked suspicious: moreover the audience were of that appearance which portends a "row" to experienced eyes; I was satisfied there would be no particular speaking to report, so put up my pencils and awaited the "affair." The composition of the meeting was favourable for its development; with the Poles were a large proportion of Irishmen, and there were rumours of Chartists. After the expiration of the hour, there were heard grumbling murmurs (resembling the suppressed growls of angry bull-dogs), giving cheering prospect of a "skrimmage;" the latent fire was smouldering—it needed but a breath to fan it to a flame. The necessary signal was given by some person whom we never saw—so instantaneous and overwhelming was the outbreak; proposed somebody else with an unpronounceable Polish name, and a remarkably ruffianly look, to the chair. Immediately the whole room presented one scene of indiscriminate and energetic fighting. The spectacle was startlingly sudden, and peculiarly striking. Every man seemed moved by some unaccountable impulse to punch his neighbour. Nothing could be more picturesque than the *tout ensemble* from the platform. Two hypotheses were lustily framed to explain what seemed inexplicable: the first, that the Irishmen having a desire for a "row," had commenced in the ordinary way by hitting everybody; the second, that the "Chartists were upon them," and had determined to revolutionize the meeting. Though the battle was general, its *focus*, its centre was at the platform, there was the important *post* to be struggled for; and the Pole with the unpronounceable name and ruffianly look, was ever and anon hurled precipitately from the plat-

form by a strong party of ferocious labourers, who seemed to entertain an unconquerable aversion to all the Slavonian race ; and whenever they put into the chair their candidate (a stout black-visaged individual, afterwards identified as Dr. Wade) the people under the platform, who had raised the Pole on their shoulders to that elevation, endeavoured to pull the other down, the Hibernians all the while assailing both parties with impartial pugnacity. It was now evident the Chartists and the Poles were contesting the chair ; a kind of citadel which was repeatedly lost and won by both parties, like the farm-house of Hougomont at the Battle of Waterloo ; the tactics we have described continued for some time ; the general conflict being diversified by numerous single combats on the outskirts of the grand engagement, till at last a disposition manifesting itself to convert the chair and table-legs into weapons, and the jug of water and tumblers, considerably provided for the chairman, into missiles ; myself and colleagues, who had hitherto remained a *corps d'observation*, most cautiously neutral, prudently abandoned our position, and carefully retreated.

Radical meetings are generally as discreditable, but hardly ever so amusing as this. It is a sad trial to patience to listen to the dull, yet offensive tirades of the choice orators of that school, either at parish-vestries, where they take an impudent and low-minded delight in insulting the clergyman, because he is a gentleman, and annoying the churchwardens, who may happen to be respectable ; or at meetings where they are wont to harangue by the hour, on subjects whereof every word they say shows them to be utterly ignorant, to crowds nearly as dirty and besotted as themselves. It often struck me, as I was listening to these execrable ebullitions, that it was one of the worst effects of newspapers to pander to the presumption and foster the folly of these impudent impostors, by giving them the pleasure they inconceivably prize—such is the innate, characteristic vanity of radicalism of seeing their obscure names invested with a momentary publicity in the columns of the press. From my own observation I can say, that this is a dreadful stimulus to speech-making on the part of the more ignorant and conceited of men : nay, not only among them ; it is lamentable to see to what an extent this passion for print, this panting for publicity, actuates men in superior walks of life, who have not the smallest justification or excuse for it, on the score of ability or utility, nor in fact any reason for it save vanity, that sure symptom of a little mind.

It is astonishing how blinded men are by overweening sense of self-importance. This is often brought strikingly under reporters' notice. No sooner does a person utter a speech, though utterly destitute of power, importance, and perhaps sense, though delivered to as insignificant and ridiculous a group of individuals as ever met, and on a subject probably more indifferent still ; than he is straightway puffed up with the idea that he is an orator, and firmly persuaded that the nation would be astonishingly enlightened by perusing his oration ; and it is a matter of decided difficulty, if not impossibility, to persuade him, that with the limited space of a newspaper, and the multiplicity of interests and subjects, of opinions and tastes, there is a

possibility that there *may* be many more things of general-interest than his speech; that *perhaps* the mass of readers would rather read an oration of Lord Stanley's, or a judgment of the House of Peers.

But every thing must have an end; and so must my article: I come therefore to

CHAPTER IV.

How I ceased to become a Reporter.

This indeed "is briefly told,"—*I found something better.*

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.—No. II.

J. KERRNER.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

"Preisend mit viel schönen Reden."

At Worms all in the Kaiser's Palace
Sate the Magnates of Almayne;
Each his Country's power and glory
Vaunted loud in lofty strain.

"Lordly is my land and mighty,"

Quoth the Prince of Saxony,

"Silver glows within its mountains,
Deep and rich their treasury."

"Look ye on my good land's fatness,"

Quoth the Palgrave of the Rhine,

"Golden harvests in her valleys,
On her uplands generous wine."

"Stately cities, goodly abbeyes,"

Louis of Bavaria cried,

"Fill my land with store of riches
Yet unmatched, despite your pride."

Quoth Count Eberhard, the Bearded,

(Chief by Wurtemberg adored),

"Stately cities my dominion
Lacks, and hills with silver stored:"

"Yet it hath one cherished jewel,

That by wildest glade or down,

To my meanest liegeman's fealty

I may trust my life and crown."

Then out-spake the proud Bavarian,

Saxon Prince and Lord of Rhine—

"Bearded Count, thy realm is richest,
Priceless gems are poor to thine!"

COUNT ADELBERT VON PLATEN.

THE GRAVE OF THE BUSENTO.

"Nachtlich am Busento lispeln, bei Cosenza-dumpfe Lieder."

O'er Busento floats sad music, by Cosenza nightly sighing
The sounding waters answer from their whirling pools replying—

'Tis the shades of Gothic heroes, making moan and lamentation,
For Alaric the noblest that died of all their nation.

Here from home afar they hollow'd his early grave of glory,
Ere on his fair brows clust'ring, the golden locks were hoary,
By the banks of deep Busento toil'd the warriors, inly mourning,
The waters of the river from out their channel turning.

All armed and on the charger, that well in battle bore him,
The Royal Dead they buried, and closed the channel o'er him.

The grave with earth they cover'd, and much treasure in its keeping—
So bear the swelling waters, o'er the Chieftain's slumber sweeping.

Loosing the bonds that held him, Busento they deliver,
Back to his bed rejoicing, foamed on the mighty river.

"Sweet sleep," so sang the heroes, "in thy bed of honour bind thee,
No dastard of a Roman for ever more shall find thee!"

"High hymns to thee are swelling from thy Gothic host's devotion,
Roll, Busento, on thy bosom, roll their echoes to the ocean!"

THEODORE KÖRNER.

GOOD NIGHT.

*"Gute Nacht
Allen Müden sey's gebracht."*

Good night, good night!
Greet we so each weary wight.
Now the day is softly closing,
Now are busy hands reposing,
Till wakes again the morning light,
Good night!

To rest! to rest!
Close the eyelids care hath prest;
From the quiet streets and lonely
Cometh voice of watchman only;
Whispers Night her soft behest—
To rest!

Sweet sleep, sweet sleep,
And dreams to all, divine and deep!
To bosoms Love hath wrung and riven,
Be smiles and kindly glances given;
Their woes in soothing fancies steep
Sweet sleep!

Good night, good night!
Slumber till the wakening light—
Slumber till another morrow
Comes with other care and sorrow;
Fear not! our Father's eye is bright—
Good night!

QUEEN MELIOR.

PART II.*

I.

THESE are who say that man hath power,
The dictate of his soul to follow ;
And that the creature of an hour,
Whose mirth is sad, whose laugh is hollow,
Whose wisdom, a malignant ray,
But shines the wand'rer to betray,
And leads him on an endless chase,
From gloomy to still gloomier place,—
That he, the very mock of Earth,
Can boast the will sublime,
And thro' the chance which gave him birth,
Can triumph over Time ;
As if thy lovely shadow, Fate,
Were never seen below,
As if the Power that could create,
His sceptre would forego,
And let man float without a guide,
Save eyeless Will on Life's dark tide.

II.

'Tis sure that much appears upon the earth,
The human mind would vainly understand
That virtue seems from sorrow to have birth,
And vice and happiness go hand in hand.
They seem, indeed, but haply only seem,
Life at the best is nothing but a dream—
A dream of glory half, and half of gloom—
A dying splendour hovering round the tomb.

III.

Soft smiles the morn, and soft the sky
In ancient beauty smiles above,
Old ocean laughs and lifts on high
His broad bright breast in joy and love.
The clouds have perish'd, one by one,
The winds, sweet infants, are at rest ;
The waters warble to the sun,
And flowers embroider earth's green vest.
The birds are up and on the wing,
They troll, and twinkle, glide, and sing ;
Some in the very eye of day,
Inebriate with rapture play,
And some enshrined in verdurous lair,
Build up the dome of song in air,
And scatter melody around
Their favourite haunts in this enchanted ground.

Like spirits who from earth set free,
Yet on the green earth love to be—
And who, tho' lost to mortal vision,
Still hover in their joy elysian,
Over the old familiar scene,
Endear'd to them by what hath been,
And breathe around each hallow'd spot
A beauty which may vanish not,
And bid a fairy land arise,
To melt the heart, and charm the eyes.

IV.

And such a scene thine eye may view,
In that sweet Eden shrin'd in blue ;
The loveliest of those fay-like isles
That gem the lake of thousand smiles ;
Whose waters laugh in glory there,
Like sunbeams in their own blue air ;
As tho' they knew and felt it bliss,
To lave a spot so bright as this.

V.

Each breeze around the islet flew,
As tho' its loveliness to woo,
Still breathing from its fragrant soul
The incense that its winglet stole :
And whispering love to each young flower,
That lends a glory to the bower,
Or smiles upon the soft blue sky,
Too beautiful a thing to die.
There blooms the lov'd and loving rose,
That with eternal passion glows ;
And there the pearly lily dwells,
And listens to its own sweet bells ;
While the meek hyacinth uprears
The burthen of earth's pleasant tears.
The myrtle too, whose starry flowers
Fall evermore in silvery showers ;
The primrose, that within the shrine
Of her green leaves delights to shine,
And by her side, her sister bright,
The cowslip with her pale gold light ;
The violet purple, silver, blue,
And every flower of every hue,
All there in spendthrift beauty grew.
How blessed were they in their birth,
Those loving daughters of the earth ;
How gentle were they in their pride,
How brightly liv'd, how sweetly died !

VI.

And in the sweetest of the bowers,
That bloom'd in this enchanted land,
Among a paradise of flowers,
A lady sate, whose fairy hand,
As soft and delicate as light,

Was claspt in that of a young Knight.
 Her face was sad and pale as death,
 And scarce she seem'd to draw a breath;
 But wholly given up below
 To all the bitterness of woe
 She sate in utter silence there,
 Even like misery or despair!

VII.

The soul will often find relief
 In the embosoming of grief;
 And as it tells its tale of woe,
 And as the burning tear-drops flow,
 The proud indignant sense of wrong
 Will grow less desperately strong.
 The agonizing throb of pain,
 The haughtiest can but ill sustain;
 The suffocation that they feel,
 The anguish they may ill conceal
 The maddening thought, the burning brain,
 The lava blood that swells each vein,
 And the hot fever of the breast,
 May time or reason lull to rest.

VIII.

But oh! there is another grief,
 Which never will admit relief,—
 Albeit less dark its nature be,
 Less terrible its agony,—
 It has that mildness of despair,
 The soul can school itself to bear,
 That resignation of the will,
 Which can sustain its burthen still,
 The melancholy of a mind,
 In love with woe, to pain resign'd.

IX.

Such grief was hers, who at this hour
 Sat in the silence of the bower,
 While thoughts of woe, a fearful train,
 Moved thro' the chambers of her brain.
 And cast athwart her soul's bright mirror,
 Dismay, bewilderment and terror.
 With pitying voice had Percy spoken,
 But vainly striven to soothe her woe,
 For tho' the heart may live when broken,
 No hope, no comfort will it know.
 With eyes uplifted, and dark hair,
 Fallen upon her shoulders fair,
 She sate in her pale beauty there.
 Even in silence most intense,
 Without a feeling, soul or sense,
 Without one glance of unshed tears,
 Or cold sad smile that disappears,
 When it has gather'd up in grief,
 The face, ev'n as the wind the leaf;

Without one outward symbol wrought,
In feature or in form by thought,
Or word half-shaped or unmeant start,
To tell the workings of the heart,
Save when the vision of the night,
Was pictur'd in her soul so bright,
That she awaken'd from her trance,
And with impassion'd utterance,
And gesture wild as one inspired
With sudden splendour re-attired.
Like some imagin'd shape of glory,
She told her wild and wondrous story.

X.

"I left the fountain,—thus she said,—
I saw no light within the sky,
Save what the pale moon overhead
In silver beauty scatter'd by,
Or what was shed by paler star
Travelling the heaven in its white car.
I left the fountain, and my heart
Leapt up within my panting breast,
I thought we never more should part,
I thought that we, indeed were blest,
And therefore leapt my heart within me,
O the deep joy I thought to win me!
I look'd up to the heaven, thick strewn
With stars; the heaven look'd down on me.
O blessed stars! O sacred moon!
Ye were most beautiful to see,
Looking in your calm delight,
Thro' the heavens so broad and bright.
I gazed and blest them as I gazed,
My soul was full of hope and glee,
Full of joy and love.—I raised
Mine eyes, and blest them as I gazed,
Oh, they were beautiful to see!

XI.

"The rainbow vest was round me drawn,
And firmly, love, I held my treasure,
I was as happy as a fawn,
I forgot to think of dawn,—
Time for me had then no measure.
On I went with heart so light,
That aloud I blest the night,—
With involuntary song,
Joy-inspir'd I past along.
On I went—the moonlight shadow
Palpitated on the meadow.
On I went—the meadow lay
In green beauty far away.
Soon I reach'd the fearful fen,
But it was not fearful then;
Thro' the Castle gate I past
Triumph—I am home at last!

XII.

"As I left the old oak wall,
 I heard a voice upon me call ;
 I turn'd, I heard the voice again,
 'Lilith !' it said 'thy care is vain.'
 I waited—in a moment more,
 A figure in my presence stood,
 Stood between me and the door,
 In a melancholy mood,
 Terrible, yet grief subdued.
 It placed one hand upon the vest,
 And had withdrawn it from my breast,
 But I held it firmly there,
 In my terror and despair,
 Struggling, tho' I scarce could stand :
 Then he placed the other hand
 On mine—a death-like chillness crept
 Over my frame ;—I fell—I slept—
 How long I slept I do not know,
 But when I woke the sun had risen,
 And the new light danced to and fro,
 Like a young child just free from prison.
 Swiftly I leapt from off the ground,
 And eagerly I look'd around :
 Alas ! dear friend, it was no dream,
 The vest had gone—the early gleam
 Of day I fear was falling round it,
 When that strange shape I saw unbound it.
 A spirit whom De L'Orme had sent,
 To execute his dark intent,
 For magic art, and secret sin,
 And guile and wrong he glories in."

XIII.

She ceast—Lorraine with gentle tone
 Thus answers the beloved one :—
 "Oh, heed not, love, the radiant vest,
 Which should enfold thy warrior's breast,
 For I would rather die than hear
 The wild lament of one so dear.
 If magic spell in evil hour,
 To steal the fairy's gift had power,
 The shame be his who could disgrace
 The honour of an ancient race ;
 The shame be his whose heart is still
 The habitation of all ill ;
 His who will leave to future time
 A memory stain'd with darkest crime,
 And whose unhallow'd tomb will be
 The haunt of spirits lost as he.—
 But oh, my Lilith, in thy breast
 Not ev'n the shade of grief should rest ;
 No guilt is thine that thoughts of woe
 Should in thy brain move to and fro ;
 Then waste not thou the golden hours,
 A brighter fate shall yet be thine ;
 And thou shalt dwell in love's own bowers,
 And be my bride—yes, Lilith ! mine.

And we in happier days will tell
To gentle children our strange story,
And I will love my Lilith well,
And she shall love her Percy's glory.
And bless the hour when first we met,
And breath'd the fond vow o'er and o'er,
And saw the sun more brightly set
Than ever it had done before.
Then smile again—thy smile shall be
As light from paradise to me ;
Then speak again—thy voice shall fall
Upon my spirit, as the call
Of soft young winds and silver showers
Falls on the unawaken'd flowers,
That spring has cradled in her bowers.

XIV.

She heard him not—no soft reply
Fell from her lips—her dark-blue eye
Flash'd not with unexpected light,
Her pale sad features grew not bright
With the serene and sweet revealing
Of some not undelightful feeling.

XV.

"Ah, grieve no more, my lady bright!"
In kind soft accents spake the knight.
"Ah, grieve no more, an hour like this
Is consecrate alone to bliss.
God's heaven is breathless with delight,
The face of our own earth is bright
With pleasure, and the giant sea
Laughs loudly,—yea, all things that be,
To joy are given utterly.
Look, Lilith, look—the sun hath risen,
Even as a god from ocean's prison,
And walks along the burnish'd waves,
As tho' his gaolers were his slaves ;
And tells the earth the ancient story,
Of love and beauty, light and glory.
Look, Lilith, look ! how brightly break
The tiny billows of the lake
Against the shore, and scatter round,
As roses' odour, their sweet sound,
Their *one* sweet sound—for they will play
The self-same tune the live-long day ;
Unwearied minstrels, love, are they.
But what to me are all the smiles
Of the bright waters round these isles ;
And what the sounds that float in air,
Too exquisitely sweet to bear ;
And what the fragrant soul of flowers,
Those rainbow children of the hours ;
And what the voices of delight,
The hues that are as sunset bright,
And bring all Eden on the sight,—
Yea, what were paradise to me,
If not enjoy'd, *mine* Eve, with thee?"

XVI.

" Oh, could I realize each fond desire,
 Rapt as the minstrel bending o'er his lyre,
 Some lonely isle of pleasure should be mine,
 Where rosy summer might eternal shine ;
 Some bower of happiness, some home of glee,
 Some faery land, my faery queen, for thee :
 Then would we live contented to explore
 The scenes our realm display'd, nor sigh for more.
 Ours that delight, that only lovers know,
 That joy affection only can bestow ;
 That peace the world can neither give nor take,
 That dream from which we never need awake ;
 That light within, that loveliness around,
 That makes each common spot seem holy ground :
 There would we roam sole monarchs of the land,
 None to oppose our will, and none command.
 Skies ever blue, and earth for ever fair,
 And radiant birds in an enchanted air ;
 Songs in the heaven, and music in the vale,
 Joy in the stream, and incense on the gale ;
 Mountains that soar magnificently high,
 Drench'd in the purple glory of the sky ;
 And woods whose sweet recesses should remain
 A bower to fairies and to nymphs a fane :
 There would we stand in silence on the shore,
 With minds so happy we must needs *adore*—
 Adore the beauty that around us glow'd,
 Adore the Power that beauty which bestow'd.—
 Then, Lilith, seek with me that blessed isle,
 Where flowers shall ever bloom, and sunbeams smile."

XVII.

Then Lilith answer'd : " All is fair,
 In heaven, on earth, in sea and air ;
 Most fair—and yet, I know not how,
 I cannot *feel* their beauty now.
 I am as one condemn'd to die,
 To whom the green earth, the blue sky,
 The smiles of ocean, the bright shadows
 That slumber on the cowlipp'd meadows,
 The song of birds, the light of flowers,
 Yea, all this goodly world of ours,
 Were blessings that were soon to be
 Forbidden everlastingly.
 Yet pain to me would be relief,
 If thou wert free from earthly grief—
 Yea, death were welcome, tho' this hour
 His angel past, and like a flower
 That dies in the bright month of June,
 Life's blossom wither'd ere its noon ;
 If thou might live in calm delight,
 Among all gentle things and bright,—
 But if one sorrow fall on thee,
 My night of Life will starless be,

And if thou die—ev'n life is gone!—
Thou canst not die, and I live on.

XVIII.

“Nay, Lilith, nay, it is not well
So darkly to pourtray our fate;
Believe me, love, thou shalt not dwell
Within a world thus desolate.
No, brighter days shall shine for me,
All blessings shall companion thee,
From earth below, and heaven above,
All gentle hopes, all calm desires,
And all the sweetnesses of love,
And all the thoughts which love inspires.
But, lo! the sun is risen higher
In his blue world; his golden fire,
Which in the air burns steady and still,
Wanders o'er earth just as it will,
And even penetrates our bower,
So lately proof against its power.
Then seek we shelter in some alley,
Some cool recess in yon fair valley;
Some glade, wherein the soft young grass
Is prank'd with flowers of every hue,
Brighten'd by waters pure as glass,
And sprinkled with their silver dew;
Where, from their green and secret lair,
The birds make musical the air;
And song and odour lap the sense,
In wonder and in joy intense.”

XIX.

Slowly now they took their way
To the lonely vale that lay
Fair as slumber, still as death,
For there scarcely was a breath;
All the winds had gone to sleep,
On the bosom of the deep,
And the breeze that in the bower,
Lover like, had woo'd each flower
With a soft and sweet devotion,
Was not wind, but air in motion.

XX.

There leave we them: that valley fair
Shall hold awhile this gentle pair.
The knight shall whisper, in soft tone,
Kind words to the beloved one;
And haply, for an hour restore
The peace, the joy she knew before:
While she, within some calm recess,
Some spot of green deliciousness,
Shall bring such beauty to his sight—
So fill his heart with deep delight,
And raise such thoughts, that he shall deem
That he is in the world of dream;

And that some fairy, on his breast,
 Hath chosen her a place of rest,
 But leave we them : such bliss as theirs
 May not be sung to us, their heirs
 Of doubt, and falsehood, and mistrust,
 The money-loving sons of dust,
 We moral Jews—we self-deceivers—
 We wise, wise fools—we disbelievers.
 In all the host of fine affections,
 Dim hopes, and shadowy recollections,
 Sweet impulses, and rare revealings
 Of love, and of love's sister feelings,
 Are all unable to endure
 The sight—our vision is obscure !

REVIEW.

Church Principles, considered in their result. By W. E. GLADSTONE, Esq., late student of Christ Church, and M.P. for Newark. 8vo. 1840. MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

THE Church, whether we consider it politically or religiously, is at all times a subject of such deep, we might almost say absorbing, interest to thoughtful and devout minds, that its consideration, frequent though it be, requires no apology. But in our day, amid the universal spirit of insubordination and unhallowed investigation of all that man holds sacred ; when everything that is old is held to bear in its *antiquity*, evidence of its worthlessness ; when chartered rights are thrown to the winds, and prescription met with indecent defiance ; truth resolved into a mere fiction of the imagination,—a “ wandering star,” lighting every man as he listeth—a dogma, of which the test is, newness and popularity ; and when man is held accountable only to his own foolish heart ; when a stultifying and unloving *reason* (“ falsely so called ”) is made the standard by which things human and divine are to be measured—it becomes one of still more intense concern : and, abhorrent though it be, we cannot wonder that even this divine and awe-inspiring institution, this tangible manifestation of “ good will to man,” this which is, as we are assured, the *body* of our Redeemer, should be, as He was, in the days of his flesh, arraigned at the bar of that puny reason which he came to invigorate, sanctify, and clothe with a blessed immortality ; and, tried by a prejudiced judge, and witnessed against by false witnesses, with iniquitous effrontery pronounced wanting. Yes—*man*, who is but as “ a flower of the field, which to-day groweth up, and to-morrow is cut down and withered,” has declared the Omniscient deficient in wisdom, the Omnipotent lacking power, the Fountain of love acting unlovingly towards his creatures. Man, in the plenitude of his self-sufficiency, has discovered paths more directly leading heavenwards than those “ good old ” ones, in which God set the feet of our forefathers, and from which, by the mouth of his holy Apostle, he strictly forbade them to depart. Now “ whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning : ” but we, having despised this instruction, and “ erred and strayed like lost sheep ” from the right way, now wander on in darkness, our feet stumbling on the mountains of error and unbelief ; deceived rather than guided by the faint uncertain light of our own traditions ; snared and entrapped by him who, as an angel of light, flatters us into the presumption that we are well-pleasing to

God, while obeying commands of our own devising, instead of those which he has set for us to walk in. This, alas, is the condition of not a few among us. But still there are some, we hope many, who have escaped "as a bird from the snare of the fowler," from this net of human inventions, so cunningly laid in their sight. They have been content to be taught by Scripture, and to receive its decision, even when it most opposed their preconceived notions; and have therein found, to their souls' health, a fixed, immutable body of truth, whereon they have anchored their wavering, tempest-tossed spirits; and in the holy calm succeeding to that storm which had so oft threatened to overwhelm them, have, in rejoicing, reverent humility, joined in the Apostolical hymn of praise, "Now to him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, Amen." The value of Church principles can perhaps be appreciated thoroughly by none but those who have been harassed by vain pursuit after truth, perplexed and confounded among various sects, each declaring, "Lo, Christ (or Truth, for "he is the truth") "is here," while his intellect pressed home on him that truth must be *one*, or there exists no verity; nothing by which he can measure conflicting principles, but an ever-changing, deceptive phantom, perpetually eluding his grasp; till he has been ready to sink, through utter despair, into a disbelief of its *objective* existence, finding nothing but its shallow definition, "what each one *traveth*." To such a one these principles come as messengers from heaven with healing on their wings; he finds that here is stability which will stand the rudest shock; and, reeling from the dizzy whirl of the vortex whence he has just escaped, he grasps them with a deathlike gripe, feeling new vigour and life course through his veins. The unthinking world may smile at such strong emotion on such a subject; they know not their necessities, and so care not for their supply. They sleep securely on the ground already heaving with earthquake, and dream they are in unthreatened security; they are in the "slough of despond," and fancy it a garden of Eden. The grand and noble idea of the Church begun in time, but linked on to eternity, with its long line of apostles, martyrs and confessors, excites in them no interest; they give it a careless glance, take for granted that they are safe in its fold, because (in defiance of Scripture) they call some "man on earth, master," and return to their slumber. But the enquiring mind cannot be satisfied to drift on the waters of opinion; it is by a law of its nature *compelled* to "prove all things"; and having done so, and found "that which is good," it holds it "fast" with a tenacity equivalent to the labour and anguish of its pursuit. Some are to be found in this day so ignorant of Scripture and Ecclesiastical history, both of the Church Catholic, and that of their own country in particular, as to affirm unblushingly that Church principles are new! With such we might fairly refuse to argue, as being palpably unqualified for the discussion,—at least till they have acquired some little information on the subject.

What, new? Principles which we clearly trace in the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and the Corinthian Church, the Book of Revelation, &c.; and the lines of which become still more legible when viewed by the light of antiquity. Principles to which the teaching of the Church bears witness, from primitive times down to our own day, rigidly fulfilling the "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*." Hear Irenæus: "We can reckon the men, who by the Apostles were appointed Bishops in Churches, to be their successors unto us, *leaving to them the same powers and authority which they had*;"—Ignatius (to the Trallians) "Likewise let all men give heed to the Deacons, as to Jesus Christ; as also the Bishop, being the son of the Father; and to the Presbyters, as a Council of God, and a band of Apostles—*apart from these it is not called*

a Church." Tertullian also, saying, "The order of Bishops may be traced up to the Apostles as its originators;" and the voice of our own Church in her articles, canons, ordinal, liturgy, and by the mouth of her priests. To take one only, Bishop Pearson, "Whatsoever Church pretendeth to a new *beginning*, pretendeth at the same time to a new Churchdom, and whatsoever is so new, is *none*;" asserting also that the unity of the Church includes "unity of regiment." Such examples might be multiplied a hundred-fold, but these are sufficient to shew that these doctrines are *old*, and not *new*. Surely, out of respect for themselves, our opponents will drop this plea—it is so palpably erroneous. Right consistently do such men insist upon *antiquity* being kept out of court while this question is pending; they know it cuts them up root and branch.

Much confusion is often created in the minds of those who examine this subject, by their not distinguishing between the ideas of *Church* and *Establishment*. They ought to be carefully kept asunder, for they are *essentially* different, and nothing but error can be the result of their being used indiscriminately. The defining your terms is the first step towards a just conclusion. Some confound these two, ignorantly; others, it is to be feared, in order to mystify the enquirer, knowing that explicit statements would by no means favour their views. Much of the dispute respecting Baptismal regeneration has, apparently, arisen and been prolonged owing to the word being used in different senses by the controversialists. Had the one explained that in it he included both regeneration and *renewal*; and the other, that he used it in its strictly legitimate meaning, the real ground of dispute would at all events have been known—and this has sometimes been lost amid a cloud of words. But schism is now at a premium, or rather it has been decided that there is no such thing: new forms of religion are coined every day; each one touched by discipline in the Church starts up (as from Ithuriel's spear) in his proper shape, and straightway throws all his energies into this popular work, proclaiming himself "father and founder," and calling his followers by his own name, or one of his devising. What shall we say to those who thus make unto themselves new churches? If our principles be correct, (and we are bound to consider them so,) this certainly is a work "not done as God hath willed and commanded it to be done;" and *this* is given by our Church as a definition of that which hath the "nature of sin." It is not *we personally* that condemn them; we are but the declarers of doctrines to which we stand pledged—doctrines that have from the beginning been fundamental ones of that "true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." For, as a sealed treasure has she kept inviolate her primal confession,—there is "*one* Catholic Church;" and as the voice of antiquity is borne along to our ears, it reverberates from the rocky mountains of Judæa, and from the dens and caves of the earth, to which our martyr-forefathers were driven, arises the mournful echo, "*One* Catholic Church." It sweeps through the wilds of Galilee, is wafted over the waves that girdle the "utmost isles," and steals along the burning sands of India: from the north, from the south, from the east, from the west, swells the mighty gale, that in its majestic confluence thunders forth "*One* Catholic Church." "But the voice of God is not in the earthquake, or in the tempest, or in the fire." Then listen to the "still small voice" of Scripture, "There is *one* body, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling—one Lord, one faith, one baptism." Much has been said, much written on this subject, in all sorts of tempers, and with as many different degrees of ability; and yet, with a large portion of the community, the question of Church, or not Church, is as much unsettled as ever. Many dissenters affect to consider Church principles so utterly and *evidently* absurd, as to be unworthy of a moment's notice. They are so convinced beforehand that they are wrong, that they will never condescend to examine

whether they are right, but shut themselves up in their happy ignorance—their paradise of fools—with a conceited self-sufficiency, truly ludicrous to behold. These may fairly be struck out from the list of accessibles; they are not worth talking to. Still we would fain hope that some of them are *reasonable* creatures; men sincere in their search after truth; who need but to have it presented to them, to embrace it; who sin from ignorance rather than perverseness, and who will gladly find rest to their souls, after the turbulence of modern religionism, within the “green pastures” of that fold, provided and endued with permanency by the great, the “good Shepherd,” who gave his life for the sheep—for that Church, whose visible manifestation they so obstinately scorn and reject. Poor human nature! Could its disease be more strongly evidenced, than by its thus casting from it the appointed remedy; its madness, than by its thus building up “wood, hay, stubble,” for a shelter from the storm, and stedfastly averting its gaze from that structure of “gold, silver, precious stones,” raised by the great Architect of heaven, for beauty and defence, a “covert from the tempest,” and for the “glory of his people Israel?” Happy they, whose ignorance has submitted itself to eternal *wisdom*; whose blindness is enlightened by the “Fount of living light;” whose earthly minds are refined and sanctified by the influences of the Holy Spirit, conveyed by the appointed channels of his grace; who, forsaking the “cisterns, *broken cisterns*,” of man’s devices, quench their deadly thirst at the living waters that, welling from the baptismal font, refresh the stern desert of this mortal life, and flow like a mighty river on to the ocean of eternity.

We are accused of uncharitableness for maintaining Church principles. Should we call him uncharitable, who, having found treasures beyond price, entreated his fellow-creatures to share in their enjoyment, and pointed out to them the baseness of that metal, whose deceitful glare simulated the gold which he possessed? But, however anxious that all should be partakers of our inheritance, we cannot *compel* them to come in. Truth will not *force* its way; it is presented, and men have the fearful choice of accepting or refusing. He who obstinately closes his eyes, may be in darkness at mid-day; but let him not therefore say that it is midnight. The night is in his own perverse will, and the most vivid sunbeams will fail to disperse it. To such, the volume before us will doubtless be, like every other on the subject, a sealed book; though some parts of it might surely find their way into the most obtuse cranium. To those “more noble,” who do not reject without thinking, but examine “whether these things be so,” we have much pleasure in recommending it, as a right-minded, well-written, popular exposition of Church Principles, creditable alike to the head and heart of its accomplished author, of whom Oxford, prolific as she has been at all times in defenders of the faith, has reason to be proud; the more especially as Mr. Gladstone is a *layman* and politician. Would that we had many more such legislators. We owe a debt of deep gratitude to our oft-assailed Universities; for thence, from time to time, arise champions of the truth, who, nurtured in their bosom, start forth arrayed in armour of celestial temper, to do battle for the “faith once delivered to the saints.” To name modern names were invidious, where numbers have borne themselves so nobly; and to laud our own foundation were inconsistent with modesty: but as our author is of the sister university, we would advert to the splendid example she has presented of asserting, and suffering for, the *right*; from the time when her Wycliffe arose to disperse the darkness in which Romish influence had enveloped the Church, through the troubled domination of a tyrannical and unconstitutional Parliament, that sought to *dragoon* her into submission, down to more modern times, when the reward of those who stand forth in defence of truth is the blundering charge of Popery,—ludicrous from the intense ignorance it displays, but mournful as testifying to the weakness and de-

pravity of human nature. Yes, "Popery" is the alarm raised to cheer on the ignorant to the destruction of sound churchmen; this word being as potential to those who know nothing about the matter, as the cry of "mad dog" in a crowd, which sets every one a-running, helter-skelter, without waiting to enquire whether there is any necessity for his flight. Certainly the misled deserve our pity; but what reprobation shall be adequate to the merits of the misleaders? The charge is nothing new: it was thus the Wesleys (Oxford men) were stigmatized when they attempted to give prominence to those doctrines of the Church which had then fallen into comparative neglect, and to rouse her slumbering members to the consciousness of *all* their glorious inheritance,—the Spirit that giveth life, as well as the body enlivened; the one *Faith*, as well as, and in subsequence to, the one Baptism. They are now passed away, and it is in vain we deplore that their zeal for one part of God's truth should have led them to forget another most important portion of it—one, conformity with which is as imperative as with the command to "repent, believe, and obey;" nay, which enters deeply into this latter clause,—the three being so intimately intertwined and united, that one cannot be separated from the rest without leaving the whole body torn and bleeding, manifesting by its quivering and impeded movements the vital injury it has sustained. Would that they had persevered as they began,—doing the one, and not leaving the other undone. What heart-burnings, what jealousies, what schism in the Church, what dissension in families, and individual wretchedness of those upon whom "the sins of the fathers are visited" (for *this* is one of the consequences of schism), had been saved by their strict adherence to duty; by their having faith in God, and believing His appointments better than their own. But to lament this is perhaps but to lament that our humanity is imperfect, our grasp of truth limited,—that we are fallen creatures, and "by reason of that frailty, cannot always stand upright."

We must take man as we find him; and, thankful for the benefits the Wesleys and their coadjutors rendered the community, try to remedy the mischief they so unwittingly wrought: with all of which we certainly must not charge *them*; their followers having expanded their views to an extent which (if we may judge from the writings and positive declarations of these devoted men) they never dreamed of; or, if they did foresee them, they were contemplated but to receive their most emphatic, most solemn protest and disclaimer. The "Societies" which they originated, retain the *name* of their founders, reminding us, alas! that the *spirit* is fled. One has but to turn over the pages of that extraordinary man, John Wesley, to notice the broad contradiction given them by his followers in this day. Their widely differing notions of the doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration and Apostolical Succession, and on the duty of remaining in communion with the Church, prove that they have not only departed from "the faith once delivered to the saints," but from their "father and founder's" own tenets. Though in respect to one of these (Apostolical Succession) Wesley himself, it appears, did not confine it to the episcopal line, he being (as he somewhere remarks) of Lord King's opinion, that bishops and presbyters were originally one—(an opinion to which *one* of the fathers, Jerome, *seems* to give countenance; but which is overwhelmingly counterbalanced by the testimony, alike from heretic as from catholic, to the truth of the catholic doctrine). Thus much however is evident, that he did not consider his preachers qualified to administer the Sacraments; comparing the conduct of some of them, who grasped at this priestly office, to the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram: rebuking them in these terms, "What, do ye take to yourselves the Priesthood also?" What could the veriest "high churchman" say more? And, as one well remarks, "length of time cannot mend the original invalidity of their orders." The fact of Wesleyan

Methodists having lowered Christian doctrines which their founder held, illustrates a remark of Mr. Gladstone's (page 447), "Now the fact to which I would most earnestly entreat the attention of all my brethren in the Church, is this—that a rapid and great declension in the tone of all the doctrines of religion followed closely upon the declension of those particular doctrines which belong to the constitution and ordinances of the Church." (See also other places to the same effect.) This is not the place for it, or we might go into particulars, and give chapter and verse for the truth of our statement, both from the publications, authorized and otherwise, of the Wesleyans, and their public teaching. At the same time we acknowledge that the *documents emanating from their "Conference,"* approach more nearly the orthodox standard, than the less authoritative writings and *practical creed* of the body. Mr. Gladstone has discussed with much temper and fairness, the separations from the Church that took place (not necessarily) in consequence of the revivals of religion in the eighteenth century; but we think he has made more allowance than is admissible for such separation. (pp. 464-5.) Granted that union with the Church is a duty and separation from it a sin (his own positions); then no harsh treatment or oppression imaginable can justify it, for under no circumstances can we recognize an obligation to *sin*. Those who separate, stand righteously charged with the sin of schism; and it is not *we* who have placed that in the horrible category wherein it stands. The duty of those suffering in this case was, patiently to bear the persecution, and look to God to deliver them, continuing steadfast in the *right*, instead of hewing out for themselves an unauthorized way of escape from suffering. We do not say it would have been *easy* to do this: when is duty otherwise than difficult? It is worthy of remark, however, that the *formal* separation of the Wesleyan Methodists did *not* take place during the time of persecution, but after Mr. Wesley's death, when they were in the undisturbed enjoyment of their peculiarities; so that they are deprived of this excuse, which is still sometimes (dishonestly) urged.

Mr. Gladstone refers to a work recently published by order of their Conference (or legislative body), entitled "Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism." How far this work may be worthy of credit, we know not; but we should think that the enquirer into the real motives and doings of those who brought out this community prominently as a *sect*, and the circumstances of that change, will find very little to repay its perusal; as that affair is glossed over in a popular manner, apparently with the design of affording as little information as possible. The "clap-trap" in the volume is anything but creditable to its author, who has the reputation, in his own community, of being a man of education and strong sense. Was the temptation to impose on his credulous readers too strong for him to withstand?

Mr. Gladstone's work is divided into seven chapters: the first introductory, shewing the general design of the work, and the manner in which its principal topics are to be treated; the rest, each bearing on the prominent point in the discussion. Chapter second, "Rationalism," (with which we are deluged from Germany, and he may add America also, with its much-vaunted, little-worth spiritual prosperity), the aim of which is to elucidate the maxim, "Faith is *above* reason, but not contrary to it;" and to shew that our natural understanding is not to be the measure of the truth of God, (for the "natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit"), nor, in the first instance, to be addressed in the work of conversion, but the affections rather, which are the main-spring in determining men to a holy life; as, however the intellect be convinced of its necessity, the heart can make few advances towards it, unless it be beheld, not only without repugnance, but with *some* yearning after it. "The natural entry of grace into the soul of man is through the affections, and anterior to the action of the

understanding on the subject." The metaphysical reader will find much to interest him in this chapter, which clearly proves that the understanding of itself cannot judge of those things which rightly belong to the province of faith—a popular mistake, especially in this day of shallow learning and superficial thought: though it is self-evident that those things which differ, not in degree, but *kind*, cannot be used convertibly in reference to their appropriate objects.

Mr. Gladstone sums up thus: "Rationalism is generally taken to be a reference of Christian doctrine to the human understanding, as its measure and criterion: in truth, it means a reference of the Gospel to the depraved standard of the actual human nature, and by no means to its understanding properly so called," [does not Mr. Gladstone here confound *reason* and understanding?] which is an instrumental faculty, and reasons, and concludes upon the Gospel according to the mode in which our affections are disposed towards it. The understanding is incompetent to determine the state of the affections, but is, on the contrary, governed by them in respect to the elementary ideas of religion. Therefore to rely on the understanding, misinformed as it is by depraved affections, as our adequate instructor in matters of religion, is most highly irrational. Without any prejudice to these conclusions, the understanding has a great function in religion, and is a medium of access to the affections, and may even correct their particular impulses."

Chapter third, "The Church." In which the *necessity* for its existence as a distinct, regularly organized, visible society, with accredited officers for the administration and interpretation of its laws, is endeavoured to be proved from the universal requirements of our nature, as well as from a theological view of the case. "Every purely inward principle of our nature struggles for an actual development, and the more strongly in proportion to its own proper strength. The religious life is the highest form of the rational and moral life, and therefore, if it be healthy, strives with the greatest force for external expression, not only for its own consummation, but also in order that it may be expansive." (pp. 86-7).

Mr. Gladstone, in this chapter, well defends the peculiar doctrines of the Church (which are in this day the object of rude assault or irreverent ridicule), shewing their special adaptability to our needs and constitution; and that so far from being *hindrances* to spiritual religion (as they are misrepresented to be), they are eminently calculated to promote holiness, and to repress that idolatry of *self*, which is an ever-springing proteus-like product of the heart,—even the renewed heart, therein changing, not its nature, but the mode of its manifestation. The concluding remarks on that much misunderstood subject, private judgment, deserve serious attention.

The fourth chapter is devoted to the consideration of the Sacraments; rites respecting which there is so much dispute between those who know what is meant by the word (Sacrament), and those who (judging from their arguments) do *not*. For, if we come to examine the *idea* of them entertained by the opponents of Church doctrines, we shall find it to be one that "evacuates" the Sacraments, reducing them to what our Church expressly says they are not—"bare signs," which, faithfully received, are the *occasions* of introducing into the soul that "inward and spiritual grace" which *she* tells us is part and parcel of them. On this part of the subject Mr. Gladstone remarks, that some may consider these two notions equivalent; but "the practical difference is broad and palpable indeed, when we consider the case of those who are either not faithful, being adult, or who are not adult" (in the case of Infant Baptism). "For, in the first case, namely, of intelligent but unfaithful receivers, we are in great hazard of losing one moiety of the Scripture doctrine; namely, that the ordinances of the Church are a savour of death unto death, where they are not a savour of life unto

life." The "sin and danger of sacramental profanation" are also made more evident when "we view a man as becoming an actual partaker of that whereof God has willed holy powers and virtues to be part and parcel, with a heart directly opposed to and incapable of those powers and virtues, which, nevertheless, he makes deliberate profession of receiving into it." (pp. 166-7.)

Of course our author appears as the advocate of the Scriptural and primitive doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration, and the "real, spiritual presence" in the Eucharist; exhibiting also the peculiar suitability of the Sacraments to our compound nature, spirit and body, both being in them appealed to: *sense*, which is so often an inlet to that which mars the effect of spiritual influences on the heart, being therein made the means of conveying those influences most powerfully to the soul. So surely as the *outer* man receives the sacred emblems, the bread and wine, and baptismal water; so surely is the grace—of which they, in their sacramental character, are as it were the body present—awaiting the reception of the inward and spiritual principle. He considers, in conclusion, the cases of Romanists, and some divisions of Protestants, in relation to these rites; and thence draws a practical inference that our own "*via media*" is the "*via tuta*," to which we most cordially assent.

Chapter fifth, on Apostolical Succession, opens with a statement of the very different view taken of this doctrine by the primitive Church, from that popular among us at present. So far from its being controverted *then*, it was made use of in defence of the Christian faith, as an argument against heretics. The subject is clearly of too extensive a nature to be thoroughly discussed in the space here allotted to it; but what *could* be done in such compass, Mr. Gladstone has done, ably refuting the most common objections to it,—such as its *uselessness*, and tendency to intolerance, or spiritual pride in those who claim it; its *legitimate* effect being rather to promote humility in those who are the unworthy, certainly, but still chosen instruments of ministerial blessing; the dignity, in this case, resting more clearly on the *office*, and less on the *man*. "I magnify mine office," says St. Paul; but who ever construed that into *personal* boasting?

Some persons deny that this doctrine is held by the English Church. At page 247, section 61, they will find a brief, but most conclusive summary of the evidence which proves that she does: and also, that in the Episcopate, not the Presbyterate, has the Succession descended. There is more than one point at issue in this discussion, for the principle of Succession is held by those who execrate "black Prelacy." It is not only, Succession, or no Succession, but also, in whose hands is the power of its transmission lodged? And *this* (Scripture and history will surely convince a dispassionate enquirer) is in the hands of the Bishops of the Church. Some contend that the Succession is one of *doctrines*, not persons. "But if it were attempted to insist on Succession in doctrine, as the sole condition of the essence of a church, any such proposition would be self-contradictory, inasmuch as that which would be thus perpetuated would not be a society at all, but a creed, or body of tenets." (p. 194.) The objection from the doctrine of *chances*, brought by Chillingworth and others, is met mathematically, the enemy's guns being turned on himself with much effect. (p. 234-6).—But it is impossible, within the limits of a review, to do justice to this deeply interesting subject and chapter. Pass we on to the next, which considers "the specific claims of the Church of England" to occupy the position, in this country, of the one true Church: shewing, historically and doctrinally, that she is a sound branch of the Catholic and Apostolic one, (this also being the ground of the *righteousness* of her existence as an establishment,) and that to her our allegiance is therefore due. The advocates of modern schisms and heresies, those who claim for them

an equal right of establishment, will here find some admirable rebukes to their presumption. The difference between the upholders of Church and sectarian principles is well stated; "We profess to hold the one, objective, permanent, unchangeable truth of religion; a thing given to us, and not discovered—not even discovered from Scripture, by us—and given to us moreover in the form of a visible, known, and conspicuous public institution. They, on the other hand, admitting for the most part a common tribunal of appeal in the holy Scriptures, assume that every scheme of doctrine which men believe themselves to draw from that fountain is, or should be, of equal merit in the eyes of the legislator." (p. 288.) "We follow the institution which, existing in this country for 1600 years or more, was founded among us by missionaries, undoubtedly apostolical; which has kept among us un mutilated the Divine word; which has handed down the performance of its offices by uninterrupted succession, from man to man, through a line of Bishops; which has given us the principal creeds of the Church, as limits of its interpretation of Scripture; which has, with whatever human admixture of corruption, testified to the truth, and wrought righteousness among the people; which has, with whatever doctrinal abuse, never forsaken those great Scriptural positions which are brought out in her ancient symbols; and which therefore, coming to us in the first instance with clear and sufficient marks of the Christian Church upon her, has never at any time so far degenerated as to lose those marks, as to abandon those truths and Sacraments which are appointed for the salvation of the soul." (pp. 290-1. See also sections 29, 30, 31.)

These facts Mr. Gladstone thinks, and thinks justly, make out her claims to her present position as a *national* Church.

He next exposes (from the official record of Archbishop Parker's consecration) the slanderous attempt to invalidate our orders, by the "Nag's-head fable." Lingard's own statement refutes this ridiculous calumny, which was an after-thought of certain Romanists, "never heard of until more than a generation after the event."

The seventh chapter ("Church Principles in relation to present circumstances") comprises a large portion of the volume, and is divided into five sections: an introductory one answers to the ordinary objections to these principles; 1st, that they have a tendency to Romanism; 2nd, that they place us in a false and uncharitable position as regards other Protestants; 3rd, that they tend to divide the Church; and a concluding section, containing a general view "of their positive advantages, as satisfying all the conditions most desirable, whether for truth or peace." This will be found by no means the least interesting part of the work, bearing as it does on what, though oft refuted, we still hear urged from day to day. The first section embraces a summary of the views detailed in the preceding chapters, and the reasons for their being comprehended in the term "Church Principles," as opposed to *opinions*; standing on higher ground than such notions as are generally understood by this latter term—namely, Catholic Antiquity; shewing also that these principles are not *peculiar*, as is often asserted by unfair or ignorant disputants.

Section 2nd is devoted to the consideration of the first objection (tendency to Romanism), exposing its absurdity on the ground of vagueness, as well as on that of the Romish religion not being one of unmixed evil: were it so, "the mere revulsion from it would be safe indeed, though still a secondary principle of action." (p. 325-6.) Many, now-a-days, in their ignorant desire to do right, act on this "mere revulsion principle;" though it does not follow (as Sir Henry Wotton remarks) that "the further we go from Rome, the nearer we are to the truth." There are some good remarks here on the effect which those sound principles of Church organization, retained in the Romish Church, have in preserving entire a system in many

other respects so corrupt, though still retaining the essential creeds. The reproaches of the Romanist against the Protestant Churches, as neglectful of the masses ostensibly contained in their communion, are fairly met; and a comparison of the efficiency of the two Churches, in those countries wherein they each prevail, shews that the former has no cause of boasting.

The 3rd section meets the charge against Church Principles, that "they place the Church of England in a false and uncharitable relation with other Protestants not possessing Episcopal Succession, as denying their orders and sacraments, and consequently the claim of the bodies to which they belong to be considered true Christian Churches." (p. 400.) Mr. Gladstone's reply to this comprises the four following particulars:—1st, that the matter of the doctrines cannot possibly be arrogant, if true: 2nd, that the manner of this assertion, if arrogant, is in eminent and peculiar contradiction to the consequences which the doctrines themselves ought to produce; 3rd, that at least they purport to invest with Church privileges, six for one whom they are untruly alleged to "unchurch," (for instance the Greek, Roman, and Eastern churches); 4th, that they "unchurch" no human being."

On this fourth head Mr. Gladstone is perhaps rather more liberal than is altogether needful: we think he errs through excess of charity. He derives great hope of the ultimate prevalence of Church doctrines, from the extreme *soreness* displayed by those who are accused of not holding them. If there were not a lingering belief in them, they would not be so fiercely debated. What Protestant thinks it worth his while to lose his temper, because a Romanist charges him with disbelief in transubstantiation? In Mr. Gladstone's *hope* we most cordially join; but fear there is little probability of its fulfilment, as long as so much that is merely human intervenes to prevent its accomplishment. If the feeling that hinders the visible union of Christians were analysed, we fear that pride would be found one very potential component. All the depravity of human nature *rises* against such an acknowledgment as this would be, of having been in the wrong; it would be such a sacrifice of *self* to truth, as we rarely meet with.

In the 4th section, Mr. Gladstone ably exposes, from the very nature of Church Principles, the extremely *mal-à-propos* objection, that they tend to introduce division in the Church, or even to promote an actual and formal schism; enters into a consideration of the various causes that had, since the revolution of 1688, tended to produce a declension of religion in the Church; describes the mode of its revival, with its attendant defects; and concludes with an illustration, from the present controversy respecting the settlement of ministers in Scotland, of the great advantages of an Episcopal succession.

The 5th section concludes the work, with some general remarks on the advantages of Church Principles, as a means of comprehension, exactly suited to the requirements of men: these principles being found in the Church of England, form her qualification as a centre of union,—which must be *external*, (and not only "in the spirit," as some say,) and on the ground which God has marked out for our union, that ground being "The Church;" the profession of belief in holy Scripture proving an insufficient one, owing to the unbounded licence of sectarian interpretation.

It only remains for us now to say, that the work is "got up" in a very inviting, readable form: the style is simple and exceedingly clear, rising occasionally to a chastened eloquence.

We take our leave of Mr. Gladstone with unfeigned respect for his piety and abilities; and congratulations on the worthy position he has occupied in this controversy. The zeal, learning, and good sense which he has brought to bear on it, are only equalled by his modesty. Such an author, we are sure, cannot but find favour with the reading world, and we confidently hope soon to have the pleasure of meeting him again in print.

A SCENE FROM SCHILLER.

We will preface^c our Translation with but few words, and those shall be such as are necessary for the clearer understanding of the scene which we have chosen from the first drama of the great German Poet. Imagine, then, a man, full of high thoughts and noble purposes, with an intellect, which if rightly directed and rightly cultivated, would render its owner revered and beloved; suppose this man to be "fiery-real from the fire-bosom of nature herself;"* full of great capabilities for good, and of terrible energies for evil. Let him be one who, if loved, will love; if hated, hate. Hate then shall be his portion, and fearfully shall he return it. Slander and disappointment, and affection betrayed, and misery endured—be these his inheritance, till weary-hearted, and with burning brain, he defies the world which challenged the contest. The memory of crime committed, self-contempt, and hot remorse—be these the hounds to pursue their father and their prey. A fearful deed is achieved, and prosperously achieved. The outlaws meet—fierce, iron-nerved, bold, bad men:—but there is one of them who was born to better things, and whose better nature even now is predominant. They rest by the banks of the Danube; on green hills where grow the children of the forest, young and old, in their bright array of leaves. The sun is setting, and his beams fall softly and with religious influence on this fair world of ours; bright as in the day when God created the heaven and the earth and all the hosts of them. The past is radiant on the soul's mirror, and there are reflected gentle and holy feelings, and thoughts of "auld lang syne," and childhood's sweet associations, and a mother's love, and the prayer of lisping lips murmured by a mother's knee. And now shall the poet speak for himself.

THE ROBBERS OF SCHILLER.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

- Moor.* Here must I lie and rest myself awhile,
My limbs are weary and my joints unstrung,
My tongue is parch'd and dry as any potsherd.
I fain would beg you, comrades mine, to fetch me
One handful of fresh water from the spring—
But that ye all are weary, e'en to death.
- Schwartz.* Yes, and our wine is gone on a long journey,
You know the road—we call it the "Red Lane."
- Moor.* O see how beautiful the corn-field stands!
Beneath their blessed burthen bend the trees,
Almost to breaking, and the gracious vine
Promises well.
- Grimm.* 'Twill be a fruitful year.

* Carlyle.

- Moor.* Nay, dost thou think so?—then in the broad world
Our toil will be repaid! And yet, it may be
A shower of hail may fall, and over night
May lay all level with the ground!
- Schwartz.* 'Tis likely;
All may be laid on earth, a few short hours
Before the harvest comes.
- Moor.* Why so say I—
All may be laid on earth before the harvest.
Yet what does that he rescues from the ants
Profit man, if he lose for evermore
That which hath made him like the Gods in Heaven!
Or is the limit of his destiny
On this poor earth of ours?
- Schwartz.* I cannot tell.
Moor. Thou hast said well, and better still hast done.
If thou hast never thirsted for the knowledge.
Brother, I have beheld the tribes of men,
Their insect cares, and their gigantic schemes,
Their god-like plans and mean performances,
Mountains in labour that give birth to mice!
Their eager races after happiness,
One man relying in his horse's speed,
Another trusting in his ass's nose,
A third in his own limbs self-confident.
O lottery of many-colour'd life!
O lottery wherein so many risk
Their innocence—their heaven, to win a prize,
And ne'er a prize is drawn. Time lapses on,
Then comes the end, to find a blank within!
O brother, 'tis a play that well might call
Tears from thine eyes, altho' thy heart's glad tide
Were rippling with the overflowing laughter.
- Schwartz.* How royally the Sun is going down!
Moor. So dies a hero—worthy adoration!
Grimm. Thou seemest mov'd.
Moor. I do remember me,
When I was young—a boy—a gay, free boy,
It was my darling thought to live like him,
Like him to die—Ah! it was a boy's thought!
Grimm. I hope it was—
Moor. There was a time—but leave me,
I pray you, comrades, leave me to myself.
- Schwartz.* Moor! Moor! Why, what the devil's in the wind?
Grimm. By all the fiends, what ails him—is he ill?
Moor. There was a time, I could not even sleep,
If I had left my evening prayer unsaid.
- Grimm.* What, are you mad—and will you let the years
Of boyhood teach you wisdom?
- Moor.* Brother! brother!
Grimm. Why, how now, Moor? come, do not be a child.
Moor. Oh, that I were indeed a child again!
Grimm. Shame! shame!
Schwartz. Take heart: behold this lovely landscape,
Fit for a painter's pencil—this fair evening!
- Moor.* This world is beautiful—so beautiful!

- Schwartz.* Now this was bravely said.
Moor. This earth so lordly !
Grimm. Right—I'm glad to hear you.
Moor. And I so hateful in this beauteous world,
 And I a monster on this lordly earth !
Grimm. O woe !
Moor. Mine innocence ! mine innocence !—
 See, all is travelling abroad, to bask
 In the calm splendour of the happy spring.
 Oh, why do I, and I alone, draw hell
 Out of the pleasures of a perfect heaven !
 All things are blest as tho' the Spirit of Peace
 Had link'd them in a holy sisterhood,
 The universal world one family,
 One Father over all !—Woe, and, alas,
 This Father is not mine ! I, only I—
 I am the only outcast—I alone
 Am banish'd from the kingdom of good men !
 To me belongs not the sweet name of *child* ;
 The soft bright face of the Beloved one,
 With all its wealth of smiles, is not for me ;
 The dear embraces of a bosom friend,
 With all his heart of love, is not for me :
 For me, begirt by murderers—hiss'd by vipers,
 And riveted with iron chains to guilt,
 And on the rotten staff of vice and sin,
 Stumbling into the red abyss of ruin,
 Among the flowers of this happy world,
 A howling devil and a solid curse !
Schwartz. 'Tis very strange : I never saw him so.
Moor. Oh, that I might re-seek my mother's womb,
 Oh, that I might be born a peasant slave !
 Dear God ! I would not wish for more than this,
 To be a labourer let out by the day ;
 I would bestir myself, and toil and sweat,
 Until the blood flow'd from my brow like rain,
 To buy the pleasure of one noonday's slumber,
 The rapture of one solitary tear.
Grimm. Only have patience for a while—the spasm
 Already passes—passes rapidly.
Moor. There was a time when tears flow'd easily :—
 O days of peace ! O castle of my sire !
 O soft green valley, holy and enchanted !
 O scenes of an Elysian world of youth !
 And O lost Paradise of ancient childhood.
 Ah, will ye never more return to me,—
 Never, O wild winds of my native wood,
 With odorous breathings cool my burning brow ?
 Weep with me, mighty Nature, weep and wail !
 Never, O never more will they return,
 Nor cool with gentle rustlings my hot brow,
 Gone, gone—yea, irrecoverably gone !

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.¹

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

—Sweet child, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower—

Her step th' elastic greensward meets,
Returning unreluctant sweets.—WORDSWORTH.

THE vicarage, the residence of the Reverend Herbert Frere, was like the parsonage described by the Author of the Sketch Book, "a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants." The portion of the edifice which was principally inhabited by the rector and his household was of modern construction, having been built by his predecessor, who had displayed some taste in the erection, as well as in the laying out of the grounds and garden in which it was situated.

Masses of rock, which had been transported with infinite labour from the shore, were so placed as to represent arches and grottos, with their accompanying fret-work and tracery, tastefully and artificially designed. Every species of shrub and evergreen had been planted and nurtured with the greatest care, and many, such as the box and the holly, had been cut into graceful and fantastic shapes.

Bowers and shady walks, and cooling fountains, and ponds with their islands in the midst, and water-lilies expanding their large white petals and their broad circular leaves; together with a multitude of moss and cottage roses, laburnums, sweet-peas, lilacs, hollyhocks, sunflowers, and the lesser tribe of snowdrops, crocuses, tulips, spring-flowers, and anemones, kept the garden in bloom and gaiety the whole year round. In the heat of summer an avenue of beech trees offered a cool retreat, and there beneath the shade, seated upon a rustic chair, was Margaret generally to be found, occupied with her book, her needle, or her drawing.

The village itself, the scene of the worthy rector's labours, was a fair specimen of a secluded English hamlet. It contained few houses, with a population of perhaps two hundred people—labourers, fishermen, and coasting seamen. The buildings they inhabited were very old, had been fashioned many, very many years. The appearance of the humblest tenement bespoke its age, the grey moss eating into the timber, and the ivy in many instances embracing the lintels of the door. But it was a flourishing green old age, notwithstanding, for the fire still blazed on the hearth within, and the sounds of human voices and of human laughter were not quenched upon its threshold.

The interior of the tenements were likewise of a neater description

¹ Continued from p. 255.

than are the dwellings of the poor in general. The brick floor was well scrubbed, and the deal floor was well sanded. The hearth too was neatly swept, no half-charred wood, or partly consumed litter, being suffered to strew the space between the grate and the threshold. The children too, though often ragged and dirty, were not insufferably so, as is frequently the case with the offspring of the lower classes. They looked fresh and rosy in the morning, when the beams of the early sun caught them in the field, and they went clean and comfortable to sleep at night. I write of the village as it existed seventy years since; but in this dear country of merry England there are many such hamlets still, where life flows pure as do the crystal brooks, and tranquil as the way-side waters. The gardens, cultivated for the most part with vegetables, were not without the bloom of jessamines and geraniums. The mantling woodbine clustered round the porch. The ivy clambered up the gable ends, shrouding the chimnies, or hanging above the casements in festoons.

In accommodation indeed, there was lack sufficient at the time we treat of. One solitary ale-house, and a shop in which wares of all kinds and qualities, except the best, were exhibited for sale, were the only marts at which money could be disposed of, or its equivalent, or that which the purchaser was obliged to consider as such, supplied in return. But then there was the town of Newport, at a distance of sixteen miles indeed—and seventy years ago the roads were bad, the markets were not regularly visited, and the dwellers on the coast seldom penetrated far into the interior; there it was however, the metropolis of the island, and a very Babylon to the old wife who trod its pavements once a year, and lost herself among the narrow streets and intricate turnings.

The inhabitants themselves were of a class that it requires but few words to particularize. The men for the most part followed the avocation of fishing, but the lands of the neighbouring farmers yielded to many a source of regular occupation. The produce of the spinning-wheel still found a market, and the aged grandame, though she had long survived the period of labour, was enabled to earn her own subsistence, and to add something to the family stock.

Nor in thus glancing at the village, should the ale-house be forgotten—that old ale-house, not perhaps the most comfortable hostel that weary traveller could desire, notwithstanding the encouraging intimation held out by the flapping sign-board, on which sundry letters of the alphabet, oddly inscribed in white paint, invited him to repose at the “Friend in Need.”

And yet there was in its very dilapidation something picturesque. The old thatched roof bending beneath its superadded covering of moss and mud; its tottering walls, in which the mortar having crumbled away, each brick hung upon its neighbour for support; its odd, old-fashioned gable ends; its massive chimnies, from which the smoke of its turf fires even yet curled upward to the welkin; its small casements with their diamond-shaped panes of dingy glass; its whole antique appearance, increased by the grey lichen that mantled it from roof to threshold. It was a rare old place—that village inn, shrouded as

it was by patriarchal trees, the youngest of which was more than coeval with the date of its own erection. True, that in the interior the brick floor was no longer scrubbed; the deal table lacked the soap and water of purification. The plaster fell from the walls and was no more replaced, and the "Friend in Need" was too clearly out at elbows itself to afford much prospect of assistance to another.

The church,—and always in speaking of a *country* church we mention the word with reverence,—possessed, as a building merely, little of interest, and very little of the picturesque. Through no stained windows, "dimmed with armorial bearings," streamed the various light. It was an old building, venerable perhaps, but looking cold and uncomfortable, with a low pointed spire, surmounted with a rusty hypocondriacal vane, that stood always to one point, and always announced east winds.

We left Heathcote and Margaret, after taking leave of the Samphire Gatherer, to pursue their way to the village. It is beneath the chancel-window of the old church we have just described, within the precincts of the little church-yard, that we find them on rejoining their society. They were standing by the side of a well-tended grave—not a recent grave, but one upon which the grass and flowers of nearly twenty years had sprung and faded; at the head of which a stone, plain and modest, which no moss or weather stains were suffered to discolour, recorded the name and memory of their mother. For Herbert Frere was a widower, and Margaret's infancy had known no mother's care.

"I can scarcely remember her," said Heathcote, speaking of the dust that slept below; "her death, or rather her funeral, is the earliest event that I can recal to my recollection, and say from my own experience that it really happened. Sometimes a confused picture will present itself to my imagination, in which all the figures do not seem imaginary, and one especially, that of a tall handsome female, with eyes beaming with kindness and affection, restores the memory of pleasures enjoyed at a forgotten period of existence, and which seem connected with the softest and dearest transports that I have ever fancied or been conscious of. The slightest incident will sometimes recal a whole train of such images, but the bland expression of that heavenly face is always the most real, the most life-like. The rest are as objects that I have known in dreams, and are faint and indistinct accordingly; but *that* face, *that* vision is constant, and as it were palpable—I can almost clasp, almost embrace it. A breath of music, or the sudden tone of a person speaking, is often sufficient to recal it; nor do I believe that the mind can ever forget an impression it has once strongly received, though the events of succeeding years may gather as a shroud above it."*

Margaret, who had listened attentively and reverently to her brother's words, which were uttered, half in soliloquy, half as address-

* Neither the Opium-eater, nor the Noctes Ambrosianæ, were written in the speaker's time, or I should have suspected him of plagiarism from Wilson or De Quincy. However Plato has the same notion, though I forget in which of his works at this moment—Heathcote, a better scholar than I am, doubtless remembered it.

sed to herself, was about to reply, when the young man's attention was arrested by the sudden appearance of a female child, who, without seeming to notice their presence, issued from behind an angle of the sacred pile, and glided amongst the graves.

She was dressed in a plain brown frock, and over her shoulders, and partly enveloping her head and neck, in the manner of a hood, she wore a long cloak of a bright scarlet colour.

"It is Little Red Riding Hood," said Margaret, speaking below her breath. Heathcote watched her more attentively.

She appeared about eleven years of age, and was, without hesitation the most fairy-like creature he had ever beheld. She seemed properly to belong to some less subtle region than this earth. It was as if he had suddenly realized in the person of the child before him one of the many felicitous creations of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; her countenance, without being regular, was beautiful beyond expression; nor could its interest be ascribed to the effect of any particular feature. It was the *tout ensemble* that delighted. Her eyes were large and swimming, their colour was the softest blue. Her complexion, naturally clear and delicate, was slightly browned and freckled with the sun, but its native whiteness shone through the acquired brunette. She might have taken flight and hovered in the air upon gauze pinions, and scarcely would Heathcote have been astonished, so prepared was he for her disappearance in some supernatural manner. It required more than an ordinary effort of the mind to believe her of the earth, earthy—a mortal like himself. She wore no bonnet. Her bright golden hair, fastened in no artificial tresses, escaped from the hood that endeavoured to confine it, and streamed luxuriantly to her waist.

"Little Red Riding Hood!" remarked Heathcote, musingly.

"So we call her!" answered Margaret: "she is deaf and dumb, poor child!"

"And her parents?"

"She has none."

"Her home?"

"Sometimes with old Richard, sometimes with Luckie Trummett, sometimes with the widow Cromartie; she must be going there now, she takes the road to the Needles Down."

"More romantic than ever."

"Ah! you may well say so. You must remain with us a long time before you learn the joys of a romantic life. Your two months' leave of absence will never do."

"Five years away from one's native village. What, Margaret, does not happen in that time? Where is the world I left behind? *You* are grown a woman, and preside over this new world like an enchantress. But come, my father will be waiting, and I long to see him, if indeed he has yet risen. Here, Juno, Bright."

Following the course of the child, whose appearance had attracted the notice of our friends, we find ourselves once more upon the open down, with the broad sea glittering before us. Leaving, therefore, the young couple to pursue their way to the vicarage, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity offered us by the elevation on which we stand,

and cast a glance or two in the direction of the Needle Rocks. "Thus," says Sir Thomas Browne, "there are two books from whence I collect my divinity, besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature; that universal and public manuscript, that lies exposed unto the eyes of all."*

But nature sometimes in her humour commits strange vagaries. How she rejoiced when, by dint of rolling up huge, eternal wave-mountains, and shivering with intense frost, or sapping with minute washings and countless tricklings, she formed those giant heights which in drollery they named after the good housewife's sowing implements—the Needles; a name which clung to them through ages, and still clings! Oh, what sport to set them, not afar, but so that a smooth pebble from a sling might reach them, cleaving the air from the firm land; there, in the infinite sea, with the angry foam chafing at their base incessantly, and the osprey choosing her dizzy perch on their pyramidal summits!

At the period of which our tale, in its opening, attempts to preserve a record, the harvest of the year 1772, the original Needle that rose full fifteen furlongs high, and measured less than twelve feet in its diameter, that tall, spiral rock, was still firm on its foundation, towering upwards as securely as if no force of waves could undermine, and bid it topple headlong down. So tall, so tapering; for how many generations of the feathered tribe in their annual migrations had it afforded a roost and a resting place—that natural Pompey's pillar! warning from a hazardous shore the unwary mariner, and otherwise a lesson to female curiosity, being named from that metamorphose, of which the record, at least, is anterior to those of Ovid—Lot's wife. So they called it.

It was a singular fancy, but the boy Stephen Cromartie, the Samphire Gatherer, as he was known *par excellence* throughout the country, had formed an attachment to this rock that he could scarcely have exceeded had it been a human being. Not fonder to his bells in that tower of Notre Dame, did Quasimodo cling, than the young sea-boy to his wild and airy pinnacle.

And that which to others would have been an adventure of the most fearful kind, seemed to him one of the easiest things imaginable. He would climb it step by step, and sit upon its giddiest peak from morn till night; and at that dizzy height, even in the broadest glare of day, you might scarcely have called him a human creature, but rather some bird of the penguin tribe, out of its element, certainly, for it is content with levels, and prefers firm ground to any elevation or precipice whatsoever; only he would wave his hat sometimes, and shout lustily, besides flinging his arms and legs into strange attitudes: none of which things even a penguin can perform, much as it resembles its human brethren when beheld in very distant perspective.

It was wonderful how he managed it; the boldest hearts that had known that iron coast for half-a-century, felt their veins tingle and their breath come thick while they watched him, and the sensation which was produced, is well remembered, when it first went abroad

* Religio Medici.

that the daring deed was not accomplished alone; that another form, and that of a child, and a female, had been enticed by him to the tall Needle's top; that her scarlet cloak from that dim height might be discerned fluttering in the sea-wind. Everybody, young and old, pronounced it impossible; but it was true, and so they found it.

And from that time the affection that had grown up between the boy and the young child, which he had cherished in common with his attachment for the wife of Lot, became stronger, and waxed closer and closer. On the child's part it was a confiding, sisterly affection, that looked up to her older and more powerful friend as to a protector, while she clung to him as a companion and playmate. She was an orphan, and deaf and dumb. Such was her hard fate.

There had been buried in the neighbouring churchyard, about five years before, the bodies of many seamen and passengers, who, during one winter's night, had been wrecked upon those perilous rocks which makes the coast proverbial. One, a woman, had been rescued from the waves before the last spark was quite extinct, and while there was even hope that timely assistance might have called back to earth the spirit that hovered on another threshold. She held, clasped to her breast with a power that was not loosened even by the pangs of drowning, a young female child of about six years of age, which, before the vessel had gone to pieces, she had found time to wrap in a large red cloak, the first thing apparently that she could lay her hands on.

Mangled and bruised, the bodies came to land; the young and beautiful cut down with the stern and weather-worn. With every wave that lashed the iron shore fresh corpses were rolled up, and laid cold and stark beneath the midnight sky.

It happened many years ago, but there are those living who still remember it, and even children talk of the wreck of "The Three Sisters," as if it had occurred in their own time, only yesterday, as it would seem. Of all the crew, the child alone survived. God, so they said, God had preserved the child.

And well, and well might that event be remembered, and handed down by children's children to posterity; for perhaps out of the heavens there never came a sterner season than the winter of that year. Hundreds from all parts of the island were attracted by the tidings of the wreck, and the report of the valuable articles that lay strewn along the shore. There they crowded, searching for the treasures which the reluctant sea gave up; and of multitudes who left their houses in the early morning, many never returned again. The snow was deep: covering hedges, and palings, and ha-has, and park partitions, so that all was one wide level, and boundaries were no longer visible. And, ho! the piteousness of the cold! Many, with their ill-gotten booty in their grasp, grew numb and drowsy; and, fancying themselves at home, by the warmth of their own hearths, lay down to a sleep from which there was no waking; others sunk in drifts, and when the thaw came and the snow months after melted away, were found in a half-frozen, half-putrid state. Oh! it was a memorable year! Who has not heard of the wreck of "The Three Sisters?"

It was in this manner that the child was saved, and thrown on a

rigid world amongst strangers for support. She lived. In towns and cities, people are stony-hearted,—in towns and cities, wretches endure all the horrors of starvation ;—aye, and starve too, as many a corner's inquest will attest ; but it is not so in the country ; and the child found nurses to rear, and friends to provide for her ; and, among others, there was the old man, Dick of the World, as they called him, who swore—actually an oath, which was a rare thing for him, who read his Bible, which many people do, and practised what he read, which very few perform—actually an oath ; that if it pleased God to keep him on this earth, with a due share of the strength an old man might expect, she should want for nothing,—food, clothing, a roof to shelter, or a bed to rest on.

And of many other things, I, as a faithful historian, might have assured the reader, had he not already, and as a matter of course, anticipated them. How the poor orphan, deprived of one parent, found many others in her stead ; how, she grew up, the welcome playmate of many a merry, noisy tribe of urchins, who, around the social hearth at night, or in the sunny fields by day, sported under the eye of God. And how the heart of many a young companion grew heavy, and his cheek sad, as he witnessed the fruitless efforts of the child to articulate the joy, or sorrow, or any of the thousand emotions of which the half of a child's life is passed away in the utterance ; and how desolate was the feeling of many an older breast, when the averted eye, and the unconscious attitude betrayed but too plainly that the words addressed in kindness, had fallen upon a barren ear.

And, forasmuch as among poor families every hand, however small, must be taught betimes to earn its daily bread, so did the young orphan, instructed in turn by the whole circle of her friends, learn a degree of usefulness in many callings. She carried messages ; she went on errands, and punctually and faithfully executed every injunction charged upon her. Poor child ! deprived as she was of the faculties of speech and hearing, she would have put to the blush many of voluble tongue, and of sharp apprehensive ear. And then, in leasing time, let those that liked be idle, her hand was ever employed ; and in weeding or stone-picking, employments necessary on every farmer's land, and performed by the wives and children of the labourers, the best among them was not more worth her pittance.

Let not the reader smile that this humble child should be the heroine of our tale. At any rate, let him remember Preciosa, Mignon, Fenella, Esmeralda, Zizine, the Flower-girl of Pompeii, and Poor Wandering Nelly. I shall add another to the number, and call her Little Red Riding Hood.

For it became necessary to give her a name ; the terms *orphan*, and *child of the wreck*, though of every-day sympathy, not being of every-day use. And as among the treasures which were contained in her little wardrobe, the red cloak, wrapped in which, when clasped to a dead mother's breast, she had been thrown by a friendly wave to land, was still principal in value and importance ; a durable garment, fitted for the roughest weather, and needed sufficiently on that bleak coast, was fashioned by some neighbourly sempstress from its ample

folds, and fitted to the young child's person. And from this cloak and its cape or lappet, which she contrived, in wearing, to fasten over her head in the manner of a hood, or a monk's cowl. One and all,—they named her Little Red Riding Hood.

But no withered monastic face peered from beneath that hood, but the mild blue eyes, the delicate features, and the auburn locks of a sweet child. Her countenance, as it gleamed upon the beholder, was radiant, transparent, spirit-like. With all the wildness and vivacity of a young fawn, she was light, airy, and graceful as a sylph; and her footsteps, as they fell upon her path, were like the dreams of a hermit, all beauty and peace.

" Her step was always gentle—
It fell as lightly as a wither'd leaf
In autumn hours."*

C. B. W.

* Hon. Mrs. Norton—*The Dream and other Poems.*

HOMERIC HYMN TO BACCHUS.

I.

OF Bacchus, radiant Semele's fair child,
My song shall be—when he appeared of yore
Upon the strand, jutting, and drear, and wild,
By the unfruitful ocean's lonely shore,
In shape like some bright youth when life hath smiled
Upon his dawning manhood.—Bacchus wore
A purple vest over his shoulders fine,
His tresses waved—dark, beautiful, divine.

II.

Lo, there be men within a gallant bark,
Corsairs they are, from pleasant Tuscany;
Theirs is an evil destiny, and dark—
But now they swiftly bound along the sea,
Coloured as with the hue of wine—and mark,
Each to the other winks, and speedily
They leap on shore, and seize that essence bright,
Then bear him to their ship in deep delight.

III.

For they imagined that he was the child
Of some proud king whom Zeus hath loved and nurst,
And would have bound his limbs with fetters wild.
But him they held not long; the lithe bands burst
And fell from his fair feet and hands: he smiled,
His dark eyes flashed with light; his wrath at first
Was kindled, then suppress'd; the pilot saw,
And called to his companions in deep awe.

IV.

"What God, my friends, is he whom ye have bound?
Never a ship can bear a freight like this,—
For either it is Zeus with glory crowned,
Or bright Apollo from his world of bliss,
Whose silver bow is borne with fearful sound;
Or the great Lord of the sea-palaces;
For not like men is he, but like the Gods,
Who dwell serenely in their blest abodes.

V.

"But let us loose him now, and quickly set him
On the dark shore,—nor touch him, I desire,
But with a reverent hand, lest ye should fret him,
And he should kindle into deadly ire,
And call the angry winds from heaven, and get him
A tempest strong and dense, and winged with fire,
For an avenger."—So the pilot cried,
To whom the master with rough speech replied:

VI.

"Look to the breeze, man, and unfurl the sail,
Use all thy gear, and let the vessel fly,—
But leave our prize to men who will not quail;
I trust he shall reach Egypt speedily,
Or Cyprus, or the north; or if the gale
Blow otherwise, the spot may farther be.
Thank God, he's ours! of course he will importune
Brothers and friends, and give us all his fortune."

VII.

He said; the mast was raised, the sail expanded,
The spirit of the wind breathed soft and low,
Swelling the mainsail white; while, as commanded,
The pilot spread the rigging white as snow;
When lo! such deeds were wrought as never man did,
For fragrant streams of wine sweet-flavoured flow
Over the dusky bark, and murmured by,
And an ambrosial odour filled the sky.

VIII.

Then gazed the mariners, and gazing found
A strange wild sepulture: athwart the sail
A vine its bright green garlands scatter around,
And let its clusters on the canvass trail;
While on the mast the dusky ivy wound
All prodigal with flowers, young, sweet, and pale,
And laden with fair fruit, while chaplets green
Covered the benches with a natural screen.

IX.

They saw it, and they told the pilot then
To turn the ship and sail the grey shore under:
But lo! a lion stands the bark within,
Terrible on the prow; his voice of thunder
Fills them with awe; while in the midst is seen
A bear with shaggy neck—O sight of wonder!
Scenting their prey they stand: with fearful frown
From the top beam the lion gazes down.

I.

The lion gazes frowningly ; the crew
 Around the pilot in hot haste assemble ;
 Fearless and self-possess his spirit grew,
 While thronging to the stern they quake and tremble.
 Suddenly leaping up, the lion threw
 Himself upon the master ; at this symbol
 Of heavenly wrath, flying a fate so dark,
 They leapt into the ocean from the bark.

XI.

They leapt into the great and sacred ocean,
 Where the God turned them into dolphins bright ;
 But held the pilot back for his devotion,
 And blessed him with soft words of deep delight.
 "Courage, good pilot ! dear is the emotion
 Which thou still feelest for the sons of light.
 Know I am Bacchus, monarch of the wine,
 And mirth, and din, and dissonance are mine.

XII.

"Sweet Semele, Cadmean Semele,
 With heaven's supreme in friendship interwove !
 Beloved mother mine gave birth to thee ;
 Welcome to men below and gods above.—
 Farewell, O radiant child ! farewell to thee,
 Offspring of Semele, whose looks of love
 Won the Eternal ; never will I sing
 Any sweet song, forgetting thee, my king."

THE NEW NAME.

With favoring eyes behold thy servants, Lord !
 Who scorning worldly fear and worldly shame,
 Here to themselves, as followers of thy word,
 Another mark, a new distinction claim ;
 Christian !—henceforward this shall be the name
 To bind our spirits closer unto thee ;
 Christian ! memorial that the sinless came
 And died that sinners might from death be free.
 And we, frail objects of Almighty care,
 Rejoice on earth a Saviour's name to bear
 Through infamy and scorn ; that when from heaven,
 With all thy might and majesty unfurl'd,
 Thou shalt descend to judge a prostrate world,
 By thee new names may unto us be given.

A TRIP TO TINTAGEL.

"Who shall contend with Time—unvanquished Time,
 The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
 Of desolation? Lo! the shadows fly,
 The hours, and days, and years, and centuries,
 They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall;
 The young are old, the old are in their graves!"

THE sun had already risen, and with no ordinary splendour ushered in the day, on which we had made our appointment to visit the far-famed Tintagel,—the great Prince Arthur's reputed birth-place. There are few, I think, who would not have been struck with the perfect calmness and beauty of the morning, which, in addition to the usual mildness of a Cornish air, was clad in all the "gay luxuriance" which indulgent nature could bestow. All creation seemed alive, and the whole prospect around us was one joyous scene of freshness and delight. It would have been impossible, even had we wished it, to have experienced any other feelings but those which the poet calls

"Free as the morning o'er the realms of space,"

while we left behind us the rich and lovely valley, which might justly be termed the *Tempe* of the west, and at the head of which is situated the ancient and picturesque town of Launceston. The blue hills of Dartmoor, dappled with the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds, added in no small degree to the loveliness of the surrounding landscape, and seemed to bound, as it were, with their lofty heights the amphitheatre of the whole. The venerable castle, with its hoary keep, rose with majestic grandeur above the town, and though

"Green with the gathered moss of countless years,"

appeared as if it would yet bid defiance to the hand of time, from which it has for so many centuries escaped. Being anxious to get as far as possible on our journey before the heat of the morning had set in, we reluctantly tore ourselves from this romantic spot, and pursued our route across the opposite hill.

Following our course for a few miles, we arrived at some very extensive and picturesque views, although not to be compared with the delightful scene we had just left behind. The country in this part of Cornwall, though bleak and open to the view of the *high-road* traveller, abounds with many well-wooded and luxuriant spots, to which favoured retreats all the richness of the soil seems to have fled. These are only to be seen to advantage by the *pedestrian* explorer, being situated in valleys and ravines, many of which are inaccessible to a *horse* or *carriage*, and which, in many cases, are not visible until the stranger actually finds himself within them. This we found to be the case in passing over some of the wild and open downs which characterize this part of the country, and which, on account of their being uninclosed and uncultivated, are too often considered destitute of all beauty. This however we feel convinced will not strike a *real* lover of the pic-

task : there is a certain boldness about a Cornish scene, which we meet with in scarcely any other part of England, and which cannot fail to attract the attention of even the most careless observer. This too appears in a still more favourable and striking light, when contrasted with the many beautiful and sequestered little spots which we have just mentioned,

“ Where the rich winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravished soul.”

Such was the general feature of the country through which we had already passed. The scene now began to change, and if possible, to assume a still bolder aspect. For several miles we had been slightly ascending, and had now reached the summit of a lofty down,

“ from whose fair brow,
The bursting prospect spreads immense around.”

This was indeed a truly Cornish scene,—the grandest and most extensive of any we had yet experienced. Wonderful indeed was this glorious expanse of hill and dale, blended and toned-down so beautifully “with all the soft varieties of shade,” now vanishing into each other in the distance, and then returning with two-fold splendour. Behind, in the hazy distance, we could just descry the scorching heights of Dartmoor, which, as though vanishing from our sight, we scarcely distinguished from the cloudless sky above them. To our right lay a tract of country so lovely and extensive as to exceed our most sanguine expectations. From this elevated spot we could distinctly mark the whole line of the Cornish coast, from the extreme north to Pentire Point and Padstow in the south. The view on our left was bounded by the noble range of hills extending throughout the whole length of the county, the most prominent and striking features of which were the two lofty and well-known headlands of Rough-Tor and Brown Willey. “Far in the blue horizon’s utmost verge,” and indeed almost imperceptible in the distance, arose the Isle of Lundy, from the bosom of the deep;—while “stretched immense” before us, and at the distance of only a few miles, the ocean’s blue expanse extended as far as the eye could reach, whose azure surface seemed to vie in colour with the glorious sky above it. Such was the scene which, when we had reached this commanding eminence, burst suddenly upon our view. I cannot however say *unexpectedly*, since we had been ascending for several miles, and had long been anticipating the lovely prospect which we hoped to enjoy from a situation so conspicuous to the surrounding country.

It was about noon; and in spite of so fair and bright a morning, huge masses of clouds had begun to collect themselves in the horizon behind us, and had already shut out Dartmoor from our view. Wishing therefore to arrive at our destination before the tempest overtook us, which was evidently brewing in our rear, we left this delightful spot, not a little grieved at being obliged to make such a sudden and hasty retreat. To a stranger this will doubtless appear one of the greatest

drawbacks to a Cornish climate: for, however clear and promising a morning may set in, a few hours may witness it "wrapt in deep gloom,"

"While dark and damp the congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things."

During the remainder of our journey there was little to interest, until we came within two miles of Tintagel. Here, instead of taking the shortest and most direct road, we determined to extend our walk a little further than we had at first intended, by making our way across the edge of the cliffs, having heard so much of the boldness and singularity of this part of the Cornish coast, and being desirous to see as much as possible in the short time we had allowed ourselves for our expedition. Leaving therefore the nearest track, we pursued our route over the fields until we found ourselves at the verge of a stupendous and fearfully high cliff, while, at an awful depth beneath, the hollow murmuring of the ocean, as though to warn the presumptuous stranger from approaching too near the frightful abyss, added in no small degree to the solemnity of the whole scene. The day had indeed changed. Instead of the lovely morning which had hailed our departure from Launceston, the distant howling of the blast raged with awful fury over the discoloured waste beneath, and bespoke in no gentle tone, that the storm, which had been gathering in the distance, would not be long ere it overtook us. Warned therefore by these foreboding appearances, and as the evening was now fast closing in, we hastened our steps onward, and in less than half an hour found ourselves at Tintagel, comfortably lodged in a small, but respectable inn, and not a little fatigued with our day's exertion.

The next morning we arose early, anxious to explore as much as possible of this interesting spot. It may be as well, before we proceed, to give a short account of the history of the place. The origin of Tintagel Castle is so buried in obscurity, that it is difficult to fix any date for its foundation. It is however, pretty certain that it was erected long before the conquest. It is regarded by tradition as the birth-place of the great Prince Arthur, but this circumstance, like the greater number of the exploits which have been ascribed to him by Llomarch, Myrdhin, Taliessin, and other Welsh bards, we should be inclined to regard as fabulous. In fact the whole life and origin of this celebrated Prince have been so mixed up with the marvellous, that it is difficult to discern which of the wonderful deeds related of him may be regarded as strictly historical. His very *existence* has been called in question by some writers. Gibbon, after relating what parts of Arthur's character were most probably true, and how his whole history had been incorporated with fiction and romance, says, "At length the light of science and reason was rekindled; the talisman was broken; the visionary fabric melted into air; and by a *natural*, though *unjust reverse* of the public opinion, the *severity* of the present age is inclined to question the *existence* of Arthur!"* Similarly Hume, speaking of his exploits, says, "This is that Arthur so celebrated in the songs of Taliessin, and other British bards, and whose military achievements,

* Rom. Empire, vol. vi. p. 392.

have been blended with so many fables, as even to give occasion for entertaining a doubt of his real *existence*."* Why however a person should be sceptic enough to go to this extreme, it is not easy to see. Nennius, who lived in the seventh century, in his *Historia Britonum*, relates the exploits of Arthur over the Saxons, with a particularity of names, &c. which is generally admitted as a sufficient testimony for the truth of what he advances. "And," as Mr. Whittaker rightly observes, "the relations of Suetonius, Dio and Nennius are not to be rejected, because of the falsehoods which imposture has engrafted upon them and absurdity admitted with them."† Arthur is generally allowed to have been the son of Uther Pendragon, King of the Britons, and Ingherna, (widow of Gurlois, duke of Cornwall,) and to have succeeded his father about the year 517. It was in fighting against Cerdic, the great Saxon invader, who landed in England about the year 495, that he acquired all his fame. It was in the neighbourhood of Tintagel, close to the town of Camelford, where the celebrated battle was fought with his nephew Mordred, in which Arthur received a mortal wound, and his treacherous nephew was slain.

"O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
High the screaming sea-mew soared;
On Tintagel's topmost tower,
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whistling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thund'ring side
The surges of the trembling tide,
When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson banks,
By Mordred's faithless guide decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!"

After the battle of Camlan, Arthur was removed to Glastonbury, where he was interred. Many ages revolved, and the place of his burial was almost forgotten. In the reign, however, of Henry II., when that monarch was about to pass over into Ireland, in the year 1171, to participate in the success which had been there achieved, after the disturbances which had taken place amongst its kings, he happened to remain at Pembroke a short time on his way. He was there entertained by the bards who were driven to seek refuge in those wilds, and who still retained the tradition of Arthur's burial at Glastonbury. After his return from Ireland, Henry caused the sepulchre to be opened, and at the depth of *sixteen* feet below the surface, the king's gigantic remains were discovered, as had been predicted by the Welsh minstrels.

To return, however, to our history. After the conquest the manor of Tintagel was a portion of the demesnes of the Earls of Cornwall, and was annexed to the Duchy towards the latter part of the reign of Edward III. At a later period it had a governor, and was employed as a state prison. It was here that David, Prince of Wales, was entertained by his uncle Richard, Earl of Cornwall, when the former

* Hume, *Hist. of Eng.*, vol. i. p. 24.

† *Encycl. Britt.*, vol. ii. p. 371.

rebelled against Henry III. It is now in ruins, and forms a picturesque, but solitary remnant of its former grandeur. Half the remains are situated on the main land, and the other half on a bold projecting promontory, separated from each other by a frightful chasm, in many places more than three hundred feet in depth, and across which there was formerly a drawbridge. "This castelle," says Leland, speaking of Tintagel, "hath bene a marvelous strong and notable fortrees, and almost *situ loci inexpugnabile*, especially for the dungeon, that is on a great high terrible cragge, environed with the se, but having a drawbridge from the residew of the castelle unto it. There is yet a chapel standing withyn this dungeon of S. Ulette *alias* Ulianne. Shepe now fede withyn the dungeon. The residew of the buildinges of the castelle be sore wetherbeten and yn ruine, but it hath bene a large thinge."

Such are the few and imperfect notions we were able to collect about the history of this singular spot. As we were compelled to return the same day, we sallied forth from our inn, not a little delighted at the idea of *really* witnessing the scene we had so often heard of, and concerning which we had formed such sanguine expectations. The castle itself is situated about a quarter of a mile from the village, and, although placed on such a lofty eminence, is not visible, on account of a peculiar winding which the road takes, down which we had to descend, until the stranger finds himself close beneath it. I shall never forget the feelings of astonishment and awe with which we were struck, while we viewed for the first time this "wreck of ages," which has stood so long

"Amidst the howl of elements unmoved,

* * * * *

E'en as the savage sits upon the stone,
That mark'd where stood her capitols,"

and of which probably in a few short years not a vestige will remain, to point out the site where, "in ages long gone by," royalty and splendour had exercised their mighty power. The extreme solemnity and desolation of the place, the stillness of which was only broken by the savage dash of the billows as they foamed over the scattered rocks before us, heightened in no small degree the grandeur of the whole, and could not fail to make a lasting impression on our minds. This indeed was nature in her grandest and most awful form! Not a soul was present but ourselves to enjoy the sublime and truly majestic scene. Even *we* seemed to be intruders on a spot which was hallowed with the names of so many fallen heroes and illustrious deeds, and which, if not the *real*, at all events the *reputed* birth-place of the far-famed and renowned king Arthur!

While we were thus musing, we were, as though insensibly, pursuing our course up the steep acclivity of the hill, whose brow is crowned with the ruins of this *once* princely castle, but whose massive and weather-beaten walls, fast crumbling to decay, seem *now* only calculated to harbour the dæmons of the storm, or afford a wretched shelter to the cormorant and the gull. We had at last reached the

summit, and by a sudden turn unexpectedly found ourselves in the very midst of the ruins. Here indeed was a most glorious, as well as impressive scene! The dark-blue sea rolling-in in all its splendour, and dashing with wild and savage fury amongst the rocks below. Around us were scattered in all directions the grey and moss-grown remains of the venerable castle, which presented a singular and striking contrast to the ever-changing ocean beneath, and whose crumbling remains, although they have braved the wreck of so many ages, seem to be *at last* sinking beneath the heavy hand of time, as though "to preach the solemn lesson,"

" Earthly things
Are but the transient pages of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die."

While exploring these interesting relics of departed glory, the thought of their ancient splendour and renown more than once recurred to our minds, and that too in a still more striking light, when contrasted with the dreary and deadly solitude which now reigns around. "Where are her laurelled names?" "Where her palaces and halls?"

" Where are concealed the days which have elapsed?
Hid in the mighty cavern of the past,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glimpsed images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote."

This spot indeed is so thickly associated with "names of old renown," that such questions as these might well occur to us. Well might we ask ourselves,

" Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains? Where the mighty ones
That flourished in the infancy of days?"

and most truly does the warning voice of nature echo the reply,

" All to the grave gone down,
They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
Their memory burst its fetters."

There are few things more solemn and engaging to a *reflecting* mind than a scene of this kind, and few things more calculated to point out the vanity and utter insignificance of all human ambition. With such an example as *this* before our eyes, truly might we ask

" Who needs a *teacher* to admonish him,
That flesh is grass, and earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows of the summer cloud?"

We were aroused from these reflections by the recollection that time did not wait for us, and, as the morning was already far advanced, we set to work forthwith to explore as much as possible of these interesting ruins. They consist chiefly of remnants of huge, massive walls,

scattered about in different directions, and are composed of a mixture of slate and stone, roughly cemented together, and provided with loop-holes for the discharge of arrows. "They seem to have included within them two narrow courts. At the upper end of the most southern of them, are the remains of several stone steps, leading probably to the parapet of the walls. Here the ramparts were high and strong, this being the part overlooked by the neighbouring hill. As they wound round to the west, however, less labour had been expended on their structure, for a hideous precipice of three hundred feet deep, to the edge of which they were carried, prevented the fear of any assault in that quarter."*

Having now explored the ruins on the continent, we next directed our attention to those on the peninsula, and descended by a steep and rugged path, until we found ourselves at the bottom of the huge chasm which separates the two divisions of the castle. Before, however, ascending the opposite side, we scrambled over the rocks to a small shelving beach, for the purpose of exploring an immense cavern, which runs immediately under the island, and which is justly considered one of the greatest curiosities of the place. "At full sea," says Carew, "you may rowe through it, but not without a kind of horror at the uncouthness of the place." It was impossible to help shuddering while we entered this hideous retreat,

"Where storms and darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate."

The hollow murmuring of the blast without, and the savage dash of the billows within, added to the cold and death-like gloom which pervaded the whole, sounded more like groans from the tombs of the departed heroes, or the death-shrieks of "the lurking dæmons of destruction:"

"Hark! 'tis their funeral knell! and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!"

And truly *here*, if anywhere, might we expect to see them. The huge masses of rock of various forms, which were just visible through the surrounding gloom, presented a most striking and ghastly appearance, and, from their grotesque positions, might have been moulded by a superstitious mind into every shape the imagination could invent. The rays of light, which streamed through the entrances at either end, illuminating only the prominent parts and corners of the rocks, made this even more striking, and, from the contrast which it produced, imparted to the scene a still wilder and more dismal aspect.

Leaving this unearthly abode, we again emerged into the broad day-light, and after climbing up the steep sides of the cliffs, down which we had just descended, once more found ourselves at the foot of

"the rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,"

* See Warner's *Tour and Excursions in Cornwall*, p. 82.

the frightful precipice which we have already described as separating the ruins on the peninsula from those on the main-land. Having no time to lose, we commenced at once our ascent by a dangerous and almost perpendicular pathway, winding up the western side of the rock, and "which," as Norden describes it, "may astonish an unstable mayne to consider the perill; for the least slipp of the foote sendes the whole bodye into the devouringe sea; and the worste of all is the highest of all, nere the gate of entraunce into the hill, where the offensive stones so exposed hang over the head, as while a man respecteth his footing, he indaungers his head; and lookinge to save the head, indaungers the footing accordinge to the old proverbe, *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim*. He must have his eyes that will scale Tintagell." We were, however, richly repaid for our trouble when we gained the summit; for, immediately after entering the little gateway, so particularly described by Norden, the view which burst upon us was one of the grandest and most glorious description; superior, if possible, to that which we had already witnessed on the continent. A boundless expanse of ocean stretched beneath as far as the eye could reach, whose transparent surface was ever and anon relieved by the sparkling breakers which glistened, like gems, in the distance, or the light and airy forms of the gulls as they skimmed across the waves. The small white sails, which, from the height on which we stood, appeared like specks, contrasted well with the delicate blue behind them, and shed an air of loveliness over the whole scene. But what chiefly attracted our attention, was the hideous chasm, the sides of which we had just scaled, and which, from this dizzy height, appeared most terrific. The mountain billows, "lashed furiously on" amongst the rocks, foaming at a fearful depth below, covered with their briny surge the bottom of the yawning abyss, while

"Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves."

This scene was grand beyond description. On the opposite side, the dark pointed rock, on whose brow that part of the castle stands about which we have already spoken, shot perpendicularly into the air to the height of several hundred feet,

"Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep."

The ruins here are much the same as those on the main-land, walls crumbling with old age, and apparently fast hastening to decay. On the eastern side is one rather higher than the rest, and embattled. In former times, probably, the largest part of the building was situated here. A circumstance which excited our attention, was the quantity of sheep, which we observed grazing in different directions among the ruins, some of which, as though unconscious of the danger they were in, had wandered to the very verge of the hideous precipice we have just described. The reflection forcibly recurred to us, how different this scene must be from that which here presented itself in days gone by. Often had the halls, the remains of which we were now treading,

rung with the shouts of tyranny and independence. Could we but

“Wind the mighty secrets of the past,
And turn the key of time,”

what scenes of splendour and magnificence would be opened to our imagination. 'Tis but a few centuries since this princely structure, bold as the rock on which it stands, reared its majestic head above the waves, as though to defy the very fury of the elements which howled around it; and truly but a few short years will elapse before every vestige of it will be effaced, and not a mouldering relic will remain to perpetuate its memory to succeeding generations, or point out to posterity the place, where in days of yore, grandeur and magnificence had held their powerful sway. Surely this must, if anything can, point out the folly and illusion of man's highest hopes.

How many generations have passed away since the sunbeams first streamed through the arches of this once stately edifice, and the long blaze of armour glared forth with resplendent beauty from its lofty walls. “How many shocks have buffeted mankind,” since its aisles first echoed with the hearty welcome of hospitality, or rang with the joyous laugh, and the sparkling goblets of Metheglin, “mantled high” along the festive board, and crowned with merriment the banquets of our British ancestors!

'Tis thus indeed that we see the vast and awful effects of time. Century after century rolls away; the sun annually fulfils his course, the seasons run their wonted round; yet, while all things hasten onward to the broad gulph of ruin, *He* alone remains the same,

“Still changing, yet unchanged; still doomed to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.”

T. V. W.

THE LIVING DRAMATISTS OF ENGLAND.—No. III.¹

SIR E. L. BULWER.

THE next play which comes under our notice, though of far lower pretensions, both in style and character, than *Madame La Vallière* or *Richelieu*, has we believe obtained greater popularity than either of them. This is doubtless owing to the plot, which as a mere story is more amusing; while the passions on which it turns, and the characters engaged in its *dénouement*, are more common and more comprehensible by the mass of play-goers, upon whom, much more than the critic, the success of a play depends. Here at least "*vox populi vox Dei*" is a truism, at any rate to author and manager. The *Lady of Lyons* is too well known to lovers of the theatre to need an epitome of its action; but to enable others to understand our extracts, we will give briefly the leading points of the story.

Pauline Deschappelles, the daughter of a rich Lyonnese merchant, is beloved by Claude Melnotte, the son of a poor gardener; who, after his father's death, inspired by his passion for Pauline, has raised himself in accomplishments both of mind and body to the rank of a gentleman; but, alas! as our great moralist writes—

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed ;"

and our poor gardener's son can gain no access to the proud beauty, after dreaming on for months and months in the melancholy mood of Shakspeare's sweet Helena, when, in her despairing passion for Bertram, she cried—

"It were
As though I loved some bright particular star,
And thought to wed it, he is so above me."

He takes courage to send her a copy of verses, eloquent with his heart's fond devotion: this messenger is insulted, and his verses thrown back in his face. In the fatal moment of indignation and frenzy at this outrage upon his passion and his pride, he encounters two rejected suitors of Pauline's, both burning to be revenged upon her. They find Melnotte in a mood but too apt for their purpose—his love is for a time turned to bitterest hate. As a fit punishment for her haughtiness, they introduce Melnotte to her as the Prince of Como, travelling through France incognito. The plan succeeds—Pauline is enraptured with her lover—they are married; and then the secret is disclosed. But Melnotte, though so far blinded by his indignation as to have consented to be the main actor in this vile scheme, is of too generous a nature to pursue it farther. The moment his real name and condition have been made known by himself to his new wife, he annuls the marriage, and restores her pure and virgin to her incensed parents, and enters the French army then on the point of entering

¹ Continued from page 285.

Italy under Napoleon, leaving Pauline in a state of mind, in which love for his noble qualities, and admiration at his generous abandonment of his legal right over her, completely master her indignation at the treacherous means by which he gained her hand. She departs with her father, who shortly afterwards falls into difficulties, and is in danger of becoming a bankrupt. At this juncture (two years and a half from Melnotte's departure), Beauseant, one of her former suitors, offers to restore her father's credit on condition of her marrying him, which she, after a long and painful struggle, between her duty to her father, and her affection for her peasant lover, consents to do. Meanwhile, Melnotte has gained fame and wealth in Italy, and returns to Lyons to find his mistress betrothed to another. Disguised and under a fictitious name he sees her, and ascertains that she is faithful to him, and has only consented to marry Beauseant to save her father from ruin; upon which he discloses himself, pays down the sum required, and claims the fond and devoted Pauline as his wife. We now proceed to make a few quotations from the play, which will, we hope, delight those who have not yet read the whole of it; though, from its long run at Covent Garden, we fear that to most they will not possess the charm of novelty.

We pass over the two first scenes, which contain Pauline's refusal of Beauseant and Glavis, two rich Lyonnese gentlemen; untitled in consequence of the revolution, and the concoction of their plot to revenge themselves. The third scene introduces Claude Melnotte, just after he has sent his verses to Pauline.

The interior of Melnotte's Cottage; flowers placed here and there; a guitar on an oaken table, with a portfolio, &c.; a picture on an easel, covered by a curtain; fencing-foils crossed over the mantel-piece; an attempt at refinement in spite of the homeliness of the furniture, &c.; a staircase to the right conducts to the upper story.

(*Shout without*)—"Long live Claude Melnotte!" "Long live the Prince!"

The Widow Melnotte.—Hark!—there's my dear son;—carried off the prize, I'm sure: and now he'll want to treat them all.

Claude Melnotte (opening the door).—What! you won't come in, my friends! Well, well,—there's a trifle to make merry elsewhere. Good day to you all,—good day!

(*Shout*)—"Hurrah! Long live Prince Claude!"

Enter Claude Melnotte, with a rifle in his hand.

Melnotte.—Give me joy, dear mother! I've won the prize!—never missed one shot! Is it not handsome, this gun?

Widow.—Humph!—Well, what is it worth, Claude?

Melnotte.—Worth! What is a ribbon worth to a soldier? Worth!—everything! Glory is priceless!

Widow.—Leave glory to great folks. Ah! Claude, Claude, castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up! How is all this to end? What good does it do thee to learn Latin, and sing songs, and play on the guitar, and fence, and dance, and paint pictures? All very fine; but what does it bring in?

Melnotte.—Wealth! wealth, my mother!—Wealth to the mind—wealth to the heart—high thoughts—bright dreams—the hope of fame—the ambition to be worthier to love Pauline.

Widow.—My poor son!—The young lady will never think of thee.

Melnotte.—Do the stars think of us? Yet if the prisoner see them shine into his dungeon, would'st thou bid him turn away from *their* lustre? Even so from this low cell, poverty, I lift my eyes to Pauline and forget my chains.—(*Goes to the picture and draws aside the curtain.*) See, this is her image—painted from memory.

—Oh, how the canvas wrongs her!—(*Takes up the brush and throws it aside.*) I shall never be a painter. I can paint no likeness but one, and that is above all art. I would turn soldier—France needs soldiers! But to leave the air that Pauline breathes! What is the hour?—so late? I will tell thee a secret, mother. Thou knowest that for the last six weeks I have sent every day the rarest flowers to Pauline?—she wears them. I have seen them on her breast. Ah, and then the whole universe seemed filled with odours! I have now grown more bold—I have poured my worship into poetry—I have sent the verses to Pauline—I have signed them with my own name. My messenger ought to be back by this time. I bade him wait for the answer.

Widow.—And what answer do you expect, Claude?

Melnotte.—That which the Queen of Navarre sent to the poor troubadour:—"Let me see the Oracle that can tell nations I am beautiful!" She will admit me. I shall hear her speak—I shall meet her eyes—I shall read upon her cheek the sweet thoughts that translate themselves into blushes. Then—then, oh, then—she may forget that I am the peasant's son!

Widow.—Nay, if she will but hear thee talk, Claude?

Melnotte.—I foresee it all. She will tell me that desert is the true rank. She will give me a badge—a flower—a glove! Oh, rapture! I shall join the armies of the Republic—I shall rise—I shall win a name that beauty will not blush to hear. I shall return with the right to say to her—"See, how love does not level the proud, but raise the humble!" Oh, how my heart swells within me!—Oh, what glorious Prophets of the Future are Youth and Hope! (*Knock at the door.*)

Widow.—Come in.

Enter Gaspar.

Melnotte.—Welcome, Gaspar, welcome. Where is the letter? Why do you turn away, man? where is the letter? (*Gaspar gives him one.*) This! This is mine, the one I intrusted to thee. Didst thou not leave it?

Gaspar.—Yes, I left it.

Melnotte.—My own verses returned to me. Nothing else?

Gaspar.—Thou wilt be proud to hear how thy messenger was honoured. For thy sake, Melnotte, I have borne that which no Frenchman can bear without disgrace.

Melnotte.—Disgrace, Gaspar! Disgrace?

Gaspar.—I gave thy letter to the porter, who passed it from lackey to lackey till it reached the lady it was meant for.

Melnotte.—It reached her, then; you are sure of that? It reached her,—well, well!

Gaspar.—It reached her, and was returned to me with blows. Dost hear, Melnotte? with blows! Death! are we slaves still, that we are to be thus dealt with, we peasants?

Melnotte.—With blows? No, Gaspar, no; not blows!

Gaspar.—I could show thee the marks, if it were not so deep a shame to bear them. The lackey who tossed thy letter into the mire swore that his lady and her mother never were so insulted. What could thy letter contain, Claude?

Melnotte (looking over the letter). Not a line that a serf might not have written to an empress. No, not one.

Gaspar.—They promise thee the same greeting they gave me, if thou wilt pass that way. Shall we endure this, Claude?

Melnotte (wringing Gaspar's hand). Forgive me, the fault was mine, I have brought this on thee; I will not forget it; thou shalt be avenged! The heartless insolence!

Gaspar.—Thou art moved, Melnotte; think not of me; I would go through fire and water to serve thee; but,—a blow! It is not the *bruise* that galls,—it is the *blush*, Melnotte.

Melnotte.—Say, what message?—How insulted?—Wherefore?—What the offence?

Gaspar.—Did you not write to Pauline Deschappelles, the daughter of the rich merchant?

Melnotte.—Well?—

Gaspar.—And are you not a peasant—a gardener's son?—that was the offence. Sleep on it, Melnotte. Blows to a French citizen, blows! [*Exit.*]

Widow.—Now you are cured, Claude!

Melnotte (tearing the letter).—So do I scatter her image to the winds—I will stop her in the open streets—I will insult her—I will beat her menial ruffians—I will—
(*Turns suddenly to Widow.*) Mother, am I humpbacked—deformed—hideous?

Widow.—You!

Melnotte.—A coward—a thief—a liar?

Widow.—You!

Melnotte.—Or a dull fool—a vain, drivelling, brainless idiot?

Widow.—No, no.

Melnotte.—What am I then—worse than all these? Why, I am a peasant! What has a peasant to do with love? Vain Revolutions, why lavish your cruelty on the great? Oh that we—we, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, had been swept away, so that the proud might learn what the world would be without us!—

(*Knock at the door.*)

Enter Servant from the Inn.

Servant.—A letter for Citizen Melnotte.

Melnotte.—A letter! from her perhaps—who sent thee?

Servant.—Why, Monsieur—I mean Citizen—Beauseant, who stops to dine at the Golden Lion, on his way to his chateau.

Melnotte.—Beauseant!—(*Reads.*)

“Young man, I know thy secret—thou lovest above thy station: if thou hast wit, courage, and discretion, I can secure to thee the realization of thy most sanguine hopes; and the sole condition I ask in return is, that thou shalt be steadfast to thine own ends. I shall demand from thee a solemn oath to marry her whom thou lovest; to bear her to thine home on thy wedding night. I am serious—if thou would’st learn more, lose not a moment, but follow the bearer of this letter to thy friend and patron,—CHARLES BEAUSEANT.”

Melnotte.—Can I believe my eyes? Are our own passions the sorcerers that raise up for us spirits of good or evil? I will go instantly.

Widow.—What is this, Claude?

Melnotte.—“Marry her whom thou lovest”—“bear her to thine own home”—O, revenge and love; which of you is the strongest?—(*Gazing on the picture*) Sweet face, thou smilest on me from the canvas: weak fool that I am, do I then love her still? No, it is the vision of my own romance that I have worshipped: it is the reality, to which I bring scorn for scorn—Adieu, mother; I will return anon. My brain reels—the earth swims before me.—(*Looks again at the letter.*) No, it is not a mockery; I do not dream! [*Exit.*]

Melnotte is consequently introduced to Pauline as the Prince of Como, and soon becomes her accepted lover. After an amusing scene, in which the blunt honest frankness of Colonel Damas, Pauline’s uncle, contrasts forcibly with the coxcomby of Beauseant, and the intriguing character of her mother; the following dialogue ensues, full of that high sentiment and rich poetry which distinguish Bulwer’s writings.

Pauline.—There is something glorious in the Heritage of Command. A man who has ancestors is like a representative of the Past.

Melnotte.—True; but, like other representatives, nine times out of ten he is a silent member. Ah, Pauline! not to the Past, but to the Future, looks true nobility, and finds its blazon in posterity.

Pauline.—You say this to please me, who have no ancestors; but you, Prince, must be proud of so illustrious a race!

Melnotte.—No, no! I would not, were I fifty times a prince, be a pensioner on the Dead! I honour birth and ancestry when they are regarded as the incentives to exertion, not the title-deeds to sloth! I honour the laurels that overshadow the graves of our fathers;—it is our fathers I emulate, when I desire that beneath the evergreen I myself have planted my own ashes may repose! Dearest! could’st thou but see with my eyes!

Pauline.—I cannot forego pride when I look on thee, and think that thou lovest me. Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como; it is so

pleasant to hear of thy splendours since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline; and when thou describest them, it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness.

Melnotte.

Nay, dearest, nay, if thou would'st have me paint
The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen!—a deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!

Pauline.

Melnotte.

My own dear love.
A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?
Pauline. Oh! as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue!
Am I not blest? And if I love too wildly,
Who would not love thee like Pauline?

Melnotte (bitterly).

Oh, false one!
It is the prince thou lovest, not the man;
If in the stead of luxury, pomp, and power
I had painted poverty, and toil, and care,
Thou hadst found no honey on my tongue;—Pauline,
That is not love!

Pauline.

Thou wrong'st me, cruel Prince!
'Tis true I might not at the first been won,
Save through the weakness of a flatter'd pride;
But now,—Oh! trust me,—could'st thou fall from power
And sink—

Melnotte.

As low as that poor gardener's son,
Who dared to lift his eyes to thee—

Pauline.

Even then,
Methinks thou would'st be only made more dear
By the sweet thought that I could prove how deep
Is woman's love! We are like the insects, caught
By the poor glittering of a garish flame;
But, oh, the wings once scorch'd,—the brightest star
Lures us no more; and by the fatal light
We cling till death!

Melnotte.

Angel!
(*Aside*) O conscience! conscience!
It must not be;—her love hath grown a torture
Worse than her hate. I will at once to Beauseant,
And—ha! he comes.—Sweet love, one moment leave me.

I have business with these gentlemen—I—I
Will forthwith join you.

Pauline.

Do not tarry long!

Bound by his oath, and dreading the consequences of immediate detection, Melnotte is hurried on to complete his crime. They are married, and proceed on their journey home. At the close of the day they reach the humble cottage of Melnotte's mother, where he proposes to stay for the night. Here it is necessary that he should disclose his real name and rank; and most effectively is the scene worked up, the passionate indignation of Pauline gradually softening down, as she listens to the eloquent poetry in which her lover pours forth the feelings of mingled love and resentment which had goaded him on, and promises the only atonement now left him, a full and instant restoration of her liberty; till, as she leaves the room, and turns to give a last look upon her penitent betrayer, we feel that she has already forgiven him, and with a true woman's feeling begins to forget the injury done to herself, for the sake of the love that prompted it. It is in scenes like this that Bulwer displays his greatest power; in picturing the force of love as a self-sacrificing motive, purifying the mind from all that is gross and selfish, and elevating it above all that is low and grovelling. And it is just now when selfishness and sensuality have almost banished deep and chivalrous affection, that such sentiments are calculated to produce the most beneficial effect; and whatever may be urged against the moral tendency of Bulwer's writings, at least he has never made love a panderer to sensuality, or a cloak for selfishness. The following scene is powerful enough to redeem many more faults both of conception and execution, than are to be found in this play.

Melnotte.

Now, lady, hear me.

Pauline.

Hear thee!

Ay, speak—her son! have fiends a parent? speak,
That thou may'st silence curses—speak!

Melnotte.

No, curse me;

Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

Pauline (laughing wildly).—"This is thy palace, where the perfumed light

"Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,

"And every air is heavy with the sighs

"Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,

"And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth

"I' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the picture?"

This is my bridal home, and *thou* my bridegroom!

O fool—O dupe—O wretch!—I see it all—

The bye-word and the geer of every tongue

In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch

Of human kindness? if thou hast, why, kill me,

And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot—

It cannot be: this is some horrid dream:

I shall wake soon.—(*touching him*) Art flesh? art man? or but

The shadows seen in sleep?—It is too real.

What have I done to thee? how sinn'd against thee,

That thou should'st crush me thus?

Melnotte.

Pauline, by pride

Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—

That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—

The evil spirit of a bitter love,

And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.—
 From my first years my soul was fill'd with thee:
 I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy
 Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
 And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
 Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last
 I shall be—thine adorer! Well; this love,
 Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
 I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
 Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from Kings
 Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
 Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
 In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
 My father died; and I, the peasant-born,
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
 Out of the prison of my mean estate;
 And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
 Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
 From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
 Low Birth and iron Fortune.—Thy bright image,
 Glass'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils
 By which man masters men! For thee I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
 For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,
 And every Muse, such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
 And Passion taught me poetry—of thee,
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life
 Of beauty!—Art became the shadow
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
 Men call'd me vain—some mad—I heeded not;
 But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!
 Has he a magic to exorcise hate?
 At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
 The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
 And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
 As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
 The name—appended by the burning heart
 That long'd to show its idol what bright things
 It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
 That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
 That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
 Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
 Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
 The tempters found me a revengeful tool
 For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
 It turn'd and stung thee!

Pauline.
Melnotte.

Pauline.

Love, Sir, hath no sting.

What was the slight of a poor powerless girl
 To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?
 Oh, how I loved this man!—a serf!—a slave!

Melnotte.

Hold, lady!—No, not slave! Despair is free!
 I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
 The anguish—the remorse: No—let it pass!

And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yet in my power. Pauline!—

Approaching her with great emotion, and about to take her hand.)

Pauline.

No, touch me not!

I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant;
And I—oh Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work—
Toil—drudge—do what thou wilt—but touch me not;
Let my wrongs make me sacred!

Melnotte.

Do not fear me.

Thou dost not know me, Madam : at the altar
My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired!
Henceforth, no image of some marble saint,
Nich'd in cathedral aisles, is hallow'd more
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband—nay, thou need'st not shudder;—
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfilled—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night sleep—sleep in peace.
To-morrow, pure and virgin as, this morn,
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love.
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wrong'd thee, think at least
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature!

Ho! my mother!

Enter Widow.

Conduct this lady—(she is not my wife;
She is our guest,—our honour'd guest, my mother!)—
To the poor chamber, where the sleep of virtue,
Never, beneath my father's honest roof,
Ev'n villains dared to mar! Now, lady, now,
I think thou wilt believe me.—Go, my mother!
She is not thy wife!

Widow.

Melnotte.

Hush! hush! for mercy's sake!

Speak not, but go.

(Widow ascends the stairs; Pauline follows weeping—turns to look back.)

Melnotte (sinking down.)

All angels bless and guard her!

In the morning, when her father and mother come to take her away, the romance and generosity of the woman have completely triumphed; and it is only by the proud resolution of Melnotte that she is induced to quit him, to return with her enraged parents, and cherish in secret the memory of her poor but noble-hearted husband. He meanwhile enters the regiment of Colonel Damas, whose esteem he has won by his generous resignation of Pauline; and under the name of Morier, reaches, in little more than two years, the rank of Colonel in the French army; when he returns to discover whether Pauline still loves him, and if so, to claim her hand anew. As Colonel Morier he gains admission, and finds her still faithful, but about to be sacrificed to Beauseant, her former suitor, as the price of her father's rescue from ruin. The scene is at the notary's: the bond is about to be signed, and Pauline to be consigned to the misery of a hateful marriage, when Damas thus addresses her:—

Pauline (suddenly).—Oh! perhaps you can save me! you are our relation—our friend. My father is on the verge of bankruptcy—this day he requires a large sum to meet demands that cannot be denied; that sum Beauseant will advance—this hand the condition of the barter. Save me if you have the means—save me! You will be repaid above!

Pauline.—The last plank to which I clung is shivered!

Damas.—Hold—you see my friend Morier: Melnotte is his most intimate friend—fought in the same fields—slept in the same tent. Have you any message to send to Melnotte?—any word to soften this blow?

Pauline.—He knows Melnotte—he will see him—he will bear to him my last farewell—(*approaches Melnotte*)—He has a stern air—he turns away from me—he despises me!—Sir, one word I beseech you.

Melnotte.—Her voice again! How the old time comes o'er me!

Damas (to Madame).—Don't interrupt them. He is going to tell her what a rascal young Melnotte is; he knows him well, I promise you.

Madame Deschap.—So considerate in you, cousin Damas!

(*Damas approaches Deschappelles; converses apart with him in dumb show.—Deschappelles shows him a paper, which he inspects, and takes.*)

Pauline. Thrice have I sought to speak; my courage fails me.—
Sir, is it true that you have known—nay, are
• The friend of—Melnotte?

Melnotte. Lady, yes!—Myself
And Misery know the man!

Pauline. And you will see him.
And you will bear to him—ay—word for word,
All that this heart, which breaks in parting from him,
Would send, ere still for ever.

Melnotte. He hath told me
You have the right to choose from out the world
A worthier bridegroom;—he foregoes all claim,
Even to murmur at his doom.—Speak on !

Pauline. Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his;—that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, pour'd a mourner's prayers.
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot,—walk by his side, an outcast;
Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light
Of one kind smile from him,—than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost!

Meinotte (aside). Am I already mad?
And does Delirium utter such sweet words
Into a Dreamer's ear? (*aloud*) You love him thus,
And yet desert him?

Pauline. Say, that, if his eye
 Could read this heart,—its struggles, its temptations,—
 His love itself would pardon that desertion !
 Look on that poor old man—he is my father;
 He stands upon the verge of an abyss;—
 He calls his child to save him ! Shall I shrink
 From him who gave me birth ?—withhold my hand,
 And see a parent perish ? Tell him this,
 And say—that we shall meet again in Heaven !

Melnette (aside).—The night is past—joy cometh with the morrow.
(*Aloud*) Lady—I—I—what is this riddle?—what
The nature of this sacrifice?

*Beauseant (from the table).—*The papers are prepared—we only need
Your hand and seal.

Melnotte.

Stay, lady—one word more :

Were but your duty with your faith united,
Would you still share the low-born peasant's lot?
Pauline. Would I? Ah, better death with him I love
Than all the pomp—which is but as the flowers
That crown the victim!—(turning away) I am ready.

(Melnotte rushes to Damas.)

Damas.

There—

This is the schedule—this the total.

Beausant (to Deschappelles, showing notes).

These

Are yours the instant she has sign'd; you are
Still the great House of Lyons!

(The Notary is about to hand the Contract to Pauline, when Melnotte seizes it and tears it.)

Beausant.

Are you mad?

Mons. Deschap.—How, Sir! What means this insult?

Melnotte.

Peace, old man!

I have a prior claim. Before the face
Of man and Heaven I urge it! I outbid
Yon sordid huckster for your priceless jewel.

(Giving a pocket-book.)

There is the sum twice told! Blush not to take it:
There's not a coin that is not bought and hallow'd
In the cause of nations with a soldier's blood!
Torments and death!

Beausant.

Pauline.

Melnotte.

That voice! Thou art—

Thy husband!

(Pauline rushes into his arms.)

Look up! Look up, Pauline!—for I can bear
Thine eyes! The stain is blotted from my name.
I have redeem'd mine honour. I can call
On France to sanction thy divine forgiveness!
Oh, joy!—Oh, rapture! By the midnight watchfires
Thus have I seen thee! thus foretold this hour!
And, 'midst the roar of battle, thus have heard
The beating of thy heart against my own!
Fool'd, duped, and triumph'd over in the hour
Of mine own victory! Curses on ye both!
May thorns be planted in the marriage-bed!
And love grow sour'd and blacken'd into hate,
Such as the hate that gnaws me!

Beausant.

Curse away!

Damas.

And let me tell thee, Beausant, a wise proverb
The Arabs have,—“Curses are like young chickens,
(Solemnly) And still come home to roost!”

Beausant.

Their happiness

Maddens my soul! I am powerless and revengeless!
(To Madame)

I wish you joy! Ha, ha! The gardener's son!

[Exit.]

Damas (to Glavis).—Your friend intends to hang himself! Methinks
You ought to be his travelling companion!

Glavis.

Sir, you are exceedingly obliging!

[Exit.]

Pauline.

Oh!

My father, you are saved,—and by my husband!
Ah, blessed hour!

Melnotte.

Yet you weep still, Pauline!

Pauline.

But on thy breast!—these tears are sweet and holy!

Mons. Deschap.—You have won love and honour nobly, Sir!

Take her;—be happy both!

Madame Deschap.

I'm all astonish'd!

Who, then, is Colonel Morier?

Damas.

You behold him!

Melnotte.

Morier no more after this happy day!
 I would not bear again my father's name
 Till I could deem it spotless! The hour's come!
 Heaven smiled on Conscience! As the soldier rose
 From rank to rank, how sacred was the fame
 That cancell'd crime, and raised him nearer thee!

Madame Deschap.—A colonel and a hero! Well, that's something!

He's wondrously improved! I wish you joy, sir!

Melnotte.

Ah! the same love that tempts us into sin,
 If it be true love, works out its redemption;
 And he who seeks repentance for the Past
 Should woo the Angel Virtue in the Future!

Here we close our extracts from the play, and with it our notice of Bulwer's Drama; for he has withdrawn the "Sea Captain," intending to remodel it for the stage at some future opportunity, so that it would be premature to express any opinion of its merits at present; and the admirable comedy of "Money" is written entirely in prose, and therefore falls without the limits of our present design. We have now only to make some general remarks upon Bulwer's Plays, which seem to come more fitly at the end of our notice, than as a pendent to any particular play.

We have hitherto spoken in almost unqualified praise of Bulwer's dramatic writings. We were searching for flowers, and cared not to mingle the nettle or the thistle with our garland; and the faults we have now to find are rather negative than positive, and relate more to the general tone and tendency of the plays, than to this or that particular passage. And first we may remark, that these dramas derive their interest more from passion than character; more from the display and expression of excited feeling, than from the exhibition of the idiosyncrasies of human nature, which render passion varied and instructive. Bulwer never mines down to the adamant foundations of intellect upon which the moral world rests, with its varied surface of green and arid, its leafy glades and towering hills, its murky clouds and sunny brightness, its rolling and flashing tempests, and its still whispering breezes. All his characters think the same thoughts, and speak the same language, varied only by their different ages and circumstances. Even Richelieu, decidedly the loftiest and most intellectual of his creation, is capricious, impetuous, boy-like—the slave, and not the master of his passions; we find no philosophic laying-bare of the complex workings of his contradictory nature, in which great and little elements are so strangely blended. He is to us a riddle, the answer to which we must look for out of the pages of the dramatist, notwithstanding those pages needlessly abound in soliloquy and self-communing. And then the pitiful love-story, which forms the main subject of the play,—why resort to such common-place means of attracting interest? it shews at least want of power, so to prop up the strong by the weak, to make a lily-stem the shaft for the statue of Hercules. We do not mean to say that the love is not good love,—that Julie and De Mauprat do not make an excellent pair; but we want no love-makings, neither marrying, nor giving in marriage. The play should have been pure statuesque, a mighty form raised

upon a plain solid column ; not a *tableau* where the Cardinal king leads off the dance with a wreath of roses on his head, and the bowl and dagger in his hand. And again, of Bragelone ; however we may feel with the enthusiastic devotion of the constant though abandoned lover, a man must be a fool who, after five-and-twenty, stakes his all upon a girl's fancy ; and if the dice turn up against him, retires to the cloister :—pah ! a monk's cowl is no fit covering for the warrior's head, however heart-sick he may be. 'Tis ineffable weakness ; cold bathing and purgatives are needed. Claude Melnotte too, under the excuse we suppose of wounded affection, commits a fraud upon a woman, so outrageous in its villainy, that we can hardly imagine a punishment too severe for it. Undoubtedly he makes a noble atonement, and with this trifling exception is a very fine fellow ; but such cool, deliberate cruelty as his, is utterly inconsistent with his nature ; and as to his being bound by his oath, why, even so loose a moralist as Paley (and we should be loath to put Bulwer so low as to compare him with a no-conscience philosopher,) scouts the idea. In brief, we imagine Bulwer's beau-ideal of a man to be one who can "love not wisely, but too well ;" whose whole energies are employed in the gratification of the passion of love ; and the female counterpart of this character is his "perfect woman nobly planned ;"—how different, how far beneath the conception of the poet whose lines we have quoted. How opposite, too, is such a standard of excellence to Shakspeare's, when he says in the character of Hamlet—

"Give me the man
Who is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts."

We are not, we imagine, doing much injustice to the character of the writings under review, when we confess that to us they give the notion of a man who would prefer to have the woman he loved for a mistress rather than a wife, though there is so much purity and sentiment in his passion, and such complete abandonment of self, that we have as little doubt that we are not doing him more than justice, in saying that he would treat his mistress better than most men treat their wives.

One word upon the style of these plays, and we are done. They are throughout too rhetorical and declamatory, and the language is too much ornamented for good dramatic writing. Passion, as has been said a thousand times, is simple, brief, and strong in expression ; indulges neither in elaborate diction, nor far-fetched classical figures, but goes straightforward to its object by the nearest road. Perhaps, however, it is to this very fault that they owe part of their success on the stage ; for by it they are certainly more adapted for Macready's style of acting, of which, together with Bulwer's plays, we may say, that though first-rate of their kind, they are neither of them of a first-rate kind.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DEC. 5.—At a congregation on Wednesday last a Grace passed the Senate:—To appoint the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. French, Master of Jesus, the Rev. Dr. Tatham, Master of St. John's, the Rev. Professor Whewell, Master of Trinity, the Regius Prof. of Divinity, the Norrisian Prof. of Divinity, the Margaret Prof. of Divinity, the Regius Prof. of Civil Law, and the Regius Prof. of Greek, a Syndicate to consider whether any and what steps should be taken, to provide a more efficient system of Theological Instruction in the University, and to report to the Senate before the end of the Lent Term. This proposition was received without opposition in the Senior, or *Black Hood House*, and though *non placet*ed in the Junior, or *White Hood House*, was carried by a majority of 23 to 3. The Rev. T. Whytehead, M.A., of St. John's coll., is appointed chaplain to the Bishop of New Zealand. Rev. J. J. Frobisher, M.A., of Trinity coll., has been appointed to the vicarage of Halse, Somersetshire.—Patroness, Mrs. Frobisher. Rev. Issac Hitchen, M.A., late of Pembroke coll., has been appointed rector of the Collegiate School, and assistant minister of St. Mary's Episcopal chapel, Glasgow. The Lord Bishop of Ely has collated the Rev. James Tillard, M.A., of St. John's coll., to the rectory of Connington, in this county. On the 23rd ult., the Rev. Robert M. Atkinson, M.A., formerly of St. John's coll., curate of Maddington, Wilts., was instituted on his own petition, to the rectory of Great Cheverill, in the same county, void by the death of the Rev. Robert Morris. At a meeting of the corporation of Wimborne, the Rev. Edward Banks, L.L.B., formerly of Trinity Hall, and rectory of Corfe Castle, was unanimously elected official of the peculiar and exempt jurisdiction of Wimborne Minster, in the room of W. J. Bankes, Esq., resigned.

DEC. 12.—The Rev. G. Platt, M.A., of Trinity coll., has been appointed to the vicarage of Sedburgh, Yorkshire, by the Master and Fellows of that society. The Rev. John B. Skipper, M.A., of Emmanuel coll., has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of Ashchurch, Gloucestershire, vacant by the cession of the Rev. Hen. Pruen. The Rev. John G. Uwins, M.A., of St. John's coll. has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of St. Matthew, at Ebley, in the parish of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, void by the cession of the Rev. H. W. B. Daubeney: patron, T. C. Croome, Esq., of Cainscop.

DEC. 19.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following Grace passed the Senate:—"That the existing regulations for the Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarships be continued." An arrangement has this week been made with Mr. Bailey, R.A., for a statue of the late Very Rev. James Wood, D.D., formerly Master of St. John's, to be placed in the chapel of that Society. The figure, which will be in a sitting posture, will be of white marble, and larger than life. We understand that the sum of 1000 guineas has been agreed upon as the price, which will be raised by voluntary subscription among the members of the college. The Bishop of Ely's Fellowship at St. John's coll., to which, it will be remembered, his Lordship resigned his right to nominate, leaving it open to public competition, has been conferred upon A. M. Hopper, of Trinity college, B.A. 1839, now a tutor of Eton: there were six candidates. At a meeting of the Purse Trustees, on Monday, Dec. 13, Joseph M. Croker, B.A., was elected a Fellow of Gonville and Caius coll. on the foundation of Dr. Perse. The Rev. B. Addison, B.A., of St. Peter's coll., has been appointed to the ministry of Bedford chapel, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, London. The Rev. Philip Anderson, B.A., of Corpus Christi coll., curate of St. Peter's, Ashton-under-Lyne, has been appointed to be a chaplain to the East India Company at Bombay. There will be congregations on the following days of the ensuing Lent Term:—Saturday, Jan. 22, (B.A. Commencement) at ten. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at eleven. Wednesday, 9, (Ash Wednesday) at eleven. Wednesday, 23, at eleven. Friday, March 11, (M.A. Inceptors) at ten. Friday, 18, (End of Term) at ten. Clare-hall Prizemen; *Declamation*—Haskoll, *Theme*—Sells, *Reading in Chapel*—Haskoll, *Divinity*—none adjudged. The Rev. Michael Gibbs, M.A., Fellow of Caius coll., has been elected by the Court of Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, to

the vicarage of Christ Church, Newgate-street, and St. Leonard's, Foster Lane. Lawrence Peel, Esq., M.A., of St. John's coll., brother of the Premier, has been appointed Chief Justice of Bengal, in the room of Sir Edward Ryan, who is retiring after the usual period of service. Mr. Peel has filled the office of Advocate-General at Calcutta since 1839. Yesterday se'nnight, the Crosse Scholarship was adjudged to Henry Lovell, B.A., of St. John's coll. The Rev. John H. Stephenson, M.A., formerly of Trinity coll., has been presented to the rectory of Corringham, Essex, void by the resignation of the Rev. Octavius Brock; patron, the heir of the late Rev. W. R. Stephenson. The Rev. Joseph W. Harden, M.A., formerly of St. John's coll., has been presented to the vicarage of Con Dover, Salop; patron, E. W. S. Owen, Esq. The Rev. A. G. Edouart, B.A., formerly of St. John's coll., has been presented to the benefice of St. Paul's church, Blackburn; patron, the Vicar of Blackburn. Henry M. Birch, scholar of King's coll., has been elected a Fellow of that society.

Dec. 24.—The lectures of the Norrisian Professor of Divinity will commence on Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1842. The Rev. J. H. A. Gwyther, M.A., of Trinity coll., has been presented by Sir Richard B. P. Phillips, bart., to the vicarage of Madely, Salop, void by the cession of the Rev. G. Edmonds. The Rev. John W. Peers, M.A., of Cath. Hall, has been preferred to the vicarage of Tetsworth, in the county of Oxford; patron, Richard Barry Slater, Esq., M.D.

JAN. 1, 1842.—Henry A. Woodham, B.A., has been elected a foundation Fellow of Jesus coll. The Rev. H. Howes, M.A., Caius coll., has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the rectory of Barton St. Andrew, Norfolk. The Rev. T. W. Salmon, M.A., formerly of Caius coll., has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Hopton, Suffolk, by the Dean and Chapter of Norwich. The Rev. St. V. Beechey, M.A., of Caius coll., has been nominated to the perpetual curacy of St. Peter's church, Fleetwood, by Sir H. Fleetwood, bart. The Rev. W. Oldfield, formerly of St. John's coll., has been appointed to the curacy of Bucknall and Bagnall, Staffordshire. The Rev. C. R. Alford, M.A., of Trinity coll., has been licensed by the Bishop of Worcester to the perpetual curacy of St. Matthew, in Rugby, Warwickshire. The Rev. H. N. Burrows, B.A., formerly of Trinity coll., late Principal of the Hull coll., has been elected Head Master of the Yarmouth, Proprietary school. The Bishop of Lichfield has licensed the Rev. George Lloyd, E.A., of Emmanuel coll., to the perpetual curacy of Willealey, in the county of Derby; patron, Sir Charles A. Hastings, bart.

JAN. 8.—John P. Burkett, B.A., of Jesus coll., has been appointed by Dr. Wordsworth to the Mathematical Mastership at Harrow, vacated by the Rev. J. W. Colenso, M.A. The Rev. W. Procter, M.A. of Cath. Hall, has been preferred to the vicarage of Bishop Burton, Yorkshire.

JAN. 15.—The Rev. William Godfrey, M.A., of John's coll., has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, to the rectory of Bredicot, Worcestershire. The Rev. James S. Money, B.A., of Emmanuel coll., has been appointed to the curacy of Alderley, Gloucestershire.

JAN. 22.—The Rev. W. G. Goodchild, B.A., of Sidney Sussex coll., has been appointed private chaplain to Thomas Hibbert, Esq., of Birtels, Cheshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. I. Bell. The Rev. E. James, B.A., late of Corpus Christi coll., has been collated by the Bishop of Bangor, to the vicarage of Llangurig, Montgomeryshire, void by the cession of the Rev. David James, vicar of Llanwnnog. On the 11th inst., the Hon. and Rev. Orlando W. Weld Forester, M.A., of Trinity coll., was instituted by the Lord Bishop of Hereford, to the rectory of Broseley, Salop, on the presentation of Lord Forester. On the same day, the Rev. Watson Jos. Thornton, M.A., of Trinity coll., and rector of Llanwarne, was collated by the Lord Bishop of Hereford to the prebend of Wellington, in the Cathedral church of Hereford. A. Bramah, B.A., of Jesus coll., has been elected second master of the Western Grammar school, Brompton. The Rev. P. C. Nicholson, M.A., formerly of Trinity coll., has been licensed by the Lord Bishop of Chester, to the stipendiary curacy of St. Peter's Ashton-under-Lyne; patron, the rector. The Rev. Stuart Corbett, M.A., son of Archdeacon Corbett, has been presented to the living of Ordsall, Nott's., vacant by the demise of the Rev. Francis Foxlowe; patron, the Right Hon. Lord Wharnccliffe. The Margaret Prof. of Divinity has given notice that he will resume his lectures on the Early Fathers, on Wednesday the 2nd of February, at one o'clock, in the room at the Pitt Press, and will continue them on subsequent Wednesdays and Fridays of Term.

JAN. 29.—Yesterday Mr. George Jarvis, B.A. and Mr. John Fenwick, B.A., of Corpus Christi coll., were elected Fellows of that society. The following gentlemen have been this year elected to the Scholarships at Clare Hall:—1st Atkinson, 2nd Bryans, 3rd Mann, 4th Frampton, 5th Jubb, 6th Nelson. The Rev. John Chapman, M.A., Fellow of King's college, has been presented by the Provost and Fellows of that Society, to the rectory of Milton, near Cambridge. In the late list of honors in this University, the following gentlemen, who were students in King's college, London, appear among the Wranglers, viz., Cayley, Senior Wrangler; Fuller, fourth; Smith, B. F., Fenn, Westmorland, and Dumergue. And among the Senior Optimes, Walpole, Wolfe, Shaw, Thrupp, and Kingsley. Mr. G. M. Sykes, of Trinity coll., has been elected a Fellow of Downing coll. Mr. George Allen, son of the Bishop of Ely, has been elected warden of Dulwich coll. On Tuesday, Robert Merry, Esq., B.A., Ley Fellow, of Jesus coll., was nominated to a foundation Fellowship by the Society; the confirmation of this appointment rests with the Bishop of Ely. Both this and the previous election of H. A. Woodham, Esq., were made under the new statutes which have been lately granted to the coll. F. Calder, Esq., B.A., scholar of St. John's coll., has been elected to a mastership in King Edward the Sixth's Free Grammar school, at Birmingham, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. H. B. Mason, M.A. Dr. Haviland has given notice that he will commence his lectures on the principles of Pathology and the Practice of Medicine, on Thursday next, February 3. The inhabitants of Clipston have presented the Rev. E. Baines, of Christ's coll., late rector of Clipston, and now of Bluntisham-cum-Earsh, with an elegant silver vase, mounted on an agate pedestal.

FEB. 5.—The Rev. H. Butterfield, M.A., formerly of Christ's college, Minor Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Rector of Brockdish, Norfolk, has been presented to the rectory of Fulmer, Bucks, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. W. Champnes; patron, the Dean and Canons of Windsor. Value, £285.—The Lord Bishop of Exeter has collated the Rev. Stephen Noworthy, formerly of Sidney college, to the rectory of Buckland Filleigh. Value, £286. The Queen's Professor of the Civil Law has resumed his Lectures. The Lectures are read in the Law School. The days of attendance in each week during the present Term will be Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; at ten o'clock. The Professor has appointed the following days for examination:—Wednesday, the 16th Feb.; Wednesday, the 23rd Feb.; and Wednesday the 2nd March. The examination will be conducted on each day from 9 to 12, and from 1 to half-past 3 o'clock. The Greek Professor has given notice that his lectures on Pindar are postponed. The Arabic Professor has given notice, that his lectures will commence of Thursday, April 7, at one o'clock, in the combination room of St. Catharine's-hall, and will be continued every day till the division of term. Subjects: The Chrestomathies of Kosegarten and De Sacy, the Koran, and the Makamat of Hariri. On Thursday last, the Master and Fellows of Caius college elected the Rev. Joseph Henry Jerrard, M.A., a senior Fellow, and the Rev. Charles Clayton, M.A., a Frankland Fellow of that society. Dr. Smith's prizes of 25*l*. each to the two best proficient in mathematics, were last Saturday adjudged as follows:—*First Prize*: Ds. Caley, Trinity college, (1st Wrangler.) *Second Prize*: Ds. Simpson, St. John's, (2nd Wrangler.) The Rev. Dr. Archdall, Master of Emmanuel college and Vice-Chancellor of this university, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the stall in Norwich Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Fisher, late Master of the Charter House. *Ball Scholarships*: The Vice-Chancellor has given notice, that an election of two scholars upon this foundation will take place on Friday the 11th of March, 1842, and that the members of any college, (except King's college and Trinity Hall) sons or orphans of clergymen, who were admitted between the commencements of 1840 and 1841, may be candidates. The candidates are required to signify their intention of offering themselves on or before Thursday, the 10th of February, in a Latin epistle, to be presented to each of the electors, who are: the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Turton, Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Geldart, Regius Professor of the Civil Law, Dr. King, Lucasian Professor, Mr. Crick, Public Orator. The examination will commence on Monday, the 14th of February, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in the Senate-House. Each candidate will be expected to leave with the Vice-Chancellor (together with his epistle) a certificate from his college of the date of his admission, and of the terms that he has kept.—The Rev. W. Rushton, B.A., of Trin. coll., has been elected second master of Brewood Grammar School. The Rev. H. V. Broughton, of St. Peter's coll., has been preferred to the vicarage of Well-

ingborough: patron, Mr. Quintus Vivian. Yesterday se'nnight J. S. Mansfield, Esq., of Trin. coll., and R. Potter, B.A., of Queens' coll., were called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Yesterday se'nnight W. H. Roberts, Esq., M.A., of Emmanuel coll., and W. M. R. Haggard, Esq., LL.B., of Trin.-hall, were called to the degree of Barrister-at-law by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. W. Willan, Esq., B.A., of Christ's coll., has been elected to the office of Vice-Principal in the collegiate school of Huddersfield. The Lord Bishop of London has, with the concurrence of her Majesty's government, been pleased to appoint the Rev. Barton Lodge, M.A., late incumbent of Theydon Bois, in the county of Essex, to the episcopal church of Buenos Ayres. The Lord Bishop of Exeter has collated the Rev. Stephen Nosworthy, formerly of Sidney Sussex coll., to the rectory of Buck and Filleigh. We understand this appointment was made as a mark of the sense which his lordship entertains of the rev. gentleman's services, as curate of Widdicombe-in-the Moor, for upwards of twenty years.

Meetings of Societies.

Dec. 5.—*Cambridge Philosophical Society.* At a meeting of the Philosophical society, held Nov. 29, Prof. Challis, one of the Vice-Presidents, in the Chair, a paper by Prof. De Morgan was read on the Foundations of Algebra. Mr. Power of Trinity hall, then read a communication on the subject of the accident (of October the 2nd) on the Brighton Railway, in which he showed clearly in what manner the accident took place, and proposed a simple and effectual remedy for preventing its recurrence, illustrating his theory by a model. Afterwards, Mr. Stanford, of Christ's, offered some observations on a newly invented locomotive engine.

Dec. 12.—*Antiquarian Society.* On Monday, Dec. 6, the Society held its meeting for the present Term. The President received the members at the Lodge, St. John's coll., at one o'clock, soon after which the usual routine of business commenced. The minutes of the general meeting, in May, were read, the names of new members declared, and presents enumerated, among which was an interesting drawing of the exterior of St. Sepulchre's church, exhibiting the triforium gallery, which is denuded by the temporary removal of the aisle roof; and a selection of engravings from the Architectural Antiquities, presented by J. Britton, Esq. F.S.A. Several communications sent to the Society were brought forward: a speech, delivered by Dr. Taylor in the Senate House, on occasion of the opening of the King's Library, July 3, 1757, (this was copied from the original in the library of Shrewsbury school);—a list of articles relating to Cambridge History, scattered in the MSS. of the Bodleian Library; a curious preface to a work entitled "*Figure veteris et Novi Testamenti*" *seu* "*Versus ad depingendum in muros ecclesie*;" this document belonging to the date of Henry III., gives a curious account of the subject of church fresco painting in that age; the volume is MS. 11039, in Sir Thos. Phillipps' collection, who favoured the society with a copy of it from his press. A short paper, by John Frederick Stanford, Esq., M.A., was read to the meeting, respecting a curious custom of judicial combat between man and wife, according to the statutes of the ancient city of Wurtzburgh: sketches from the illuminations which illustrate the original, accompanied the paper. This notice was taken from the "*Fecht Buch des Herrn Jallhofer*," bearing date MD.XLIX. An account of some ancient figured bricks, which were all in the possession of an inhabitant of the town, except one in the Fitzwilliam Museum: this was principally taken from Bowtell's MS.: the casts from the bricks, shown on this occasion, were presented at the last meeting. An interesting communication was made by A. H. Woodham, Esq., on the constitution of college libraries. Mr. Woodham pointed out the formation of these collections, as effected by a gradual accumulation of deposits, which in more ancient times were generally of considerable bulk, the bequests of entire libraries from founders and benefactors. He then proceeded to describe the advantage which would be likely to result from the analysis of these libraries, such as the discovery of the peculiar course of study or tone, especially in Theology. The communication was concluded by a learned illustration of the curious library of Jesus college. The Rev. Thos. Clack then gave a particular and graphic account of the commencement and result, up to the present time, of researches made by himself, on the ground immediately adjoining his house in Litlington. He has disclosed the site of a large Roman villa, with more than thirty apartments, and a bath; and further off an extensive burying ground. On the last

occasion, he exhibited before the society a numerous and excellent selection of pottery and other articles of common use, found upon this site. His narrative proved the great importance of some resident in a county possessing the taste, knowledge, and industry of an antiquarian, so that matter of value in the way of illustrating the history of our country should not be lost or destroyed. The meeting willingly presented their thanks, through the president, to the authors of both these communications. Professor Corrie gave the society a brief notice respecting a MS. narrative, by the founder of St. Catherine hall, of the building of King's chapel; and the society obtained the prospect that a copy of this document might be presented to it for printing. It was also announced that communications were expected from two members, upon the history of two or three of the ancient county families. The meeting then separated. *The Camden Society.*—The twenty-third meeting of the Camden society was held on Monday last. In the absence of the President, the Rev. Prof. Willis took the chair at half-past seven o'clock, when sixty-three new members were ballotted for and elected. The President having taken the chair, the Lord Bishop of Exeter, was admitted a Patron by acclamation. The President then announced that the Lord Bishop of London had intimated his wish that his name should be erased from the list of Patrons, at the same time condescending to receive an explanation upon several points to which he had objected in the society's publications:—A list of Churches sent in and of presents received since the last meeting, was then read by the Secretary. A Report was next read from the Committee, embodying an answer to the memorial which had been sent by some member of the society, complaining of the tone of certain publications. Prof. Willis spoke at some length in explanation of his reasons for signing the memorial referred to, and the President pointed out the misapprehension under which he conceived the memorialists to labour. An audited statement of the society's accounts from May 8, 1841, to Dec. 4, 1841, was next read, from which it appeared that the balance in the hands of the Treasurer was £285. 3s. A Report then was read from the sub-committee appointed to examine the comparative accommodation and expense of pews and open seats, which established this important fact, that where the comparison is most favourable for pews with respect to the number accommodated, pews involve a loss of at least twenty per cent. as compared with open seats. A paper was read from the Rev. W. C. Lukis, containing a translation of a contemporary account of the consecration of three churches in Guernsey, of the 12th century. Another paper communicated by the same member on the Cluniac Priory, at Monkton Farley, was read, when the meeting adjourned.

Dec. 19.—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society, held Dec. 13th, the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, President, in the chair—an addition to Mr. De Morgan's paper on the Foundations of Algebra was read, and Mr. Hopkins read a memoir on the form of the Isothermal surfaces within the earth, and on the thickness of the earth's solid crust, supposing the central portion to be fluid. *Camden Society.*—*St. Sepulchre's.*—The restoration of the exterior fabric of the Round Church is nearly completed. The round isle is covered in, a conical roof is placed on the tower, and the workmen have begun to restore the windows of the clerestory. The further alterations proposed, namely, for enlarging and improving the accommodation by adding a south aisle to the chancel, with a view to leave the Round Church free, as in the Temple Church, London, will not be entered upon till the faculty has been granted, for which application has been made to the Ecclesiastical Court. The extent to which the proposed design will be carried out will, of course, depend mainly on the support which it will promptly receive from those who are interested in the restoration of Church worship and of pure Ecclesiastical architecture. The Society means shortly to publish the designs, and to circulate a drawing of the proposed restoration, along with a list of the subscribers. *New Zealand.*—The Society is about to publish the designs which it presented to the Bishop of New Zealand, on his departure for the erection of the first, or pattern-church, of his diocese. The profits of the publication, if any, will be given to the fund for the erection of the church. *Alexandria.*—A new church is about to be built at Alexandria, for which the Society will furnish designs, and towards the erection of which £100 has been granted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Contributions to this object, as well as the two former, will be thankfully received, and may be paid (the object being specified) to the account of the "Cambridge Camden Society," at Messrs. Mortlocks.

College Examinations.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—*English Declamation Prize*: Nugée, Douglass, Shaw. *Latin Declamations*: Nugée, Mansfield. *Latin Verse*: Hotham. *Reading Prizes*: Smith, B. F.; Shaw. *Senior Sophs, First Class*: Cayley; Bryan, Cubitt; Fenn, J. F.; Shaw; Smith, B. F. *Junior Sophs, First Class*: Armitage; Atkinson; Blomefield; Coombe, T.; Gell; Gibbs; Gray; Johnson; Jones, W.; Newman, W. T.; Sargent, C. *Freshmen, First Class*: Bowring; Bristed, Mr.; Buxton, T. F.; Clark, W. G.; Cooper, G. H.; Dalyell; Davies; Edwards, L. C.; Fenn, N.; Hedley; Holmes; Hotham; Hughes, T.; Keary; Kingdon; Mould; Rastrick; Richards; Stewart, A.; Stokes; Thornton; Walker; Warren; Wrattislaw. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.—*First Year First Class*: Adams; Gruggen; Bashforth; Brown; Campbell; Foggo; Goodeve; Spencer; Gifford — Drew; Babb; Christian; Simons and Barnicoat, æq.: Fowler; Babington, Bulmer, and Boteler, æq.; Alston; Burbury; J. Cole; Slater; Watherstone; Cockle. *Second Year, First Class*: Hemming; Hiley; Dixon; Stephen; Waddingham; Gutch; Wall; Underwood; Mason; Barrett; Whittaker; Wright; Stewart; Gorham — Snowball; Wilkinson; Frewer; Curtis; Hoare; Leeding; Tatham; Lawson; Smith; O'Reilly; Walker; Murton; Field; Wilson; Chawner; Greensmith.

CAIUS COLLEGE.—In the examination held at Gonville and Caius college, on the second and two following days, the first places in Mathematics were assigned to the following:—*Freshmen*, Hopkins, 1st. prize; Woodhouse, 2nd prize; Watson, jun.; Brooke. *Senior Sophs*, Suffield; Ottley and Eastwood equal. No prize was given to the Junior Sophs. The first place in Moral Philosophy for the Junior Sophs, to Gould.

Prize Subjects.

The Vice-Chancellor has issued the following notice :—I. His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, CHANCELLOR of the University, being pleased to give annually a Gold Medal, for the encouragement of English Poetry, to such resident Undergraduate as shall compose the best Ode or the best Poem in heroic verse; the Vice-Chancellor gives notice that the subject for the present year is "*The Birth of the Prince of Wales*." N.B. The Exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor on or before March 31, 1842; and are not to exceed 200 lines in length.—II. The Most Noble the Marquis Camden being pleased to give annually a Gold Medal, as a prize for the best exercise in Latin Hexameter Verse; the Vice-Chancellor gives notice that the subject for the present year is "*Cæsar ad Rubiconem Constitit*." N.B. The Exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor on or before March 31, 1842; and are not to exceed 100 lines in length. All Undergraduates who shall have resided not less than two terms before the day on which the Exercises must be sent in, or who shall at least be then in the course of their second term of residence, may be candidates for this Medal: III. The Representatives in Parliament for this University, being pleased to give annually—(1) Two Prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin Prose Composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the Degree of Master of Arts; (2) And two other Prizes of fifteen guineas each, to be open to all Undergraduates, who shall have resided not less than seven Terms, at the time when the Exercises are to be sent in. The subjects for the present year are, (1) For the Bachelors, *Sanctius que ac reverentius visum de Actis Deorum credere quam Scire*. (2) For the Undergraduates, *Argentum et Aurum propitii an irati Dii negaverint dubito*. N.B. The exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1842. IV. Sir William Browne having bequeathed three Gold Medals, of the value of five guineas each, to such resident Undergraduates as shall compose (1) The best Greek Ode in imitation of Sappho; (2) The best Latin Ode in imitation of Horace; (3) The best Greek Epigram after the model of the Anthologia, and The best Latin Epigram after the model of Martial. The subjects for the present year are (1) For the Greek Ode, *Ad dextram de Vid declinavi, ut ad Periculis Sepulchrum accederem*: (2) For the Latin Ode, *Navis ornata atque Armata in Aquam deducitur*: (3) For the Greek Epigram, *Is solus nescit omnia*: (4) For the Latin Epigram, *Pari incepto Eventus dispar*. N.B. The Exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1842. The Greek Ode is not to exceed twenty-five, and the Latin Ode thirty stanzas. The Greek Ode must be accompanied by a literal Latin Prose Version.

—V. The Porson Prize is the interest of £400. stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident Undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is *Shakespeare, Hen. V. Act iv. Scene 1*; beginning "*O Ceremony!*" and ending "*Whose hours the Peasant best advantages.*" N.B. The metre to be *Tragicum Iambicum Trimetrum Acatalecticum*. These Exercises are to be accentuated and accompanied by a literal Latin Prose version, and are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1842. N.B. All the above Exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor privately; each is to have some motto prefixed; and to be accompanied by a paper sealed up, with the same motto on the outside, which paper is to enclose another, folded up, having the Candidate's Name and College written within. The papers containing the names of those Candidates who may not succeed, will be destroyed unopened. Any Candidate is at liberty to send in his Exercise *printed or lithographed*. No prize will be given to any Candidate who has not, at the time of sending in the Exercises, resided one term at the least.—The subject of the Sesonian Prize Poem for the present year is, "*The Cross planted on the Himalaya Mountains.*" Each Candidate for this Prize is to send his performance, without his name, to the Vice-Chancellor, (fairly written, or it will not be attended to,) on or before the 29th of September next, with some Latin verse upon it: and he is at the same time to send a paper sealed up, with his name written within, and the same Latin verse on the outside. The papers containing the names of the unsuccessful candidates will be destroyed unopened; by which regulation the delicacy of those who might otherwise fear a repulse, is, it is hoped, effectually consulted. The Hulsean Prize has been awarded to the Rev. Charles Wright Woodhouse, B.A., of Gonville and Caius coll. Subject:—"The Use and value of the Writings of the Antient Fathers, considered as auxiliary to the Proof of the Truth of the Christian Religion, and to the elucidation of its Doctrines."—The Trustees of the Hulsean Prize have given notice, that a premium of about one hundred pounds will this year be given for the best Dissertation on the following Subject:—"What is the relation in which the moral precepts of the New and of the Old Testament stand to each other?" The Dissertations are to be sent to one of the Trustees (the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Trinity college, or the Master of St. John's college, on or before the 20th of October, 1842, with the names of the respective authors sealed up. The author of the Essay best approved is to print it at his own expence, and is not to be a second time a candidate for the premium.—The Theological Prize, at Queens' coll., in this University, for the year 1841, open to those of B.A. standing, has been awarded to the Rev. Joseph Ketley, B.A., curate of St. Mark's, Kennington. The Subject, "Rom. i. 16."

Examination Subjects: the following will be the subjects of examination in the last week of the Lent term, 1843:—1. The Gospel of St. Luke. 2. Paley's Evidences. 3. Xenophon's Hellenica, Lib. i. 4. Virgil's *Æneid*, Lib. vi.

Degrees Conferred.

DRC. 5.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Medicine*: Thomas Willis, Caius—*Masters of Arts*: Samuel R. Carver, Cath. hall, John N. Wilkins, Trinity, John Stanford, Christ's—*Bachelor of Arts*: Charles Richison, Cath. hall.

DEC. 19.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred: *Master of Arts*: Edward Cusack, Cath. hall—*Bachelor in Physic*: James Simpson, Caius—*Bachelors of Arts*: W. E. Taunton, Trinity, E. M. S. Sandys, St. John's.

FEBRUARY 5, 1842,—*Bachelor in the Civil Law*: Richard Coote, Fellow of Trinity Hall.—*Bachelors of Arts*: John Green, Caius college; William S. Chalk, Caius college.

BACHELORS' COMMENCEMENT,

JANUARY 22, 1842.

Moderators; { T. GASKIN, M.A., Jesus College.
D. F. GREGORY, M.A., Trinity College.

Examiners; { A. THURTELL, M.A., Caius College.
R. POTTER, M.A., Queens' College.

WRANGLERS.

1 CAYLEY, Trin	14 Castlehow, Emm	27 Middlemist, Christ's
2 Simpson, Joh	15 Carter, Emm	28 Davies, H. Queens'
3 Mayor, R. B. Joh	16 Wilson, Joh	29 Cook, Joh
4 Fuller, Pet	17 Smith, B. F. Trin	30 Penny, Joh
5 Bird, Joh	18 Fenn, Trin	31 Davies, Joh
6 Jarvis, Corpus	Ainger, Joh	32 Eastwood, Caius
7 Shortland, Pemb	Goode, Pemb }	33 Venables, Pemb
8 Austin, Pet	21 Westmorland Jes	34 Bally, Christ's
9 Fenwick, Corpus	22 Dumergue Corpus	35 Light, Joh
10 Jones, Clare	23 Bryan, Trin	36 Walker, Sid
11 Frost, Joh	24 Shears, Joh	37 Tandy, Joh
12 Parnell, Joh	25 Greenwell, Joh	38 Kinder, Trin
13 Johnstone, Joh	26 Suffield, Caius	

SENIOR OPTIMES.

1 Vidal, J. H. Joh	19 Ommaney, Trin	37 Thrapp, Trin
2 Fitz Gerald, Christ's	20 Ridley, Jes	38 Atkinson, Clare
3 Hey, Joh	21 Douglass, Trin	39 Kingsley, Magd
4 Parkinson, Queens'	22 Hogg, Emm	40 Lloyd, Jesus
5 Ottley, Caius	23 Marie, Queens'	41 Postle, Corpus
6 Allen, Trin	24 Tabor, Trin	42 Woodford, Pemb
7 Metcalfe, Sid	25 Swann, Christ's	43 Thurnall, Sid
8 Vidal, O. E. Joh	26 Haslehurst, Trin	44 Blake, Jes
9 Inchbald, Cath	27 Little, Christ's	45 Montagu, Caius
10 Penrose, Magd	28 Green, Caius	46 Balderstone, Joh
11 Riley, Trin	29 Hughes, J. Queen's	47 Boyce, Sid
12 Brooks, Joh	Cobb, Corpus }	48 Rothery, Joh
13 Gillett, Emm	Shaw, Trin }	49 Salkeld, Pet
14 Walpole, Caius	32 Fowell, Christ's	50 Gordon, Pet
15 Rowton, Joh	33 Parr, Cath.	51 Stansfeld, Joh
16 Wolfe, Joh	34 Sharples, Joh	52 Munro, Trin
17 Morse, Joh	35 Hopwood, Pet	
18 Clabbe, Joh	36 Buckham, Joh	

JUNIOR OPTIMES.

1 Twisaday, Joh	9 Peter, Jes	17 Yeoman, Trin
2 Maul, Joh	10 Webster, Emm	18 Hough, Caius
3 Vaughan, Christ's	11 Smythies, Emm	19 Sheepshanks, Trin
4 Wilkinson, Joh	Pratt, Joh	20 Shackleton, Cath
5 Teague, Emm	Ramsay, Trin }	21 Firman, Queens'
6 Kerry, Trin	Hutchins, Trin }	22 Worledge, Clare
7 Sheringham, Joh	Slade, Joh }	23 Barstow, Trin
8 Nugés, Trin	16 Conybeare, Pet	

ÆGROTAT.

Onslow, - Emm.

DEGREES ALLOWED.

Bishop, Corpus	Knipe, Pemb	Parry, Christ's
Fowler, Clare	McNiven, Trin	Wyer, Joh
Hamilton, Trin	Parminster, Trin	

QUESTIONISTS, NOT CANDIDATES FOR HONORS.

Examiners. { J. TOZER, M.A., Caius College.
D. T. ANSTED, M.A., Jesus College.
C. S. DRAKE, M.A., Jesus College.
W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., Trinity College.
J. FENDALL, M.A., Jesus College.
M. A. ATKINSON, M.A., Trinity College.

1	DENMAN, Trin	48	Nevile Rolfe, Trin	95	De St Croix } John's
2	Maskew, Sidney	49	Langdon, } John's	96	Fowler, } Magd
3	Collett, Pet	50	Smelt, } Caius	97	Newbould, Trin
4	Briant, Queens'	51	Plomer, John's	98	Bellman, Pet
5	Jukes, Trin	52	Daman, Queens'	99	Dutton, Trin
6	Beresford, John's	53	Griffith, Jesus	100	Millman, John's
7	Browne, Corpus	54	Morice, Trin	101	Whitelock, John's
8	Felgate, Trin	55	Mayor, C. John's	102	Willis, Trin
9	Hewett, Sidney	56	Bulwer, Trin	103	Lighton, Trin
10	Webb, Trin	57	Green, John's	104	Harriott, Trin
11	Dawes, Trin	58	Hilton, } Jesus	105	Call, } John's
12	Francis, Trin. H.	59	Robinson, } Clare	106	Lush, } Corpus
13	Dowding, Caius	60	Williamson, Trin	107	Caulfeild, H. C. Trin
14	Williams, Clare	61	Biddulph, } Emm	108	Hewit, Trin
15	Wagner, Trin	62	Mansfield, } Trin	109	Franks, Trin
16	Holligan, Trin	63	Mott, John's	110	Day, John's
17	Brimley, Trin	64	Lewis, D. P. John's	111	Burman, } Caius
18	Snappe, Christ's	65	Hartopp, Trin	112	Burr, } Joh's
19	Norman, Queens'	66	Burgess, } Christ's	113	Rogers, Trin
20	Dew, Jesus	67	Tomlins, } John's	114	Williams, Trin
21	Clarke, Down	68	Campbell, Trin	115	Gream, Magd
22	Fenwick, John's	69	Howell, Emm	116	Fane, John's
23	Sheldon, Trin	70	Crouch, } Trin	117	Monk, John's
24	Marston, Trin	71	Richardson, } Jesus	118	Mills, Trin
25	Broadwood, Trin	72	Spong, } Caius	119	Dennis, Trin
26	Brown, S.C. John's	73	Boucher, Pet	120	Hughes, sen. Queens'
27	Metcalfe, John's	74	Hull, John's	121	Bell, John's
28	Luscombe, John's	75	Chase, } Queens'	122	Dry, Caius
29	Wilshire, John's	76	Corbett, } Trin	123	Wright, Pet
30	Blakiston, } Emm	77	Hibbit, Cath	124	Farr, John's
31	Finch, } Cath	78	Phillips, Queens'	125	Charles, Trin
32	Crompton, Trin	79	Nash, Pemb	126	Lee Warner, John's
33	Burnett, } John's	80	Pell, Trin	127	Hill, Jesus
34	Gilpin, } Trin	81	Marsden, Trin	128	Hewson, John's
35	Hutton, } Cath	82	Koe, Christ's		* * *
36	Milne, } Trin	83	Anson, Jesus		Bunce, Clare.
37	White, } Magd	84	Morris, Cath		Calvert, Pemb.
38	Chase, Emm	85	Allen, Cath		Featherston, Jes.
39	Crabbe, } Queens'	86	Creyke, } Cath		Haggitt, Pet.
40	Fleming, } John's	87	Foster, } Corpus		Henderson, Trin.
41	Burke, Queens'	88	Sanford, } Trin		Killick, Queens'.
42	Bingham, Jesus	89	Ambrose, } John's		Newnham, Trin.
43	Stanton, John's	90	Mathews, } Clare		Raven, Magd.
44	Ridout, Emm.	91	Croft, } Trin		Steel, John's
45	Suckling, Trin	92	Laing, } Queens'		Vincent, John's
46	Cole, A. W. John's	93	Turner, } Caius		
47	Goldham, Corpus	94	Parker, Corpus		

EGROTAT.

Headley, John's.

NOT PLACED.

Chalk, Caius.

SENATE-HOUSE EXAMINATION.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 5, 1842 9 to 11½.

[N. B.—*The Differential Calculus not to be used.*]

1. If a straight line fall on two parallel straight lines it makes the alternate angles equal.

2. If a straight line touch a circle, and if from the point of contact a straight line be drawn cutting the circle, the angles which it makes with the touching line are equal to the angles in the alternate segments of the circle.

3. Prove the rule for pointing in the division of decimals.

Ex. Divide 95.88 by 4700 and also by .068.

4. Divide $x^4 - ax^3 + 2a^2x - 4a^4$ by $x^2 - 2a^2$; and find the condition that $ax^2 + bx + c$ may be a complete square.

5. If $a : b :: a_1 : b_1 :: a_2 : b_2$, shew that

$$a : b :: a + a_1 + a_2 : b + b_1 + b_2,$$

$$\text{and } a : b :: \sqrt{(a^2 + a_1^2 + a_2^2)} : \sqrt{(b^2 + b_1^2 + b_2^2)}.$$

6. Solve the simultaneous equations

$$ax + by = c, \quad a_1x + b_1y = c_1.$$

What form do the values of x and y take when $\frac{a}{a_1} = \frac{b}{b_1} = \frac{c}{c_1}$, and what does it indicate?

7. Shew that the sum of a fraction and its reciprocal is always greater than 2. How can we, consistently with this truth, assume that

$$2 \cos \theta = x + \frac{1}{x}?$$

8. Prove that $\cos(A - B) = \cos A \cos B + \sin A \sin B$,

and that $(\cos A)^2 - (\sin B)^2 = \cos(A + B) \cos(A - B)$.

9. Express the cosine of half the angle of a plane triangle in terms of the sides. Are the two values given by the formula admissible?

10. Find the equation to a straight line which passes through a given point, and cuts off a given portion from the axis of x .

11. Find the polar equation to the parabola, the focus being the pole; and shew that $SP = SA (\operatorname{cosec} \theta)^2$, where θ is the angle which the tangent at P makes with the axis.

12. Prove that in the ellipse $SP \cdot HP = CD^2$.

13. Shew how to transform an equation into one of which the roots are the same as those of the original equation but with opposite signs.

Solve the equation $x^4 + 3x^3 + 2x^2 + 9x - 3 = 0$, of which two roots are equal but of opposite signs.

14. Prove that the sum of the angles of a spherical triangle is always greater than two right angles, and less than six right angles.

15. If a, b be the sides, c the hypotenuse of a right-angled spherical triangle, shew that $\cos c = \cos a \cos b$. Thence deduce the corresponding property of right-angled plane triangles.

16. Prove that $\log_a (1+x) = \frac{1}{\log_a a} \left(x - \frac{x^2}{2} + \frac{x^3}{3} - \frac{x^4}{4} + \&c. \right)$.

Having given $\log_{10} 2 = .301030$, find $\log_{10} .0025$.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 5, 1842 1 to 4.

[N. B.—*The Differential Calculus not to be used.*]

1. If three forces keep a point at rest, they are each as the sine of the angle contained by the other two.

2. Find the relation between the power and the weight in that system of pulleys in which the same string passes round all the pulleys, and shew where the end of the cord farthest from P is attached.

3. Find the distance of the centre of gravity of any number of particles in the same straight line, from a given point in it.

4. A body acted on by gravity descends in a straight line; find the space described from rest in a given time, and prove that it is equal to half the space which would be described in the same time with the last velocity continued uniform.

5. A body descends down an inclined plane; find the accelerating force, and velocity at any point; and shew that if u and v be the velocities at two points, $v^2 \sim u^2 = 2gy$, where y is the difference of the altitudes of the two points above a horizontal plane.

6. The path of a projectile in vacuo is a parabola with its axis vertical, and the velocity at any point is that acquired in falling from the directrix.

7. Shew that, when a solid is immersed in a fluid, the weight lost is to the whole weight as the specific gravity of the fluid is to that of the solid. A mineral weighs 65 grains in vacuo and 44 grains in water; what is its specific gravity?

8. If a surface be immersed in a fluid of uniform density, shew that the pressure at any point is proportional to its depth below the surface of the fluid. Compare the pressures on a side and on the horizontal base of a regular tetrahedron filled with fluid.

9. Explain the construction and graduation of a thermometer. The point at which mercury freezes is indicated by the same number on the centigrade and on Fahrenheit's scale, determine the number.

10. Explain the optical term "geometrical focus": determine its position when a small direct pencil of converging rays is reflected at the centre of a concave spherical mirror; and prove

that the convergence of the reflected pencil is greater than that of the incident pencil by a constant quantity.

11. The deviation of a ray passing through a prism denser than the surrounding medium is always from the refracting angle of the prism.

12. Explain the formation of images by lenses. Describe the astronomical telescope, shew how the images are formed, and determine the field of view.

13. Enunciate and prove Newton's Lemma X.

14. Find the law of force by which a body may describe an ellipse round its centre; determine the velocity at any point, and the periodic time.

15. Navigators find that in sailing round the earth in one direction they gain a day, and in the other direction they lose a day; shew how this arises.

16. Find the latitude from two equal altitudes of the Sun, before and after noon, and the time between.

17. Distinguish between tropical, sidereal, and anomalistic years. Having given the length of a tropical year, determine the length of the sidereal year, the length of the mean tropical year being 365.242264 days.

THURSDAY, Jan. 6, 1842 9 to 11½.

1. WHEN any number of forces in one plane keep a rigid body in equilibrium about a fixed point, the pressure on the fixed point is the same as if all the forces were transferred thither, retaining their magnitudes and directions.

2. Define a statical couple; state the propositions for the transference of a couple; and shew that its effect is properly measured by the product of one of the forces into the perpendicular distance between their directions.

3. Shew that the velocity of a body, at any point of its path about a fixed centre of force, is equal to that which would be acquired by falling down one fourth of the chord of curvature through the centre of force, under the action of the force at that point continued constant.

4. A body is projected from a given point so as to describe an ellipse round a centre of force varying inversely as the square of the distance; find the position of the major axis, and determine the relation between the direction and the velocity of projection, in order that the major axis of the ellipse may be perpendicular to the initial distance of the body from the centre of force.

5. State D'Alembert's principle, and apply it to find the motion when one weight draws up another on the wheel and axle; determine also the tensions of the strings.

6. A circular cylinder containing a given quantity of fluid revolves round its axis which is vertical; find the form of the surface of the fluid, and determine the angular velocity that the fluid may rise to a given height.

7. Distinguish between "Specific Heat" and "Latent Heat."

Explain why high-pressure steam, issuing from an orifice, does not scald so severely as steam under the atmospheric pressure.

8. A small pencil of diverging rays is refracted directly through a transparent plate bounded by parallel planes; find the focus of the emerging rays to the second approximation.

9. Explain the construction of the negative eye-piece. What advantages and disadvantages attend its use?

10. Two bodies, attracting each other, describe similar figures about their centres of gravity and about each other.

11. Shew that, under the action of the Sun, the line of nodes of the Moon's orbit regresses during every revolution of the Moon.

12. In what plane does the aberration of a star take place? Determine the aberration in right ascension in terms of α and δ . What is the amount of the Sun's aberration?

13. Prove that in observing with a graduated circle, the error due to an eccentricity of the axis is eliminated by taking the mean of opposite readings.

14. Shew how to determine the longitude of a place by the transits of the Moon and Moon-culminating stars.

THURSDAY, Jan. 6, 1842 1 to 4.

1. If θ be the angle between the diagonals of a parallelogram whose sides a, b are inclined at angle α to each other, then
$$\tan \theta = \frac{2ab \sin \alpha}{a^2 - b^2}$$

2. If $\cos^2 \theta = \frac{\cos \alpha}{\cos \beta}$, $\cos^2 \theta' = \frac{\cos \alpha'}{\cos \beta}$, and $\frac{\tan \theta}{\tan \theta'} = \frac{\tan \alpha}{\tan \alpha'}$;

shew that $\tan \frac{\alpha}{2} \tan \frac{\alpha'}{2} = \tan \frac{\beta}{2}$.

3. From the extremities of any chord PQ of a conic section, draw the tangents PT, QT to meet in T ; then if α be the angle which the chord PQ makes with its corresponding diameter, $\cot TPQ - \cot TQP = 2 \cot \alpha$.

4. Shew that the length of the longer normal, drawn from a point in the minor axis of an ellipse at a distance c from its centre, and intercepted between that point and the curve $= \sqrt{\left(a^2 + \frac{c^2}{e^2}\right)}$.

5. If $x = ye^x$, shew that

$$\sin(a+y) = \sin a + a_1 \frac{x}{1} + a_2 \frac{x^2}{1.2} + \dots + a_n \frac{x^n}{1.2 \dots n} + \&c.$$

where $a_1 = \cos a$; and $a_n = (-1)^{n-1} (1+n^2)^{\frac{n-1}{2}} \cos \{a + (n-1) \cot^{-1} n\}$.

6. The velocities at the extremities of any chord of the parabola described by a body projected obliquely and acted on by gravity, when resolved in a direction perpendicular to the chord, are equal.

7. An elastic string passes over a tack, and is attached to the extremities of an uniform beam; supposing the increase of length of the string when stretched by the weight of the beam equal to twice the length of the beam, determine the position of equilibrium.

8. The sights of a gun are set so that the ball may strike a given object; shew that when the sights are directed to any other object in the same vertical line, the ball will also strike it.

9. If a, β be the distances of any two geometrical foci, Q, q from the surface of a spherical refracting medium, and Q', q' any other two geometrical foci, shew that

$$\frac{\beta}{a} \cdot \frac{1}{qq'} - \mu \frac{a}{\beta} \cdot \frac{1}{QQ'} = \frac{\mu-1}{r}.$$

10. If a line be drawn from the focus of an ellipse whose eccentricity = e , so as to make a given angle α with the tangent; shew that the locus of its intersection with the tangent will be a circle which touches or falls entirely without the ellipse according as $\alpha >$ or $< \cos^{-1} e$.

11. Two known stars are seen at a given place A on the same vertical, when at another place B they are rising together. Find the latitude and longitude of B .

12. A slender ring DEF is attached to another ring ABC by means of a string AD whose length = the radius of ABC ; supposing DEF to fall entirely within ABC , determine the tension of the string, when DEF is at rest, force of attraction of

$$ABC \propto \frac{1}{(\text{dist.})^3}.$$

13. If pyramids be formed between three conjugate diametral planes of an ellipsoid and a tangent plane, so that the products of the intercepted portions of the three conjugate diameters, may be the least possible; the volumes of all such pyramids will be equal.

14. Find the nature of the curve in which the tangents, at the extremities of any chord passing through the origin, meet the axis of z in two points equidistant from the origin; and shew from the result that a conic section is a particular case.

15. A ball whose elasticity is e is projected with a velocity V in a direction making an $\angle(\theta + a)$ with the horizon, and rebounds from a plane whose inclination is a which passes through the point of projection. Shew that if R_x, R_{x+1}, R_{x+2} be three consecutive ranges upon the inclined plane after $x, x+1$, and $x+2$ rebounds respectively, $R_{x+2} - (e + e^2) R_{x+1} + e^2 R_x = 0$; and that the sum of all the ranges on the inclined plane before the ball begins to slide down the plane

$$= \frac{2V^2 \sin \beta \sin \theta \cdot \cos(\theta + \beta)}{g \sin a \cdot \cos^2 \beta}; \text{ where } \cot \beta = (1 - e) \cot a.$$

16. A luminous point is placed in the major axis of an ellipse at a distance u from the centre, shew that the distance u_x of the image from the centre after the x^{th} reflexion will be found from the equation

$$\frac{ae - (-1)^x u_x}{ae + (-1)^x u_x} = \left(\frac{1+e}{1-e} \right)^{2x} \frac{ae - u}{ae + u}.$$

17. Two plates of uniaxal crystals are cut perpendicularly to the optic axis, one having its extraordinary ray related to an oblate, the other to a prolate spheroid; compare the magnitudes of the coloured rings, when both plates are placed together between the polarizing and analyzing plates, with their magnitudes when each of the plates is placed in the same position separately; the retardation in a plate being expressed by

$$T \frac{c^2 - a^2}{2av} \sin^2 i.$$

FRIDAY, Jan. 7, 1842 9 to 11½.

1. SIMILAR triangles are to one another in the duplicate ratio of their homologous sides.

2. If two planes cutting one another be each of them perpendicular to a third plane, their common intersection will be perpendicular to that plane.

3. If a be an approximate square root of any number n , and $n - a^2 = b$; then $\sqrt{n} = a + \frac{2ab}{4a^2 + b}$ nearly. Shew that the square root of any number which is not a complete square is incommensurable.

4. Find the integral and positive values of x and y which satisfy the equation $13x + 19y = 1174$, and shew that the integral solutions of the indeterminate equation $ax + by = c$ are in arithmetical progression.

5. Assuming that

$$\{\cos \theta + \sqrt{(-1) \sin \theta}\}^{\frac{1}{m}} = \cos \frac{2r\pi + \theta}{m} + \sqrt{(-1) \sin \frac{2r\pi + \theta}{m}},$$

shew that this formula admits of m values exactly, and apply it to find the three values of $(+1)^{\frac{1}{m}}$.

6. Shew that the solution of the equation $x^{mn} - 1 = 0$ when m and n are prime numbers, may be made to depend upon the solutions of the equations $x^m - 1 = 0$ and $x^n - 1 = 0$.

What exception is there to the generality of this assertion?

7. Having given two sides and the included angle of a spherical triangle, determine one of the other angles.

8. Having given any diameter of an ellipse, find the position and magnitude of its conjugate.

9. Find the axes of an elliptic section of a right cone.

10. Investigate the conditions that a straight line may coincide with a plane. Find the equation to a plane passing through two parallel straight lines.

11. Differentiate $\{x + \sqrt{(1+x^2)}\}^{\frac{1}{n}}$, $\log_e(\tan x)$, and $\sin^{-1}\left(\frac{x-1}{\sqrt{2}}\right)$.

If $u=f(y)$, and $y=\phi(x)$; find $d_x u$ and $d_x^2 u$ in terms of $d_y u$, $d_y^2 u$, $d_y y$, and $d_x^2 y$.

12. Find the value of a fraction whose numerator and denominator are evanescent, and apply the method to find the value of

$$\frac{m \sin \theta - \sin m \theta}{\theta (\cos \theta - \cos m \theta)} \text{ when } \theta = 0,$$

and that of $x^{\frac{1}{1-x}}$ when $x = 1$.

13. Prove that the arc of the evolute varies by the same differences as the radius of curvature, and find the length of the evolute of a portion of the hyperbola included between the vertex and the extremity of the latus rectum.

14. Integrate $\frac{1}{\sqrt{(1+2x-x^2)}}$, $\frac{3x-1}{x^3-x^2-2x}$, xe^{mx} ,

$e^{mx} \cos nx$, and thence deduce $\int_x e^{ax} \cos nx$.

Find the area contained by all the loops of the curve whose equation is $r = a \cdot \sin n\theta$.

FRIDAY, Jan. 7, 1842 1 to 4.

1. In a triangle ABC , if E, F be the points where perpendiculars from the opposite angles meet the sides AC, AB , shew that $BC^2 = AB \cdot BF + AC \cdot CE$.

2. Prove that, if $\frac{p}{q}, \frac{p_1}{q_1}, \frac{p_2}{q_2}$ be three consecutive convergents of a continued fraction, $\frac{p_1}{q_1} = \frac{p_2 - p}{q_2 - q}$.

3. If a, b, c be the sides, A, B, C the angles of a triangle,
 $a \cos A + b \cos B + c \cos C = 4R \sin A \sin B \sin C$:
 R being the radius of the circumscribing circle.

4. If $C_r(n)$ be the number of combinations, and $P_r(n)$ the number of homogeneous products of r dimensions which can be made with n letters, shew that, so long as $n - m < r$,

$$P_r(m) - C_1(n) P_{r-1}(m) + C_2(n) P_{r-2}(m) - \&c. \pm C_r(n) = 0.$$

5. If lines drawn through any point in an ellipse to the extremities of any diameter meet its conjugate (CD) in points M, N , prove that $CM \cdot CN = CD^2$.

6. A fixed circle is cut by a series of circles, all of which pass through two given points: shew that the lines which join the points of intersection of the fixed circle with each circle of the series all converge to one point.

7. A ball of given weight and radius is hung by a string of given length from a fixed point, to which also is attached another given weight by a string so long that the weight hangs below the ball: find the angle which the string, to which the ball is attached, makes with the vertical.

8. Two perfectly elastic balls are dropped from two points not in the same vertical line, and strike against a perfectly elastic horizontal plane: shew that their centre of gravity will never re-ascend to its original height, unless the initial heights of the balls be in the ratio of two square numbers.

9. If two straight lines at right angles to each other on an inclined stratum make angles α, β with the horizontal plane, the dip (θ) of the stratum is given by the equation

$$\cos \theta = \{\cos(\alpha + \beta) \cos(\alpha - \beta)\}^{\frac{1}{2}}.$$

10. Two ships are sailing uniformly with velocities u, v along lines inclined at an angle θ ; shew that if a, b be their distances at one time from the point of intersection of the courses, the least distance of the ships is equal to

$$\frac{(av - bu) \sin \theta}{(u^2 + v^2 - 2uv \cos \theta)^{\frac{1}{2}}}.$$

11. Prove that the orthogonal trajectory of a series of ellipses described round the same foci is a confocal hyperbola.

12. If a transparent plate lie between two media of unequal densities, each less than that of the plate, and if a ray, passing from the denser of the external media into the plate, fall at the critical angle on the third medium, the angle of incidence at the first surface of the plate will be the critical angle from the first on the third medium.

13. A thin surface in the form of a paraboloid of revolution is just immersed in a fluid, first with its base, next with its vertex downwards by means of two weights W, W' : shew that if h be

the height of a column of fluid whose weight is equal to the atmospheric pressure, $h = a \left(\frac{W}{W'} \right)^{\frac{1}{2}} \frac{W}{W' - W}$, a being the height of the paraboloid.

14. If $F\{x, y, z, a, b, c\} = \phi\{u, v, w, a, b, c\}$, where F is homogeneous of the n^{th} degree in x, y, z , and

$$u = \frac{dF}{dx}, \quad v = \frac{dF}{dy}, \quad w = \frac{dF}{dz},$$

prove that $x = (n-1) \frac{d\phi}{du}$, $y = (n-1) \frac{d\phi}{dv}$, $z = (n-1) \frac{d\phi}{dw}$.

15. If a normal to the surface, of which the equation is

$$x \cos nz - y \sin nz = 0,$$

move along any one of its generating lines, it will trace out a hyperbolic paraboloid.

16. A quadrilateral formed of four unequal beams jointed together at their extremities, is compressed by a given force in the direction of one diagonal: find the force in the direction of the other diagonal which will resist the compression.

17. A homogeneous rectangular beam turns freely round a horizontal axis passing through the middle point of one end and parallel to a terminal edge, while the other end dips into a fluid of greater specific gravity: find the position of equilibrium.

18. If $\phi(a-x)$ be an algebraical function which vanishes when $x=c$, prove that

$$\int_0^c dx \phi(a-x) \cdot x^{n-1} = \Gamma(n) \left(\frac{d}{da} \right)^{n-1} \phi(a).$$

Evaluate $\int_0^{\infty} \frac{(x^2 + a^2) dx}{x^4 + b^2 x^2 + b^4}$ and $\int_0^{\frac{1}{2}\pi} dx \cos(a \tan x)$.

Solve the functional equation

$$\phi(x) + \phi\{x + \phi(x)\} = 0.$$

19. If $p_1, p_2, \dots, p_{2n-1}, p_{2n}$ be the perpendiculars drawn from any point in the circumference of a circle on the sides of a regular circumscribing polygon of $2n$ sides, shew that

$$p_1, p_2, \dots, p_{2n-1} + p_2 \cdot p_4 \cdot \dots \cdot p_{2n} = \frac{a^n}{2^{n-2}},$$

where a is the radius of the circle.

20. If four similar surfaces of the second order intersect each other, the planes of their intersections two and two all pass through one point.

21. An inelastic cylinder rolls down a rough inclined plane, and strikes against another plane equally inclined to the horizon but in the opposite direction: shew that if the angle between

the planes be less than 60° the sphere will, after the blow, be reduced to rest.

22. The shortest distance between two points on a surface never coincides with a line of curvature, unless it be a plane curve.

23. A particle is constrained to move in a straight line, and is attached to an elastic string in such a way that the string is unstretched when perpendicular to the given line: shew that the time of a small oscillation may be expressed by an elliptic function of which the modulus is $\sin 45^\circ$.

24. A cylindrical shell of infinite length has its interior surface kept at a temperature 1, while its exterior surface is kept at the temperature 0: find the permanent temperature at any point.

SATURDAY, Jan. 8, 1842 9 to 11½.

1. If two equal circles cut each other, and if through one of the points of intersection a line be drawn terminated by the circles, the lines joining its extremities with the other point of intersection are equal.

2. Shew that when n is any prime number greater than 2, $x^n - 1$ when divided by n will leave the same remainder as $(x - 1)^n$ divided by n .

3. If the sines of the angles of a triangle be in arithmetical progression, the cotangents of the half-angles are also in arithmetical progression.

4. A body is projected vertically upwards from a point A with a given velocity; find the direction in which another body must be projected with a given velocity from a point B in the same horizontal line with A so as to strike the first body.

5. If a right cone be cut by a plane in a hyperbola, the angle (ϕ) between the asymptotes of the section is determined by the equation

$$\cos \frac{\phi}{2} = \frac{\cos \alpha}{\sin \theta},$$

where α is the semi-vertical angle of the cone and θ the inclination of the cutting plane to the base of the cone.

6. Two bevelled wheels roll together; having given the angular velocity of the first wheel and the inclination of the axes of the cones, find their vertical angles that the second wheel may revolve with a given angular velocity.

7. A carriage moves on a railroad with a given velocity round a curve of given radius; find the amount by which the outer rail must be elevated above the inner one, in order that the carriage should not be overturned towards the outside.

8. If a point on a sphere be referred to two great circles, at right angles to each other, as axes, by means of the portions of

these axes cut off by great circles drawn through the point and two points on the axes each 90° from their intersection: shew that the equation to a great circle is

$$\frac{\tan \theta}{\tan \alpha} + \frac{\tan \phi}{\tan \beta} = 1;$$

θ and ϕ being the co-ordinates of any point in the circle, and α and β their values when the circle cuts the axes.

9. Find the locus of the ultimate intersections of perpendiculars drawn to normals to a parabola at the points where they cut the axes.

10. A thin book lies on a desk: find the greatest angular velocity round a vertical axis which can be given to the desk without throwing off the book.

11. Find the quantity of light received by an infinite plate placed at a given distance from a self-luminous sphere.

12. What is the geometrical interpretation of the equation

$$(x-a)^2(y-b)^2 + (x-a)^2(z-c)^2 + (y-b)^2(z-c)^2 = 0?$$

13. (a) Eliminate by differentiation the functions from

$$z = x^a f\left(\frac{y}{x}\right) + \frac{1}{y^a} \phi\left(\frac{x}{y}\right).$$

(b) If u, v be functions of x , prove that

$$\frac{d^n(uv)}{dx^n} = v \frac{d^n u}{dx^n} + n \left(\frac{d}{dx}\right)^{n-1} \left(u \frac{dv}{dx}\right) - n \frac{(n-1)}{1.2} \left(\frac{d}{dx}\right)^{n-2} \left(u \frac{d^2 v}{dx^2}\right) + \&c.$$

14. If a concave mirror revolve round an axis through its centre, slightly inclined to the axis of the mirror, find the appearance on a screen placed at the further focus, when a series of electric sparks passes in quick succession through the nearer focus in the axis of revolution.

$$15. \text{ If } n^2 u + (2n+1) a \frac{du}{da} + (a^2 - \beta^2) \frac{d^2 u}{da^2} = 0,$$

shew that the equation is satisfied by

$$u = \int_0^\pi \frac{dx}{(a + \beta \cos x)^n}.$$

Integrate the equations

$$z \frac{d^2 z}{dx dy} + a \frac{dz}{dx} \frac{dz}{dy} = 0,$$

$$xy \frac{d^2 z}{dx dy} - x \frac{dz}{dx} - y \frac{dz}{dy} + z = xy,$$

$$u_{x+2} - 2au_{x+1} + a^2 u_x = a^2.$$

16. If a, b, c be the semi-axes of an ellipsoid taken in order, and e, e' the eccentricities of the principal sections containing the mean axis, shew that the perpendiculars from the centre on

the tangent planes at every point of the section of the surface made by the plane $ab'x = c'ez$ are equal.

17. Among the surfaces included in the equation

$$x \frac{dz}{dx} + y \frac{dz}{dy} = 0,$$

find that in which the principal radii of curvature are equal but of opposite signs.

18. Two balls, attracting one another with forces varying as the distance, are constrained to move in two grooves at right angles to one another, and start from rest at equal distances from the intersection of the grooves: at the expiration of a given time they are suffered to move freely: find the equation to the path described.

SATURDAY, Jan. 8, 1842 1 to 4.

1. EXPRESS 2 ft. $10\frac{1}{4}$ in. linear measure, and 5 ft. $79\frac{1}{8}$ in. square measure in the duodecimal scale of notation as feet and duodecimals of a foot; also, the latter quantity being the area of a rectangle one of whose sides is the former, find its other side by dividing in the duodecimal scale.

2. Find the sum of a converging geometrical series continued *ad infinitum*; and find the difference between the sum of an infinite number of terms and that of n terms, when the common ratio is a negative proper fraction.

3. Investigate a series for calculating the value of π , and find the value to 5 places of decimals.

4. If x and y be rectangular co-ordinates, what is represented by the equation

$$ax^2 + bxy + cy^2 = 0?$$

5. Find the angle between the tangent and radius vector of a curve referred to polar co-ordinates. Determine also whether the curve does, or does not, pass between the tangent and radius vector.

6. Explain what is meant by a diametral surface, a diametral plane, conjugate diametral planes, and principal diametral planes of surfaces. Shew that in surfaces of the second order the diametral surfaces are planes.

7. Integrate the equations $(1 + x^2) \frac{dy}{dx} + xy + 1 = 0$,

$$y^3 \frac{d^2y}{dx^2} = a^2.$$

Find the sum of any number of terms of the recurring series
 $0 + 4 - 16 + 48 - \&c.$

8. Find the conditions of equilibrium when any forces act on a rigid body in one plane.

Ex. A door rests on two hinges in a vertical line; determine the lateral pressure on the hinges, and shew that the portion of the vertical pressure supported by each is indeterminate.

9. Assuming the general relation between the pressure and the velocity in fluid motion, when the velocity at any point is independent of the time, find the approximate velocity with which an incompressible fluid, acted on by gravity, issues through a very small orifice in the vessel that contains it.

Ex. Find the approximate time of emptying half the fluid from a full conical vessel which has its axis vertical, and a small orifice at the vertex.

10. Shew that a ray of light enters a denser from a rarer medium at every angle of incidence. Find the critical angle when a ray in a denser medium falls on a rarer medium.

11. Find the attraction of a spherical shell on an internal and on an external particle, and hence the attraction of a solid sphere on a point within it, the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance.

12. Define the centre of spontaneous rotation of a rigid body, and find its position in an uniform rod when struck at any point.

13. Find through what portion of its orbit the motion of a planet appears retrograde, supposing the Earth and planet to describe circles about the Sun. Shew that if the Earth were at rest the motion of a superior planet would never appear retrograde.

14. What causes may be presumed to affect the relative positions of two fixed stars, which are apparently near together? Shew how the effects of these different causes may be distinguished from each other.

15. Calculate the relative maxima and minima intensities in the bright and dark rings in Newton's experiment, seen by transmission, when $\mu = 1.5$, from the formula

$$\text{Intensity} = \frac{a^2 (1 - e^2)^2}{(1 - e^2)^2 + 4e^2 \sin^2 \frac{\pi}{\lambda} V},$$

Fresnel's expression giving $\left(\frac{\mu - 1}{\mu + 1}\right)^2$ as the intensity of the light reflected perpendicularly at the surface of a medium, when unity is the intensity of the incident light.

MONDAY, Jan. 10, 1842 9 to 11½.

1. SHEW that the number of combinations of n letters taken r together is equal to that of the combinations of n letters taken $n - r$ together.

What is the number of terms in the expansion of

$$\{a_1 + a_2 + \&c. + a_n\}^m?$$

2. When a body is placed on a horizontal plane, it will stand or fall, according as the vertical line, drawn from its centre of gravity, falls within or without the base.

3. If two imperfectly elastic balls impinge obliquely, determine their motions after impact.

If the mass of one of them be to that of the other as their common elasticity to unity, shew that the motion of the first after impact will be parallel to the plane touching the spheres at the point of contact, if the motion of the other ball were so previously.

4. If two quantities substituted for the unknown quantity in an equation give results with different signs, an odd number of possible roots lies between them; but if they give results with the same signs, an even number or none at all lies between them.

5. A cord is stretched round a given arc of a cylinder; having given the coefficient of friction between the cord and the cylinder, find the force which, acting at one extremity of the cord will balance a force P at the other, P being on the point of preponderating.

6. Find the condition of achromatism in a double object-glass: point out the kinds of lenses of which it must be composed, and which of the lenses must have the lower dispersive power.

Trace an achromatised pencil through such an object-glass.

7. Find the equations to a tangent line at any point of a curve of double curvature: find also the equation to the locus of all tangent lines which can be drawn to a surface at one point.

8. If any forces act on a rigid body, and the resultant force be parallel to the axis of the resultant couple, the moment of the couple is a minimum.

9. Shew how to distinguish a singular solution from a particular integral of a given differential equation.

Is $y = x$ a singular solution or a particular integral of

$$(x+a) \left(\frac{dy}{dx} \right)^2 - y \frac{dy}{dx} = a?$$

10. Explain the object and advantages of rifling the barrel of a gun.

11. State and prove the principle of Virtual Velocities; apply it to find the condition of equilibrium when three forces act on a point.

12. Shew generally how to transform one double integral into another with different variables, having given the relations between the variables.

If $x = u \sin a + v \cos a$ and $y = u \cos a - v \sin a$, prove that

$$\iint f(x, y) \frac{dx dy}{\sqrt{(1-x^2-y^2)}} = \iint f_1(u, v) \frac{du dv}{\sqrt{(1-u^2-v^2)}}.$$

MONDAY, Jan. 10, 1842 1 to 4.

1. DEFINE discount, and determine the discount on 120*l*. 16*s*. 8*d*. due ten months hence, at 4½ per cent.

2. Explain the operation of the common pump, and find the force to be overcome at any part of the stroke.

3. Find the equations to the asymptotes of the curve
 $(x - 2a)y^2 = x^3 - a^3$,
 and shew that the curve cuts two of the asymptotes at points whose co-ordinates are $-\frac{a}{3}, \pm \frac{2a}{3}$.

4. Shew that the moment of inertia of a body, round an axis passing through any point, is equal to the moment of inertia round an axis parallel to it, through the centre of gravity, added to the product of the mass of the body and the square of the distance between the two axes.

Ex. Find the moment of inertia of a cylinder round a tangent to one of its circular ends.

5. Point out the effect of parallax on the circumstances of a solar eclipse, and shew how to construct for the places upon the Earth's surface at which a given solar eclipse is visible.

6. Shew that $\Delta^n \cos \pi x = 2^n \cos \pi(x + n)$,

$$\Delta^n u_x v_x = u_x \Delta^n v_x + n \Delta u_x \Delta^{n-1} v_{x+1} + \frac{n(n-1)}{1.2} \Delta^2 u_x \Delta^{n-2} v_{x+2} + \&c.,$$

and that $\Delta^n o^n, \Delta^n o^{n+1}, \Delta^n o^{n+2} \dots$ form a recurring series.

7. Find the horary motion of the Moon's nodes in a circular orbit; and shew that the mean horary motion of the nodes is half the horary motion when the Moon is in syzygy.

8. Explain how the attraction of the Moon on the Earth, each being supposed stationary, would raise the waters of the ocean on the side of the Earth nearest the Moon, and also on the side farthest from it.

Assuming the expression for the height of the tide at a given time and place, find the time of high tide.

9. An event having happened m times and failed n times in $m + n$ trials, find the probability that it will happen in the next trial, the probability of the simple event being unknown.

10. Find the whole accelerating force which acts on the Moon in a direction perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic.

11. State and prove the principle of Vis Viva, and shew that a body will pass through a position of stable or unstable equilibrium according as the Vis Viva is a maximum or a minimum.

12. Find the condition that $\int V dx$ may be a maximum or a minimum when $\int U dx$ is given.

Ex. Find the curve which generates, by its revolution round the axis of x , the solid of least surface when the area is given.

TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 1842 9 to 11½.

1. INTEGRATE the following equations :

$$(1) \quad d_x^2 y + n^2 y = \cos nx.$$

$$(2) \quad zydx + xzdy + (xy + az^2) dz = 0.$$

$$(3) \quad x d_{(y)} z + y d_{(x)} z = nz^2.$$

$$(4) \quad u_x u_{x+1} - 2u_x + 1 = 0.$$

2. A heavy particle oscillates in a cycloid, with its base horizontal, in a medium whose resistance varies as the velocity ; shew that the oscillations are isochronous.

3. Investigate Sturm's Theorem for separating the roots of an equation.

Ex. Apply the method to the equation $x^3 - 3x - 4 = 0$.

4. In the expression for the Moon's parallax we have the terms $e \cos(c\theta - a) + \frac{15}{8} m e \cos \{(2 - 2m - c)\theta - 2\beta + a\}$.

What do a and β here represent? Determine the change in the position of the axis and in the eccentricity of the Moon's orbit produced by the evection.

5. The motion of the pole of the Earth parallel to the plane of the ecliptic, produced by the action of the Sun, being

$$\frac{3B\pi}{T\omega} \sin I \cos I (C + l - \frac{1}{4} \sin 2l),$$

investigate the lunar precession of the equinoxes during a long period.

6. Explain fully the cause of the distortion of images formed by lenses and mirrors, and shew in what case the extremities of an image formed by a lens are more magnified than the central parts, and in what case they are less magnified.

7. Determine the attraction of a homogeneous spheroid on a point within it, in a direction perpendicular to its axis, and approximate to the result when the eccentricity is small.

8. Investigate the forms of the brushes when a plate of a biaxial crystal, cut perpendicularly to the line bisecting the angle between the optic axes, is placed between the polarizing and analyzing plates ; the intensity of the analyzed light being represented by

$$a^2 \left\{ \cos^2 a - \sin 2\phi \sin (2\phi + 2a) \sin^2 \frac{\pi I}{\lambda} \right\}.$$

9. Investigate the alteration of the major axis of the disturbed orbit of a planet.

TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 1842 1 to 4.

1. THE sum of the faces and solid angles of any polyhedron exceeds the number of edges by two.

2. Prove the theorem

$$f(e^x) = f(1 + \Delta) \cdot 1 + f(1 + \Delta) 0 \frac{x}{1} + f(1 + \Delta) 0^2 \frac{x^2}{1 \cdot 2} + \&c.;$$

and apply it to demonstrate the following expression for the numbers of Bernoulli,

$$B_{2n-1} = (-1)^{n-1} \left\{ \frac{0^{2n}}{1} - \frac{\Delta 0^{2n}}{2} + \frac{\Delta^2 0^{2n}}{3} - \&c. + \frac{\Delta^{2n} 0^{2n}}{2n+1} \right\}.$$

3. Define an umbilicus; and find the positions of the umbilici in the surface of which the equation is

$$\frac{x^2}{a^2} + \frac{y^2}{b^2} = \frac{2z}{c}.$$

What is the nature of the points in a surface at which

$$\frac{dz}{dx} = 0, \quad \frac{dz}{dy} = 0?$$

4. A tube open at both ends gives, when the air it contains is put in vibration, the same note as a tube of half the length which is closed at one end.

5. If a rigid body be struck by any couple, the axis of the couple can never be the corresponding instantaneous axis of rotation, unless it coincide with a principal axis of the body. Shew also that, when this condition is fulfilled, the angular velocity round the principal axis is equal to the moment of the couple divided by the moment of inertia round that axis.

6. When an electrified body is surrounded by any non-conducting medium, the pressure sustained by that medium is proportional to the square of the electrical accumulation, at each point of the surface of the body.

Describe the construction of the Leyden jar and the Proof Plane. To what purpose is the latter instrument applied?

7. Explain the difference between the periodic and secular variations in a planet's motion.

If two planets, of which the masses are m , m' , and the semi-major axes of the orbits a , a' , mutually disturb each other, the ratio of the coefficient of any long inequality of m to the corresponding coefficient for m' is equal to $-\frac{m' \sqrt{a'}}{m \sqrt{a}}$.

8. Assuming that the velocity of propagation of a plane wave in a medium is given by the equation

$$\frac{l^2}{a^2 - v^2} + \frac{m^2}{b^2 - v^2} + \frac{n^2}{c^2 - v^2} = 0,$$

explain how the equation to the wave-surface is investigated; and point out the peculiarities in that surface which indicate the existence of cylindrical and conical refraction, when pencils of light pass in certain directions through a biaxial crystal.

9. Assuming that, in the expression for the radius of a nearly spherical stratum of the earth, considered as a revolving heterogeneous mass originally fluid, all Laplace's coefficients vanish except that of the second order; prove that the strata of equal density are all concentric spheroids of revolution, whose axes coincide with that about which the Earth revolves.

State the other results of the hypothesis of the Earth's original fluidity, the subsidiary assumptions made in obtaining them, and the evidence for the truth of the theory arising from the comparison of its results with observation.

EXAMINATION OF THE QUESTIONISTS

Not Candidates for Honors. 1842.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12, 1842....9 to 12. *First Division—(A).*

MR. ATKINSON, *Examiner.*

1. TRANSLATE, chap. v., v. 33—42. Οἱ δὲ ἀκούσαντες, κ. τ. λ. το καὶ εὐαγγελιζόμενοι Ἰησοῦν τὸν Χριστόν.

Mention what is known of the date and circumstances of the insurrection of Judas. Is the ἀπογραφὴ here spoken of the same as that recorded Luc. ii. 2? Quote the passage in which the author of the Acts is supposed to refer to his Gospel. Give a succinct account of his connexion with St. Paul.

2. Translate, chap. xii., v. 1—9. Κατ' ἐκείνον δὲ τὸν καιρὸν ἐπέβαλεν Ἡρώδης, κ. τ. λ. το ἐδόκει δὲ ὄραμα βλέπειν.

Give some account of the institution of the feast of unleavened bread. Is the James here mentioned the author of the General Epistle? Give a brief history of the rise and fortunes of Herod Agrippa, and draw a map of the countries included in his dominions at this time.

3. Translate, chap. xviii., v. 12—23. Γαλλίῳ, κ. τ. λ. το τοὺς μαθητάς.

Describe the functions of the ἀρχισυνάγωγος. Is Sosthenes mentioned elsewhere in the New Testament? What were the limits of the Roman province of Achaia? Give the grammatical analysis of the following words: ἡνεσχύμην, ἀπήλασεν, ἀνήχθη, ἀσπασάμενος.

4. Translate, chap. xxviii., v. 7—16. Ἐν δὲ τοῖς, κ. τ. λ. το στρατιῶτη.

Who held the office of *στρατοπεδάρχης* at this time? In what year did St. Paul arrive at Rome, and what is known of his subsequent history? What gave rise to the opinion that he visited Spain? Describe the position of the island mentioned in the text, and the relative geographical situations of Syracuse, Rhegium, and Puteoli.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12, 1842....9 to 12. *First Division*—(B).

1. Translate, chap. viii., v. 34—40. Ἀποκριθεὶς, κ. τ. λ. to εἰς Καισάρειαν.

What office did Philip hold in the church? Write down the ancient names of Azotus and Cæsarea. What data exist to determine the authorship of the book of the Acts, and the time and place of its composition?

2. Translate, chap. ix., v. 20—31. Καὶ εὐθέως, κ. τ. λ. to ἐπληθύνοντο.

What is the primary signification of *Χριστός*? Who were the Hellenists? εἶχον εἰρήνην.... With what event does this synchronise? What space of time is included in the term *ἡμέραι ἰκαναί*, and how did St. Paul employ it? Enumerate the most remarkable events omitted in the book of the Acts.

3. Translate, chap. xiii., v. 1—12. Ἦσαν, κ. τ. λ. to διδασχῇ τοῦ Κυρίου.

What is the import of the term *προφῆται* in the New Testament? Give the derivations of *λειτουργούντων*, *ῥαδιουργίας*, *χειραγωγός*, *ἀνθύπατος*. Was this last title properly applied to Sergius Paulus? Into what two classes were the Roman provinces divided.

4. Translate, chap. xxv., v. 13—22. Ἡμερῶν, κ. τ. λ. to ἀκοῦσθαι αὐτοῦ.

State what is known of the Agrippa here mentioned, and trace his descent from Herod the Great. Is the character given of Felix in the Acts corroborated by profane testimony? What kind of franchise did St. Paul possess, and how was it acquired? Give a succinct account of his journey from Cæsarea to Rome, and illustrate your description by a map.

ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΛΕΠΤΙΝΗΝ.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12, 1842....12½ to 3½. *Second Division*—(A).

MR. CONYBEARE, Examiner.

TRANSLATE, Εἰ τοίνυν τις εἰσάσας, κ. τ. λ. to κάλλιον ἢ θέσθαι.

1. *Εὐθελία*. Explain the derivation of this word, and illustrate it by words of similar meaning and origin in other languages.

Translate, Ἀλλὰ νῆ Δέ οὗτοι, κ. τ. λ. to ἀλλ' αἰσχρὸν ἂν εἴη.

2. Give some account of Thrasylbulus.

Translate, ἘΠΙΣΧΕΞ, κ. τ. λ. to Λαβέ δ' αὐτὸν τὸν νόμον.

3. What were the regulations with regard to proposing laws at Athens?

Translate, Ὁ τοίνυν νόμος ἀδικεῖ, κ. τ. λ. to ἐργαζόμενον ληφθῆναι.

4. Give an account of the object and arguments of the oration against Leptines.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12, 1842..12½ to 3½. *Second Division.*—(B.)

Translate, ΤΑΧΑ τοῖνυν ἴσως, κ. τ. λ. to ληρεῖν ὁμολογῶ.

1. What peculiar liturgies were the resident aliens at Athens obliged to perform?

Translate, ΤΑΣ μὲν εὐεργεσίας, κ. τ. λ. to φαίνεται.

2. What was the proportionate value of a talent, mina, drachma, and obolus?

Translate, ἤΚΟΥΣΑΤΕ μὲν τῶν ψηφισμάτων, κ. τ. λ. to καὶ δὴ λευμένας.

3. ἴστωσι. What tense and mood is this word? Which of the tenses of ἴσθῃμι have a transitive, and which an intransitive meaning?

Translate, ΠΟΛΛΑ δὲ θαναμάζων, κ. τ. λ. to κίνδυνος.

4. Who were the ἀνδρες δικασταί, and what were their functions?

THURSDAY, Jan. 13, 1842..9 to 12. *First Division.*—(A.)

Translate, Το μὲν τοῖνυν τῆς πόλεως, κ. τ. λ. to τῆς πόλεως τὸ ἦθος.

1. What is the meaning of νόμον τίθεναι and νόμον τίθεσθαι?

Translate, ἴστε γὰρ δήπου, κ. τ. λ. to τρισχιλίους.

2. Whence was Athens principally supplied with corn? Draw a map of that part of Europe and Asia with which it was connected politically or commercially.

Translate, Καὶ μὴν εἶγε ὁμολογῶν, κ. τ. λ. to τὰ δὲ πῶν ἐπὶ τοῖς νῦν.

3. Mention instances of rewards conferred on public benefactors by the early Athenians.

Translate, Πολλὰ δ' ἂν τις ἔχοι, κ. τ. λ. to ἀγαθῶν εἰλέσθαι.

4. Explain the constitution and privileges of the βουλὴ at Athens.

THURSDAY, Jan. 13..9 to 12. (B.)

Translate, Οὕτω τοῖνυν, κ. τ. λ. to ταῖναλώματ' οὐδέν.

1. From what sources was the public revenue of Athens derived?

Translate, Εἰ τοῖνυν, κ. τ. λ. to αὐτὴν καταστήσει.

2. What is the difference between ψηφίζειν and φέρειν τὴν ψηφον?

Translate, Ὅν τοῖνυν, κ. τ. λ. to δεινὸν νομίζω.

3. Which were the sacred liturgies? What is the origin of the word liturgy?

Translate, Καὶ μὴν οὐδ' ἐκείνου γε, κ. τ. λ. to τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν ἔργα.

4. Give a short history of Athens from the end of the Peloponnesian war to the time of Demosthenes.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

THURSDAY, Jan. 13, 1842....12½ to 3½. *Second Division.*—(A.)

MR. FENDALL, Examiner.

1. TRANSLATE, chap. vi., v. 8—15. Στέφανος δὲ πλήρης, κ. τ. λ. to πρόσωπον ἀγγέλου.

What is mentioned in Scripture respecting Stephen? Explain the meaning of the expression ἐκ τῆς συναγωγῆς τῆς λεγομένης Λιβερτινῶν. Of what number and description of persons did the συνέδριον consist?

Give the full import of the words *συζητούντες, ὑπέβαλον, ἐπιστάντες*. Why did Jesus receive the appellation *ὁ Ναζωραῖος*?

2. Translate, chap. xiii., v. 13—29. Ἀναχθέντες, κ. τ. λ. *το μνημεῖον*.

What were the geographical situations of Paphos, Perga, and the several Antiochs mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles? How long did the people of Israel sojourn in Egypt? and what were the circumstances connected with their being brought out from thence? How was the land of Canaan divided among the Israelites, and what were its political divisions at the time of the Apostles? Who was Pilate, and how came he to have power of life and death at Jerusalem?

3. Translate, chap. xix., v. 8—19. Εἰσελθὼν, κ. τ. λ. *το πέντε*.

Give the derivations of *ἐπαρόρσηταίετο, σιμικίνθια, ἔξορκιστῶν, κατακυμαδόν*; and explain the passage *συνεψήφισαν τὰς τιμὰς αὐτῶν, &c.*

4. Translate, chap. xxiii., v. 25—30. Γράψας, κ. τ. λ. *το ἔρῳσο*.

What was the nature of the government of Judæa at that time? How long did Felix continue governor after the event mentioned above? Give the full meaning of the words *ἐπιστολὴν περιέχουσαν τὸν τύπον τούτου*; and shew what is implied by the expression *μαθὼν ὅτι Ῥωμαῖός ἐστι*.

THURSDAY, Jan. 13, 1842 . . . 12½ to 3¼. *Second Division.*—(B).

1. TRANSLATE, chap. vii., v. 51—60. Σκληροτράχηλοι, κ. τ. λ. *το ἰκουμήτη*.

Give the derivations of *σκληροτράχηλοι, ἀπερίτμητοι, διεπρίοντο, ὁμοθυμαδόν, ἐλιθοβόλουν*. Explain the meaning of the expression *εἰς διατάγας ἀγγέλων*.

2. Translate, chap. xv., v. 6—22. Συνήχθησαν κ. τ. λ. *το ἀδελφοίς*.

To what circumstance does Peter refer in the passage *Ἄνδρες ἀδελφοί, &c. το πιστεύσαι*? Whose son was James and what office did he hold in the Church? What gave rise to this council? Explain the passage *Μωϋσης γὰρ ἐκ γενεῶν, &c. το ἀναγινωσκόμενος*. Where was Antioch? and what circumstances connected with the early Church occurred there? From whence is the quotation "*Μετὰ ταῦτα ἀναστρέψω...ὁ ποιῶν ταῦτα πάντα*"?

3. Translate, chap. xxi., v. 27—40. Ὡς δὲ ἔμελλον αἱ, κ. τ. λ. *το λέγων*.

What portion of country was comprehended under the term "*Asia*"? What were the geographical positions of Ephesus and Tarsus? When was the temple here mentioned built, and when destroyed? In what consisted the crime imputed to St. Paul in the passage *ἔτι τέ καὶ Ἑλληνας εἰσήγαγεν εἰς τὸ ἱερόν, &c.*? Explain the passage *ἐκέλευσε δεθῆναι αἰνέσει δυοί*, and *οὐκ ἄρα σὺ εἶ ὁ Αἰγύπτιος, &c.* What was the office of *χιλαρχος*?

EUCLID.

FRIDAY, Jan. 14, 1842 . . . 9 to 12. *First Division.*—(A).

MR. TOZER and MR. ANSTED, *Examiners*.

Book I.—Props. v. x. xxi. xxx. xxxviii. xlv.

Book II.—Props. v. *Prove this algebraically.* xi.

Book III.—*Define the diameter of a circle.* Props. iii. (1st Part), xii. xx. xxix. xxxvi.

Book VI.—Prop. i. *Explain the terms Axiom, Definition.*

FRIDAY, Jan. 14, 1842....9 to 12. *First Division*—(B).

Book I.—Props. ix. xvi. *Enunciate the propositions you employ in this proof.* xxiv. xxxii. (2nd Part), xxxvii. xlii.

Book II.—Props. iv. xii.

Book III.—Props. i. xv. (1st Part), xvi. xxxiii. xxxvii.

Book VI.—Prop. ii. v.

JUVENAL.

FRIDAY, Jan. 14, 1842....12½ to 3½. *Second Division*—(A).

Mr. DRAKE, Examiner.

Translate: *Sat. x., 90—109. Visne salutari, to Quirites?*

Explain the terms summas curules, pila, cohortes, egregios equites, castra domestica, praetextum. *Explain fully the historical allusions, giving the dates of the different events.*

Translate: *Sat. x., 329—345. Elige quidnam, to cervix.*

Who was the object of Messalina's passion alluded to in the present passage? What part of the marriage ceremonies is, strictly speaking, indicated by subere? How do you explain the words ritu antiquo? Explain the Roman method of computing money.

Translate: *Sat. xiii., 1—25. Exemplo, to nummos?*

Derive Praetor. Explain the words fallaci urna. Determine the date of this Satire from the words qui jam post terga reliquit Sexaginta armos, &c. &c.

Translate: *Sat. xiv., 126—149. Servorum, to actum.*

Explain obsequis de ponte.

FRIDAY, Jan. 14, 1842....12½ to 3½. *Second Division*—(B).

Translate: *Sat. x., 147—173. Expende Hannibalem, to corpuscula.*

Give an account of the life of Hannibal, with the dates of the siege of Saguntum, the battles of the Trebia, Thrasymene, Cannæ, and Zama, and of the commencement and close of the three Punic wars. What was the Subarra? Where was Pella? When and where did Alexander die?

Translate: *Sat. xiii., 174—198. Nullane perjuri, to testem.*

To what sect of philosophy did Chrysippus belong? Who is meant by dulci senex vicinus Hymetto? Give an account of the particulars of his death, with its date.

Translate: *Sat. xiv., 248—280. Nota mathematicis, to gurgite solem.*
Explain the term municipes Jovis.

SATURDAY, Jan. 15, 1842....9 to 12. *First Division*—(A)

Translate: *Sat. x. 56—89. Quosdam praecipitat, to murmura vulgi.*

Where was Scjanus born? Give a brief account of his career, with the date of his downfall. Where was Capreae, and for what was it famous? In the words Ex quo suffragia nulli Vendimus.

Translate: *Sat.* xiii. 143—161. *Rem pateris, to veneris, aude.*
To what crime is allusion made in the words *deducendum corio bovis*, &c. &c.? *Custos Urbis*. What is this officer's proper designation?

Translate: *Sat.* xiv. 189—219. *Hæc illi veteris, to aramque pedemque.*

Explain *rubras leges, vitem, locupletem aquilam. Lucri bonus est odor*, &c. Whose saying was this, and on what occasion?

SATURDAY, Jan. 15, 1842....9 to 12. *First Division.*—(B).

Translate: *Sat.* x. 257—288. *Incolumi Troja, to cadavere toto.*
Explain fully the historical allusions, giving the date of each event. Where was Minturnæ?

Translate: *Sat.* xiii. 120—142. *Accipe, to infelicibus ovis?*

Translate: *Sat.* xiv. 304—331. *Misera, to jussus.*

To what story is allusion made in the words *Sensit Alexander*, &c. &c. *Effice summam, bis septem*, &c. What was this law, and when was it passed? *Quadringenta*. What words are to be supplied here? Explain the Roman method of computing money. *Uxorem*, &c. State the circumstances referred to in these words.

EUCLID.

SATURDAY, Jan. 15, 1842....12½ to 3¼. *Second Division.*—(A).

MR. TOZER and MR. ANSTED, *Examiners.*

Book I.—Props. v. xii. Why is the straight line taken of unlimited length? xx. xxix. (1st Part), xxxv. xlii.

Book II.—Props. vi. xi.

Book III.—Props. viii. xiv. (2nd Part), xxii. xxxi. (1st Part), xxxvi. Cor.

Book VI.—Prop. vi. Define a "circle," the "diameter of a circle," a "segment of a circle," and "the angle in the segment of a circle."

SATURDAY, Jan. 15, 1842....12½ to 3¼. *Second Division.*—(B).

Book I.—Props. i. xvi. xxvi. xxxiv. xl. xlvii.

Book II.—Prop. iv. Prove this algebraically. x.

Book III.—Define a circle. Props. vi. xxi. xxviii. xxxv. (3rd Part).

Book VI.—Prop. iv. Explain the terms *Axiom*, *Definition*.

MECHANICS.*

MONDAY, Jan. 17, 1842...9 to 12. *First Division.*—(A).

MR. TOZER and MR. ANSTED, *Examiners.*

State clearly the difference between the *density* of a body and its weight. What is meant by *specific gravity*? How does its definition differ from that of *density*?

Props. II. VII. Explain why a common scale beam, the arms of which are equally evaded, rests only in a horizontal position.—Define what is meant by component and resultant forces. Prop. IX.—De-

* See the Cambridge Course of Elementary Natural Philosophy.

scribe the several *system of pulleys*, and determine for some one of them the ratio which the power must have to the weight to produce equilibrium.

Prop. XV.—Describe *centre of gravity* of a system of bodies. Shew how to find its position when the system consists of any number of heavy points.

HYDROSTATICS.—Define "*Fluid*," and distinguish between elastic and non-elastic Fluids. Prop. III.

Prop. VI.—What pressure does the body sustain when it sinks in the fluid.

Prop. XI. and XX. *What is the greatest height to which water can be raised by the common pump, and why?*

Prop. XXIII. Ex. What degree of Fahrenheit corresponds to 45° C?

MONDAY, Jan. 17, 1842...9 to 12. *First Division*.—(B).

Definitions II. III. How is force measured? Prop. IV.—*Explain the mechanical advantages which the employment of the different kinds of levers respectively affords*. VI. VIII.—*Enunciate any proposition you employ beyond that which is here assumed*. Define the *pulley*. XIII. Define *velocity*. Shew that if a weight would be suspended on an inclined plane by a force F acting parallel to the plane, and motion be given to the system without altering the distance between F and W ; then F 's velocity parallel to the plane : W 's velocity in the direction of gravity = $W : F$. Prop. XVII. Hydrostatics.—Prop. I. Enunciate any proposition you employ in the proof. Define *specific gravity*. Prop. VII. X.—*Prove the proposition which suggests the method employed*. XV.—Explain how thermometers are graduated. What mark on the *centigrade* indicates a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

MONDAY, Jan. 17, 1842....12½ to 3½. *Second Division*.—(A).

MR. ATKINSON, Examiner.

1. How is morality taught in the Scriptures?
2. Shew that it is no just cause of objection to the Christian religion that it has not ascertained the precise quantity of virtue necessary to salvation.
3. Assuming that the morality of an act depends on its general consequences, in what manner are these to be estimated?
4. What are Paley's objections to Locke's account of the origin of property in land?
5. Does the unlawfulness of the subject of a promise destroy its validity?
6. Shew that there may be lies without direct falsehood.
7. Enumerate the three kinds of charity which in Paley's opinion prefer an especial claim to attention.
8. How far is drunkenness an excuse for crimes committed by a person in that condition?
9. What are the advantages and disadvantages of a Liturgy?
10. By what acts and omissions is the duty of the Christian Sabbath violated?

11. To what extent is the duty of civil obedience inculcated in the Scriptures?

12. What are the two methods of administering penal justice, and what are the peculiar advantages of that adopted in this country?

MONDAY, Jan. 17, 1842....12½ to 3¼. *Second Division.*—(B).

1. Define the science of Moral Philosophy, and state its use.

2. How does Paley make out the position, that happiness “does not consist in greatness?”

3. Prove the necessity of general rules in every scheme of moral government.

4. On what foundation does the right of extreme necessity rest?

5. How may the obligation to perform promises be deduced from principles of general utility?

6. Answer the objection which has been urged from Scripture against the lawfulness of oaths.

7. Shew that the absence of evil design is no excuse for *inconsiderate* slander.

8. How may the unlawfulness of suicide be inferred from Scripture?

9. Point out some of the advantages arising from the use of religious assemblies.

10. What ought to be the properties of a Liturgy?

11. Into what three classes may the subjects of a state be divided with reference to their motives of obedience?

12. Why is an hereditary to be preferred to an elective monarchy?

TUESDAY, Jan. 18, 1842....9 to 12. *First Division.*—(A).

MR. FENDALL, *Examiner.*

1. Define the Law of Honor, and shew its defects as a rule of life.

2. Shew that a state of happiness is not to be expected by those who reserve to themselves the habitual practice of any one known sin or neglect of one known duty.

3. Shew the absurdity of separating natural and revealed religion from each other.

4. Distinguish between natural and adventitious rights, and shew how adventitious rights are created.

5. Give Paley's account of the History of Property.

6. Define Slavery, and shew when this obligation may arise consistently with the law of Nature.

7. Distinguish between Anger and Revenge, and shew when anger becomes sinful.

8. When is a lawsuit not inconsistent with any rule of the Gospel?

9. What are the duties of children after they have attained to manhood and have left their father's family?

10. What virtue is there in prayer which should make a favour granted to prayer consistent with wisdom, which would not have been so without it?

11. What are the views of political writers respecting a social compact between the citizen and the state?

12. Shew the duty of civil obedience as stated in the Scriptures.

TUESDAY, Jan. 18, 1842....9 to 12. *First Division.*—(B).

1. What are the defects of the Law of the Land considered as a Rule of Life?
2. Shew that mankind act more from habit than reflection.
3. What are the two-fold bad consequences of an action?
4. Distinguish between perfect and imperfect rights; and shew that an imperfect obligation is as binding on the conscience as a perfect one.
5. What are the advantages of the Institution of property?
6. Give Paley's Definition of Charity, and the principal methods of exercising it.
7. What reflections may be used as sedatives of Anger?
8. What are the duties of contending parties in a Law-suit?
9. What are the duties of Children after they have attained to Manhood, but continue in their father's family?
10. Give Paley's answer to the objection that efficacy is ascribed to prayer without the confirmation of experience.
11. What does Paley assign as the ground of the subject's obligation to civil Government?
12. Illustrate by examples the principle that the loss of security is the loss of liberty.

MECHANICS.

TUESDAY, Jan. 18, 1842...12½ to 3½. *Second Division.*—(A).

MR. TOZER and MR. ANSTED, *Examiners.*

Definitions, III. VI. VII. State the relations that subsist between them in bodies of the same magnitude. Definition XVII. Prop. I. Two forces act at any angles on the arms of any lever; Enunciate and prove the condition necessary that they should balance each other. *State clearly what axioms, propositions and assumptions you employ in this demonstration.* Prop. VIII. Describe the several systems of pulleys, and determine for some one of them the ratio which the power must have to the weight to produce equilibrium. Props. XVIII. XXII. *Hence shew why ceteris paribus a body is more easily overturned as its base is diminished in size.*—Hydrostatics. Props. II. IV.—*What will be the pressure on the bottom when the sides are vertical.* IX. XVII. *Would any known fluid other than mercury be as convenient in its construction and why?*—XXI.

TUESDAY, Jan. 18, 1842....12½ to 3½. *Second Division.*—(B)

DEF. II. VIII.—What do you understand by the expression *Quantity of matter* sustained by a body, and when is one said to have greater *density* than another. Prop. IV.—*Explain the mechanical advantage which their (levers) employment respectively affords.* Props. V. VIII.—*Enunciate the propositions, axioms and suppositions you employ in the demonstration.* Prop. XII. A weight is sustained on an inclined plane by a force hanging parallel to its length; state and prove the condition of equilibrium. Prop. XXI. Hydrostatics. III. *Will this be true if the fluid be not uniform in density, and why?* Prop. V. Shew how to find the specific gravity of a body heavier than water; *Prove the proposition on which the method is founded.* Prop. XIX. What is the limit of the length of the suction-pipe under

ordinary atmospheric conditions, and why is there such limit. Explain how thermometers are graduated. If the Centigrade mark 60° , what will Fahrenheit mark.

ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 19, 1842..9 to 12. *First Division.*—(A).

Mr. TOZER, and Mr. ANSTED, *Examiners.*

1. FIND the sum of $3\frac{5}{12}$, $7\frac{1}{2}$, $8\frac{2}{3}$, $4\frac{1}{6}$, and $2\frac{1}{4}$.

2. Reduce $\frac{8}{11}$ of $16s. 0\frac{1}{2}d.$ to the fraction of $17s. 6d.$

3. Determine the continued product of

$$\frac{32}{51}, \frac{85}{112}, \frac{189}{207}, \text{ and } \frac{23}{36},$$

expressing the result in its lowest terms.

4. Add together $\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{3}{4}$ of $\frac{7}{8}$, and $\frac{1}{5}$ of $\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{15}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$.

5. What incomes respectively will £5000 of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, and £5000 invested in $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock, at $102\frac{3}{8}$ produce?

6. Divide 7.001722 by $.0031$, and prove the truth of the result by vulgar fractions.

7. What sum will purchase 500 vols. at $2s. 3d.$ each, 300 at $5s.$, 260 at $7s. 6d.$, and 30 at $£1. 1s.$?

What will this cost be reduced to if a discount of 10 per cent. be allowed?

8. What is the cost of 7 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs. at $£1. 9s. 2d.$ per cwt.?

9. What is the value at 16 of a legacy of £1000 payable at 21, allowing simple interest at 4 per cent.?

Shew how the calculation must be made when compound interest is allowed.

10. What will £204. 5s. amount to in 3 years, allowing $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum compound interest?

11. Extract the cube root of 10000000 given $\log 2.15435 = .\dot{3}$.

12. Extract the square root of 49.14290404.

13. Find the continued product of $a + x$, $b + x$, and $c + x$, and deduce from it the value of $(a + x)^3$.

14. Explain fully the meaning of the signs $+$, $\div$, $\sqrt{}$, and $\propto$.

15. If $a = 1$, $b = \frac{2}{3}$, $x = 7$, and $y = 8$, find the value of

$$5(a - b) \sqrt[3]{(a + x)y^2} + a - b \sqrt{(a + x)y}.$$

16. Multiply $a^2 - 2ax + bx - b^2$ by $b + ax$.

17. Give the algebraical definition of proportion, and shew that it includes the geometrical definition. 3, x and 1083 form a continued proportion; find x .

18. Add together $\frac{a - b}{b} + \frac{2a}{a - b} - \frac{a^3 + a^2b}{a^2b - b^3}$.

19. Find by cross multiplication the content of a floor whose length is 22 ft. $8\frac{3}{4}$ in., and breadth 16 ft. $7\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Explain the difference between cross multiplication and duodecimal notation.

20. Prove that if $a : b :: c : d$ and $b : e :: d : f$ then $a : e :: c : f$.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 19, 1842....9 to 12. First Division.—(B).

1. ADD together $\text{£}3\frac{5}{8} 7\frac{4}{5} \text{s.}$ and $4\frac{3}{4} \text{d.}$, and reduce the sum to a fraction of a pound.

2. Reduce $\frac{2}{3}$ of $13\text{s. } 6\text{d.}$ to the decimal of a pound.

3. Find the product of 3.1416×2.89 and of $.7854 \times (.02)^2$.

4. Add together $\frac{4}{11}$ of $\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{7}{8}$ of $\frac{4}{5}$ of $\frac{10}{33}$, and $\frac{2}{5}$ of $1\frac{2}{3}$.

5. What income is derived from $\text{£}14000$. 3 per cent. stock, and what from as much 3 per cent. stock as $\text{£}14000$. will purchase at 88 per cent.?

6. Divide .00711009 by 103, and prove the truth of the result by vulgar fractions.

7. On the price of 25 vols. bought at 3s. a vol. the bidder is allowed 5 per cent., on that of 12 others at $5\text{s. } 3\text{d.}$ a vol. $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the auction duty is also paid by the purchaser. What will the books cost?

8. What is the cost of 847 articles at $3\text{s. } 4\frac{1}{2} \text{d.}$ each?

9. Explain the meaning of the terms *interest*, *discount*, *present worth*. Find the present worth of $\text{£}1250$. due at the end of three months, allowing $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum.

10. What will $\text{£}1760$. 10s. amounts to in $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, allowing 4 per cent. per annum compound interest?

11. Extract the square root of .016, and find the hypotenuse of a triangle whose base and perpendicular are respectively 30 and 40.

12. Extract the cube root of 8242408.

13. If $a = 16$, $b = 10$, $x = 5$ and $y = 1$, find the value of

$$\frac{(x-b)(\sqrt{a-b}) + \sqrt{(a-b)(x+y)}}{\text{and } (a-x)^2 - (b-x^2) \pm \sqrt{(a-x)(b+y)}}.$$

14. Explain fully the meaning of the terms vinculum and square root, and the signs $-$ $\times$.

15. Find the continued product of $x + y$, $x + z$, and $a + b$, and deduce the value of $(x + y)^3$.

16. Multiply $2b^2 + 3ab - a^2$ by $7a - 5b$.

17. Find by cross multiplication the superficial content of a parallelogram whose length is 75 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. and breadth 38 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. Why cannot this method with propriety be called duodecimals?

18. Divide $\frac{2x+y}{x+y} - \frac{2y-x}{x-y} - \frac{x^2}{x^2-y^2}$ by $\frac{2(x^2+y^2)}{x^2-y^2}$

19. Shew that if $\frac{a}{b} = \frac{c}{d}$, a , b , c , d are proportionals according to the geometrical definition. What condition does this definition impose as to the magnitudes being of the same kind.

20. Prove that if $a : b :: c : d$ then $a + b : b :: c + d : d$.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 19, 1842.. $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$. *Second Division.*—(A).

1. MULTIPLY 22.0001 by 1000.22, and .201 by .3.
2. Find the value of $\frac{365}{366}$ to 5 places of decimals, and reduce 3.1416 to a fraction in its lowest terms.
3. If 3 cwt. 17 lbs. cost £4. 15s. $7\frac{1}{2}d$. what will 16 cwt. 3 qrs. 12 lbs. cost?
4. Reduce to simpler forms

$$\frac{17\frac{1}{2}}{73} \text{ and } \frac{7\frac{1}{2}}{40\frac{2}{3}},$$

and find the quotient of the latter by the former.

5. Reduce 24 days 2 hrs. 8 min. to the fraction of a month of 30 days.

6. Find the differences between $\frac{1}{6}$ of £1. and $\frac{5}{7}$ of two guineas.
7. What is the simple interest of £236. 6s. 8d. for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, allowing 3 per cent. per annum.
8. If a bankrupt pay 3s. 4d. in the pound, what will be received on a debt of £3678. 16s.? By how much will this be reduced if 1 per cent. on the amount realized be deducted?
9. Extract the square root of 66.455104.
10. What will £7. 10s. a week amount to between the 7th of March and the 4th of July.
11. What is the cost of paving a court-yard 13 ft. 6 in. by 8 ft. 9 in. at 7s. 8d. per square yard.
12. The dividends on a certain amount of 3 per cent. stock accumulated in 13 years to £3081. How much stock was there, and what will it be worth when this fund is sold at $79\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.?
13. Add together.

$$\frac{3a - 2b}{2c}, \quad \frac{2b - 3c}{3a}, \quad \text{and} \quad \frac{3ab - 2bc}{3ac}.$$

14. Investigate the rule for the multiplication of algebraic fractions and find the product of

$$\frac{x(a-x)}{a^2 + 2ax + x^2} \quad \text{and} \quad \frac{a(a+x)}{a^2 - 2ax + x^2}.$$

15. Divide $3x^3 + 4abx^2 - 6a^2b^2x - 4a^3b^3$ by $2ab + x$.
16. Divide a by $1 - x$ to 5 terms and restore the result with its remainder to the form $\frac{a}{1 - x}$.

17. Define ratio and proportion.

18. Expand $(a + x)^4$, and prove the truth of the expansion when $a = 1$ and $x = 2$.

19. If quantities be proportional according to the algebraical definition, they are proportional according to the geometrical definition.

20. If $y = mx$ where m is constant, then y varies as x .

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 12, 1842....12½ to 3½. Second Division.—(B).

1. MULTIPLY .0010102 by 109.01. and 1.0001 by .09081.
2. Reduce 3.1416 to a fraction in its lowest terms, and $\frac{22}{7}$ to a decimal.
3. What fraction of 15s. 7½d. is 2s. 2¾d?
4. Find the simple fractions equivalent to $\frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{\frac{1}{2}-1}{2} \cdot \frac{\frac{1}{2}-2}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{3} \cdot \frac{\frac{1}{3}-1}{2} \cdot \frac{\frac{1}{3}-2}{3} \cdot \frac{\frac{1}{3}-3}{4} \cdot \frac{\frac{1}{3}-4}{5}$.
5. If 858 men in six months consume 234 quarters of wheat, how many quarters will be required for the consumption of 979 men for three months and a half?
6. A pipe of wine costs £98., and contains 65 dozen and 4 bottles, what does it cost a bottle? How much would the price be increased by expences amounting to 15 per cent. on the first cost?
7. Reduce 16 cwt. 1 qr. 21 lbs. to the decimal of a ton.
8. If £15. 10s. be paid on the 1st of January, and the same sum on every 10th day after, how much will be paid during the year? How many days of payment will fall on the same day of the week as the first?
9. Find the amount of discount if £250. 15s. is paid 9 months before it is due, and 5 per cent. per annum is allowed.
10. Multiply £7. 13s. 4d. by 365, and divide £106577. 17s. 9d. by 17.
11. Extract the square root of 210405.69.
12. What clear income is derived from an estate of £800. a-year, after paying $\frac{1}{9}$ th of this sum for expences, and 4½ per cent. on a mortgage of £2000?
13. What is the expence of carpeting a room 15 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 9 in., the price of the carpet being 7s. 8d. per yard, and the width of the carpet 24 in.?
14. Prove that $x \div \frac{a}{b} = \frac{bx}{a}$, and divide $\frac{a^3 + 3a^2x + 3ax^2 + x^3}{x^3 - y^3}$ by $\frac{(a+x)^2}{x^2 + xy + y^2}$.
15. Find the value of $\frac{b-2a}{x-b} - \frac{a-2b}{x+b} + \frac{3x(a-b)}{x^2 - b^2}$.
16. Find the value of $a + b\sqrt{(x+y)-(a-b)} \sqrt[3]{(x-y)}$ when $a = 10$, $b = 8$, $x = 12$, and $y = 4$.
17. If $a : b :: c : d$, then $ad = bc$, and the converse.
18. Shew that $\frac{x^2}{4} + \frac{y^2}{4} + z^2 + \frac{xy}{2} + xz + yz$ and $(x+z)^2$ become identical when x and y each = a .
19. Define when one quantity is said to vary as another directly or inversely.
20. Find 5 terms of $x \div (1+x)$, and restore the result with its remainder to the form $\frac{x}{1+x}$.

A STROLL IN AND ABOUT OXFORD.

BEING A LETTER FROM T. M. IN EDINBURGH, TO HIS FRIEND J. K. AT KENNAQUHAIR.

LONGING to eat an *Oxford Sausage*,* to breakfast and see my friend E ——— G ——— and the other *lobs* of Christ Church, I put myself in motion for the attainment of these worthy objects. Remembering, however, that there were some things worth looking at in Woodstock, I stopped short at that ancient borough, ensconcing myself within the front parlour of mine host of the *Marlborough Arms*. This hostelry stands almost in the centre of the town, and commands (much to its advantage, I should suppose, in the matter of chance-custom) every approach to it. Woodstock is a quiet, orderly place, and apparently not much oppressed with that modern incubus, an overgrown population. Excepting on market-days when a little excitement is got up, there is scarcely anything like animation to be seen: and as to trade, which now-a-days is so essential to the respectability of a place, as far as I could judge, Woodstock has not much of it to boast of. As everybody knows, it once had a thriving traffic in steel chains, which were in repute all over Europe; and it still maintains, though in a much lesser degree than of old, a considerable notoriety in gloves: but of these (the gloves I mean, for the chains have been long out of fashion,) more anon.

Having dispatched my steak, or chop, I forget which (for in my attempts to be circumstantial according to your injunction, you must not expect my memory to be either quite retentive or correct), and the other concomitants of my dinner, I walked to the window to see with what likelihood of comfort I could get through the supplementary luxury of a cigar outside; but the evening had a cold, humid appearance, and the street looked dark and deserted. Save by a feeble ray that shimmered here and there through the deep old-fashioned casements of the early-retired burghers, I saw no means of tracking my way through the intricacies of a strange neighbourhood either successfully or profitably. Feeling also a little drowsy from the effects of a thirty-six hours' travel, I thought it a wiser resolve to remain where I was, and recreate myself with the gossip of an old newspaper, which I did till my eyes growing dim suggested the still wiser resolve of going to bed.

October 13.—As I was on my way towards the great portal, or *grand triumphal arch*, as it is more magnificently called by the guide-books, which from the extremity of the town ushers you into the park, I was arrested by the showy display, in the windows and glass-cases suspended under them, of the glovers' shops. To one of these I would introduce you, a very civil personage with whom I had some

* All Universities are famous for sausages—Oxford, Cambridge, Bologna, Göttingen, &c.—*Printer's Devil*.

dealings, and much talk on matters pertaining to his craft. The person I speak of is a Master Money (a good name) who inhabits one of the glove-shops near to the grand portal of the park, and close upon a still more interesting object to the lovers of our old English poetry, the house where Geoffrey Chaucer lived, and, as some will have it, where he was born and died. Here is a theme into which I might plunge with much satisfaction: but it would be one on which I might expatiate and grow tiresome, and moreover I remember my promise to avoid all digression.

Had Master Money lived in the days when old Noll and the vinegar-visaged Commissioners took up their abode in Woodstock, much to the discomfort of the loyal inhabitants, it is likely he might have been considered worthy of a penal rebuke from those pious functionaries, inasmuch as a certain blandness of manner, together with the significant and not over-godly character of his profession would doubtless have savoured a little of malignity and connection with the wild rakes of the period. The fineness of his workmanship might also have looked not unlike the allurements of Satan, and over and above fastidious for the necessities of the poor body comforts, towards which, when internally applied, the Roundheads had rather than otherwise a charitable leaning and kindly regard.

Having tumbled over Master Money's fawn-skins, doe-skins, and buck-skins, and made a suitable selection,* I turned into the park by the entrance already mentioned. On the architrave is a commemorative inscription in Latin, the English of which you find occupying a corresponding position on the internal front. As you may be one of those knowing ones who suppose that a portal is put up solely to serve the utilitarian purpose of letting people into a place and out of it, I transcribe the inscription to prevent you in future from running so hastily to a conclusion:

"This gate was built the year after the death of the most illustrious John Duke of Marlborough, by order of Sarah his most beloved wife, to whom he left the sole direction of the many things that remained unfinished of this fabric. The services of this great man to his country, the Pillar will tell you which the Duchess has erected for the lasting monument of his glory and her affection to him, MDCCLXIII."

Now, I put it to you if this is not very pretty and amiable, and very unlike the "wicked woman of Marlborough," who tormented the life of poor Vanbrugh, and tore out her own lovely hair (as it is said) to spite her husband, the very husband she has deified as above. The excesses of wicked women, however, are not precisely the things a man ought to dwell on when he is entering upon the business of enjoying himself. That the Duchess Sarah was a kind of she-devil (pardon the phrase), is pretty near to being historically correct: but giving her the most scrupulous credit for all that has been said of her, I have lived too long not to have met with a few fair termagants

* In the event of this tract falling into the hands of any of my fair female friends, I would recommend to their attention Master Money's riding-gloves or *gaullets*. Nothing can exceed them in beauty of shape, workmanship, and material.

who, with less power and opportunity, have in my humble opinion worked fully more mischief.

Having disposed of the portal and its associations, and gotten fairly in sight of the silvan beauties of the park, its majestic stretch of verdant undulations and masses of variegated leafage, its largeness, openness, and repose, which at once impress you with the assurance that you are breathing the air of nobility, it will be expected that I should burst into a transport of admiration suitable to such an occasion. But I shall think it more prudent to put a check upon the ebullitions of my enraptured fancy, in case that, should you ever journey hitherward, I perplex you with looking for things which it may be difficult to find, and cheat you into the belief of a thousand attractions which exist nowhere but in the mazes of my heated imagination. In the full confidence therefore of your approval in leaving you to the instruction of your own eyes, and the pleasure of weaving your own conceits, I shall abandon all extraneous effusions now and hereafter, and conduct you in all simplicity to such places, persons, and things, as I became acquainted with in the course of my solitary ramble. And now, I perceive, I have made use of a word that may lead you to think has been introduced unthinkingly, or with a view to give an euphonic or sentimental turn to the period. The word I allude to is *solitary*, which in the sense in which I use it does not, as you must hereafter begin to see, imply that I was without companionship, but only that I was not accompanied by one or more of those home-fixtures that travellers for the most part provide for the purpose of mitigating the *ennui* of sight-seeing, and keeping their spirits from flagging under the labour of too many and violent engrossments.

As it wanted a few minutes of the hour of admission, eleven o'clock, I strolled down in the direction of the great bridge, the view from which is very striking. From it the whole principal front of the palace is exposed in all its magnitude, as well also as the expanse of the lake and the surrounding forest. Towards Woodstock the lake view is less extensive, but abruptly closed by the tufted banks that slope down from the high walk and the thicket behind. Here you get a glimpse of the rectory embowered among the foliage, and close upon it the tower of the church, which while I looked poured out its merry morning chime in tones the sweetest I ever remember hearing. Near to the bridge a small elevated space occupied with a clump of sycamores is pointed out as the site of the old palace or manor-house of Woodstock, not a vestige of which remains. It is a pity that the rage of modern improvement should have led to a desecration of the spot. Up to the time of the building of Blenheim, it seems a portion of the old house was extant; and surely what age and the fury of the civil war left untouched, might have been suffered to exist in a place where there was enough and to spare both for the old and the new.

There are a variety of objects about Blenheim, which in general occupy more of the time than the attention of a stranger, that I purposely omitted to see. My usual way when I go to a place that interests me much, is to leave it invested with some unrevealed charm that may serve as a motive for a future visit. It is better also that we

should carry home some tangible impression of a part, than a confused and imperfect recollection of the whole. With this conviction I resolved to reserve the pleasure of an extended tour of the park, and an inspection of the garden, as matter fitted for agreeable home-contemplation, and worthy of justifying any idle inclination to renew my acquaintance at an after period with these and another class of objects, which my sympathies had allowed to take a stronger hold of my affections.

Of the external appearance of the palace, or the castle as it is indifferently called, it is as needless as it would be impossible for me to say anything that could be intelligible to you. You must just imagine an immense mass of building of great length, and set off with a profusion of relief, but with little of that manipulated detail which Vanbrugh, it seems, could not or would not understand. To the interior the stranger is introduced by the great door under the portico of the centre building. The size and magnificence of the hall, with its marble floor and doorways, its galleries and pillars and painted ceiling, are likely enough to raise your expectations with respect to the other apartments; but excepting the saloon, which occupies the other half of the breadth of the house, and may be called the hall of the back entrance, and the library, there is not one of them of more than ordinary size and elegance. Certainly, considered by themselves, the rooms are in all respects spacious and showy, and would in the common run of country mansions be accounted *crack* affairs: but after the eye has been made fastidious by the external display, it cannot help being disappointed by the apparent littleness of the internal arrangements. There are, however, some things in Blenheim more worth looking at than magnificent chambers; and as these were what principally took me thither, I had better suspend my grumbling, and give you, so far as my memory serves, a list of them. You will easily guess that the things I allude to are pictures: and in hinting my intention to abstain from all learned criticism on their merits, I would have you to understand that I am not actuated by any modest desire of concealing my sagacity in such matters—a fault, or failing however, to which critics are too much given—but simply in order to avoid touching upon such a pregnant theme as the history and peculiarities of the different schools of painting, which your own knowledge of this branch of polite learning will enable you to see would be an endless business:—

Lot's Departure out of Sodom.	}	<i>Rubens.</i>
Christ Blessing the Children.		
The Roman Daughter.		
Rubens' Wife and Child.		
Lot and his Daughters.		
A Bacchanalian Piece.	}	<i>Titian.</i>
Meleager and Atalanta.		
Pope Gregory and a Female Penitent.		
St. Sebastian.		
The Rape of Europa, by Paul Veronese.		

Besides the above there are many pictures by the same masters, and others by Ludovico Caracci, Pietro da Cortona, Kneller, &c.; but those which more especially took my fancy were, a Madonna, or *Marjale*

in the clouds, a circle of stars round her head, by *Carlo Dolci*. She is in a kneeling posture, and engaged in adoring or supplicating the Divine Presence. Nothing can exceed the expression, colouring, and finish of this beautiful work of art. Were there nothing else at Blenheim, it would be a sufficient recompense for any amount of trouble taken to behold it. It is one of the most exquisitely finished, and without a particle of glare the richest and most harmoniously coloured pictures I ever saw. The figure is very simple, free, and graceful, and the face is the very ideal of feminine loveliness.

Raffaele's favourite Dorothea.

Virgin and Child, St. John, and St. Nicholas : formerly in } *Raffaele*.
the Capella degli Asidei, at Perugia.

Isaac Blessing Jacob.

The Woman taken in Adultery } Two very fine pictures by *Rembrandt*.

Three Beggar Boys — *Murillo*.

A fine Head of Charles I., and a splendid full-sized figure of the same Monarch on horseback, by *Vandyck*.

A delightful little picture of a Boy-Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, by *Baroccio*.

Seneca dictating to his Amanuensis while bleeding to death, by *Giordano*.

There are also a few small pictures of the Dutch school of little merit, and others of the English school by Owen, Romney, and Reynolds. Of the last-named painter there is a large, very pleasing, and finely coloured picture of the late Duke of Marlborough and his family. I had also almost neglected to mention a very expressive portrait, by Kneller, of the Duchess Sarah. It conveys a very vivid idea of what one is likely to conceive of her character. Among features by no means unprepossessing, you perceive a considerable leaven of that wilful and violent spirit which so often disturbed the repose of her domestic circle and provoked the hostility of her nearest friends. At the end of the library is a showy but very stiff and inanimate statue of Queen Anne in full robes, by Rysbrach; and in the chapel is a monumental group of the first Duke, his wife and two sons, by the same artist. As the last mentioned was under repair at the time of my visit, I had not the advantage of a close inspection; but it (the monument) looked very heavy, and by far too conspicuous and bulky for the size of the chapel. On the walls of the drawing-rooms are representations in tapestry of the battle of Dunbar, Lisle, and Malplaquet; and the march to and siege of Bouchain, &c.: and to finish with this catalogue of recollections. I may mention that the ceilings of the hall and saloon are painted by Sir James Thornhill and La Guerre.

As I was on the point of passing through the portal on my return to Woodstock, I remembered that there was yet another object within the demesne I had set myself on seeing, but which had been driven out of my head by the pother excited therein by the divinities of Raffaele and Carlo Dolci. What I allude to is Rosamond's Well. Returning therefore to the off-extremity of the bridge, and descending the bank, I found it gurgling out its little tide of crystal water under the sombre shade of the overhanging wood. Here, if anywhere, does

one feel his fancy stealing back to times long before the Browns and Vanbrughs were employed to remove the ancient landmarks of the place, to the days when the royal Henrys, and Edwards, and Charles' made revelry, and the licentious Rochesters made wit to over-season the mirth. Even after royalty was on the decline, and the sobering restraints of fanatical rule had brought desolation on the spot, the old spirit seemed to revive in the necromantic jokes of the *merry Devil of Woodstock*. The exploits of this facetious personage, however, were of short duration, and, as might have been supposed, were judged rather irrelevant to the proceedings of the commissioners who could not exactly see through their meaning, and what was worse, did not altogether derive much instruction or comfort from them. The efforts of honest Joe, therefore, to purge the place of Puritanism were, however well intentioned, on the whole, perhaps infelicitous in their result; for the whole rump taking the scandal of the thing so much to heart, began such an effectual process of despoiling and disparting as bid fair to relieve the habitation from all spiritual connexion for the time to come.

But the events which are more intimately associated with the spot, and invest it with a more human interest, belong to an age more remote than that which gave birth to the stern protector and the merry Devil of Woodstock. All of us know something of the leading occurrences of the reign of Henry II. Many of us can go further back; for however much we may have neglected to make history a study of our riper years, we have still lingering about us somewhat of that little store which school diligence laid up in our memories. But in looking back into the haze of antiquity, it is seldom with a design to review the conduct of princes and statesmen and churchmen and warriors in a political light. It is rather in a domestic and social view that we love to consider the destinies of such men. We could never rise above mere curiosity, nor grow warm and patriotic over the page of history, did it not sometimes let us see through the grosser movements of external life, an inward and more beautiful vitality, that breathes of a romantic devotion, an untiring zeal, and gentle affections. What can we who dwell in lowly cabins know of the sleek indulgences, the colossal desires and speculations of royalty? How can we make the high estate intelligible to the low degree, but by clothing it with the attributes of our common nature, and then seeing, that however varied and dissimilar and disunited may be the condition and course of our outward state, there is but *one* life for the soul of man.

Henry the Second, an incident in whose life has thrown so melancholy a charm over this little fountain, although a prince and lawgiver, was yet a man with like weaknesses, sympathies, and passions as ourselves. Over the record of his reign we follow him carelessly perhaps through the bustling vicissitudes that ordinarily mark and make up the life of the crowned head: but standing by the rill that his fond but cruel love has consecrated, our imagination incites us to a livelier concern. Here we are on vantage-ground. Here fancy pictures the monarch, divested of his state, seeking a solace in the repose of nature, as tasting in the arms of beauty the sweets of a richer conquest than

that of kingdoms. Here he walked with *the fair Rosamond*, and dallied with the infirmities of a tender heart that loved him, not wisely, but too well! Here were breathed out those fatal aspirations, here was whispered that sympathetic response, that seem still to live in the autumnal sigh and the lavings of the bubbling pool! Here too, or hereabouts, was that mysterious grove and labyrinth which love made impervious to all but jealousy. We look in vain for a trace of this penetrale of the heart of Henry, for history has now, it tells us, grown sceptical of such having existed, and the palsied finger of tradition has long since ceased to point to the spot: but the tale that was told us in infancy, and the emotions it engendered, are yet even now too strong to let an historical doubt or a half-expired tradition destroy the belief that such things were.* We would not even surrender the frightful catastrophe—the whetted dagger and the poisoned cup; for it has ever been a beautiful contemplation even to our veriest childhood, that of true love struggling with the malevolence of an adverse fate. Neither do we willingly renounce from our bosoms the remembrance of that hallowed grief with which our young sensibilities were touched; for the experience of later years, albeit it has hardened us to many things, lets us feel that there is a proud joy in the sacrifices that love is oftentimes called to make, an absolute sustenance in the very troubles and anxieties that are mixed with the felicities of united hearts. We cannot part them and throw away the bitter ingredient, and perhaps if we could it would not be wise to do it:

“Joy must be still to sorrow tied,
And sorrow must be link'd with joy.”

These are reflections, however, that are more perhaps the growth of the nursery than the green glades of Blenheim. Throughout the wide circuit of the park there are many woody retreats where love might harbour and mutter unheard its soft complaint, and mazy courses too, where it may think it has parted for ever with the outer world; but there is little that shapes itself into conformity with our childish dream of the fairy realm and magic entrance that girt about the fair form of Rosamond Clifford. Even the well and the pool we can scarcely believe, and would hardly wish to be, the same where she dissipated in sportive ablutions the tedious hours of absence from her royal suitor. In the things themselves there is not one romantic feature. The hand of art, if art it can be called, has done that which nature would have done better of its own accord. The spring comes out of a dead wall built against a perpendicular cut in the sloping turf. After falling into a hole below, it finds access by a covered passage to the pool or bath, which is three or four feet distant, and out of this it is finally conveyed by a subterraneous gutter to the lake. The appearance of the whole affair is stiff, mean, and characterless, and independently of its want of poetical agreement, is out of all keeping with the laboured embellish-

* Those stern sticklers for truth, that with remorseless broom dash down the cobwebs and sweep clean and bare the hall of time, have but a sorry and a thankless task. And the spirit of the story, whether true or false, characterizes the age better than ten thousand of the naked facts they would call history.—Ed.

ments that surround it.* I have seen many a time more picturesque fountains on the wayside, put there to water horses. One indeed could not fail to suppose that Rosamond's Well was made for a like use, were it not for the iron fence that goes round it, thereby shutting out all access either to quadruped or biped. As there is nothing within the enclosure that could be injured by touching, it puzzles one rather to imagine for what end it has been erected, unless with the humane design of preventing those very inquisitive travellers, who can never feel satisfied with a thing until they get over head and ears in it, from drowning themselves.

I fear I am wearying you with my rambling gossip about this little spot, and had better leave it, more especially as I am beginning to quarrel with it: but you know my fondness for nature, and how prone I am to linger over any peculiar manifestation of her presence. Of all the elements that make up the landscape, I have ever regarded water as the most pleasing; running water I mean, for the motionless lake, the rigid, death-like tarn, are objects which fill my mind, too ready to court the visitations of gloomy speculation, with an intolerable sadness. In these there is a torpor that chills the feelings with a kind of fear of the present, a cheerless, hopeless dread of the future. But the gushings of the clear spring and its onward swelling flow, its merry boundings, its whirling eddies, its noisy chafings, its murmuring ripples, attune our sensibilities to the perception of a more animated present, and lead us back to a remembrance of those days when our way of life had in it something of the bubbling radiance of the new-born rill.

When passing the church on my return to Woodstock, the tolling of the bell and the open door announced that preparation was making for a funeral. It was that of a pauper. I followed the little procession headed by the clergyman into the church, and getting into a pew, heard the beautiful and affecting service read over the dead. Here was a new theme, a mournful reality, that soon dispelled the idle fancies I had evoked over the fountain at Blenheim, and led my thoughts away from the flowery path of youth to that entangled labyrinth which ends in the grave. The solemnity of the occasion, however, did not prevent my eyes from wandering a little, as they will do when they get into a strange place; and I must confess that my features were almost relaxing into a greater impertinence, when the pulpit and its flight of wooden steps suddenly brought before my mind's eye the ludicrous contention between the Rev. Nehemiah Holdenough, and his pugnacious competitor in orthodoxy, an account of which you will find, if you have not already found it, in one of those delightful fictions which have thrown so many charms around the localities of our dear old country.

Shortly after the conclusion of the ceremony I was whirling across the eight miles of open level country that lies between Woodstock and Oxford. After depositing my portmanteau in its old quarters at the

* *Quanto præstantius esset,
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.*—*Juvenal.*

Mitre in the High street, and leaving instructions as to dinner, I hurried off to evening prayers at Christ Church in a transport of joyful anticipation,—“of what?” you will ask: but were I to make a laboured attempt at explaining what after all is a kind of mystery to myself, you would only think me a fantastical refiner of common-place things, more than ordinarily imbued with the affectation of seeing deeper than other people. Still, even to the moderate lover of ecclesiastical architecture, there are attractions about Christ Church sufficient to beget an impatient desire to see it. In itself it is a fine specimen of the Norman style, intermixed here and there with details of a later date. The roof of the choir is beautifully worked in florid groinings, and that of the nave is done in wooden panellings, both of which, as well as the general structure of the building, I wish you could see for the sake of contrasting them with those lath-and-plaster things which we put up in our days and call Gothic churches!

And now it has occurred to me, for the first time, that architects have somehow or other neglected to designate the peculiar gothic that at present prevails in Church architecture. Mr. Rickman, Mr. Bloxam, and others, every one is aware, have arranged or classified the different styles and fixed the periods to which these styles respectively belong, the order, omitting some slight modifications, being as follows, viz.

The Saxon style.

The Norman style.

The Early English style.

The Decorated English style.

The Florid or Perpendicular style.

From the period of the decline of the last-mentioned style (about the middle of the sixteenth century), down nearly to the present era, Gothic architecture, as if sick of petty change, threw aside all conventional guidance, by which means it became first confused, and latterly nearly lost in the exotic styles of Greece and Italy. Many wayward circumstances, arising out of the state of the nation, conspired also to hasten this departure from taste. The spirit of the Reformation, wholly occupied with the consideration of theological subtilities and the establishment of new doctrines of faith, evinced an intolerance towards refinement of form as quite unessential and in some degree at variance with purity of external worship; and Puritanism, throwing aside all respect for outward ordinances and reverential feeling, prepared the minds of the succeeding generation for a contemptuous rejection of religion altogether.

The revival of religious feeling, which at a subsequent period began to manifest itself, and the still increasing influence it is exercising in the present time, has led to an extensive provision of Church accommodation throughout the country. A return to a purer spirit and form of Christianity has happily been accompanied by a purer taste in the construction of the new edifices. Still, in the general design, and in the beauty and harmony of the parts, in careful finish and durability, there is a striking inferiority to the ancient models. In the distribution of the parts, in the form of the arches and doorways, and in the introduction of foreign ornament, we see that architects are still un-

wisely endeavouring to improve upon the perfect examples of antiquity. It is in the internal arrangement and workmanship, however, where the greatest offences are committed, and for which, parsimony more than artistic ignorance must bear the reproach. Here everything is hollow and unreal : plaster pillars, plaster arches, plaster traceries, the very walls are plaster ! The whole is a mockery, a vain show, which will never grow old and time-honoured. Such flippancies naturally give rise to two questions. Had our ancestors built *their* churches so, what provision would there have been in the present age for the public worship of God ? The other question, not a less momentous one, is, What provision are *we* making in this matter for posterity ? Considerations of such importance seem to be altogether overlooked in the zealous efforts at present making for a liberal supply of church accommodation over the whole country. Handsome (so they are titled) new churches and chapels are everywhere starting up, most of which are likely to be in a state of utter disrepair before another generation is called to worship in them. Viewing the matter in its strictly utilitarian character even, would it not be better to confine the energies of this extension scheme to a smaller field of operation, to the doing efficiently and well a portion of the work, until the progressive development of new resources shall enable it to carry out its purposes to the full extent ? For my part, I see no expediency in all this haste. In sudden and intemperate ebullitions, communities as well as individuals may go much awry ; and in the outpourings of mental emotion there is an inherent weakness that too often brings an early and rapid decay. Of course you will understand that I am not bringing within the sphere of my remarks, without exception, every church belonging to the present day. There are a few, though a very few, that deserve even more than the matter-of-course praise that is heaped upon every pelting piece of masonry, whether sacred or profane, by the very courteous voices of this preeminently complimentary and praise-bestowing age ! And there are, on the other hand, a vast number, and these too in large and wealthy towns, in every respect so destitute of church character as puts them beyond the pale of criticism. What I have been saying has application only to those churches which are built on a large scale, and have been invested with pretensions to architectural skill and elegance. Filled as these are with flimsy patchwork, and encumbered, degraded I might better call it, as too many are with debt, what assurance have we that periodical demands for repairs will meet with attention ? Even in so devout a nation as ours is, we have daily proofs how little reliance is to be put in christian zeal and liberality. We see what is done at vestry-meetings, and in what spirit the calls for the preservation of our parish churches are disposed of by men who are appointed to the special Christian office of watching over their interests. Such proceedings we see and read of, not as having to do with churches built as it were yesterday, but in regard to such as have nobly stood out for centuries, and are now pleading in the feebleness of age and decay—

“ I am withered now, and old :
Do help me with your charity.”

But besides mere durability, and beyond bare absolute utility, I would claim for our churches a just allowance of chaste and well-wrought adornment; and in spite of all that can be said of the advantages of cramming them with the utmost possible amount of christian souls, I would plead that they should have more space in the sittings and passage-ways, and none of those unsightly wooden suspensions called galleries, which give to the house of God the air of a place of carnal entertainment. I know very well that the nature of the extension scheme will not admit of these refinements,—that its object is to have crowded, that is, packed churches, and these in the greatest number. In the country and remote districts where the population is scattered, the propriety of this view may be admitted; but in towns, where the population is concentrated within a narrow space, I can see no use in subdividing church accommodation to the extent of putting down a place of worship at every man's door; although this, I am also aware, is a point embraced in the extension scheme, and has for its object the bringing to a knowledge of gospel-truth those poor and demoralized classes who do not come to, and who would not probably if they did, find accommodation in the central churches. Now this is precisely where I think the friends of extension have gone farthest wrong. Instead of erecting large and efficient churches in eligible situations, to which the very poorest and most degraded of society should, through the medium of missionary labour, be prepared and encouraged to attend, their funds have been frittered away in "getting up" a multiplicity of wretched habitations, with scarcely so much devotional character about them as to command respect, and withal so negligently put together, as to give little hope of their remaining long in a serviceable condition. Therefore it is that I would say, let there be none of this waste; let us have large, commodious, and well-appointed churches, and let the poor be trained and invited to enter them: let us have a church universal, and none, or as few as may be, of those scattered, disunited, cheerless, and unsanctified-looking places, where the poor are taught that they must worship their God according to their means, and that there is one kind of religion for affluence, and another kind of religion for penury. It is in these dismembered, and as it were expatriated offshoots of our great maternal Church, I am persuaded, that sectarianism and dissent are nourished and spring up. In the setting apart and assortment of these local christian communities, there is something of the very nature of an understood separation; and however much they may be conducted upon establishment principles, the communicants cannot but feel they are, even as religionists, a distinct and inferior sect. It is these invidious distinctions, more than the weight or authority of puritanical pretension, that have enfeebled the arm of the establishment in our day, and brought upon her the revilings of the envious and self-righteous. But let her become more united, and central, and catholic—less exclusive, less departmental—then will she become indeed the *great congregation*, the mighty and beneficent mother of us all.*

* These remarks will not be without their use in a day when we seem desirous to forget that the Church of God is a democracy, and not an aristocracy; when the

You see what a flight the old walls of Christ Church have caused me to take; but having come to a pause, and bethinking I hear you say, "Well, this is the most prosaical and erratic of journalists!" I shall cut short my theoretical deflections, and return to do a little in forwarding the work I am ever and anon allowing to slip through my fingers. I was, I believe, saying something anent the peculiar styles of church architecture, which prevailed during certain periods of time, when I ran away from my discourse by the lateral opening that lay so conveniently in the path of my subject. The list of these several styles, as I hinted, is not complete, inasmuch as it breaks off at the Perpendicular or Florid, as far back as the time of Henry VIII., and that in consequence we are at a loss how to denominate that also peculiar style which, after a period of barbarous or bastard innovation, has crept into fashion in our own day. Now, to admit that any thing is in accordance with fashion, is, you must not deny, next to saying the very most you can in its favour; and being predisposed to vent a laudation upon the nondescript style in question, I thought of proposing it should be called the *Fashionable* or *Contemporary style*; but as the term, on reconsideration, seemed to have more of a social than a material signification, I have thought it better to fix on another that is characteristic at once of the age and the style itself. The name, therefore, I give to this hitherto unchristened scion of art, and which I hope will be recognized in all time to come, is—

The Plaster, or Niggard style.

"A good name," the proverb says, "is better than riches;" but, should architects and those who have contributed towards the edification of the houses I speak of, take occasion to cavil at the denomination, they must call to mind that to have *no* name is next to being in bad repute, and to be without repute is to be as nearly as possible whatever people choose to call you! Seeing therefore that I have taken upon me to administer the rite of baptism to this forlorn child of art, I trust that all concerned will allow the name to stand, because, if not quite euphonious, it is to a degree appropriate and cognate.

Once more, I perceive I am, to use Jack's phrase, "dropping astern," or, like an idle schoolboy over his task, again relaxing into the "primrose path of dalliance," and wasting my time and yours in a kind of knight-errant pursuit of what more sober minds may call ideal virtues, and ideal malversations, in the transactions of society. But considering that I am, or rather ought to be, at this present in a church, and dwelling in a city of churches, I have not on the whole, I believe, gone much

morocco Prayer-Book, and the velvet cushion, and the high seat, and the curtained pew, give a strange contradiction to the preacher's words, "God is no respecter of persons." We have discarded the Doctrine of St. James,—and if there come a rich man into our assembly, he is honoured with a place which it would be thought presumption in a poor man even to approach, and this in sight of the Font wherein we are all baptized into one body. It is time to put an end to this system of exclusion, and to the recognition of superiority which has so long prevailed; and the "Sleepy Hollows" of the fashionable, and the ducal seat, and the squire's pew, must all be abolished, if we wish to realize the beautiful oneness of the Catholic Church. We shall return to this subject from time to time. Here at least there can be no evil in that moral thunder-storm—agitation.—Ed.

out of the way ; and abating a trifle of innocent jocularly in my mode of speech, I assure you, at bottom I have been quite serious in my remarks. Indeed, I have too much respect for churches and for church ordinances, to treat them, or any thing appertaining to them, with intentional levity ; and so far from entertaining any squeamish or ultra-refined notions about propriety of design or elegance of workmanship, I never omit to visit the very humblest of them that I meet in the course of my rambles, and seldom fail to receive pleasure therefrom. The sexton, in truth, is always the earliest of my village acquaintances, and many a pleasant, and I hope not unprofitable hour I have spent in following him through the aisles and pew-ways, giving due heed the while to his grave comment and quaint gossip on and about things and occurrences bound up with the memories of the spot. It is, in fact, out of this very simple and unsophisticated predilection that arises my solicitude about the solidity and style of our modern churches. Not in purity of doctrine, administrations, and ceremonial alone, should we be left to realise that dear familiar image, the *Church of our Fathers* ; but in very form, in very substance too. In walls that have outlived generations there is religion, independent of the ingathering of the faithful, and the voice of the preacher. These were the consecrated landmarks which our sires set up to guide them and their children in the way,—the *Dii terminales* of their devious earth-wanderings ; and now the *signa ad viam præmonstrandam* of their last restings. Objects round which have clustered such endearing associations, cannot but win our attachment and excite our devotional feeling. The house which our fathers built and made beautiful, in which they offered sacrifices and sought purification, and round which their dust is gathered—shall we not love it ? In maintaining and perpetuating the temple of God in our day, is there not a motive in keeping alive the old familiar feeling, in preserving the old familiar likeness ? Believe me, it is not the extrinsic, the rare, the strange, with which I seek to invest the sanctuary, for in these we see and feel little :

“ Oh, no ! it is the common, the quite common—
The thing of an eternal yesterday,
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling !
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse ! ”

Let us beware, then, how we lay violent hands upon old forms, old usages. It is not truth to say we can profitably shake ourselves free of their influence. It is not a *human* philosophy—that philosophy that would impoverish our faith and confine it within the cold abstractions of an utilitarian creed. So long as the heart is a living sentient being, so long will it seek to clothe the naked realities of our maternal economy with typifications of itself. Without the beautiful halo of human sympathies and human affections, what meaning, what intelligibility would there be in the outward visible world ? How could it be *our* world ? It is ours because we make it so ; and so far only as it reflects back upon the heart the lustres that shine there, does it become the “ well-adjusted, habitable abode of man.” Because we recognize and cherish

the prevalence of feelings such as these in ourselves, do we love to discover in the works of antiquity a kindred spirit in the minds of our ancestors. True, indeed, there is sometimes in the embellishments of their sacred buildings a strange admixture of the grotesque, uncouth, and unnatural, which have no authority in any known shapes that walk in the ways of men. Yet even in this licentious offspring of a rude age there may be traced something akin to humanity—a humanity such as embodied and personified the unseen world of feeling and sentiment—a humanity with which the fancy, still brooding in the realms of an ancient superstition, peopled the midnight hour and the solitude of desert places. The shadowing forth of whatever pertained to man by means of allegorical sculptures, was in no degree at variance with the character and purposes of the Church. The whole fabric, indeed, might with perfect consistency and truth be viewed as a touching and beautiful allegory. Like our mortal bodies, it was the sanctuary of an imperishable excellence; like them it was symbolically attired in all fleshly attributes. The cross form, too, of many of our old churches, and the almost invariable practice of pointing their choirs to the east, are similitudes which, whatever be our particular Christian views, our mere formal differences, cannot but raise up in our thoughts a pleasing memory of the hallowed source and origin of our common faith.*

Having at length got to the end of my discussion, I return at once, and without farther preface or apology, to what I was saying as to Christ Church. I find however that I have little to add to the details I have already given. The roofings and the pillars are, to my taste, the finest things about it. There are transepts and aisles of course, where one may wander pleasantly, and monuments of knights and priors and saints, and some fine old stained glass representing scriptural stories, the subjects of which I have forgotten. Perhaps the most interesting object is a fine statue of the late Cyril Jackson, by Chantrey. It stands in the mouth of the north transept near to the entrance of the choir, and has a striking effect as you enter the nave or antechapel by the doorway at the south-east corner. It is in Chantrey's best style, beautifully executed, and full of fine placid, but keen intellectual expression. What attaches a kind of secondary interest to the statue, is that it is a *posthumous*† production, being modelled after the death of the venerable Dean, from a portrait of him by Owen, in the college hall. It may also convey some satisfaction, or rather create a kind of interest in you, to be told that there is a small mural monument in one of the aisles to your old favourite Burton ("*Democritus junior*," I mean) who was buried in this church.

The vocal choir of Christ Church is not so effective in point of strength as those of some of the other chapels—New College and Magdalen, for instance; but in other respects I was quite as well, perhaps better pleased with it. I would not, however, hazard a de-

* Since the above was written, I had the pleasure to read a very able and ingenious article on the *Principles of Gothic Architecture*, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. cxxxvii., just published. As it confirms the view I have taken of the subject, I refer the reader to it for a fuller and more eloquent development of them.

† In the artistic sense.

cided opinion in the matter, as the Magdalen service was the only one in Oxford, besides that of Christ Church, which I heard, and that only on one occasion : and moreover I may have a leaning in favour of the latter, as it was the first I listened to, and because of some other partialities which may have in some degree influenced my judgment. The organ is a fine old instrument built by *Father Smith*, but it has been *prejudiced*, I am told, by the late or the present organist for the sake of increasing its compass. It is certainly too powerful for the voices of the choir, which I have heard on several occasions completely drowned by it.

October 14.—Having missed my friend E ——— G ——— from the choir last evening, I waited the dismissal of the boys after this morning's service to make inquiries among them respecting him. I learned that he had died some two months since, and that his remains were interred in the churchyard of Headington, a village two miles off. From the church I went to Mr. Parker's in Broad Street, afterwards to some others of the bookshops, and thence to the Bodleian. The collection of pictures in the gallery of this famous bibliotheca is by no means select. As a whole it is poor, and as it consists almost entirely of portraits, is wanting in variety and consequently in interest : the historian or antiquary, however, may be inclined to think that these merely pictorial defects are amply compensated by the interest of the subjects, all of which were men or women of eminence in their day. As works of art the following appeared to me the most worthy of notice :

Catharine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II., by *Lely*.

Cranmer the Martyr, by *Holbein*.

Sir Kenelm Digby, by *Vandyke*.

George III., by *Ramsay*. A well finished picture, smoothly but lightly coloured.

Mary, Queen of James II. A very sweet picture.—*Lely*.

Robert Nelson, author of Companion for the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England.—*Kneller*.

Paine, the Architect.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

John Selden.—*Lely*. A well coloured picture.

The unfortunate Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. A fine picture, by *Vandyke*.

Raffaële, by *himself*. Colouring very rich and soft.

As a curiosity, I may mention the lantern of Guy Fawkes, which was sent to the Bodleian in 1641. It is preserved in a glass-case along with a facsimile of the letter to Lord Monteagle. A conspirator of the present day would be apt to smile at the clumsiness and colossal bulk of an instrument employed in an enterprise of such nicety, and depending so much upon concealment. Tresham's letter, however, threw more light upon his evil intentions than Guy's lantern did, so that it was not the size of the one, but the transparency of the other, that spoilt the plot, and brought Guy and his worthy associates into trouble.

Immediately under the gallery is the library. The apartment containing this invaluable store of riches is one of the finest sights in Oxford, and just what a place of the kind should be. Notwithstanding the beauty of its carvings and panellings, and other decorations, it has

a sombrous and quiet appearance, and an ærial repose, produced by that subdued and mellowed light which ought always to pervade a place of literary study. The only pleasure, and it is not a small one, that you have the liberty of enjoying from a visit, is that of walking elisurely up and down the apartment, loitering about the recesses, and looking at the titles of many an old musty folio through the wires of their dormitories. As one looks up the long vista of intelligence, he may well exclaim, Alas! how much is there here of unused and unusable matter. Here is wealth more boundless than the mines of Peru, or than was ever imagined in the dreams of oriental fable! Here is an amassing of more than the most devouring philomathy can ever appropriate or mispend! In one compartment alone, might the most ardent zeal and industry find occupation for its threescore and ten years, and yet have cause to complain, "who is sufficient for these things!"

October 15.—I do not know how it was, but all yesterday I was beset by an irresistible desire to go back to Woodstock. All that I could do to confine my mind to my present location was unavailing: it kept straying about the quiet streets of the old borough, the park and the pictures, in spite of me. I had thought that a night's rest would quench this truant disposition; but on awaking this morning I felt the desire as absolute as ever. Well! *I thought, there is no use in contending; it is but a run of eight miles, and the sun shines pleasantly.*

In half-an-hour after this sage cogitation I was rumbling through Corn Market Street, and St. Giles', on the box-seat of the Leamington Stage, and in two half-hours more I was under the benign protection of the Marlborough Arms, as comfortable as hot coffee and broiled bacon could make me.

The pleasure I had experienced from my former visit to Blenheim, had no effect in diminishing that arising out of the present one. Raffles and Reynolds were still beautiful, and so was Duchess Sarah, and the little knight of St. John, and Carlo Dolci. From the palace I took across the park by the way of the bridge, with the purpose of visiting the *High Lodge*; but a glimpse of Rosamond's Well which I caught in passing, took me down the bank, and there I spent all the time I had to spare out of Woodstock. My desire to come to the *High Lodge* was in order to obtain the fine view that I was told it commanded of the park and the neighbouring country, although a higher interest attaches to the place from its connexion with that very singular character, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Here probably while comptroller of the park, and during one of those alternations which his mind took between study and licentious idleness, were composed the imitations, songs, and satires which afforded amusement to court wits of his day. Few men, perhaps, have exhibited so heterogeneous a mode of life, and left behind them a reputation so equivocal as Rochester. His character was made up of all things, and his friends and companions were of all complexions. A hero in battle, and a coward in street frays; a courtier and accomplished scholar, and a debauchee and mountebank; an accomplice of the most worthless and

abandoned, and the especial favourite of a prince—a prince, however, whose own personal character was not fitted to correct that of his protégé. That his heart was not altogether hardened and rendered insensate by selfish pleasure, is evident from those transient returns to study and reflection, which Johnson, harshly I think, calls a retirement still more vicious than the indecent extravagances of his open life. A man who from feverish excitement could relapse into repose, and from the whirl of thoughtless ebriety return to rational contemplation, could scarcely be said to be given over to an irremediable doom. True refinement, that refinement which nature gives, will struggle long before it gives up the contest with the contaminations of adventitious influences: and as the faults of Rochester were more conventional than real, there was a kind of assurance that the native dispositions of his character would ultimately arise out of the slough of worldly corruption, and redeem him. A natural and determined bias to evil would never have led to an intimacy with Burnet; and the salutary controul which the learned churchman eventually exercised over him, proves how easily an originally fertile soil may sometimes be weeded of its rankness. The interposition of Burnet, in time to awaken contrition and repentance in the soul, was too late to repair the shattered frame, prematurely worn out and already on the verge of the grave. He died, at the High Lodge I believe, in his thirty-fourth year.

One of the most picturesque views in the vicinity of the park, is that of Old Woodstock. It lies in and on the declivities of a deep bottom close under the Borough, from which it is partly divided by a little stream called the Glyme, a tributary of the Isis.

October 16.—Morning service over, and it being a half-holiday with the *lobs*, P—— and I set out to visit the grave of poor G—— at Headington. Your way lies through the eastern suburbs by the Magdalene bridge, and up the steep ascent which terminates in the eminence called, if I remember aright, *Shotover Hill*. Headington is a small quiet village, containing some good houses, a little snug-looking inn, and a very respectable ancient church with a conspicuous tower. Opposite the porch is one of those curious crosses so frequently to be met with in old burial-grounds, but as frequently in a dilapidated or fragmentary condition. This one, although apparently very aged, is quite entire. An inquiry at an adjoining cottage brought out the sexton, who showed us the interior of the church, which, with the exception of a large Norman arch of very good workmanship, contains nothing of architectural interest. He then brought us to the outside and pointed out, or rather placed us over the spot, where poor G—— after a short and not untroubled life, reposed from the confusions of this tortuous world. To me there is not gloom or melancholy in the contemplation of the grave of the young. I sometimes wish that I had myself been called thither in my earliest prime. To go early is to go easily. The lengthening out of days, what more of felicity does it bring? what new hopes does it inspire? Smooth is the transit, less fearful the messenger to the young heart that has not tasted of reality. It is but the mild monition, “Look not thither, ’tis a delusion! there is a more beautiful world than that—come to it!”

A Stroll in and about

a sombrous and quiet appearance, and that subdued and mellowed light which is the place of literary study. The only thing that you have the liberty of enjoying is to sit up and down the apparatus of looking at the titles of many of their dormitories. As one may well exclaim, Alas! it is a unusable matter. Here is Peru, or than was Here is an amassing ever appropriate most ardent ze ten years, and things!"

time to lounge a most attractive of one of the latter the University Press add beautifully printed One shilling and nine- efficient, and envious will was no buying the book for zeal and cleverness, I would like could produce for the same money. price is, I am quite sure that the Uni- to supply every individual in the country at threepence at least per

October 17.—This morning at Magdalene chapel, one of the handsomest in beset by stalls, pews, &c. are peculiarly elegant, and admirably I could not cross. The altar-piece is by Morales, representing our Saviour it is appearing to Mary Magdalene in the garden, in All Souls' and you may have seen in the shops. The chapel on this occasion is lighted up by a splendid array of massive wax candles, was exceedingly brilliant. The anthem was Weldon's, *In thee O Lord have I put my trust*, which I had heard in the morning at Christ Church, where it was given, I think, with greater taste and effect. I do not know whether Weldon ranks high in the opinion of professional musicians as a church composer, but this little piece gained him my warmest esteem and affection. It is characterized by great simplicity, and the first movements are very uniform and subdued. You almost expect it to come to a close without attempting a single effect, when you are taken by surprise by the last movement, which bursts out into a wild and impassioned strain of the most touching melody.

October 17.—This morning P. called and conducted me to Christ Church to hear the sermon, which was delivered in the ante-chapel, pews being put for the nonce. The students occupied so much space that I could not get a seat. I chose, however, a very comfortable post alongside the stove—(by the way this was the first time I had seen a stove in a cathedral)—under the west window; and there I saw and heard sufficiently well. The discourse was, I remember, an argumentative one, proving and disproving some things or others, but what I have forgotten—the more to my discredit, you will say! the morning was miserably wet and cold, but after the termination of the service the day brightened up deliciously.

The noise of the ringing of bells in the city of Oxford on a Sunday is past endurance. Between seven and eight o' the morning, and nine in the evening, when the great Tom fulminates its *one hundred-and-one*, there is a continuous jingle from every street and alley and grove. The business of escaping from the din, and not knowing besides precisely how to occupy myself till evening, I walked to Headington, and thence to Marsden. The latter is a straggling village, some two or three miles from the city. In it there is a very old church, through the windows of which I saw some low Norman pillars.

Christ Church to prayers, then to the *Mitre*, and after at the Church of St. Peter-in-the-East, the oldest of the antiquarian perhaps, the most interesting Oxford. The church was well filled, crowded the service well conducted. The hymn (in Haydn's sweet composition, known as the one you remember, it was the opening vocal concert last year, on which occasion it was the chorus with full orchestral accompaniments. Shortly after breakfast P—— came to me with the news that this being a Saint's day, he had got a holiday, and he was at my disposal. Well! I thought, *there is some consolation in the Kalendar after all!* After a little consultation we set out, under the auspice of a fine clear sunny sky, in the direction of Cumnor, which lies about four miles to the south-west of the city. The road is a very pleasant upland walk, commanding from time to time very beautiful prospects of the undulating country below and in the distance.

On arriving at the village, our first care was to see the remains of the Hall, or Place. They stand quite close to the west end of the church-yard, and are soon seen, for a low square wall enclosing a patch of garden-ground is all that exists, although not longer than thirty years ago the building was comparatively entire. The old man who took us to the spot, as he opened the gate of the enclosure and led us through his vegetables, shook his head and complained of the humiliation that had been brought upon the building in its old age; for he had known it in its better days, and when it could boast of repaying the traveller, as he said, for the trouble of his journey. Whilst I was manifesting my sympathy and gathering the particulars of the devastation, P—— went to pluck a piece of ivy from the wall, which the old man observing, gave him a couple of small circular stones he had found in the course of his digging. Before delivering them he desired to know what I thought of them; but being no geologist I could not gratify his curiosity. It was evident, however, that he did not regard them as productions of nature, which in truth they were, but as relics of the days when the monks of Abingdon were possessors of the globe. In addition to these he bestowed upon me a piece of the brick or tile flooring of the hall.

Our next visit was to the Church. It stands on an elevated spot hard by, and surrounded by a thicket of old grave-stones. Nearly opposite to the entrance is the remnant of a cross, all that is left, being the base and a portion of the shaft. The interior of the church has a very ancient appearance, but is well arranged, roomy, and commodious. There are some good carvings on some parts of the building as well also as on the pews: but the chief object of attraction is the monument of Anthony Forster, against the eastern extremity of the north wall. It is wrought in gray granite or marble, and inlaid with brass or copper plates, on which are represented figures in a kneeling posture, and an inscription in Latin, detailing the quality and virtues of the said Anthony. If during his life this personage had the mis-

fortune to labour under the stigma of oral detraction, his character has received ample recompense in this engraven epitaph, for there is scarcely an excellence under the sun with which it has not endued him. But independent of the popular belief of his time, there is a sufficiency of authenticated facts on record in other quarters, that do not put so becoming a dress upon the character of *Master Tony*, as the brazen eulogium in Cumnor Church: and from the concurring testimony of these, it may be adjudged as beyond doubt, that on the night when the Countess of Leicester was foully murdered in the manor-house, he (Tony, that is) was on the spot, busy doing something or other!

The village of Cumnor lies rather prettily, and contains some very neat houses, but in the order and distribution of them there is a want of regularity. Whilst strolling about, we met the old gardener at his door, who told us that the place wanted nothing but the presence of the Earl (of Abingdon), who, instead of pulling down the old house, should have restored it, and come and lived amongst them. The villagers, he added, and all the neighbouring people, were a quiet, industrious, well-doing set, and warmly attached to the established Church, and that sectarianism and dissent met with no encouragement amongst them. This was saying a deal in times when so much trouble and anxiety is taken to infuse the spirit of restlessness and discontent into the repose of the remotest districts. Brave old Cumnor! Long may you preserve your integrity, and keep the insidious alloy from your hearts and homes!

Having finished our ramble through the village, I went round the exterior walls of the ruin, in the hope of procuring matter for a sketch, but the building is so utterly reduced as to afford no scope for the pencil. P—— in the meanwhile had gone down to the brook to cut some bulrushes, and coming up with a bundle of them, we set across the country for Godstow, where we rested and refreshed ourselves with a jug of jolly *home-brew'd*. Our way lay through Wytham, from which Godstow may be about a mile or so. The former is a considerable village, and lies pleasantly on the northern slope of the woody hill-ground that rises between it and Cumnor. The latter, that is, Godstow, is not a village, the only house on the spot being the pretty rural inn, called into existence no doubt by the repute of the neighbouring ruins of the once celebrated monastery. In the summer-time the place is a favourite haunt of the Oxonians, who come out on a holiday, saunter about the banks of the Isis, eat their fish-dinner, and smoke away the cares of erudition on the benches in front of the inn door! From these you have a view of the stretch of low, level meadow-land, through which the river winds its sluggish course towards the city, and in the distance a glimpse of the city itself is obtained, with its spires and towers rising over the masses of waving green-wood, now grown russet, which seems, almost from every point you view the city, to overshadow and surround it.

And now, my task, farewell! I part from you affectionately, for thou hast been a renewing of hours which erewhile I spent in pleasant, idle, wayfaring thoughts and occupations. Farewell Oxford, and

Woodstock, and Headington, and Cumnor! Peradventure, again I may seek for pastime in your storied halls, your hallowed temples, your *old waste places*! And farewell Master P——, thou who directed the steps, and put words in the mouth of the stranger, who didst unloose the pent-up heart, and made it a partaker in the joy of human converse. Farewell, each fair familiar thing I knew and loved! If that divinity that shapes our ends shall will it so, then may I come once more to dream a day or two among you: till then adieu!

T. S. M.

Edinburgh, Jan. 1842.

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.—No. III.

AMELIA'S LOVE-SONG.

(*From Schiller's "Robbers."*)

"*Schön wie Engel voll Walhallas Wonne.*"

I.

FAIR as an angel in Walhalla gleaming,
Oh, fair above all other youths was he!
Calm as calm heaven his eye, like May sun beaming,
Reflected from a blue and glassy sea.

II.

And oh, his kisses! paradise excelling!
Like two flames intertwining, twined we,
Like harp-tones one into the other swelling,
Up to a heaven of fullest harmony!

III.

Spirit to spirit, in one life we bound us!
Lips, cheeks on fire all tremulous did move;
Soul flow'd in soul, while sky and earth swam round us,
As melted in the madness of our love.

IV.

But he is gone! In vain with idle grieving
My sad soul groaneth through the heavy day—
For he is gone! and all my joy of living,
In forlorn sighing, sighs itself away.

COUNT EBERHARD THE WEEPER OF WURTEMBERG.

BATTLE SONG.

SCHILLER.

Ihr, ihr dort aussen in die welt,
Die nasen eingespannt.

I.

Fair Sir, ye were best, both east and west,
Not carry so high a hand—
Right many a squire and belted knight,
Courteous at feast and stout in fight,
Hath sprang from Swabian land.

II.

Boast your Barons and Earls, your Ludwigs and Karls,
Your Friedrichs and many mo,
Karl, Friedrich, or Ludwig, well I wot
Graf Eberhard is worth the lot,
A storm-wind to the foe.

III.

And Ulrick his son—he hath but one—
His joy is in the fray,
In the iron clang of a foughten field,
Nor ever a foot-breadth deigns he yield,
Let the fight fare as it may.

IV.

The Reutlinger all, they choaked with gall,
Our fame did them despite :
They wooed the victor's wreath full fain,
And many a sword-dance led amain,
And girt their loins for fight.

V.

He grappled their host, but the fight he lost,
And return'd with alter'd cheer,
Then Eberhard's brow grew black as night,
While the stripling stout slunk from his sight,
To hide the starting tear.

VI.

Like a worm at his heart, still gnaw'd the smart,
In his brain it brooded too,
And roundly he swore by his father's beard,
That soon from his fame should the blot be clear'd
With blood of that Burgher crew.

VII.

From that same flout, a feud blazed out,
And horse and foot array
To Döfingen proudly took their road,
And proudest of all young Ulrick yode,
And hurrah ! for the hot *mêlée*.

VIII.

Our watchword went out, "the Reutlinger rout,"
And soon as it reach'd our ears,
It gave us the might of a whirlwind's breath,
And plunged us deep in blood and death,
And amid the night of spears.

IX.

Then Ulrick a path for his lion wrath,
With his mace full fiercely clave;
Terror before him fled like wind,
Weeping and wailing were behind,
And where he stood—the grave!

X.

Till well-a-day, with sabre-away,
They smote him to the plain;
In vain his knights press eager round—
Ulrick lies stark on the bloody ground,
His eye-strings burst in twain!

XI.

Then wild affright check'd the tide of fight,
All wept for very woe,
Till out spoke the Count before the van,
"My son is but as another man,
"Forth! children, on the foe."

XII.

And more fiery fast the lances brast,
Revenge it spur'd us sore;
Nought reck'd we the slain that cumber'd the plain,
Till the rascal Burghers fled amain
O'er bank and bush and scaur.

XIII.

Then to camp at last, with trumpet blast,
We wended fast and free;
And with wife and child in roundelay,
And beaker-clang and frolic gay,
Right merry men were we!

XIV.

But how fares our chief? alone in his grief,
His dead son by his side,
The father sits, and in his eye
That looks on the pale face fixedly,
Is a tear he may not hide.

XV.

And therefore we, his vassalry,
To our Count true-hearted are;
His single self is of knights a swarm,
The thunder smiteth on his arm,
He is our country's star.

XVI.

So east and west, fair Sir, ye were best,
Not carry so high a hand—
Full many a squire and belted knight,
Courteous at feast, and stout in fight,
Hath sprung from Swabian land.

PLATO AND MR. SEWELL.

A GLANCE at Mr. Sewell's "Christian Morals," may perhaps enlighten our readers on Mr. Sewell's design in republishing his articles on Plato, which originally appeared in the *British Critic*, the principal periodical organ of Oxford opinions. In the preface to the *Christian Morals*, Mr. Sewell gives us a summary of his ethical theory, which includes the following articles, among others: "That external historical testimony of God's revealed will is the only true basis of moral science;" "That all goodness and virtue consists in obedience to external law." The former of these articles gives rise to his opinion, that Plato, to a considerable degree, derived his knowledge of ethics from an ancient revelation: a statement, we beg to assure Mr. Sewell, totally without evidence, and strongly opposed to the whole tenor of the Platonic philosophy. This opinion, thus unreservedly stated in the *Christian Morals*, Mr. Sewell does not venture to bring forward so boldly in his later work on the *Platonic Dialogues*, which gives rise to the present article.

The second of these articles is the obvious source of the anxiety which Mr. Sewell manifests throughout his work on Plato, to impress on his reader the "objective" character of the Platonic ideas. With regard to the relation which Mr. Sewell conceives to exist between Platonism, or Heathen Philosophy generally, and Christianity, we find it stated in his *Christian Morals* thus, (pp. 99—101):

"And you also must study heathen ethical writers. You must approach them, if you would study them properly, with reverence; with an expectation of finding in them deep truths, and mighty attestations to your own Christian creed. And that creed you must carry with you as a light into their dark recesses; or rather as a rule and standard by which to try and prove whatever you find in them. And you must feel delighted at every discovery of conformity. You must search for such conformities. You must be constantly comparing, illustrating the two systems one by the other. If you omit any one of these rules, you will not study rightly or successfully. And now let me ask, if you will not be under the temptation and risk of syncretising; that is, of confounding the things compared, tracing more resemblances than really exist, and thus obliterating the distinctions between them?

"And what will be the consequence? What have been the consequences of this principle before? It first raised the system of Plato to a level with Christianity; and then men were easily found to transfer their allegiance from the Apostles to the philosopher. It gave to the low vulgar sensuality of heathen idolatry a deep mystical import; shed on it, in fact, all the brilliancy and purity of that high philosophy, which persisted in finding there its own hidden truths, though in symbols and enigmas; and thus to the Alexandrian Platonism we owe the revival of paganism under the Emperor Julian. It afterwards raised up a most formidable materialistic and atheistic spirit against the Church under the form of Peripateticism. A similar anti-christian philosophy developed itself in the Florentine school. To the same desire of conciliating opposing theories, we may attribute much of the fatal poison of the German school. We have been saved from

it hitherto in this country solely by the want of any deep philosophy ; and by having kept the provinces of Christianity and Ethics so distinct, that we have at last been brought to suppose that Christianity is only a series of abstract theological metaphysics, and Ethics only a codification of the laws between man and man. But *if once a deep philosophy springs up in this country, as it is beginning to spring* ; if you do, what to become a good moralist you must do, study Christianity and Ethics side by side ; then, indeed, you will run the same risk of so deifying human morality, by unconsciously tracing in it the lineaments of a higher system, that it will finally rise up as a rival, and you will be unable to force it down again into the position of a servant and handmaid. God has set two witnesses in the world of morals, as in the world of matter ; the one to rule the day, the other to rule the night. Let us not think that we can learn the nature of the one, without making observations on the other. But let us guard against so gazing on the moon with dazzled and blinded eyes, that we transfer to it the brilliancy of the sun, of which it only gives back a pale and borrowed light. Let us not make it a parhelion."

This being his opinion, it is not wonderful that we find him, in his later work, earnestly endeavouring to establish a coincidence of ends and means between Platonism and Christianity : but it does seem rather inconsistent that no greater pains have been taken by him to point out the distinctions between the two.

Mr. Sewell begins his work on the Platonic Dialogues with noticing the fact that there is a revival, at present, of the study of Plato ; contrasts the influences of his philosophy with those of Aristotle's, and points out the perfection of form in each ; then proceeds to declare that Platonism is not a speculative philosophy, but eminently practical—not investigating *barren truths*, but directed to counteract the influence of the sophistical doctrines, and to weaken the credit of the sophistical teachers,—and that a sense of this practical object is the only clue to Platonism ; that the state of Athens, at the time Plato wrote, is to be gathered from Aristophanes, the object of whose works is substantially the same with Plato's ; that Plato being deficient in energy, did not attempt, like Pythagoras, to found a society in which his theories might be brought into action, but strove to mould the minds of the young through his lectures, to which his writings were supplementary ; that the predominance of physical science is the first step to sophistry ; that Plato, to withdraw men from this and its evil results, developed his theory of *ideas* as forms of objective truth, possessing an eternal objective existence ; that dialectics was the means for attaining to a knowledge of them. He then gives a sketch of the Phædrus, as containing the germ of the truths of Platonism, and passes afterwards to the Politeia, which exhibits them practically and dogmatically, and forms the Key-stone to the arch of the Platonic philosophy. It is to this part of his work our principal attention will be directed.

Mr. Sewell concludes that the Politeia is not an ethical treatise, but an exhibition of Plato's idea of a perfect polity ; that its principal characteristic is its mainly educational character ; that it exhibits the *ideas* as objective forms of truth, corresponding to the ten commandments and creeds of the Church ; that the governors are placed to instruct the young in, and to enforce them ; and that the machinery

by which this is to be effected corresponds remarkably with the polity of the Catholic Church.

From this very general outline of the book, omitting much that has little or no relation to Plato, we shall pass to considerations of a more detailed and careful kind.

The first point to which we wish to call attention, is the manner in which Mr. Sewell deals with the relation of practice and speculation. On the latter he says, (p. 16.)

"No men have more mistaken the nature of Plato's system, than those who have regarded it as a speculative fabric, such as men of powerful intellect have wrought out at times in schools and cloisters, when the tranquillity of society enabled them to think, without any necessity for action. Much, if not all, of the Eastern philosophy was of this cast. It sprung up like a tree in the desert, very beautiful, but very useless, under a fixed and changeless atmosphere, and perfect in all its outlines from the absence of any thing to disturb it. Such also was much of the new Alexandrian speculations, until Julian brought them to bear practically upon the purification of the Heathen Polytheism. Such also was scholasticism, and many of the rival theories which have since sprung up in Germany under the stimulus of a craving curiosity, which found nothing to do but to think. The questions which would naturally form the materials of such philosophers are candidly and almost ludicrously stated by Kant :

'Utrum mundus initium habeat, et terminum quempiam extensionis in spatio; utrum uspiam, et fortasse in memetipso cogitante individua quædam unitas sit, atque incorruptibilis, an nihil sit, nisi divinum et cædum; utrum in actionibus liber sim, an quemadmodum naturæ cæteræ, ad filium naturæ ducar fatigæ; utrum denique suprema mundi causa exstet, an res naturales, earumque ordo in re objecti ultimâ versentur, in quâ in omnibus deliberationibus nostris consistendum nobis sit, quæstiones sunt illæ quidem, cum quarum solutione universam scientiam suam mathematicis libenter commutaret, quippe quæ ratione summorum gravissimorumque finium generi humano propositorum, nil quidquam potest aperire in quo acquiescat.'—*Artis Element.* pt. 2, lib. ii. c. 2.

"One might have thought that this was but a poor and barren field for a mighty genius to expatiate in—that but one answer could be found to these problems; and one very simple and brief, within our own consciousness, or our own ignorance—that life, which is short to learn in, is very long to feel in, and an absolute eternity to act in — and that in the miseries of life, and the agonies of death, what we may feel and what we ought to do, are the high and awful questions, the "summi gravissimique fines" proposed to the curiosity of mankind."

This quotation from Kant, contains the most important fundamental questions of the Platonic philosophy. Again, (p. 18.)

"When states are at peace, and property secure, and the wheels of common life move on regularly and quietly upon their fixed lines, men with active minds may sit and speculate upon the stars, or analyze ideas."

On what did Plato's philosophy rest, but on the analysis of ideas? And this Mr. Sewell admits in the very next page:

"If he returns again and again to his noble theory of ideas, it is to fix certain immutable distinctions of right and wrong, good and evil; and to raise up the mind to the contemplation of a being of perfect goodness, prior in existence, superior in power, unamenable, in his independence, to those fancies and passions of mankind, which had become, before the eyes of Plato, in individuals, unbridled lusts, and in the state, an insanity of tyranny."

Here is an inconsistency of a kind most frequent in Mr. Sewell's writings, and of which other instances will present themselves. Plato, in whose philosophy thought and being are identical, and whose whole fabric is reared on the idea of science, the pure self-consciousness of the reason, we are told, dealt not with *barren* speculation or idle abstractions. But we need not go out of Mr. Sewell's own work for a very good reason why he did not separate speculation from practice. (p. 65.)

"As the conclusion must follow, if the premise be granted, he never attempted to stem the torrent of mischief anywhere but at its source. Every question of vice and virtue, politics or morals, pleasure or pain, is carried up by him at once to the original ground of dispute, the *certainty of knowledge*."

But it may be argued that what Mr. Sewell means is, that Plato did not stop short at speculation. We reply, no more can any great philosopher be said to do so. Can Kant's speculations be called barren, which had for their object to restore knowledge and science from the absolute annihilation of both, to which he saw Hume's doctrines necessarily led, and which have moulded almost every philosophical scheme that has since arisen amongst us? Or, on the other side, can Hobbes' speculations be called barren, which grew into Locke's system, or Locke's, which grew into that of the French moralists of the 18th century? Must Mr. Sewell have it proved to him by demonstration that no truth can possibly be barren? that all truth is essentially fruit-bearing of its own nature, and in spite of all unfavourable influences? and that to draw the distinction he does between the barren speculator like Kant, and the man with a practical object like Plato, is as if he should say, that he who put the seed into the ground did nothing to supply himself and others with food, but only he who, when it had arisen, trained and watered the plant, and stored up the produce. Surely practice has its root in speculation—and is not Mr. Sewell's own spirit abhorrent of those who maintain the opposite view? Every man who develops truth for the love of truth, performs an essential practical service; and that Plato did this, and would have done it, had there been neither an Athenian democracy to stigmatize, nor a school of sophists to subdue, seems to us his great and crowning glory.

There is another point to which we wish to devote a few words before passing to the more important parts of our subject—the representation given by Mr. Sewell of the Sophists. Instead of confining his description of this pernicious class to the characteristic though incidental sketches Plato has given us of them and their demeanour, Mr. Sewell has, we cannot help thinking, very needlessly, elaborated a highly coloured picture from the writers of the second and third centuries after the Christian era. This is objectionable on many accounts. The description is unnecessary, incorrect, and inapplicable to the sophists of Plato's time. Philostratus, whom Mr. Sewell quotes, recognizes three distinct classes as included under the name of Sophists: the first, who, though bearing this name, were really philosophers; the second, of whom he says that we may call them philoso-

phising rhetoricians, to which class belong Polus, Gorgias, and their contemporaries; and the third, who taking a subject from common life or history, dealt with it in artificial and highly ornamental declamations, somewhat like the magazine and review articles of our own times. The first of this class mentioned by Philostratus, is Æschines, to whom he attributes the origin of extemporaneous speaking with fluency and clearness of arrangement. Between this Æschines, the rival of Demosthenes, and Nicetas of Smyrna (in the time of Augustus), to whom he ascribes the revival of this Sophistic oratory, Philostratus leaves a blank. This shews how completely, in the view of Philostratus, the sophist was separated from the philosopher; for during this interval the various schools of philosophy were in full activity. The sophists, whose lectures Mr. Sewell describes as the legitimate development of the theories of Protagoras, Gorgias, and Co., were mere florid declaimers, with no pretensions to any philosophical character whatever. We are quite at a loss to see what clearer insight into the object and scope of Plato's writings is given by the minute picture of the sophistical lecturer which Mr. Sewell has drawn.

But leaving these preliminary objections, we will proceed at once to the representation he has given of the polity of Plato, and its relation to the Catholic church. We will pass over his sketch of the dramatic personæ and progress of the dialogue, which is unobjectionable, and proceed at once to his examination of its contents. He begins by noticing the general charge of mysticism and extravagance which has been brought against the Polity. It cannot arise, he thinks, from Plato's viewing as inseparable the individual and social life in man, and making the state only the development of the individual; that a classification of the members of the state, according to the disposition of mind which prevails in each, is so far from visionary, that it is far more logical than one founded on the difference of these external pursuits, or than the division of Coleridge into the representatives of the permanent and progressive principles in man.

We must look beyond this, and we find a ground for the popular belief in the doctrine of ideas. This, Aristotle misunderstood. In order to explain it, or at least put his reader into a position to do so, Mr. Sewell devotes a preliminary chapter to this matter, in which he puts the following questions: (p. 251.)

"1. Are there in nature, in the world of sense, in the moral world, in reason, in religion, any arrangements, rules, principles, facts, fixed and immutable, when contrasted with varying and uncertain phenomena?

"2. Are these the work of a Creator, and therefore necessary indications of his will and nature; and, as his works, and not the work of man, are they not objective rather than subjective; something beyond and above the conceptions, which we form of them within our minds?

"3. Are they not all to be referred to the nature and attributes of the Deity himself, of which they are copies and *shadows*, and which therefore they can only faintly represent and lead us up to, as to the only real and only perfect?

"4. Are they not properly called *idéas*, or forms (not *ideas*, let us remember, in the modern sense of the word), inasmuch as they determine the shapes, lineaments, proportions, combinations, into which so much of the

world is cast, as came immediately from God, and after which all ought to be modelled which is subjected to the rule of man?

"5. Is it not the business of man—the very task laid upon him in this life—whether in matters of sensation, or feeling, or action, or reasoning, to realize these objective truths—to elicit, to arrange, to keep them constantly before him, to take them as the mould into which his thoughts and affections—his whole mind is to run, in order to become again the image of his Maker?

"6. What is the process, by which this realization is effected? What is there in the constitution of the mind, which renders it practicable? What external aid is required? Is not the whole operation the proper and only description of a true education, and of a right political organization? And has not Plato described it accurately and practically?

"First, then, consider, is there anything in the constitution of the mind itself, which seems to require the existence of such objective truths, or *ιδεαι*, as essential to its perfection, perhaps to its very existence.

"Think how every action of man's mind, willing, judging, feeling, seeing, hearing, loving, fearing, hating—how even consciousness—self-consciousness, implies the existence of something objective, out of, beyond, independent of him, who thinks, feels, hates, loves, or looks into himself—how without such a fulcrum he cannot move—without such an image he cannot see—without such an end he cannot advance—how even his own conceptions, the mere arbitrary creations of his fancy, he takes and projects forward from himself, fixes them apart and independent, before he can dwell on or enjoy them—how all his moral affections are moulded essentially on relations between himself and others, so that take those others away, and they drop off and perish at once. Without a belief in objective realities, the mind cannot exist. It anchors on them, as the shell-fish on the rock—colours itself with them, as water is the mirror of the sky—gazes on them, as the eye of sense, "seeing all things, by itself unseen"—guides itself by them, as the vessel steers by the stars—is moulded by them, as the fibres of the plant are shaped by the matrix of the earth, and by the impulses of light and of air."

Now here we must notice what appears illogical and almost unfair in Mr. Sewell's statement of the matter. The objective character of Plato's ideas, it appears, is what mainly distinguishes them from, and lifts them above, the various substitutes which other schools provided. But on what does the objectivity of the Platonic idea rest? On what can it rest, but on subjective evidence? What other evidence had Plato for it, but that of his reason? What other instrument for attaining to it but his *ἐπιστήμη*? In so far then as the evidence goes, Plato had no other than the sophists. Both went to the mind or reason for their authority and their weapons, both of attack and defence. Thus far there is no difference between them, except that Plato's conclusions are proveable by the strictest logic, while the sophistic opinions are self-destructive. The distinction must be looked for elsewhere. Subjectivity does not of necessity imply mutability or limitation. There are truths of which we have the evidence from the reason, but in regard to which, in the same act of mind by which we receive them, we receive also the conviction that all must receive them as we do—that they are necessary and absolute to all minds. Thus they possess all the immutability and universality that truths are capable of possessing, but must not for that reason be called objective. Mr. Sewell has most strangely limited this word in the second query quoted above, where the test of a thing's objectivity is its being the

work of the Creator. But are not our minds themselves his work? Is not the very faculty by which we recognize truth at all, and truth as immutable and absolute, his work also? Is not all our capacity of forming thoughts of good and evil, his work? And yet surely these are subjective, i.e. in the mind which acts. If Mr. Sewell means to define the word thus, what is not objective? But the sophism is palpable: Mr. Sewell unfairly and in an unusual manner limits the use of the word 'subjective' to what is changeful and uncertain, in order that to what is permanent he may apply the epithet 'objective,' whereas the ordinary sense of the word is, "what is within the thinking principle of the subject." Before Mr. Sewell can reason thus, he must prove that nothing in man can be immutable. If I grant the immutability of the Platonic ideas, or, in other words, the immutable distinctions between right and wrong, am I obliged to admit their objectivity? Not at all: but the truth is, that Mr. Sewell has the Church in his mind, with her infallible authority and rules—really objective; and it is these which he wishes to compare with the Platonic ideas—which, though immutable and eternal and the same in all men, did nevertheless derive their evidence from the mind alone. If this be not the case, what is the meaning of that fundamental condition of Platonism, that a knowledge of ideas is derivable through *ἐπιστήμη* alone, the object of which is the analysis and examination of mind?

And Mr. Sewell is obliged to admit this. After talking of "systems founded on the quicksand of human reason," he proceeds thus in the next page.

" 'You are so formed,' Plato would say to a young man, 'that you can scarcely help pronouncing in some way on the good and evil, virtuousness or viciousness of every action presented to you, as you cannot help affirming or denying any fact which you see or hear of. There is a voice within you which pronounces judgment the moment the case is brought before you. It is your conscience in morals, it is your intellect in logic. It pronounces by referring to a book of precedents within you—to that collection, in one case of moral principles, which, right or wrong, every man must carry within him, and by which he regulates his actions; in the other, of past experiences and general axioms of belief, with which alike he must be furnished, whether they are sound or unsound. What accords with them seems right and true; what differs from them seems wrong and false. But for this decision to be correct two things are necessary: first, your standard itself must be right; secondly, the case, which you bring under it, must be really such as it appears to you. Fail in either point, and you fall into error.' "

Thus then truth is found in the subjective intellect after all, and Mr. Sewell himself, in a few words, elaborately states the fact. (p. 291.)

" In the absence of this Catholicity, Plato was compelled to look elsewhere for his objective truths relative to the Divine Nature. And he found them in the unvarying immutable principles of the human mind."

The contradiction is undeniable.

If we look at the position which *πιστις* occupies in the means of arriving at right notions in Plato, this view is confirmed, Πολ. ζ. 534. He classes it with *εὔκλεια*, or guessing, under the head of *δόξα*, or unscientific opinion, as opposed to *ἐπιστήμη* and *διάνοια*, which make up *νοησις* or intellection. This *πιστις* is excluded altogether from deal-

ing with the highest truths, for, as he says, “δοξάν μὲν περὶ γένεσιν, νόησιν δὲ περὶ οὐσίαν.” That is, δόξα including πιστις deals with the perishable and changeful, as opposed to science and cognition of the understanding, which deal with eternal and immutable essences (οὐσία). Immediately after, he says :

“Whoever is unable to separate from all else and define by dialectic the idea of the good, and as in a battle, going through the whole array of proofs—eager to prove, not according to opinion, but according to essence—in all these to make his way by dialectic, without stumbling, you will conclude knows neither the idea of the good itself, nor any thing that partakes of it ; but if he should happen to stumble on an image of it, that he does so by opinion and not scientifically, and that he goes dreamingly and dozingly through his present life, and ere ever he is thoroughly awake in this world, will arrive at Hades, and sleep for ever.”

This may prove the low estimation in which Plato held an unscientific faith—resting on the authority of others, and of the full evidence and nature of which, the person pretending to it could not give an account.

We now resume Mr. Sewell's account of the Polity, which we will give in his own words. (pp. 296—302.)

“‘Whenever,’ says Plato, ‘those men who are truly philosophers, whether in a body, or even one of them, having become masters of a state, shall despise all its honours and interests, such as men now covet—shall deem them mean and worthless—shall value deeply obedience to law, and the honour accruing from obedience—but above and beyond all shall value justice or the true rights and duties of persons—when in obedience to these rights, and in order to extend them, they shall construct the framework of their city’—then this polity, which we have conceived as a visionary wish, may really be brought to light. It may be difficult but not impossible : χαλεπὰ μὲν, δυνατὰ δὲ πῃ.

“But (he proceeds immediately, and repeats it again and again) ‘It is possible on no other condition than the union of absolute power with perfect wisdom in the same hands ;’ and how far he was from supposing that such a condition could be realized, is seen in the melancholy picture drawn by him of the inevitable corruption of any man, however gifted, however powerful, without a Church, a πόλις, already formed to receive him into her bosom at his birth. The very utmost of his hope reaches only thus far : “You may argue that all men must be destroyed by this universal corruption—ὡς πολλὴ ἀνάγκη διαφθορῆναι. That it is hard for any to be saved we all confess. But that in the whole period of the world's duration, of all who appear in it, not one single man should ever escape, one might perhaps hesitate to allow’—ὡς δὲ ἐν παντὶ τῷ χρόνῳ πάντων οὐδέποτε οὐδ’ ἓν εἰς σωθείη ἴσθ’ ὅστις ἀμφισβητήσειε. Grant that one such man as we have framed—a man possessing within him all the forms, laws, types, ιδέας, of the perfection of God, should once appear upon the earth, with power sufficient to carry out his views—whether the union in his person of perfect power with perfect wisdom were the effect of some ‘strange coincidence,’ or of some ‘external compulsion,’ or of some ‘divine inspiration,’—ἐκ τινὸς θαύματος ἐπιπνοίας—or came round in ‘the fulness of time,’ with some mysterious cycle of years, in which Providence dispenses upon man more copious gifts of a better spirit—grant this but once, says Plato again and again, and the mystery of this dream-like polity would be realized upon earth. ‘Whether such an event has ever taken place yet in the boundless course of the past, or is now taking place in some barbarian region far from

our sight, or will take place hereafter, I will not say ; but that it is impossible no one shall assert ; and if we may not see it upon earth, in heaven there is probably a model of this our city, where he who wishes to behold it may see it, and hope to dwell : ' ἀλλ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἴσως παράδειγμα ἀνέκκεται τῷ βουλομένῳ ὁρᾶν, καὶ ὁρῶντι ἑαυτὸν κατοικίξειν.

" This is all that we can trace of a direct anticipation of a revelation. And yet let us see what follows. How will such a man, or more than man, the king as well as prophet of his subjects, proceed to form them into this perfect polity ?

" He will gather round him, says Plato, the few, the very few, in whom the hand of Providence, *θεῖα μοῖρα*, has implanted its highest gifts, *χρυσίον θεῖον παρὰ θεῶν*, of wisdom, and understanding, and virtue, and power, gifts showered out at that time in some special revolution of nature. With them he will proceed to form a society entirely new. He will reject all those who have been brought up in the evil habits of the times, all above ten years of age. He will take his future subjects as children, and rear them up himself under his own eye, and upon his own plans. He will obliterate all the past, erase from the tablet on which he is to draw the picture of his state, all that interferes with its perfection, and will not touch it till it is cleansed, and ready for his workmanship ; neither individual nor state will he touch until they are thus prepared : *μῆτε ἰδιώτου, μῆτε πόλεως ἐβλήσαι ἀν' ἀψασθαι, μηδὲ γράφειν νόμους, πρὶν ἢ παραλαβεῖν καθαρὰν (πίνακα), ἢ αὐτὸς ποιῆσαι.* He will distribute the powers of the state into two heads, ecclesiastical and civil, so that neither shall trespass on the other—the one to preserve and promulgate the laws and the knowledge of God, the other to defend the state from enemies without and within ; the one will be called *πρεσβύτεροι*, the other *νεότεροι*—both to be associated in the government ; but the presbyters, or clergy of the state, to form the supreme council of advice. The great business of these rulers will be education : they will watch over the rising character of the young, exercising and testing them with pains and pleasures, and studying to place each in the post most fitted to his character. They will break down all castes, castes of blood, of wealth, of profession, of fashion ; and leave, in all these barriers thrown up either by nature or by the vanity of men, passages for goodness and wisdom to rise up to the highest ranks, and for evil and ignorance to sink into the lowest. They will elevate woman to be a companion and help meet for man. They will watch anxiously to raise up a perpetual supply of new citizens for the state ; retaining the good within its bosom, and excommunicating the incorrigible. Great pains will be taken that the city does not become either too large, or too small, for the due observance of discipline ; (would that the Church of these days would exemplify this maxim also, as the Church did of better times, by breaking up her enormous dioceses !) The eye of the state will be over all. It will embrace all with a common love, unite all as one family, excluding all hatred and dissension, assigning to every one his own peculiar work, and making the good of the whole body to be the good of every member. It will not prohibit the inferior class from agriculture, or from any occupation which may minister to the wants of the body without pampering its vices ; but it will dread wealth, as the seed of all evil. It will encourage art, especially music, but make all art an imitation, not of mere fancies of man, but of the true, the beautiful, of the same *ἰδέαι*, which are the foundation of the whole polity ; so that buildings, and paintings, and sculpture, and music, and poetry, and oratory, and literature, every thing may be formed upon their model—in one word, may be impregnated with the doctrines and affections of true religion. It will provide for the young, from the first dawn of their reason, tales and hymns, which shall teach them, under the charm of music, and verse, and fancy, the doctrines of a sound theology. It will put a poetry into the hands of the elders, which

shall elevate them to all noble thoughts and deeds, by placing in their mouths the words and sentiments of the noblest of their ancestors. It will condemn the stage. And how strange a prophecy this must have sounded to Athenian ears, we can well imagine. It will secure for the more gifted of the community an education, which shall raise their reason not only to embrace a faith implicitly, but to understand, arrange, and trace, the bearings of the doctrines, which they are to maintain and inculcate; but the great problem placed constantly before them shall be 'to recognize unity in plurality, and plurality in unity'—to lift up their minds from earth to heaven, and to allow of no real good but Him who is the author of all good, the Sun of the Moral World, from whom they derive their light, and through whom they are able to diffuse it. It will mitigate the horrors of war, on the principle that a common nature is implanted in them and in their adversaries. It will require neither gold nor silver to vanquish its enemies, so long as it remains at unity within itself; but break it up by seditions and dissensions, and it will fall an easy prey. It will glory in those who died in defending their country, or in the discharge of duty, as in beings of an inspired order, *τοῦ χρυσοῦ γίνους*; 'reverencing them as more than human,' 'assembling at their tombs,' 'believing that they still are watching over their country,' and 'canonizing them with such honours as the word of God may allow:' *διαπυθόμενοι ἔρα τοῦ Θεοῦ πᾶς χρη τοὺς δαιμονίους τε καὶ θείους τιθεῖναι, καὶ τίνι διαφορά, οὕτω καὶ ταύτῃ θήσομεν ἢ ἂν ἐξήγηται*. And, lastly, it will possess every virtue; not as if each member were perfect in all virtues—for the very constitution and unity of a body implies the imperfection of its parts—but each will be perfect in its own work and province, and share in all the goodness of the whole; having a wisdom, and courage, and temperance, and righteousness not its own, by its union with that body in which they each reside. It will become one perfect man; and what the body is, such will be the individual members of it; practising virtue, not from blind instinct, not from expediency, but in obedience to positive laws, enforced by man as the representative of the will of God; loving goodness for its own sake, for its own intrinsic conformity to that eternal principle of conscience, which assigns dominion to goodness and subjection to vice; not merely looking to another world, though in another world the reward is sure, but happy even in this world, though 'scourged and tortured in prison, the eyes burnt out, the body torn to shreds,' happy in the rectitude of its own heart, and 'a blessing to that nation in which it shall be made to dwell.'

"Such is the polity of Plato. If the points here thrown together startle the readers by their close parallelism with the Christian polity, let them look to Plato himself, remembering that some of the wisest of Christians have before this been so startled likewise at it, as to account for it only by a species of inspiration from the same Being who formed the Church. But the chief question to be asked is this: Was Plato an idle visionary? Is the Republic a mere dream? Does it not deserve to be studied most deeply and most patiently, and that, even in parts the farthest removed from our comprehension, as the nearest approach ever made by human reason to anticipate the designs of God? And shall we be startled to find that the same 'prophetic eye' which thus traced out so many lineaments of the Church, four hundred years before it was created, was also able to foresee, so far as human nature only was concerned, the phases through which it would pass, and has supplied the best philosophical outline, which has ever yet been given, not only of the civil but of the ecclesiastical history of man. He has done this in the eighth and ninth books; and I propose to give a sketch of them at some future time."

Knowing as we do how Plato proposed a total abolition of all family
May 1842.—VOL. II. NO. XI.

relations in his state, does it not seem strange to hear Mr. Sewell talk as he does? (p. 61.)

"Once more, as an educational system, his philosophy could no more move without the spring of affectionate feeling, than a locomotive engine, with all its wheels and boilers, can start if you put out the fire. Let not men suppose, as they do suppose in the present day, that you can educate by steam; that acts of parliament, and joint-stock companies, and meetings at Exeter Hall, and commissions of inquiry, and mechanics' institutes, and Lancastrians schools, and doses of useful knowledge, diluted to the meanest capacities, and patchwork of Scripture stitched together, that the child may not know whence it comes, that all this bustle of cosmopolitan dreamers and political mountebanks can train up a single child in the way in which he should go. There must be affection—strong, natural, unconscious affection—and affection as He intended—the *one* all-comprehending Being, who has appointed for us each, in his wisdom, but *one* Father, *one* friend, *one* wife, *one* master, bound us to *one* country, sanctioned but *one* king, permitted to us but *one* Church—as he Himself has taught us, affection, concentrated in *one* object."

This trampling on the natural affections is one point to be considered in forming our estimate of the Politeia as an actual scheme, and this part of it is as practical and serious as the rest; and another instance of the same disregard to humane and kindly feeling when it stood in the way of his theory, we have,

Πολ. ε' 459.—"The best men," he says, "must beget children as often as may be from the best women—the worst and weakest on the other hand, from the worst and weakest. Of the former we must rear the offspring, those of the latter we must not, if we wish to have our breed perfect; all this must be done without the knowledge of any but the ruling body."

Again, as to the pure morality of the state, and its rejection of all expediency, what are we to say to such passages as these?

Πολ. ε'. 459.—"Methinks our governors ought to employ frequent falsehood and deceit, for the benefit of the governed."

And again:

Πολ. γ. 389.—"For if we were right in saying just now that in fact falsehood is useless to the gods, but useful to men, like medicine, it clearly follows that we should entrust the management of it to physicians, but that it must not be touched by unprofessional persons. So that, if any, the governors of the state must tell lies for the good of the state."

With the exception of the abolition of families, Mr. Sewell says nothing of either of these points in Plato's scheme. And yet they ought to weigh in estimating it.

It will not surprise our readers, after what we have already said of Mr. Sewell's fondness for finding the Church in every feature of Platonism, to hear that he compares the *creeds* with the Platonic *ideas*; the former being, as they are, transmitted to us by revelation and sanctioned by testimony, while the latter were to be won by *ἐπιστήμη*, and confirmed by the necessary truth of *ἐπιστήμη* alone. Neither were the Platonic ideas necessarily laws. The most general description of them that can be found in Plato, is summarily as follows. He says, (Πολ. κ. 596.) "that an idea may be attributed to whatever as a plurality may be indicated by the same name." This expression in-

cludes not merely species and genera, but even such individuals as, retaining one common name, exhibit themselves in many phenomena. So in the *Parmen.* 129, Socrates adduces his own personality as a *ἐν καὶ πολλὰ*, or in other words, a subject of which many predicates may be asserted, i.e. as an idea. It is also evident, as Ritter has pointed out, that every property, every condition, and every relation of things expressed by a term can be valid of many—that variable activities, or generation, and becoming, can be expressed by a noun, and combined with many verbs; that there is nothing, therefore, which may not participate in ideas. And this follows necessarily—for ideas, according to Plato, being indispensable to science, there must be ideas wherever scientific investigation is possible. And according to the wide views of science which Plato maintained, there is nothing to which science may not attach itself, in which some truth may not be discovered. Analogies like these can do no service either to Platonism or Christianity. This classing under the same names things substantially and fundamentally distinct, cannot conduce to that closeness and clearness of thought essential alike to all the various investigations of truth. In the comparison of the Church polity with that of the Platonic state, this remark is more necessary, as the differences between them, of which Mr. Sewell says but little, are more vital and irreconcilable. We shall therefore proceed to mention a few, which are not alluded to in the *Horæ Platonicæ*, but which we think sufficient to destroy the analogy between the two modes of government altogether.

First, then, the Platonic *Politeia* rests exclusively on a scientific basis—the Church on one of faith, or authority according to Mr. Sewell. Destroy science, and you destroy the claims of the Platonic *βασιλεὺς*: for it is on his capacity to discern ideas by *ἐπιστήμη*, that his authority rests, and by that his place in the state has been determined. Not so with the Church. That party in it which Mr. Sewell represents, deprecate the interference of science altogether, as unsuited to the mysteries which Church teaching handles, and the authority she claims for her doctrines in a power transmitted from the Apostles. If the Platonic king could not prove his possession of the ideas by a scientific chain of demonstration, mounting from the lowest individuality which involved an idea up to his highest good, or supreme idea of God, the perfection of the Polity was destroyed. Make a similar demand of a Church dignitary, and he would refer you to articles and synods and councils, and probably sharply rebuke your intrusive and over-curious spirit into the bargain. The belief of the first is based on science, that of the second on faith, which Plato denied to be a source of scientific or eternal truth altogether. From this the other differences spring.

Again: in Plato the individual exists for the state—in Christianity rather the state for the individual. Agreeably to this distinction, we find in the Platonic state no provision made for the welfare or training of the unfortunate *γεωργοὶ* or lowest class. They are left to educate themselves, as being certain to find means of appeasing their natural wants; and even legislation and administration of justice for

the trading part of the community are viewed as contemptible. On the contrary, the education of the *φυλακες* or middle class, is most carefully regulated and controlled throughout, that any superior intellect among them may in time rise to the highest and ruling class. There is no such provision for the rise from the lowest into the middle or higher. The *γεωργοι* are doomed to a hopeless existence, little better than that of brutes. And this necessarily follows from the scientific, and at the same time Stoical character of Plato's doctrine. Only the *βασιλεις* who correspond to the reason, or the *φυλακς* who are raised to the former, i. e. the *θύμος* or will associated with reason, can deal with science, and so arrive at ideas. As the whole government of the state is based on these, of course it is rigidly confined to this reasoning class. And from the Stoical character of the Platonic ethics, the lower class, answering to the *ἐπιθυμίας* in the soul, are without any capacity for good: all that can be done with them is to exercise as rigid a control over them as possible. As the virtue of the *νους* is *φρονησις*, that of the *θυμος*, *ανδρεία*, so that of the *ἐπιθυμιαί* is *σωφροσύνη*. But in the Christian Church, if it discharge its office, no such distinction is recognised. Every man has a soul which equally partakes in the regenerating influence of Christ's sacrifice, and which therefore demands education as much in the peasant as the peer. Neither does the Church recognize in theory any distinctive virtues of particular classes, though in practice something approaching to it may be sometimes apparent. We demand courage and temperance from the nobleman, as well as reason and courage from the artizan, and do not look on each class as representative of a particular class of minds. In a word, in Plato it seems as if the analogy of the ethical constitution of man had misled him in arranging his theory of a state. That something of this principle may always be working as an idea, or law of development, is probable; and so far we may look on Plato's *Politeia* with admiration. But Mr. Sewell looks on it as his actual ideal; and in comparing it with the Church, puts the former limitation of its actuality out of the question. The *Politeia* of Plato, we have seen, is eminently and necessarily aristocratical; the Christian Church is as eminently and necessarily popular—or, if we may be allowed without offence to say so, democratic. We know that Mr. Sewell would resist the theory of the essential spiritual equality of the members of Christ's Church, maintained by Dr. Arnold and others of his school; but at any rate he would not assert that the peer's soul has a greater value than the peasant's, or any claim to be more cared for. Again: if the bishop—to take his comparison of the Church—represents and embodies the pure reason, the parochial clergy or *φυλακες* the *ανδρεία* or courage, who must represent the *γεωργοι*, or unfortunate, unregarded, lowest class, who supply the wants of the kings and guards, or bishops and working clergy? Can they be the congregations or lay body generally? One would hope not, for the credit of Mr. Sewell's scheme, but really it seems hard to avoid the conclusion. But turn the analogy as you will, you have still left the wretched *masses* uncared for and uneducated; a feature repugnant altogether to our notion of a Christian state, which in

faith possesses a means of elevating to the knowledge and love of Christ, and a sense of common nature, the lowest and meanest of the people.

The differences which we have spoken of appear to us really destructive of any analogy like Mr. Sewell's. It was consistent with that gentleman's opinions to dwell mainly upon the external resemblance of the Platonic Polity and his idea of the Church; the main feature in the former being the absolute authority wielded by the ruling class, on the ground of their possessing the ideas—and in the latter, the absolute authority claimed by the priesthood as the possessors and expounders of the decisions and opinions of the various councils of the Church. But the great points, not of external, but of internal difference, he has left utterly unnoticed.

These differences may be thus summarily set forth. The peculiarity of Christianity consists in its saving *power*—that of Platonism in its saving *aim*. In Christianity salvation is exhibited in fact and actuality—in Plato only in thought, and as the aim to be striven after. Christian redemption acts immediately in life, and belongs thereto; that of Platonism is the result of speculation, and belongs rather to science. It is deficient in the very kernel and core of Christianity—the personality and acts, the life and sufferings of the Redeemer. On the side of doctrine, Platonism may perhaps fall little below Christianity; but the life and love of the Holy One on earth, the incarnation of the Divine Word, no speculation or philosophy in the world can exhibit as it is exhibited in Christianity. In Plato, the elevation of man to God—in Christianity, the incorporation of God with man, is the highest point of faith. In the former there can be no true devotion in spirit and in truth; for the conceiver of the idea must always in his own opinion remain above his idea, the thinker above his thought. In Platonism pride, in Christianity humility, is the mother and ground of all virtue. For the idea is proud by its nature and the mode of its production, as it feels its fundamental power, and sits throned, calm and secure, in its height of abstraction. In Platonism human nature becomes conscious of its powers and possessions—in Christianity, of its weaknesses and wants. The aim of the one is attained in and by man himself—that of the other by the mediation and merits of the Redeemer alone.

To sum up all in a word: nowhere save in Christianity do we find the Spirit of God, which imperfectly exists in all, clad in all its fullness and glory in the form of man, and living and loving among men, in the person of Christ; and to the height of this idea no merely human philosophy, though it be the greatest which human wit ever devised, can attain.

These points of difference Mr. Sewell has left unnoticed, and this omission is inexcusable in a work which proposes to bring before the reader the relation of Platonism and Christianity. This omission, with the other wants and misrepresentations and inconsistencies we have already noticed, do, we think, justify us in the assertion that Mr. Sewell's work fully represents neither the spirit of Platonism, nor its relation with Christianity and the Catholic Church.

QUEEN MELIOR.

PART III.*

I.

WHEN Lilith's sire would cross the main,
 To battle for the cause of Spain,
 He left his child, a daughter fair,
 To Gaston's trust, his brother's heir :
 But many a year since then had fled,
 War long had bow'd his crimson head,
 Yet came not Lilith's father home,
 And it was said his fragile bark
 Had sunk within the boiling foam,
 When ocean raved and heaven grew dark.
 But be the story as it may,
 'Tis certain, since the fatal day
 In which he left his daughter fair
 To his false kinsman's tender care,
 No eye had seen him in this spot,
 No voice had hail'd him night or morn ;
 And now he was as one forgot,
 Or faintly in the memory borne.
 Meanwhile his kinsman and his friend,
 Had sworn that if that gentle maiden
 Would not to his stern mandate bend,
 And plight to him her virgin troth,
 That he would seize her fair domain,
 Which never might be her's again ;
 And that with deep affliction laden,
 Her days on earth she soon should end.
 And this he sware with awful oath,
 And spread false words, and said that he
 Was by her sire declared to be
 Heir of the castle and the land ;
 And that should she the suit repel
 Of him who loved so long and well,
 By former mandate of her sire,
 To convent grey she must retire,
 And in its lonely precincts dwell,
 Till death should toll her vesper bell.

II.

But there was one whose soul was strong,
 And could not, would not, suffer wrong ;
 But when that wrong to her was done,
 Who was to him as is the sun
 To the broad heaven—a light, a gladness,
 Without which all were gloom and sadness.

* Continued from p. 342.

Queen Melior.

Then wrath within his breast arose,
And then he vow'd that he would be
A terror, Lilith, to thy foes,
A strength and solace unto thee.
And so to her false friend he sent
A message, showing his intent,
To wit that he would be the knight
Of her, the lady Lilith bright,
And would do battle for her right.
De L'Orme with words of high disdain,
Received the challenge of Lorraine.
The details need we not repeat,
Suffice it, gentle friends, to say,
That the high judges fix'd a day,
Whereon the combatants should meet.

III.

The day hath come—it is the hour,
And they must quit the hall and bower ;
For in the tourney court there gather
Chieftain and vassal, son and father ;
Aloft the banners are display'd,
And all the men of law are met,
And in their scarlet robes array'd,
The judges on their thrones are set.
And lo ! De L'Orme prepared for fight,
In armour magically bright,
Is borne on charger black as night.
But where is he, the champion now ?
Pray heaven he may not break his vow !
Hath any here the champion seen,
Lord Percy of the lion mien ?
They seek, they send, they shout his name,
Pray heaven he tarnish not his fame !
Twice hath the battle trumpet sounded,
Twice hath the startled courser bounded ;
And hark again, the brazen clangor
Of the hoarse trumpet rings in anger ;
When lo ! athwart the neighbouring plain,
With thundering hoof and floating mane,
A noble steed in fleet career
Bears a young knight with sword and spear.
A moment flies—the plain's behind,
The barb speeds onward with the wind ;
A moment flies—the hill is past,
Faster he speeds and yet more fast—
Triumph ! the lists are gain'd at last.

IV.

'Tis not Lorraine, that gentle knight !
Why stays Lord Percy from the fight ?
Not one is there to shew the truth,
All gaze upon the gallant youth.
Tho' proud his mien, his bearing high,
As that of one who dared to die ;
So small, so light, so fair his hand,
It seem'd unmeet for warlike brand,

And better far in Beauty's bower
 Had tuned the lute or trimm'd the flower.
 Few words were his—in mortal fight
 Came he to battle for the right ;
 And feeble tho' in form and limb,
 He loved his lord, and drew for him.

V.

Lord! Gaston spake not, but awhile
 Play'd on his lip a bitter smile ;
 He raised no lance—he struck no blow,
 But gazed in silence on his foe :
 For well he knew the magic light
 That beam'd upon his armour bright,
 If once it met the champion's glance,
 Would leave small work for sword or lance.
 It meets his glance, and like a spray
 He quivers as on winter's day.
 Unable to resist the spell,
 The youthful champion silent fell—
 Silent he fell with sudden start,
 As froze the life-blood in his heart ;
 But none was there to see him die,
 Mark his pale cheek and closing eye.

VI.

For hark to the shout that is rending the air,
 Look to the banners floating there,
 And the mingled cry of a martial host,
 And the craven's shriek and the warrior's boast.
 Nearer and nearer the band advance,
 Pride in their heart and death in their glance ;
 Louder and louder their shouts arise,
 Over their heads while the vulture flies,
 For ever he follows a fiend in their track,
 And echoes the voice of his panderers back ;
 For he knows that he sweetly shall feast on the dead,
 Wherever the steps of an army may tread.

VII.

De L'Orme one moment silent stood,
 The next, and he look'd on a field of blood ;
 The third, and he join'd in the mortal fight,
 Hewing and hacking both left and right,
 Riding o'er waves of the dead and dying,
 Where he saw the foe from the conflict flying ;
 Following still on a dangerous track,
 Never he turn'd his courser back,
 But fought where the battle most perilous seem'd,
 And the lightning of hauberks most awfully gleam'd.

VIII.

Foes in the castle and foes on the wall,
 Hark to the warder's dismal call,
 As over the rampart his body fell,
 List—ye may here the echo well !
 Foes within and foes without,
 Soon will there be a total rout.

But manfully fighting the worsted fought on,
For tho' hope of the victory was totally gone,
Yet they knew that their gallant resistance delay'd
The banquet the birds on their carcases made ;
When the Sun in the heavens was dying away,
Ashamed of the deeds he had look'd on that day,
And the night coming down on that harvest of death,
Where the young and the brave drew their last faint breath,
When the ebbing blood in their veins ran chill,
And the scream of the eagle was heard on the hill.

IX.

There were two friends in the battle-plain,
Sadly they met in this hour again ;
They had been nurst in the same fair home,
In the same green dingles had loved to roam,
Together beneath the same blue sky
Had chased the same bright butterfly :
But alien in their race are they,
And meet as foes in evil day.
Each gazed on each with bearing high,
Neither then would fight or fly ;
So they plunged on their weapons all red with the rain
Of the blood of the brave whom their right hands had slain,
And embracing each other, they fell from their horses,
That *one* vulture might feed on their intertwined corpses.

X.

On the brow of Lord Gaston defiance was placed,
And there might the spirit of daring be traced :
His eyes were fiercely, wildly bright,
And flash'd with an unnatural light,
Revealing the passions that glow'd in his breast,
As memory refused him one moment of rest.
Wearied with fighting, alone he stands,
Nerveless his arms, and strengthless his hands ;
The virtue from his armour gone,
Which of late so proudly shone.—
A soldier saw him, while passing by,
" Spare me, O spare me—'tis hard to die
When the sun laughs out in the bright blue sky :
Spare me, O spare me ! and gold shall be thine,
Land and all that now is mine."
But the soldier had seen him slay his brother :
One moment past, and then another,
But ere the third moment for ever had fled,
The soldier look'd down on a face that was dead !

XI.

Lord Gaston's bands are put to flight,
They hurry from the field of fight,
While the enemy pursuing
Drive them on to utter ruin,
And then return to quaff the bowl,
And rest the limbs and cheer the soul,
Ready with light of rising day,
To bear fresh ruin where it may.

XII.

Two days have past—it is the night,
 The moon is up—the stars are bright,
 And lo, a horseman is in sight !
 Who rides so swiftly up this way,
 With thundering hoof and slacken'd rein !
 Who enters in that castle grey ?
 It must be—yes, it is Lorraine !
 He stands within the banquet-hall,
 He calls—none answers to his call ;
 He calls again—but none is nigh,
 To welcome him or give reply ;
 But shafts that lie his steps around,
 And broken swords that strew the ground,
 To him sad wanderer declare,
 Strange deeds had been enacted there.
 But soon with a disorder'd mien,
 He hurries from the troubled scene,
 Then searches keep and hall and tower,
 And seeks, but vainly seeks her bower.
 “ Lillith, where art thou ? Lillith where ? ”
 The echo idly mocks his care ;
 He could not find her whom he sought,
 And there was madness in the thought.
 Away ! away ! he hurries fast,
 The castle precincts now are past ;
 And led as by some spell divine,
 Lorraine hath reach'd the fairy's shrine.

XIII.

Again the wondrous waters rose
 From the blue depth of their repose ;
 With boil and glitter, flash and foam,
 And music wild, they do their duty,
 And gather up into a dome,
 A radiant dome of perfect beauty :
 And there, with aspect most serene,
 But sad and solemn, stood the Queen.
 She sings—all silent is the night,
 The heaven is hush'd in deep delight,
 And not a sound in earth or air
 Disturbs the silence watching there :
 She sings—and thus her latest song
 Trembles those quiet banks along.

QUEEN MELIOR'S SONG.

I arise from my home,
 Where the fairies roam,
 Far, far beneath this radiant dome :
 I have left the hall,
 Where my sisters call,
 The Fates to weave thy funeral pall.

For if life were thine,
Thy spirit would pine,
Like a lonely bird in a ruin'd shrine
And Woe, thy bride,
Would seek thy side,
And kiss thee till Hope, enchantress, died.

Be thy sorrow o'er,
Delay no more,
But meet me on Death's sunset shore ;
With the voice of song,
Will we float along,
Borne by a spell divine and strong.

As I chant each note,
Our spirits shall float,
Like silver dreams in my pearly boat :
Our course will we keep,
Thro' the realms of sleep,
To an Eden of love and beauty deep.

Then hasten with me,
For thou mayest not see
The form that was light and life to thee ;
She hath past away,
Like an evening ray,
To the country of eternal day.

From my throne of light,
In that planet bright,
Whose beam was so holy and soft and white ;
From the world above,
Where the genii rove,
I came to shield that form of love.

The race was run,
And Fate hath won,
And her task for ever on earth is done ;
She needs no bier,
She asks no tear,
But she rests as calm as the buried year.

From the fragrant bowers
Will they cull no flowers,
The playmates of the rosy hours,
In grief to shed,
On the funeral bed
Of the early, and oh ! the happy dead.

In the odorous dells
Of the sea's vast cells,
The sweet sad soul of the loved one dwells :
Where the bright wave leaps
From the glaucous deeps,
She sits and thinks of thee and weeps.

Then haste, O haste,
Ere the moon is chased
By the spirit of day from the heaven's blue waste ;
We shall see the bowers
Of the Ocean Powers,
And catch the sweet breath of the wakening flowers.

As the ghost of Time,
 In his course sublime,
 Is hunted by Death thro' his dusky clime ;
 As the shadows pass
 O'er the wind-sway'd grass,
 Or fly along the stream of glass :

So shall I fleet,
 With my noiseless feet,
 To the realm where the genius and fairy meet ;
 Where sit the Dead,
 Of ages fled,
 With silver wreaths around each head.

The form I wear,
 Tho' bright and fair,
 Shall melt like mist in the dark-blue air ;
 But my soul shall glide
 Down the river's tide,
 And enter an ocean deep and wide.

Then haste, O haste,
 Ere yon cloud is chased
 By the breath of the wind from the moon's white waist,
 On a summer sea,
 Where the green isles be
 Prankt on its bosom immoveably ;

Beneath the blue roof
 Of a heaven where the woof
 Of the silver clouds never was yet sunproof ;
 Amid odour and song,
 Shall our boat glide along,
 To the Spirit world, with an impulse strong.

xv.

Silent he stood, and gazing on the air,
 Mark'd the white mist that slowly melted there,
 And watch'd it fade with fix'd and vacant eye,
 As the last flake seem'd blending with the sky.
 He starts—with sudden crash the banks give way,
 He falls—the yielding waves receive their prey !
 More high they rose, more rapidly they sped,
 Whilst gurgling o'er the body of the dead ;
 And when the earliest smile of rosy morn
 Blest the maternal earth, and light was born,
 The fairy stream no more was heard to play,
 Its banks no longer woo'd the morning's ray ;
 But one immense morass alone was seen,
 Where so much beauty and delight had been ;
 Banks, woods, and waters all had past away,
 Nor left one record of a brighter day !

XVI.

A peasant told the lovers' tale—
He saw them wandering in the vale,
He saw them on the silver strand,
The soldier held the maiden's hand.
Their bark was lightly floating there,
Sole stain upon that mirror fair;
And as it rested on the wave,
Slept on the shadow that it gave.—
Sudden the maiden freed her hand,
And hurried from that silent strand;
Swiftly her fingers then unmoor
That tiny bark from lonely shore;
Away it flies—away, away,
With lightning speed across the bay:
Away, away! the bark hath past,
God grant it reach the land at last!

XVII.

And was it she—the young, the fair, the mild,
Love's earliest favourite! Beauty's brightest child!
She that had left the Island's lonely shore,
Borne strangely on, without or sail or oar;
She that had brav'd the danger and the strife,
And giv'n her own to save another's life?—
Yes! she it was—the young, the bright, the fair!
Love for a guide, what will not woman dare?

XVIII.

And thou art gone—yet none hath seen thee die,
None, Lilith, gazed on thee with curious eye;
And not a record is there left to show,
So sweet a being ever lived below!
One lonely cypress stands with wither'd leaf,
Lamenting with a fix'd but silent grief,
In that sad spot, where, on that fatal day,
The breath of life from Lilith past away.
And the lone peasant, when belated sees,
Beneath that patient mourner of the trees,
A gentle lady with dishevell'd hair,
And hand in hand enfolden as in pray'r;
Her face is pale, but lovely—a sad smile
Plays like cold starlight on her lips awhile.
Then fades away: the peasant passeth on—
The lady kneeleth in the moonshine wan!

THE POETS OF ENGLAND WHO HAVE DIED YOUNG.*

No. V.—BYRON IN GREECE.

Less than twenty years ago, the majority of critics and readers considered Byron the greatest and noblest poet whom these later times have produced : his name was a synonyme for genius ; and if a man dared to differ from the literary rabble, and to uphold the claims of Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Coleridge, in preference to those of Byron, his vindication was received in silence, and his critical acumen regarded with contempt. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The philosophical poet has obtained a fitting audience ; Shelley has been idolized, and Coleridge loved and venerated ; Byron alone has been forgotten. It is a wonderful reaction that has taken place in the hearts of men ; it is an unaccountable change that has come over the spirit of the dream of the young generation. Formerly, Byron was absolutely unapproachable : we have now lived long enough to have heard the worshipper of Wordsworth deny his genius, and the admirer of Scott assert the superiority of that "Ariosto of the North."

We are not ignorant of the faults of Byron's poetry ; we are not blind to the exaggeration of passion, and the false glare of sentiment, and the rhetorical flourishes, which disfigure his flaming robe of verse. We acknowledge with sorrow the *insane wickedness* of parts of Childe Harold and Don Juan ; we lament that the poet should ever feel contempt for any human being, or the teacher ever go astray. We admit that the passions are too much exalted, and that the light of intellect and the pure reason are often obscured by the volcanic fire of self-consuming emotions. But when we have made these admissions, we have gone to the *ne plus ultra* of concession. We dare not deny the God-given wisdom, the divine doctrine, the dark sublimity, the exquisite pathos, and the solemn beauty of the poet. We will not even rest here. We must vindicate the claim of Byron to the character of a *great* poet ; we must recognize his mission as a teacher heaven-sent, and heaven-inspired. We must attempt to recover for him some portion of that wide dominion which he has lost, or at least to assert his rights to share in the coronation with which the popular intellect of these days is doing honour to the "dead kings of melody."

At the close of the eighteenth century, the world began to awake from the deep sleep in which it had lain ever since the death of Milton and the Commonwealth ; a sleep dull, heavy, and continuous, or at best, broken but for an instant by an inarticulate and feeble effort to utter its wants, or to proclaim its own effete and miserable condition. Philosophy existed indeed, but it was rather acute than profound ; political speculation engaged the minds of a few, but it was speculation tame and shallow, and though not utterly valueless, still without result

* Continued from Vol. I. p. 333.

and without purpose. Thought was confined within its preappointed bounds; the mind was dwarfed and reasoned in a *groove*; and the soaring and free soul was obliged to content herself with the limits of the cage in which she was imprisoned. Poetry was declamatory and lifeless; a mere tissue of traditional phrases and embroidery of French manufactory. Shakspeare was not understood; men had ceased to live with nature, and moved in a world of drawing-rooms, and china vases, and carpets, and sofas. Miranda was displaced by Belinda; and the Ariel of the 'Tempest' abdicated in favour of the Ariel of the 'Loek.' Goldsmith, it is true, had introduced a simple and healthful style of thought and verse, but he was not followed in his innovation; and Cowper had sang in pleasant strains, the "prodigality of shade," and the "lark saturate with dew;" but without weaning the world from the gay saloon, or substituting a love of the natural in the place of the artificial. There was no master-mind; there was no Coryphæus to a chorus of poets such as the after century produced, whose lofty ode should unveil the dark mysteries of the human heart, and reveal the bright purposes of our being, and convince and fascinate, and set thinking the audience who listened to its divine and overflowing music.

At this era of apathy the world was on the crisis of a great change: and as before the coming whirlwind there is a "syncope and solemn pause," so before the wonderful tempest of the people arose, there was a perfect silence and a great calm. At length the storm came: the French Revolution broke out; its watchwords were Christianity and equality; and the enthusiasts of that period looked forward to the speedy advent of a golden age, in which men should live as brothers, and love and truth and justice should revisit the earth which they had so long forsaken. The calamitous issue of that Revolution; the installation of anarchy for freedom; the origin and growth of the giant empire, whose shadow filled the whole earth with its glory, are too well known to need more than an allusion here. With the terrible errors of the French Revolution, the hopes which had been entertained of a better and holier state of things past away; the joyful and beautiful anticipations of the coming vision fell to the ground; the dreams and aspirations of men were bitterly disappointed; they had looked forward to a reign of universal peace and charity, and beheld only tumult and confusion, and shame and cruelty, and desolation and anarchy and war.

Thus it was that the moral ruin of hundreds of gentle and ardent minds was brought about: in the failure of French liberty they saw their dearest and most cherished hopes overthrown; and where benevolence and exultation had had their existence, gloom and misanthropy sprang up and flourished. Noble and affectionate natures, by a strange but intelligible revulsion of feeling, walked in scorn and self-contempt over the earth, cursing the day in which they first saw light; tormented by obstinate questionings of man, and life and death, and heaven and God; and vainly endeavouring to solve the hieroglyphical and oracular enigmas of eternity, while in the prison-house of time. Unconsciously they sought relief in the exaggeration of their own despair; and the dark delight of being miserable was their solace and support.

It was at this period that the baneful, but beautiful star of Byron,

climbed to its appointed height in the heaven of Fame, and shone with a brilliance that made it at once the Cynosure of the universal vision. We say *at once*—for although the first coruscations which it projected were received with cold contempt, yet the indifference was but of short duration. Byron published a volume of juvenile poems, which, if they gave no intimation of the existence of the mighty powers of which he afterwards demonstrated his possession, yet deserved another sort of reception than that which they met. Byron, however, was not easily discomfited. He prepared for the attack; and beautiful with scorn and indignation, the Pythian of the age one arrow sped, and the spoilers tempted no second blow.*

After the success which his satire obtained, Byron visited Spain, the land of romance—and Greece, the country of heroes and poets, and fair women and brave men. The result of his visit is well known. With a mind now really awakening to a consciousness of its own greatness, he gave the world the magnificent Pilgrimage of Childe Harold. The Eastern Tales followed; and Song and Ode and Drama succeeded with wonderful swiftness and unparalleled effect.

It is not our intention to review the various events in the life of Lord Byron, or to criticise minutely the offspring of his genius. Our design is to draw the attention of our readers to the close of his career, when the poet became the hero, and the struggles of Greece for liberty won his applause, and were sanctioned and assisted by his genius. Before we proceed to execute our design, it will be necessary to characterize the poet and the man; and although we have not sufficient space either for metaphysical disquisition or critical investigation, we trust that we shall be able satisfactorily to estimate the poetry, and demonstrate its significance; and to illustrate the idiosyncracies of the great English poet of our time.

The human race has been by the providence of God divided into several families: of these some are priests, some warriors, some philosophers, and some statesmen. All these are more or less to be venerated, for they are all ordinances of God, and all have their task to discharge, and all are working out, although unconsciously, the great but unknown designs of Him, "who shaped us to his ends and not our own." One of these families, it has been so ordered, is greater and nobler, and more effective, and more wonder-working, than any of the others. This family is called the family of poets, or creators, for they fashion forth new worlds, and recreate the common universe, and evoke in all their primal loveliness the forms and spirits of nature, hidden or obscured by the mists of familiarity which surround them. It is their peculiar office to declare the destiny of man, to expound his necessities, to anatomize and lay bare his passions, to describe the appearances of the external universe, and to reveal the influence which they exercise over his heart and mind. It is their province to give a musical expression to the emotions and actions of the men of their generation; to shew how they lived and loved and died; in brief, to idealize and epically to recapitulate the phenomena of their age. Poets, says one of that

* Adonais.

sacred brotherhood, are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world. In order that they may fulfil their priesthood, in order that they may reflect the age in which they live, may royally govern and wisely legislate, it is necessary that they should have hearts more alive than the hearts of other men to sorrow and joy—more violently acted on by the passions and affections—more liable to err, but more capable of good. They must have a strong reason, and a comprehensive and all-beholding imagination. They must know much grief, or at least see much of its effects: they must study humanity under all circumstances and in all phases. Unless they are thus constituted, and unless they thus live, they will never be true poets; poetasters they may be, and have a certain tuneful capability within them—but poets they will never be. For the poet must be a teacher; and how can the ignorant and uninspired reveal truths which he has never learnt, and which have never been communicated to him?

Observe, we claim for the poet an inspiration—an actual Theopneustia; and if we are asked for the proof of its existence, we refer to the genius, God-given, and to the mission, heaven-attested by its effects. The poet is the only teacher; for neither the mathematician nor the philosopher—except he be a Plato, and so share the poetic nature—reveals any new truths concerning man or his destiny. It requires a remarkable intuition into all that can be the subject of thought, to evolve any moral doctrine not before enunciated; and this intuition the poet only possesses. His mission then is from God. We know that he is a teacher come from heaven, for no man can do the works that he does, except God be with him.

To guard against any misconception that might possibly arise, we remark, that it is not a connexion with the God of grace that we claim for the poet, but only an authority delegated by the absolute Sovran of the universe. The same Providence that raised up a king of Egypt that his glory might be shewn forth in him, has given the poet a work to perform, that his designs with regard to the human race may be furthered. It is not the actuation of the Holy Spirit, as evidenced so brightly in the lives of the early saints, that the poet possesses, but the inspiration which made the prophet bless the Hebrew family, when he had set his face like a flint to curse it; or, to put it still more strongly, the influence which visited the lowly animal on which the prophet rode, when it opened its mouth and spake.

Byron then is a messenger from God; and he expounds the mysteries of humanity, and in some measure interprets them in accordance with the laws by which the poetic character and office are regulated. It must not be objected to him that he is a prophet of evil; that he veils the lightnings of his song in sorrow; that his heroes are not men, but tempestuous beings, out of and beyond this world. If he prophesied evil, we must remember that he did not create, but found it here; it was the atmosphere which he breathed; it was the character-

istic of the time. He could not rise superior to it, and look over it, at the good which was silently springing up beneath its overgrowth. This was his fault as a poet. But if our theory be properly understood, even this will be considered unavoidable. In every convulsion of the moral world, a multitude of poets is sent as it were to *catch and transfer to their canvass the expression* of the age. Some precede the others; and it must be their prescribed task to pourtray in the darkest and strongest colours the lineaments of the epoch. Such was the office allotted to Byron. He came, a sorrowing and scornful spirit, into a world of scorn and sorrow. There was an acknowledged attraction existent between the temper of the age and that of the man; and it was evident that Providence had chosen him to be the leader of the poetic Chorus which was to sing the history of that day and generation. We have spoken of the bitter disappointment which the failure of the French Revolution had engendered in the hearts of even the gentlest and wisest of men. It was a time of great experiences, but the only moral which had been yet drawn was that of despair. Strong hearts were crushed, and men dared not reason, and would not hope. They had struggled for liberty, and they had gained it—but what a liberty! It had no aim, no purpose, no holy or life-giving energy. It was a blind, selfish, unsocial freedom; the enfranchisement of the individual to the detriment of society; isolation and solitude and torturing introspection. To delineate this state of things was the office of Byron. He found men moody and discontented and wrathful, unreconciled with God, yet trembling at the mention of his name; at enmity with their fellow-mortals, and deeply irritated with themselves: as he found them, he described them. His Manfred, and his Conrad, and his Cain, are only idealisms of the men of his time. There was an inevitable resemblance between them; a *family likeness* which could not be mistaken; a terrible and mysterious oneness of thought and speech and action: but so far from objecting this uniformity as a fault, it is the great and crowning virtue of the Byron poetry. Without it, it would have been unepical, would have lost its social significance, and in the true sense of the word would have abandoned its *moral* character and tendency. His heroes are in harmony and in truthful keeping with nature. They assert their liberty everywhere, and on all occasions. They proclaim it to the rocks and the forests, to the seas and to the stars. That they may not be suspected of indifference to the inheritance which they have won by living among men, they leave the city and the camp, and they wander in far off lands and dwell alone among mountains, and declare that it is not solitude to lead the life which they lead, and work themselves up into a fury with mankind, and with suspirations of forced breath breathe their curse on man, and utter the unmitigable scorn which they entertain for him. Then they feel the want of love and the sense of loneliness, and they make friends with nature, and the ocean becomes their brother, and the lake has a sister's voice, and they claim dominion with the stars, and wish to be the spirit of some bodiless sound, or sigh to have the desert for their dwelling-place, with some fair being for their minister. Yet their lovingness is not wholly destroyed; they

would often do men good, and sometimes even assert their kindly feeling for them. But then again the curse returns, and again they fly to the mountain to breathe its difficult air, and meditate on the infinite, and examine the recesses of their own soul, and shrink back dismayed and terror-stricken at their heaven-defying thoughts. They worship self, but cannot endure the misery which their idolatry entails upon them; they would reject all converse with the world, but are afraid to be alone; they would doubt the existence of God, or deny his goodness, but they look up on the blue sky which bends over all, and pronounce it so pure and beautiful that God alone is to be seen in heaven.

Now what is the moral of all this? Why has Byron drawn such portraits, and why has he invested these despotic and stormy creations with all the most brilliant and dazzling qualities? To teach us their utter vanity, their less than nothingness, their bad and selfish isolation. Not one of Byron's characters has a happy end, not one realizes his hopes or consummates his designs. He creates them to annihilate them; he sets up his golden image to break it in pieces, grind it to powder, and scatter it to the four winds. The poet unconsciously recognizes the fact, that they were not fit to live—that God's earth was not meant to be the footstool of things so mean—that God's heaven was only profaned by their cowardly yet insolent gaze. Let them perish, is his edict; and in this edict lies the moral of his poetry.

Byron was necessarily the expositor of that peculiar phase of thought and feeling which we have endeavoured to exhibit to our readers. He was the representative of the age. His organization in the first instance, his education in the second, the influence of circumstances in the third, all demonstrated that he was the elect lyricist of the time. That there was much in his character and in his actions to be deplored is a sad truth, but not one which should make us forget the vast good which he effected, or blind us to his many noble and amiable qualities. Byron was born and bred under the most disadvantageous and corrupting influences that can well be imagined. A peer, but a pauper; a child, but from his position entitled to the respect due to manhood alone, he grew up under the injudicious treatment of a proud and ignorant mother, who sometimes worshipped, and at others treated him with a cruelty that seemed allied to madness. His feelings were exquisitely keen, but from perpetual irritation and disappointment became persecutors instead of consolers. His intellect was vigorous and searching, but for want of a wise and beneficent system of training, led him into metaphysical errors from which he never extricated himself. Of imagination all compact, his very mission constrained him to multiply the forms and features of his own misery; and by the faithful discharge of the duty assigned him as an ideal creator, he escaped from the contemplation of his own sorrows, only to find a refuge in delineating the woes of a world whose characteristics were despair and misery. His young affections ran to waste before the radiant and joyous hours of youth had past; the friends whom he had garnered in his heart perished; pecuniary troubles pressed heavily upon him while yet a minor; ill health and physical infirmity added their deteriorating influence; and suspicion and misunderstanding, and the unjust

treatment of his countrymen, completed the catalogue of troubles, which he bore sometimes with impatience and scorn, but in the main with a wise and strong endurance. Before we finally condemn the man, let us ask our own hearts what we should have been, had Providence placed us in the position which he occupied. Let us remember the ruin and desolation of his household gods; his crushed affections; his solitude and pain of heart; his evil education; his poverty; the malignant misrepresentations of enemies, and the reluctant apology of friends.

Byron was the most gentle and affectionate of beings, when away from the contaminating influences of the world. Brave and generous, and, notwithstanding his assumed scorn of mankind, at heart devoted to their cause, and even anxious to promote the good of his species, he passed through life unknown and unloved. Shelley, who rightly estimated him, has left valuable testimony in his favour. He acknowledges the existence of ambition which preyed upon itself, and of the canker of aristocracy which so often gave a harsh and unamiable appearance to his conduct; but it was on his own hopes and affections only that he trampled, and in social life no human being could be more gentle, patient, and unassuming. His love for his sister was a beautiful trait in his character, and was always beautifully developed; his *rememberful* kindness towards his old nurse and his ancient retainers generally, has much of that hearty loveliness in it which is so thoroughly and solely *English*. His contempt of the false and hollow conventionalities of society endears him to every lover of honesty; his sworn detestation of every despotism, and his indignant and consuming philippics against wrong triumphant and hypocrisy enthroned; his high and heroic virtue, in the sense in which the Romans used the word; his prodigal generosity and his universal charity, entitle him to the highest praise, and should save him from the contumely and indifference which seem to await him both as poet and as man. But we must not dwell longer on either the poetry or the character of Byron, although the subject is as interesting as it is inexhaustible. We pass over the history of his triumph; we leave the domestic tale untold; we cannot accompany him on his pilgrimage through Greece or Italy or Germany; nor linger with him during his acquaintance with Shelley; nor trace his noble opposition to the usurping and intruding Austrian government—an opposition for which his fame should be honoured by every Englishman, and of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say that all Europe rang from side to side. From his retirement in Italy, where he had led a pure and intellectual life, and one which evidenced that he was aspiring to a brighter and better nature, and was struggling to overcome the evil and the false, and to worship the good and the true, Byron departed to become the champion of the land he had so early loved and so brightly illustrated in song.

The love of liberty which the French Revolution had first awakened had not perished with the miserable failure of that awful explosion. After the fall of the empire, it became more strong and ardent than ever. In the year 1821, the south of Europe was convulsed from one end to the other. The Spanish Revolution had broken out. Italy

beheld the signal, and obeyed. Secret societies were formed. Naples declared the constitution; Genoa defied the Sardinian king; and Piedmont asserted her freedom. At last Greece rose from her slumber; the light of liberty had shone on her; and her children prepared to resist the foe of Christendom, and the enemy of civilization and the arts. In the early part of the spring of this year, Prince Ipsilanti issued his proclamation; and the Greeks once more shewed themselves worthy of their godlike ancestors of old. "The munificence and energy of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, was above all praise." The sea-fight off Nauplia was a glorious achievement; Athens and Corinth and Thebes attested that the ancient spirit was not dead; a Grecian poet held Attica with seven thousand men, and routed the Pacha of Negropont; and Ali, after purchasing a truce at a costly price, had retired to the citadel in Yanina. Patriots hoped, and enthusiasts anticipated, the renewal of the golden years; and the victory of the Cross over the Crescent was sung in a magnificent lyric,* not unworthy of the days when the Persian hordes were driven back at Salamis, nor of the fame of the soldier and poet who sang the triumph which consecrated and made immortal the blue and beautiful waters that laved her gleaming shores.

This was the first act of the great drama of Grecian liberty which was represented in the theatre of Greece, with a nation for actors, and a world for spectators. We must pass over intervening events, and hasten to the fulfilment of our design.

In 1825, Lord Byron left Italy for Greece, and prepared to add to the bays of the poet the laurels of the hero; to shew mankind that the union of theory and practice is perfectly feasible; and that the contemplative man, when the hour arrives, is by far the best parent of the active man,—a truth ably enunciated and fully demonstrated by the poets in Catholic Spain, but one which had been quite neglected, and even denied, since the remembrance of their glorious deeds had passed away, and which it was reserved for our English Byron again to revive, and highly illustrate and amply prove.

Lord Byron, on reaching Greece, resided for some time at Metaxata in Cephalonia. His solitude was shared and relieved by Count Gamba, a young nobleman of Ravenna, who acted as his secretary, but who was treated as a friend. He delayed here in order that the division of the Greek fleet, which had been long expected, might have still further time to effect its arrival. He had engaged the Greek government to appoint deputies to negotiate a national loan in England, and wished to have a private conference with them on this important measure. At his desire, Mr. Hamilton Browne had visited the Morea, to obtain correct information on the state of things which prevailed there; and no effort was spared, and no thought wanting, to secure the objects for which he had determined to risk life and health, and to abandon his poet's fame.

Before strangers, as might have been expected, it was Byron's in-

variable practice to represent his conduct as the offspring of prudence and reflection: among friends he indulged in dreams of rich romance, and delighted to describe the glorious adventures which his imagination created, and to revive and realize the visions of Norman chivalry, and to prophesy of a bright future for Greece, and to exult in the thought that the recovery of her liberty, and the restoration of her grandeur, would be associated with the fame of his name, wherever freedom was loved or heroism adored.

Byron, who calls himself a half Scotchman by birth, and a whole one by education, and who speaks so affectionately of the land of mountain and of flood, during his residence at Metaxata adopted the highland costume, and thus symbolized by his outward appearance the inward chivalry of his heart. It will not surely be considered as irrelevant or sentimental, if we pause for a moment in our narrative to indulge in the dream which the musing heart calls up. The champion of Greece, the poet and the hero, with glory wrapt round him like a mantle, in his picturesque dress, stands on the balcony of his house. Around him are the grey and rude rocks of Cephalonia; the blue mountains of Ætolia, Acarnania, and Achaia, gleam in the distance; the clouds of green foliage in the valley below are musical with the songs of birds; and the evergreen olive and orange and lemon are in full bloom and beauty; the laurel and the myrtle make odorous the air; and the cypress rises in solemn grandeur above the humbler children of the grove! Thought has scarcely a more exquisite vision than this, and ages perhaps will pass before art will have a nobler triumph than the union of poetry and action in the human Apollo of the modern world.

Among the most distinguished chieftains who visited Lord Byron at Metaxata, was Nothi Bozzari, the Nestor of the Suliot Princes. The gallant actions of the Suliots, when, with a mere handful of men, they struck terror into the heart of the dreaded Ali Pasha at Joanina, endeared their descendants to the champion of Greece. He took under his protection the remainder of the population of Suli, and enlisted in his service all who were capable of bearing arms. He supplied the wants of the most distressed families; furnished the men with the means of passing over into Greece; promised to join and incorporate them into one legion; and wherever he saw want or heard of misfortune, his heart was ready to sympathize and his hand to relieve.

From Metaxata, Lord Byron determined to repair to Missolonghi. A boat from Zante brought the intelligence of his intention to sail from that island on the 30th of December. In the afternoon of that day, while all were endeavouring to descry the desired sail, the Turkish vessels came out of the gulf. It was conjectured that Youssouf Pasha had ordered them to interrupt him on his passage. Byron proceeded with all caution in a small bark, and met with no opposition of any kind. Two hours before daylight he fell in with a Turkish vessel; but profiting by the darkness, and a fresh breeze which sprang up, he steered towards the Scrofes, where the frigate vainly endeavoured to follow him. His fears were not for himself, but for the Greeks

who were with him, and who would certainly have been put to a cruel death, had they been captured. The next morning a violent tempest rose, and the sailors looked forward to the speedy destruction of their little vessel. Byron alone retained his presence of mind; encouraged the sailors, gave directions, and, like a guardian spirit, watched over the interests and the lives of the ship and the crew. It is curious to contemplate his numerous characters at this moment. A young Greek of Patras, whom his mother had committed to his care, he ordered to keep by his side, that in case the vessel should be dashed to pieces on the rocks, he might be able to save him by swimming. Over him he watched with fatherly vigilance. The sailors were out of heart, and he cheered up their spirits. Danger was on every side, and he directed them how to avoid it; and to crown the whole, while the boat was tossing about on the waters, he wrote with a pencil some stanzas on the Suliot, which he pronounced to be among the best of his verses. At last the tempest subsided, and accompanied by his favourite Newfoundland dog Lion, he dashed into the sea, and for two hours exulted in the flashing and foaming billows.

On the 6th of January Lord Byron landed at Missolonghi. The shores were covered with the inhabitants, and soldiers had assembled on the beach to welcome the deliverer. The sky rang with their acclamations when he was received by Mavrocordato and the primates of the country; and the air was rent with loud and exultant cries of *Ζητα ελευθερια*. The joy inspired by his presence was universal; shout and song and the echo of fire-arms announced the rapture that was felt. It was a proud day for Byron, and a bright one for Greece, when the hero was recognized in the poet, and freedom and independence were anticipated by the lady of kingdoms.

Byron supported his new character with spirit, and fully entered into the demands of his novel situation. It must have been a strange though glorious sight to see the house of the poet transformed into the magazine of the soldier. His room was filled with weapons; the walls were decorated with swords and pistols and rifles and bayonets and muskets and trumpets and helmets, arranged in all manner of curious figures and fantastic shapes. Instead of converse with the Muses, his talk was with the followers of Mars; and for the themes of song the topics of his conversation were battles, sieges, ambuscades, attacks, surprises, and the whole pomp and circumstance of glorious war. He had travelled in the countries of the different chiefs who visited him, and astonished them by the extent of his knowledge, displayed in the accounts which he gave of the passes and the roads; the descriptions of places which themselves had almost forgotten; the accuracy of his computations of distance, and the particular and detailed narration of local and transient occurrences.

Lord Byron's strong common sense, a quality for which he was so preeminently remarkable, never seems to have forsaken him during his Grecian career. It was always active and always available. In the management of a newspaper; in the organization of a regiment; in the settlement of the quarrels and jealousies which broke out among the Greek clans; in the multiplicity of offices which he discharged, as

soldier, general, commandant, defender of the helpless, reliever of the distressed, agent to the Bible Society, projector of sieges, it shone with an equally steady and brilliant lustre. His temper seems to have been uniformly serene; except in one instance, it was never known to be ruffled; and yet the ambition and pitiful plottings of some of the capitani were enough to disconcert a more patient man than he was. But he had calculated the cost of the enterprise well; he knew before they came, the obstacles which he should have to contend with, from friend as well as foe, from the vacillation and irresolution and craft of some of the Greek leaders, and the want of discipline of the soldiers, and the deficiency of funds, and the bickerings of his own colleagues, and the rash and dangerous enthusiasm of some of the advocates of Greek liberty, and the imbecility and reluctance of others. He knew all this beforehand, and was not discouraged by the want of success at first. He had a greatness and generosity of soul, which prevented him from sinking beneath the heavy burthen which was laid upon him; a patient and enduring heart, and a calm hopefulness of disposition, which taught him to look beyond the temporary and factitious, and to anticipate the lasting and the true. Had Byron lived, and had he been once enabled to clear himself of the human incumbrances by whom he was surrounded, Greece would in the end have resumed somewhat of her ancient glory and power; the nations would have owned her as a free and independent sister; and in the progression of time she might once more have shone the morning-star of the world, and dispensed her quickening and lustrous influences to the kingdoms and republics of young Europe.

Although the soul of Byron was superior to the trials and difficulties which were arrayed against him, yet his bodily frame was not so. Past intemperance had impaired his constitution; palpitations and anxieties hourly afflicted him; faintings and convulsions and derangement of the nervous system indicated his approaching fate, which the low and debilitating diet enjoined by his physician served only to accelerate.

The treacherous conduct of Caraischi, his occupation of Vasiladi, and the movements of the Turkish forces, were thought significant of the *dénouement* of a conspiracy against Western Greece. Lord Byron was violently troubled; and in the enfeebled state in which he was, it is little to be wondered at if he began to despair of the success which he had once so gladly and so eagerly anticipated. His dreams of the restoration of prosperity to Greece became obscured; he trembled lest the news of a civil war in the Peloponnesus should reach England and ruin the Greek credit; and the hesitation of Mavrocordato in the punishment of the traitor, added to his perplexity and augmented his indignation. Disappointment and anxiety and suffering began their work of prostration; deep gloom and melancholy sat heavy on his soul; his apprehensions came in crowds; and the hero was transformed into a craven, and the strong man into a weak and peevish child. At last the hour drew near, in which England was to lose a son, Greece a deliverer, and the world a poet.

Riding was the only occupation that procured Byron the slightest

relief, and he indulged in the exercise, on this account, more than he would otherwise have done. On the 9th of April he extended his ride further than usual, and on his return was caught in a shower. He was exposed to a cold drenching rain for more than an hour, and in the evening complained of acute pains in the limbs. In conversation with some friends he was at first unusually merry; but the effort was too much for his strength and feelings; the "gay smile faded from his eye," and superstitious and idle fears troubled his great and manly mind. On the 22nd of January, he had entered on his thirty-seventh year; and the prediction of an astrologer, "Beware of your thirty-seventh year, beware!" filled him with grief and dismay.

The fever increased; the medical men recommended bleeding, but Byron at once most positively refused to submit to the operation. It is impossible for one uninitiated in the mysteries of *Æsculapius* to decide on the propriety of the treatment which his physicians advocated: but Byron's expostulatory arguments, in our opinion, go a great way to shew the triumph of common sense over learned ignorance. Drawing blood, he observed, from a nervous patient is like loosening the chords of a musical instrument, the tones of which are already defective for want of sufficient tension.

The faculty however had their way: Byron was bled and re-bled, leeches and blistered, and dosed with antispasmodic potions of valerian and æther. The convulsive movements, says one of his attendants, and the delirium increased; a second draught was administered; the patient confusedly articulated a few broken phrases, and sunk into a *commatose* sleep, which the next day terminated in death. The complaint was owing to the *metastasis of rheumatic inflammation*. Blessings on their learning!

There was a solemn and calm beauty in the death of the hero—an Olympian splendour and divine grace, which we not willingly pass over. His friends stood weeping round his bed; his faithful gondolier Tita turned his face away from his master, who held his hand to conceal the tears which he could not suppress. Byron looked at him steadily with a pensive smile, and said "*Oh questa è una bella scena!*" After this exclamation he fell into a deep but short reverie; then suddenly recollecting himself, he ordered Parry to be called. Before he could be summoned, his delirium returned, and his spirit seemed to be occupied in conducting an assault. The words, "*Courage—forward—follow me!*" were articulated in Italian and English. His powers of utterance were failing rapidly, and he demonstrated great anxiety to express his wishes and feelings. His old servant, Fletcher, asked if he should take down his words: "Oh, no," he replied, "there is no time—it is now nearly over. Go to my sister, tell her—go to lady Byron, you will see her, and say"—His voice faltered, and nothing more was distinctly heard; only inarticulate and murmured words escaped his lips; among them were the names of some whom he most loved—"Augusta, Ada, Hobhouse, and Kinnaid." He then exclaimed, "Now I have told you all." "My lord," said Fletcher, "I have not understood a word you have been saying." "Not understood me! then it is too late—all is over." "I hope not," answered Fletcher, "but the Lord's will be done."

"Yes," replied Byron, "his will be done, not mine." Again he attempted to explain his wishes, but his words were too indistinct and incoherent to be intelligible. "My sister—my child!" were the only words that could be distinguished.

After this he slept for about half-an-hour. On waking he said but little, but that little had relation to the country of his birth and that of his love. "Poor Greece! poor town!—my hour is come, but why did not I go home before I came here? There are things which make the world dear to me: for the rest I am content to die. Greece! Greece! I have given her my time, my means, my health, and now I give her my life! What could I do more?"

At six o'clock in the evening of this day he said, "Now I shall go to sleep;" and turning round, he fell into that deep and awful sleep which knows no waking.

Thus perished Noel Byron—the young, the beautiful, the brave; he of the song and shield, the lyre and the sword. He revived the old dreams of chivalry, and evoked from the recesses of the past the dormant forms of ideal freedom and stately independence; he clothed the world in a splendour not its own; the common-place and the familiar were glorified by the light of beauty which his intellect scattered round; he sang in magnificent and moving melodies the destiny of man, his hopes and his fears, and his hatred and his love; he taught us much of the dark wonders of the human heart,—much of God and heaven, and time and eternity; he took the trumpet at the command of Him who appoints us all a work to perform, and he shook humanity with his proud and stirring peals; he awakened the spirit of liberty in Italy, and fostered it in England, and pleaded for it in Spain, and died for it in Greece. He gave a new impulse to the age; he revived the study of the good and the beautiful and the true; he taught his young countrymen to despise the hollowness and the hypocrisy of the present phasis of social life; he predicted and accelerated the advent of a brighter and more perfect state of things; he branded and proscribed tyranny and force and fraud; and he created a love in the hearts of men for law and reason and justice and harmony. To him are to be referred potentially and synchronously, if not actually and efficiently, the bright hopes and glorious aspirations and noble yearnings which characterize the poets and scholars of modern Europe: the glowing enthusiasm of Lamennais, the seerlike and profound religion of Aurore Dupin, the deep and mysterious revelations of the German philosophers, the sacred expositions of Coleridge, and the oracular and prophetic announcements of Wordsworth, and the wierd and dreamy prophesyings of Shelley; all coruscate, and flash in the heaven of intelligence around the large and brilliant orb of this champion and child of thought and song. In him, art had her fairest and most royal representative; in him, action and poetry became incarnate; the practical and the contemplative were united; the dreaming poet was identified with the energetic hero; and the beautiful and the real were no longer considered as antagonistic principles, but were to seem to incorporate in natural and preappointed oneness. He demonstrated the truth of a doctrine which the world seems determined to deny or for-

get; he exhibited an instance of the speculative taking bodily form, and as it were clothing itself in the flesh and blood of the practical; he gave the ideal a substantial existence and permanent position in the universe of fact, and reflected the image of eternity in the sea of time. He came forth as the heroic type of the MAN of young Europe, and taught her children to decipher their own destiny in his. With his lyre he sang, as the interpreter of the present and the prophet of the future, the mysterious music of this revolutionized age; and with his sword he indicated the way to a triumph over the anarchical energies of the wreck of the old and obsolete era, which still work blindly, but with furious and terrible convulsions, as the intermittent explosions of a quenched volcano under the new and thin surface of the newborn earth.

Such was Byron, the Homer of his age, the young Achilles of Modern Greece, the evocator of liberty, and the champion of humanity! He lived among us sorrowing and singing; he taught us good by revealing the knowledge of evil; as our representative he bore much of our social misery; as our poet he sanctified and made beautiful this common world of us all; and with his divinations and enchantments he transfigured gloriously the outward and visible ministers and operants of nature; renewing her youth and energy, and clothing her in new loveliness, in diviner lustre, and in more mysterious and holy magnificence.

And now what return shall we make him? Shall we let his memory fade, and deny his genius and disallow his mission? or shall we again awaken to a full consciousness of all he has done for us and for our cause; and with an earnest though tardy repentance, kneel before the altar of this God of life and poesy and light, and consult his oracle for an answer to the obstinate questionings with which we are tormented—for he being dead yet speaketh! Reader, recognize his claims, vindicate his fame, love his memory, and *Crede Byron*.

WITHERED LEAVES.

Down from the lank elm trees,
The crisping wrinkled leaves
Are fluttering in the breeze,
Round the Cathedral eaves.

To the dead heaps below,
With vainly eddying wing,
Reluctantly they go,
Like souls to life that cling.

But Autumn's morning sky,
In fathomless gulfs of blue,
Smiles freshly on the eye,
With loving, hoping hue.

The season fitteth well
This place of rest to tread,
And bid the spirit dwell
On the time-severed dead.

My soul was dark and desolate.

Yes, the departing year
Speaks both to frame and mind,
Its visible objects bear
A deeper truth behind.

The withered leaves beneath,
The bright blue sky above,
All that we know of death,
All that we hope of love.

Chichester, Oct. 1841.

MY SOUL WAS DARK AND DESOLATE.

ἀκτίνας ὅσων μαρμαρίζουσας
δρακίς δὲ μὴ πόθῳ κυμαίνεται
ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἢ σιδήρου κεχάκνεται
μέλαιναν καρδίαν ψυχρὰ φλογί
πρὸς τ' Ἀφροδίτας ἀτιμασθεὶς ἐλικοβλεφάρου.

PIND. FRAG. SCOL.

My soul was dark and desolate,
Sorrowing from thee afar,
Rayless and inanimate,
Like a night without a star,
When the interlunar sky
Mourns the moon's inconstancy.
At the dawn of thy return,
Vital altars throb and burn:
All the heaven of love is glowing
In thine eye's unfolded blue;
Light and life around thee flowing,
Waken hearts beneath thy view:
As the daybreak's gleams and showers
Call from sleep the shrouded flowers.
Though my spirit, at the glance
Of thy radiant countenance,
Droops with dazzled aching sight,
Overladen with delight;
Still I feel thee gazing on me,
And the thrilling influence,
And the soul-dissolving sense
Of thy presence float upon me,
Clasping the breast in a stifling zone,
Filling the ears with a silver tone,
Sent from the heart, and the heart alone.
The cold clay-fetters are unloosed,
My whole existence is transfused
By the great passion's alchemy,
Into one quivering flame for thee;
As th' expanding flashing rays
Of the summer noontide's blaze
Melt the morning's mask of haze,
And the atmosphere is kindled
Into one glow of liquid light
By the sun, that, dim and dwindled,
Loomed forth on the orient height;
But now in majesty of might,
Glares through all around above,
Intense omnipresent as love!

THE LIVING DRAMATISTS OF ENGLAND.—No. IV.*

T. N. TALFOURD.

EVERYBODY remembers the burst of enthusiastic admiration which hailed the publication of the tragedy of *Ion*, by a gentleman who had already distinguished himself as an elegant and discerning critic, as well as gained a high reputation as an advocate and lawyer at the English bar. Everybody, we imagine, is equally aware that the hopes then excited have been miserably disappointed; that even *Ion* itself is fast falling into oblivion, and that the two plays which have succeeded it, have only served to convince the public that, whoever else may, Serjeant Talfourd at least does not possess the power of restoring to the British stage, the vigour and originality of the golden age of Elizabeth. It is never misspent time to review our errors with the object of tracing their causes, and thereby preventing their recurrence for the future. Thus every instance of mistaken judgment or misplaced confidence, whether in practical life or in literary works, may serve as a beacon to warn us of the hidden sands and sunken rocks, upon which action and opinion are most apt to strike in their perilous voyage over the ocean of existence. Indeed, we question if truth is not learnt, at least more forcibly and impressively, from its negative than from its affirmative; and in practical life it is certainly the case, that experience bought by failure makes a deeper and more lasting impression upon the mind, than that to which success has been the guide and expositor. And the reason of this is obvious; for in success few care to know more than the fact and its enjoyment, while failure and mistake naturally incline the mind to investigate their causes. But to proceed from general reflections to the particular case with which we are now more immediately concerned, we wish to examine what radical defect, either of conception or execution, it is, which prevents "*Ion*," and still more the "*Athenian Captive*," and "*Glencoe*," from establishing the claim of their author to the honours of a great Dramatist.

And what is a great Dramatist? What requisites must that man possess who takes in hand the herculean task of creating a drama? Unbounded knowledge of, and sympathy with, all the protean forms of human thought and passion. He must be what the great Goethe called Shakspeare, "a many-sided man," a myriad-minded man, that is, one who can pass for the time into all and each of the characters of his work, infusing into them the breath and energy of life, not contenting himself with evoking dim and bodiless shadows to people the fairy lands of fancy and imagination. And when we require this, we demand a qualification which scarcely one man in an age possesses, in any very high degree; yet without it no play can be considered first rate, in the language which has been honoured and immortalized, by being made the instrument through which Shakspeare poured his more than Orphean strains upon the wondering world. Then again, the outward

* Continued from p. 385.

form of a dramatic work, the necessity of expressing all that needs to be expressed in dialogue, and that arising naturally from the circumstances of the plot, the impossibility of the author's coming forward in his own person to deliver a commentary upon motives and character, a description of scenery and place, and, above all, the concentrated force of style combined with the grace of poetic language, which alone can satisfy the requirements of art ;—all these difficulties render the production of a really great drama a work of more difficulty than can be easily conceived ; and may serve in some measure to explain the fact, that in an age when so many good novels are written, dramatic excellence should be so rare, indeed we may say unattained at all, if we speak of the highest order of the Drama. How far then does "Ion" exhibit the knowledge and the power necessary to a great dramatist ? We must answer in a very slight degree, if at all. In the first place, it is a play founded upon sentiment, that shadowy ghost of passion, and not upon the flesh-and-blood reality of passion itself idealized and made the fit material of dramatic art, by passing through the alembic of the imagination. Nothing in it finds one, to use the homely and forcible expression of Coleridge, at the depths of one's nature, be it moral or intellectual. We are far from wishing that all literature should consist of the morbid anatomy of the human heart,—neither the dissecting-room, nor the sick wards of an hospital, breathe an atmosphere in which our soul delighteth to dwell ; but we cannot call an angel brother, we cannot yearn with a brother's love over the sufferings and struggles of one who wanteth that one touch of weakness of sin that "makes the whole world kin," that one cloud upon the bright blue sky, that transforms it from the ethereal light of heaven to the canopy of a beautiful but fallen world—that minor in the joyous and triumphant melody that vibrates so thrillingly in unison with the chord of melancholy, which mingles in the gayest and lightest strains of the human spirit. It may perhaps be said, that this feeling is of Christian origin, and belongs peculiarly to a Northern people ; but the dark thread was always everywhere traceable in the golden web of human destiny ; and we will not pay Mr. Talfourd so poor a compliment as to suppose him capable of imagining his "Ion" a faithful embodiment of ancient Greek modes of thought and feeling, though his preface would rather seem to suggest the idea that such was his intention in writing it : if it really were so, we can only say that a more miserable failure was never perpetrated, and that anything more unlike the dramatic remains of Pagan antiquity than "Ion," both in form and spirit, can hardly be conceived. But we cannot, as we said, imagine that "Ion," as we now have it, is intended to be antique in anything but the name, and the main feature in its plot ; and we therefore object to it as a modern drama, that the character of its hero is placed beyond the reach of our sympathy, however much it may excite the sentiment merely of admiring approval. Hear the description given of him by Agenor, an aged counsellor of Argos :

Agenor.

What, Ion

The only inmate of this fane allow'd
To seek the mournful walks where death is busy !
Ion our sometime darling, whom we prized

As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismiss'd
 From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud
 To make the happy happier! Is he sent
 To grapple with the miseries of this time,
 Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
 As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
 By no internal contest is he train'd
 For such hard duty; no emotions rude
 Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd;—Love, the germ
 Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
 Expanding with its progress, as the store
 Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
 Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
 To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
 Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy
 When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
 Press'd on his soul too busily; his voice,
 If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
 Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
 As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
 And falter'd into music; when the forms
 Of guilty passion have been made to live
 In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud
 In righteous indignation, he hath heard
 With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
 Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,
 Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd
 From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them.

A moment's thought will show how unfit such a character is for the hero of a tragedy; and the author has evidently felt this unfitness, or he would never have so completely violated the spirit of modern art as to make his actions proceed, not from the impulses of his own nature or his own reflections, but from a miraculous source, a change past upon him by the immediate influence of Deity. Cleon, another sage of Argos, thus describes this change to Agenor:

Cleon.

Yet, methinks,

Thou hast not lately met him, or a change
 Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.
 His form appears dilated; in these eyes,
 Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;
 Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now
 Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care:
 Those limbs which in their heedless motion own'd
 A stripling's playful happiness, are strung
 As if the iron hardships of the camp
 Has given them sturdy nurture; and his step,
 Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,
 Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,
 As if a warrior of heroic mould
 Paced them in armour.

Agenor.

Hope is in thy tale.

This is no freak of Nature's wayward course,
 But work of pitying Heaven; for not in vain
 The gods have pour'd into that guileless heart
 The strengths that nerve the hero;—they are ours.

We may here state that Ion is a youth who was found exposed by Medon, the priest of Apollo at Argos, and has been, up to the time of the play, reared up in the temple under his protection; and that when the play opens, the city of Argos is labouring under a dreadful plague, against which all human remedy has proved fruitless. Phocion, Medon's only son, has been despatched to Delphi, to consult the oracle as to the means of stopping the plague, and is hourly expected to return; while Adrastus, the king of Argos, has shut himself up in despair, to spend the few remaining days of his life and reign in feasting and debauchery, and refuses to meet the sages of the city in council; and has, moreover, forbidden them, under pain of death to the messenger, to break in upon his retirement with any message relating to the public safety. Ion, under the supernatural influence alluded to, offers himself as their messenger to Adrastus, and by his noble bearing gains admission, with leave to perform his errand. Adrastus is struck by the tone and countenance of Ion, and unfolds to him the history of his birth and early misfortunes, a brief and melancholy tale of a spirit whose affections have withered for want of objects, till the last spark of humanity is well-nigh dead within him. Awakened to momentary emotion by the resemblance of Ion to one whom he had loved in youth, and who had been violently murdered with the offspring of their love, he spares his life, and calls a council of the sages. This council is interrupted by the return of Phocion, with the answer of the oracle in verse—

"Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease."

The council is broken up in confusion, and a conspiracy of Argive youths is formed to murder Adrastus, to which Ion, acting all the time under a supernatural influence, attaches himself; and upon him the task devolves by lot, of carrying the design into execution. Just as he is about to strike his victim, it is discovered that he is the long-lost son of the king, only in time to save him from the guilt of parricide. Adrastus is slain by another of the conspirators, and Ion ascends the vacant throne. The preceding events have occupied one day; night intervenes, and the ceremony of inauguration takes place the following morning, when Ion, mindful of the oracle of the unerring god, devotes himself to self-sacrifice for the salvation of his country. This is a brief outline of the main plot of "*Ion*," through which there runs a delicious vein of love-making, or at least love-disclosing, between Ion and Clemanthe, the priest's daughter, which, entirely foreign as it is to the spirit of the Greek tragedy, is yet full of beauty taken by itself.

We have already made two great objections to the character of the hero—that he is too faultless; and that his actions proceed not from internal impulse or reflection, the only fit motives of dramatic conduct, but from a supernatural influence—a strange jumble of the ancient Greek idea of destiny, and the Christian notion of spiritual influence: we now object to the other persons of this play, that they possess no distinctive character at all, with perhaps the exception of Clemanthe, who is a very stiff and prim Juliet, with much more talk and much less passion. And here again is exhibited the difference between the great dramatist, the myriad-minded man, and the man who cannot project

himself out of his one phase of character, that the back-ground figures of the one have as much life and vigour as the hero, though they have not so much to do or say; while the other makes them merely speaking automata. What a splendid sketch might a really creative genius have made of Adrastus, dashing off into one magnificent portrait the lurid features of a Cæsar Borgia, a Tiberius, and a Sardanapalus, with the colours of a Rembrandt bright from excessive darkness. But Talfourd's mind seems exclusively to rest on the soft, the lovely, we may almost say, the womanly part of character; a tendency which, however rare and admirable in private life, becomes tiresome and sickening in a dramatist, when carried to the extent to which he carries it.

We have said enough of the radical faults of *Ion* as a tragedy, to shew why it has, and must have, failed to produce a permanent impression on the public mind. We gladly turn to the more grateful task of pointing out some of the many beauties with which, considered as a poem, it abounds. We have already quoted one of the most delightful passages, the description of *Ion's* character by Agenor: the following lines give a favourable specimen of the author's powers, both of language and versification, though neither, by the way, possess the slightest particle of dramatic spirit.

Ion.

How fares my pensive sister?

Clemanthe.—How should I fare but ill when the pale hand
Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—
And thou, forsaking all within thy home,
Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid
Even thou canst do but little?

Ion.

It is little:

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honor'd deathbed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

Clemanthe.—O thou canst never bear these mournful offices!
So blithe, so merry once! Will not the sight
Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
Or the dumb woe congeal thee?

Ion.

No, *Clemanthe*;

They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!
If thou hadst seen the warrior when he writhed
In the last grapple of his sinewy frame
With conquering anguish, strive to cast a smile

(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
 Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
 The widow of the moment fix her gaze
 Of longing, speechless love, upon the babe,
 The only living thing which yet was hers,
 Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
 Yet with attenuated hand wave off
 The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
 Stiffing the mighty hunger of the heart;
 Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief
 In sullenness or frenzy.

The next passage we quote for the purpose of shewing how Talfourd is sometimes run away with by a fanciful idea, without any foundation in truth, and rhapsodizes usque ad nauseam, to say nothing of the detriment thus caused to the dramatic effect.

Ion.—O think! before the irrevocable deed
 Shuts out all thought, how much of power's excess
 Is theirs who raise the idol:—do we groan
 Beneath the personal force of this rash man,
 Who forty summers since hung at the breast
 A playful weakling; whom the heat unnerves;
 The north-wind pierces; and the hand of death
 May, in a moment, change to clay as vile
 As that of the scourged slave whose chains it severs?
 No! 'tis our weakness gasping or the shows
 Of outward strength that builds up tyranny,
 And makes it look so glorious:—If we shrink
 Faint-hearted from the reckoning of our span
 Of mortal days, we pamper the fond wish
 For long duration in a line of kings:
 If the rich pageantry of thoughts must fade
 All unsubstantial as the regal hues
 Of eve which purpled them, our cunning frailty
 Must robe a living image with their pomp,
 And wreath a diadem around its brow,
 In which our sunny fantasies may live
 Empearl'd, and gleam, in fatal splendor, far
 On after ages. We must look *within*
 For that which makes us slaves;—on sympathies
 Which find no kindred objects in the plain
 Of common life—affections that aspire
 In air too thin—and fancy's dewy film
 Floating for rest; for even such delicate threads,
 Gather'd by fate's engrossing hand, supply
 The eternal spindle whence she weaves the bond
 Of cable strength in which our nature struggles!

A similar instance of a feeble image thus expanded into about thirty lines, almost as magnificently inane as Dr. Chalmers' *Astronomical Discourses*, occurs again in the speech of Adrastus to the council, and somewhat induces us to agree with the severe criticism of an eminent barrister upon *Ion*, that it is the work of a very clever first-form schoolboy. Indeed we trace throughout, it may be unconscious remembrances of passages in great writers, rather marred in the borrowing, such as generally characterize young and immature authors; for instance—

No tear
 Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy
 When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
 Press'd on his soul too busily.

is rather like a famous passage in Wordsworth. Again, when the idea of murdering Adrastus first takes possession of Ion, the lines—

Ion. Its ghastly shape dilates before me;
I cannot shut it out; my thoughts grow rigid,
And as that grim and prostrate figure haunts them,
My sinews stiffen like it. Courage, Ion!
No spectral form is here; all outward things
Wear their own old familiar looks; no dye
Pollutes them. Yet the air has scent of blood,
And now it eddies with a hurtling sound,
As if some weapon swiftly clove it.

were evidently suggested by the famous dagger scene in Macbeth.

Talfourd has evidently and avowedly studied stage effect. The following beautiful scene almost makes us inclined to pardon the introduction of supernatural influence, so powerfully does it carry the feelings of the audience with it, and so splendid is the stroke of art at the conclusion, as the voice of his mistress lends irresistible force to the intimation of inanimate things, which has been urging him to the "august lustration" of his country.

Ion. I dream no more
Of azure realms where restless beauty sports
In myriad shapes fantastic; but black vaults
In long succession open till the gloom
Afar is broken by a streak of fire
That shapes my name—the fearful wind that moans
Before the storm articulates its sound;
And as I pass'd but now the solemn range
Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery
Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone
Bent on me instinct with a frightful life
That drew me into fellowship with them,
As conscious marble; while their ponderous lips—
Fit organs of eternity—unclosed,
And, as I live to tell thee, murmur'd "Hail!
Hail! ION THE DEVOTED!"

Clemanthe. These are fancies,
Which thy soul, late expanded with great purpose,
Shapes, as it quivers to its natural circle
In which its joys should lurk, as in the bud
The cells of fragrance cluster. Bid them from thee,
And strive to be thyself.

Ion. I will do so!
I'll gaze upon thy loveliness, and drink
Its quiet in;—how beautiful thou art!—
My pulse throbs now as it was wont; a being,
Which owns so fair a glass to mirror it,
Cannot show darkly.

Clemanthe. We shall soon be happy;
My father will rejoice to bless our love,
And Argos waken;—for her tyrant's course
Must have a speedy end.

Ion. It must! It must!

Clemanthe.—Yes; for no empty talk of public wrongs
Assails him now; keen hatred and revenge
Are roused to crush him.

Ion. Not by such base agents
May the august lustration be achieved:
He who shall cleanse his country from the guilt

For which Heaven smites her, should be pure of soul,
 Guileless as infancy, and undisturb'd
 By personal anger as thy father is,
 When, with unswerving hand and piteous eye,
 He stops the brief life of the innocent kid
 Bound with white fillets to the altar;—so
 Enwreathed by fate the royal victim heaves,
 And soon his breast shall shrink beneath the knife
 Of the selected slayer!

Clemanthe. 'Tis thyself

Whom thy strange language pictures—Ion! thou—

Ion.—She has said it! Her pure lips have spoken out
 That all things intimate;—didst thou not mark
Me for the office of avenger—*me*?

Clemanthe.—No;—save from the wild picture that thy fancy—
 Thy o'erwrought fancy drew; I thought it look'd
 Too like thee, and I shudder'd.

Ion, in prospect of the self-sacrifice which is to fulfil the oracle of the Delphian god, wishes, with that total absence of selfishness which is, we may say, the only prominent feature in his character, to estrange Clemanthe, in order that his death may not affect her so painfully as it otherwise must. The audience has been before made aware of Ion's object in assuming, during this his last interview with Clemanthe, a tone of coldness and harshness; and can therefore fully enter into and sympathize with Clemanthe's pain, without losing their admiration of Ion; indeed the latter is infinitely endeared to those who can appreciate the complete abandonment of selfish considerations, which could allow him voluntarily to sink for a time in the estimation of the woman he so fondly loved, in order to save her pain. We think that Mr. Talfourd has here shewn a most delicate appreciation of that principle of art, which allows a spectator to partake of a painful feeling only to a certain extent; and with these remarks we will quote the entire scene, as perhaps the most delightful in the whole play, from the mixture of pity for Clemanthe, and overpowering admiration for Ion's generosity.

Ion.—What wouldst thou with me, lady?

Clemanthe. Is it so?

Nothing, my lord, save to implore thy pardon,
 That the departing gleams of a bright dream,
 From which I scarce had waken'd, made me bold
 To crave a word with thee;—but all are fled—
 And I have nought to seek.

Ion. A goodly dream;
 But thou art right to think it was no more,
 And study to forget it.

Clemanthe. To forget it?

Indeed, my lord, I cannot wish to lose
 What, being past, is all my future hath,
 All I shall live for; do not grudge me this,
 The brief space I shall need it.

Ion. Speak not, fair one,
 In tone so mournful, for it makes me feel
 Too sensibly the hapless wretch I am,
 That troubled the deep quiet of thy soul
 In that pure fountain which reflected heaven,
 For a brief taste of rapture.

Clemanthe. Dost thou yet
 Esteem it rapture, then? My foolish heart,

Be still! Yet wherefore should a crown divide us?
O, my dear Ion!—let me call thee so
This once at least—it could not in my thoughts
Increase the distance that there was between us,
When, rich in spirit, thou to strangers' eyes
Seem'd a poor foundling.

Ion. It must separate us!
Think it no harmless bauble, but a curse
Will freeze the current in the veins of youth,
And from familiar touch of genial hand,
From household pleasures, from sweet daily tasks,
From airy thought, free wanderer of the heavens,
For ever banish me!

Clemanthe. Thou dost accuse
Thy state too hardly. It may give some room,
Some little space, amidst its radiant cares,
For love and joy to breathe in.

Ion. Not for me;
My pomp must be most lonesome, far removed
From that sweet fellowship of human kind
The slave rejoices in: my solemn robes
Shall wrap me as a panoply of ice,
And the attendants who may throng around me
Shall want the flatteries which may basely warm
The sceptral thing they circle. Dark and cold
Stretches the path, which, when I wear the crown,
I needs must enter:—the great gods forbid
That thou shouldst follow in it!

Clemanthe. O unkind!
And shall we never see each other?

Ion [after a pause]. Yes!
I have ask'd that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish;—we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe!

Clemanthe. Bless thee for that name;
Call me that name again; thy words sound strangely,
Yet they breathe kindness. Shall we meet indeed?
Think not I would intrude upon thy cares,
Thy councils, or thy pomps;—to sit at distance,
To weave, with the nice labour which preserves
The rebel pulses even, from gay threads
Faint records of thy deeds, and sometimes catch
The falling music of a gracious word,
Or the stray sunshine of a smile, will be
Comfort enough.—do not deny me this;
Or if stern fate compel thee to deny,
Kill me at once!

Ion. No; thou must live, my fair one:
There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.

Clemanthe. Oh, I do! I do!

Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!

Medon. Wherefore ask this now?—
Thou shalt live long;—the paleness of thy face
Which late appall'd me is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of lustrous years.

Ion. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Promise, if I leave
No issue, that the sovereign power shall live
In the affections of the general heart,
And in the wisdom of the best.

Medon and others. We swear it!

Ion.—Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*]

Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now;—and if there is a Power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven;—to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows!

[*Stabs himself, and falls. Ctesiphon rushes to support him.*]

Ctesiphon, thou art
Avenged, and wilt forgive me.

Ctesiphon. Thou hast pluck'd
The poor disguise of hatred from my soul,
And made me feel how shallow is the wish
Of vengeance. Could I die to save thee!

Clemanthe rushes forward.

Clemanthe. Hold!
Let me support him—stand away—indeed
I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cling to him in death.

Ion. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.—
Bend thine eyes on me!

Clemanthe. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have wean'd me from thee! Couldst thou think
I would be so divorc'd?

Ion. Thou art right, Clemanthe,—
It was a shallow and an idle thought;
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my love. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feign'd, I truly said—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

Clemanthe. I will treasure all.

Enter Irus.

Irus.—I bring you glorious tidings—Ha! no joy
Can enter here.

Ion. Yes—is it as I hope?

Irus.—The pestilence abates.

Ion. [*Springs on his feet.*]

Do ye not hear?

Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not of me;

Hearken ! the curse my ancestry had spread
 O'er Argos is dispell'd !—Agenor, give
 This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought
 Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain—
 And Medon ! cherish him as thou hast one
 Who dying blesses thee ;—my own Clemanthe !
 Let this console thee also—Argos lives—
 The offering is accepted—all is well !

[Dies.]

Thus closes "Ion;" and there are few readers, we doubt not, but are ready to feel and to say, what fault is there in it? what can be more beautiful? Reader, did you ever, after gazing your soul full with the beauty,—the word is weak, we would rather say the ineffable loveliness—of one of Raffaele's Madonnas, attempt to admire a miniature, of a modern fine lady by Chalon or Paris? The fashionable painters of aristocratic graces give us *les beaux yeux* in all their arrowy brightness, the roseate cheek, the smiling mouth, the swan-like neck, and lace, oh! such lace:

"Mon Dieu! que de ce point l'ouvrage est merveilleux
 On travaille aujourd'hui d'un air miraculeux:
 Jamais, en toute chose, on n'a vu si bien faire."

But somehow or other they know not how to infuse into these fair forms a living soul, a soul that thinks, that lends a trait of its own immortality to the speaking eyes, and transforms the Venus into the Psyche. Much the same feeling that would be experienced on such a transition as we have spoken of, comes over us when, after long dwelling with the great creations of the masters of tragic art, we strive to interest ourselves in a play written like "Ion." In the poem, as in the picture, the modern is at first sight most showy and attractive; but look at the one for half-an-hour, and you perceive that it is essentially vulgar and common-place; read the other twice, and you wonder what it was that at first interested you. In both cases the deficiency arises from the absence of that power which catches character by a glance, and conveys it by a word or a line, by a single stroke of the pen or pencil. But this portraiture of the inner character, of the moral and intellectual man, is precisely what we principally want both in painting and the drama; so that he who cannot give us this, has no claim whatever to the honors of the artist. That this is unfortunately the case with the author of "Ion," we are quite satisfied; and therefore, while we allow him most readily the praise of a cultivated taste, an ingenious fancy, and elevated sentiments, we are obliged to withhold from him the title of a Dramatist.

REVIEW.

The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes, collected and edited by THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., M.A., F.S.A., &c.— Printed for the CAMDEN SOCIETY.

THE Latin language broke up. It passed from an ancient tongue to a modern one; from a single uniform speech to a variety of derived dialects. Out of the language of Cæsar and of Cicero were evolved those of Dante, of Cervantes, of Camoens, and of Voltaire. This took place in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, and in France, respectively. The modern tongues of those countries are the daughters of the Latin.

But between the daughter and the mother there is vast difference in character and in structure. The Latin had ceased to be Latin before the Italian became Italian; a long epoch of transition intervened between the decline of the old, and the maturity of the new tongue. As mediums of deep thought, as vehicles of refined literature, unformed languages are insufficient. The literature of the *literati* requires a developed language. On the other hand, popular works require a living language. The literature of the uneducated is of necessity vernacular. These contradictory conditions impose upon languages in a state of transition an unavoidable sterility. The mother-tongue becomes effete before the daughter has grown prolific.

A further series of phenomena is as follows. The characters of the two languages intermix. The attributes of the one react upon those of the other. Hence the production of intermediate modes of thought, and of intermediate modes of expression.

In the way of metre, rhyme is essentially non-classical. Where it occurs in the genuine writers of Greece and Italy, it occurs as an accident; e.g.

“ Non satis est pulcra esse poemata dulcia sunt,
Et quocumque volunt animum auditoris agunto.”—
HOR. *Arte Poetic.*

The classical versification was regulated by quantity alone.

Now respecting the metres of Ovid, of Horace, and of Lucretius, it may be predicated that they were never extinct. They were composed beyond the pale of the Classics, both in respect to place and in respect to time. Spain and Gaul contributed to the literature of the emperors. The nineteenth century emulates the versification of the antique. During the darkest ages, Latin, irrespective of country, was the language of the learned; and an extension of the argument by which we rank, first Seneca and Lucan, and afterwards Boethius and Ausonius, amongst the writers of Rome, may give a semi-classical place to such writers as Sedulius, Alcuin, Bede, and to hosts of others in the descending scale. The language that Bede heard from his nurse was anything rather than Latin. But the same was the case with Ausonius, and perhaps with Lucan.

A series of writers, semi-classical in character, continued the stream of versification from Virgil to Politian, and from Politian to the present time. These represent the ancient world amidst the modern. Different from these are those who stamped upon a classical *substratum* the impress of things modern. First and foremost in this class are the writers of rhyming Latin. The rhyming Latin of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries stands out as a literature of itself. Traces of the classical element of quantity it contains (in its typical specimens) none. Accent has superseded it. But the most remarkable fact is (and here we learn to appreciate the purity of language) that, considered simply as stanzas, the versification of the Latin rhymes is far more harmonious than that of any contemporary vernacular metre. Of the English stanzas, whether rhyming or alliterative, the harmony and orthography are equally rough. Upon these the Anglo-Norman is but a slight improvement. Whatever of them is read at all, is read in the way not so much of literature as of literary history. The rhyming-Latin poems, forming (as stated above) a class by themselves, are capable of being read for their own sakes.

Of this kind of poetry the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the great epochs. It was rife and common on the Continent. It was not less rife and common in England. The political movements of the latter country gave origin to much poetry that embodied the political feeling. Of this, a vast proportion is written in the metres spoken of. The Camden Society has given to the public a volume containing the Political Poems of England, from the reign of John to that of Edward II. A second volume from the same Society contains the poems attributed to the subject of the present notice, Walter Mapes.

Walter Mapes stands forward as the type and sample of the Rhyming-Latin poets in their most typical period. There is much that he actually wrote. There is much more that is attributed to him. His reputation absorbed that of the minor versifiers, so that all poems anonymous and of uncertain origin, have, on different degrees of evidence, been assigned to him. Like many of his cotemporaries, he was at once the priest and the courtier. The last of his ecclesiastical dignities was the Archdeaconry of Oxford. The date of his death is said about the year 1210. The boldness of his satire is remarkable as flowing from a priest against priests. The court of Rome and the Cistercian monks were the main objects of it. What was written against these, was written chiefly under the name of *Goliath*, or *Goliath Episcopus*. How much however of this was truly from the pen of Mapes, and how far *Goliath* was the title of his own choosing, is doubtful. The Camden editor of his poems has done well in dealing with the word as the name, not of one author, but of a series; and he has truly remarked that the poems that he has edited, although bearing the title of Mapes, are the works of a class of persons rather than of any single man.

In the history of our early fictional literature, the name of Mapes is conspicuous. He was one of the early importers of the Anglo-Norman romances, from France to Britain. He was not, however, as has been hastily asserted, the Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford,

who supplied (or is said to have supplied) Geoffry of Monmouth with the material of the British History.

Of the poems of Walter Mapes, none is better known than the famous drinking-song, beginning,

Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cum venerint, angelorum chori
"Deus sit propitius huic potatori."

Popular from the time of its composition up to the present day, popular not only in England but on the Continent, this song has left the impression (advantageous or the contrary to the fame of its priestly composer) that Walter Mapes was the boon companion, the lover of the vine and the vintage, and (even for a priest of the twelfth century) the devotee to Bacchus. This view (whether erroneous or true) is not one that arises from the evidence of the poem in question. The stanzas of the song form no whole poem, but a cento; the poem wherefrom they are extracted being one of the most remarkable in the collection. The *Confessio Golizæ* is either the *bonâ fide* confession of the author (which author may or may not be Walter Mapes), or something very different from it, viz. the fictitious confession of a sensual satirized ecclesiastic.

Æstuans intrinsecus ira vehementi,
In amaritudine loquar meæ menti,
Factus de materia levis elementi,
Similis sum folio de quo ludunt venti.

Feror ego veluti sine nauta navis,
Ut per vias aeris vaga fertur avis;
Non me tenent vincula, non me tenet clavis,
Quæro mei similes et adjungor pravis.

Via lata gradiens, more juventutis,
Implico me vitiis, immemor virtutis;
Voluptatis avidus magis quam salutis,
Mortuus in anima curam gero cutis.

Præsul discretissime veniam te precor;
Morte bona morior, dulci nece necor;
Meum pectus sauciat puellarum decor;
Et quas tactu nequeo saltem corde mæchor.

Res est arduissima vincere naturam;
In aspectu virginum mentem ferre puram;
Juvenes non possumus legem ferre duram;
Leviumque corporum non habere curam.

Quis in igne positus igne non uratur?
Quis in mundo demorans castus habeatur?
Ubi Venus digito juvenes venatur,
Oculis illaqueat, facie prædatur?

Secundo redarguor etiam de ludo;
Sed cum ludus interest me dimittit nudo:
Frigidus exterius, æstu mente audo;
Tum versus et carmina meliora cudo.

Tertio capitulo memoro tabernam :
 Illam nullo tempore spreui, neque spernam ;
 Donec sanctos angelos venientes cernam
 Cantantes pro mortuo requiem æternam.
 Mihi est propositum, &c.

Ecce vitæ proditor vanitatis fui,
 Ne qua me redarguant servientes sui,
 Sed eorum nullus est accusator sui,
 Quamvis volunt ludere scelereque frui.
 Tam sum in præsentia præsulis beati,
 Secundum Dominici regulam mandati ;
 Mittat in me lapidem neque parcat vati,
 Cujus non est animus conscius peccati.
 Sum locutus contra me quicquid de me novi,
 Et virus evomui quod tamdiu fovi,
 Vita vetus displicet, mores placent novi ;
 Homo videt faciem, sed cor patet Jovi.
 Jam virtutes diligo, vitiis irascor,
 Renovatus animo, spiritu renascor ;
 Quasi modo genitus lacte novo pascor ;
 Meum ne sit amplius vanitatis vas cor.
 Præsul Coventrensium parce confitenti ;
 Fac misericordiam veniam petenti,
 Et da penitentiam culpas sic dicenti :
 Feram quicquid jusseris animo libenti.

As our space allows only limited and isolated extracts, we restrain ourselves to the two following quotations. The strength of the satire exhibits the intrepidity, the difference of style (supposing the two to come from the same pen), the versatility of the poet.

II.

Utar contra vitia carmine rebelli ; ?
 Mel proponunt alii, fel supponunt felli ;
 Pectus subest ferreum deauratæ pelli ;
 Et leonis spoliū induunt aselli.
 Disputat cum animo facies rebellis ;
 Mel ab ore defluit, mens est plena fellis ;
 Non est totum melleum quod est instar mellis ;
 Facies est alia pectoris quam pellis.
 Vitium est in opere, virtus est in ore,
 Picem tegunt animi niveo colore ;
 Membra dolent singula/capitis dolore ;
 Et radici consonat pomum in sapore.
 Roma mundi caput est, sed nil capit mundum ;
 Quod pendet a capite totum est immundum
 Transit enim vitium primum in secundum ;
 Et de fundo redolet quod est juxta fundum.
 Roma capit singulos et res singulorum ;
 Romanorum curia non est nisi forum ;
 Ibi sunt venalia jura Senatorum ;
 Et solvit contraria copia nummorum.
 Hic in consistorio si quis causam regat,
 Suam, vel alterius, hoc in primis legat,
 Nisi det pecuniam, Roma totum negat,
 Qui plus dat pecuniæ melius allegat.

Munus et petitio currunt passu pari;
 Opereris munere si vis operari;
 Tullium ne timeas si velit causari;
 Nummus eloquentia gaudet singulari.
 Solam avaritiam Roma novit parca;
 Parcit danti munera, parco non est parca;
 Nummus est pro numine, et pro Marco marca;
 Et est minus celebris ara quam sit arca.
 Cum ad Papam veneris habe pro constanti,
 Non est locus pauperi, soli favet danti;
 Vel si munus præstitum non est aliquanti,
 Respondet, hæc tibia non est mihi tanti.
 Papa, si rem tangimus, nomen habet a re,
 Quicquid habent alii, solus vult papare;
 Vel si verbum Gallicum vis apocopare,
Pæly, pæly dit le mot, si vis impetrare.
 Papa quærit, chartula quærit, bulla quærit,
 Porta quærit, Cardinalis quærit, cursor quærit,
 Omnes quærunr: et si quod des uni deerit
 Totum mare salsum est, tota causa quærit.
 Divites divitibus dant ut sumant ibi,
 Et occurrunt munera relative sibi:
 Lex est ista celebris quam fecerunt scribi;
 Si tu mihi dederis ego dabo tibi.

III.

Anni parte florida, cælo puriore,
 Picto terræ gremio vario colore,
 Dum fugaret sidera nuncius Auroræ,
 Linqvit somnus oculos Phillidis et Floræ.
 Placuit virginibus ire spaciatum;
 Nam soporem rejicit pectus sauciatum;
 Æquis ergo gressibus exeunt in pratum,
 Ut et locus faciat ludum esse gratum.
 Eunt ambæ virgines et ambæ reginæ,
 Phillis coma libera, Flora compto crine,
 Non sunt formæ virginum, sed formæ divinæ,
 Et respondet facies luci matutinæ.
 Non est differentia corporis aut oris,
 Omnia similia sunt intus et foris;
 Sunt ejusdem habitus et ejusdem moris;
 Sola differentia modus est amoris.
 Susurrabat modice ventus tempestivus;
 Locus erat viridi gramine festivus;
 Et in ipso gramine defluebat rivus;
 Vivus, atque garrulo murmure lascivus.
 Ut puellis noceat calor solis minus,
 Fuit juxta rivulum spaciosa pinus,
 Venustata foliis alte pandens sinus,
 Nec intrare poterat calor peregrinus.
 Consedere virgines, herba sedem dedit;
 Phillis prope rivulum, Flora longe sedit;
 Et dum sedit utraque, et in sese redit,
 Amor corda vulnerat, et utramque lædit.

Amor est interius latens et occultus
 Et corde certissimo elicit singultus ;
 Pallor genas inficit, alternantur vultus,
 Sed in verecundia furor est sepultus.
 Phillis in suspirio Floram deprehendit,
 Istam de consimili Flora reprehendit,
 Alteri sic altera mutuo rependit,
 Tandem morbum detegit et quid sit ostendit.
 Ille sermo mutuus multum habet more,
 Et est quidem series tota de amore ;
 Amor est in animis, amor est in ore,
 Tandem Phillis incipit et arridet Floræ.

VISION OF THE HEROES OF POLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM ORTLEPP.

MOUNTING at the trumpet's call
 From their cold graves one and all,
 I beheld around me far
 Poland's mighty men of war.
 At the clanging bugle's blast
 Troops of horse are forming fast ;
 At the rolling of the drum
 The foot around the eagle come,
 Round the eagle that gleams and glows,
 As the sunbeams shine on snows.
 The music sounds the bold " Advance,"
 As leading to the joyous dance.

Mighty Kosciuszko towers
 High before the mustering powers,
 That present the flashing steel,
 And glad huzzas to greet him peal.

Dripping yet with river dew
 Poniatowski stalks in view,
 Emerging into heaven's light
 From the whelming billow's night.

A giant form its bulk uprears,
 Sobieski's self appears,
 With sword all scabbardless advancing
 On his courser wildly prancing.

And where the massive clouds soar higher,
 Girt with quivering tongues of fire,
 Gleams a throne—and there is seen
 A shape of high imperial mien.

Gazing on the martial swarms,
 With *little hat and folded arms*
 There *He* stands, sublime alone,
 From that dark height looking on.

Thunderstorms beneath are tossing,
 Lightnings wildly intercrossing,
 The advent of the tempest telling
 Nearer still and nearer swelling.

From rank to rank, from heart to heart
A thrill of awe, a shuddering start
Runs, and from each lip is heard
Stammered one great signal word.

The old Titan-spirit breaks
From sleep, and to the strife awakes,—
Before the warriors on he strides,
And the sacred struggle guides.

Dawning through the misty skies
The Pyramids' dim outlines rise,
And in bright clouds crimson-tainted
Moscow's grave of flame is painted.

Like a city high of heaven
Leipsic to the sight is given,
As the powder-smoke entombed it,
And the flashing guns illumed it.

Now the great storm onward hurl'd,
Bursts like the doomsday of the world;
North and south the heaven streams
Purpled with bloody flickering gleams.

Hill and mountain prone subside,
Yawns the earth in chasms wide,
Riven in twain are tree and rock,
Stop the torrents with the shock.

This is the great tempest's might;
As yet it sleeps in deepest night,
But the earth shall reel and quake,
When its lingering terrors wake.

And when that storm itself hath tired,
And that darkness hath expired,
Dawning comes a brighter day,
A more lovely blooming May.

And then again on orient height
Mid clouds that blush with morning's light
Girt with lambent flames is seen
That shape of high imperial mien.

O'er him the sun its orb is raising,
Round him a holy splendour blazing,
And plays a smile his features o'er,
So mild they never looked before.

Kosciusko tranquilly
And Poniatowski lowly lie,
And Sobieski seeks his rest
In the earth's untroubled breast.

Freedom's Goddess mid the blaze
Of the bright sun's flashing rays
Stands, and o'er her vibrating
The white eagle waves his wing.

Gazing on the azure sky
The nations shout in ecstasy,—
While weep with joy the Polish band
In their own free fatherland.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

FEBRUARY 12.—The Prize of Christ's coll., for the best composition in Latin Prose, has been adjudged to Mr. Davenport; for the best composition in Latin Verse, to Mr. John Purchas.—W. W. Willan, Esq., B.A., of Christ's coll., (1840), has been elected vice principal of the Church of England Proprietary school, Huddersfield.—The Rev. H. Butterfield, M.A., formerly of Christ's coll., Minor Canon of St. George's chapel, Windsor, and rector of Brockdish, Norfolk, has been presented to the rectory of Fulmer, Bucks, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. W. Champnes: patrons, the Dean and Canons of Windsor.

FEB. 19.—On Tuesday last, the Pitt Scholarship was adjudged to E. H. Gifford, of St. John's coll.—Mr. Johnson, K.S., captain of Eton, has been elected to the scholarship of King's coll., vacant by the marriage of the son of Sir John Chapman, of Windsor. Mr. Johnson recently obtained the prize offered by Dr. Hawtrej, the head master of Eton coll., for the best copy of Latin verses, to be presented to the King of Prussia on his Majesty standing as one of the sponsors for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales: he also gained the Newcastle scholarship at Eton this year.—Rev. John Sabine, B.A., formerly of St. John's coll., has been preferred to the rectory of Thorn Coffin, Somerset, vacant by the cession of the Rev. Alfred Tooke; patron, the Rev. A. Tooke.—Rev. Isaac Hitchen, M.A., formerly of Pembroke coll., and curate of Holy Trinity, Clapham, Surrey, has been appointed to the head mastership of the collegiate school, Glasgow.—On Monday last the Rev. Jacob Hugo North, M.A., of Trinity coll., was instituted to the vicarage of Carbrooke, Norfolk, on the presentation of Richard Dewring, Esq.

FEB. 26.—On Monday the 14th, the following gentlemen were elected scholars of Magdalene coll.: Neville, Sowden, Wigglesworth, Booker.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. T. Tunstall Smith, M.A., of St. Peter's coll., to the vicarage of Whaplode, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. J. M. Lowe, B.A., of St. John's coll., has been preferred to the perpetual curacy of Grindleton, Yorkshire; patron, the Rev. J. A. Addison.

MARCH 5.—The Rev. Arthur Wilkin, M.A., of Christ's coll., has been appointed chaplain to Lord Lowther, Her Majesty's Postmaster-General.—The Rev. W. S. Parish, B.A., Fellow of St. Peter's coll., has been appointed chaplain to H. M. S. Agincourt.—The Rev. W. Waller, B.A., of Cath. hall, has been preferred to the rectory of Kilcornan, Ireland, vacant by the death of the Rev. F. Langford.—The Rev. A. B. Wrightson, of Trinity coll., rector of Handsworth, Yorkshire, has been appointed by his Grace the Archbishop of York to be a rural dean in the Archdeaconry of the West Riding.—Viscount Ferrard has appointed the Rev. T. Tunstall Smith, M.A., of St. Peter's coll., vicar of Whaplode, Lincolnshire, to be his lordship's private chaplain.—The Master and Fellows of Christ's coll., have nominated Rev. George Shaw, B.A., curate of Witcham, in this county, to their curacy of Fen Drayton, vacant by the cession of the Rev. H. F. Bacon, who has removed to Bourn.—On Friday the 18th ult., the Rev. Wm. Crawley Leach, M.A., formerly of Trinity coll., was instituted to the rectory of Stonham-Parva, Suffolk, on the presentation of Wm. Haydon, Esq., of Guildford, Surrey.—On the 16th ult., the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. T. B. Paget, M.A., of Trinity-hall, to the vicarage of Ervington, Leicestershire, vacant by the cession of the Rev. J. Davies, on the presentation of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the patron.—On Sunday se'n'night, the Rev. Henry Barrett, M.A., formerly of Pembroke coll., curate of St. Mary's church, Gateshead, preached his farewell Sermon.—The Rev. J. H. Hall, LL.B., Fellow of Trinity-hall, has been presented to the rectory of Keyworth, Nottinghamshire, vice, the Rev. E. Thompson.—The Rev. C. M. Arnold, B.A., formerly of St. John's coll., Master of the Grammar School, Warminster, has been appointed chaplain to the Marchioness of Bath.—The Rev. Arthur Brooking, B.A., of Trinity coll., has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Bovingdon, Herts.; patron, the Hon. G. D. Ryder.—The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to collate the Rev. Isaac Hughes, incumbent of Blaenporth, to the valuable vicarage of Llandyriog, with the rectory of Llanfaiatrheilig, annexed, all in the county of

Cardigan, vacant by the death of John Williams, clerk.—John Gibson, B.A., scholar of Jesus coll., has been elected a foundation Fellow of that society.

MARCH 12.—At a congregation held yesterday, a grace passed the Senate to confirm the following report: "The Syndicate appointed to consider the best mode of providing for the safe custody of the Paintings, Books, MSS., &c., of the Fitzwilliam Museum, which must shortly be removed, pursuant to a notice from the Perse Trustees, beg leave to report to the Senate: That having given their best consideration to the means at present possessed by the University of affording a proper receptacle for the Fitzwilliam bequest, they are unanimously of opinion that, that portion of the University Library which is called the East Room may be, in July next, conveniently appropriated to this purpose. Under this impression the Syndicate have conferred with the Library Syndicate, who have kindly expressed their concurrence and their readiness to afford every facility in carrying the proposed measure into effect; upon the understanding that all expenses whatsoever incurred by its adoption be defrayed out of the Fitzwilliam funds, and that an adequate remuneration be made to the Library keepers, out of the same funds, for any extra services which may be required of them. The Syndicate recommend the above arrangement to the Senate for their approbation: G. Archdall, Vice-chancellor; W. French, G. E. Paget, J. Lodge, H. Philpott." At the same congregation the following grace passed the Senate: That with a view to afford greater facility to the public visiting the Fitzwilliam Museum, the hours of admission be, for the future, from 11 o'clock in the forenoon till 4, (Saint days excepted).—At a meeting of the Perse Trustees on Monday last, B. H. Drury, B.A., was elected a Fellow of Gonville and Caius coll., on that foundation.—The Rev. S. L. Sainsbury, M.A., formerly of Gonville and Caius coll., has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the rectory of Beckington with Standerwick, upon his own petition, as patron.—Charles F. Tarver, Scholar of King's coll., has been elected a Fellow of that society.—On Sunday, the 27th ult., at an ordination holden by the Right Rev. George-de-la-Poer, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, (who officiated for the Lord Primate) in the Cathedral church of St. Patrick, Armagh, Lord John De-la-Poer Beresford, M.A., of Trinity coll., was ordained Priest.

MARCH 19.—The Rev. H. S. Cerjat, B.A., of Trinity coll., has been preferred to the rectory of West Horsley, Surrey; patron, the Rev. C. H. S. Weston. The Rev. A. J. Rogers, B.A., of Jesus coll., curate of Brading, Isle of Wight, has been appointed a chaplain on the Madras Establishment.—The Rev. John Heale, B.A., of Queens' coll., has been presented to the rectory of Pointington, Somersetshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Hamer; patron, the Right Hon. the Lord Willoughby de Broke.—The Vice-Chancellor has given notice that there will be Congregations on the following days of the ensuing Term: Wednesday April 18, Wednesday April 27, Wednesday May 11, Wednesday May 26, at eleven o'clock; Saturday June 11, (Stat. B.D. Comm.) at ten o'clock; Wednesday June 22, Saturday July 2, at eleven o'clock; Monday July 4, Friday July 8, at ten o'clock; (end of Term).—On Wednesday last the two gold medals, value 15 guineas each, annually given by the Chancellor of the University to the commencing Bachelors of Arts, who, having obtained Senior Optimes at least, show themselves the greatest proficient in classical learning, were adjudged to H. A. J. Munro, B.A., and B. Shaw, B.A., both of Trinity coll.—On Saturday last J. P. Birkett, Esq., B.A., Mathematical Master at Harrow, was elected a Lay Fellow of Jesus coll., in the place of Mr. Merry, who has recently been removed to a Foundation Fellowship.—On Monday last the following gentlemen were elected Foundation Fellows of St. John's coll.: Henry Bailey, B.A.; Basil Williams, B.A.; James Atlay, B.A.; John Bather, B.A.—On Monday last Edw. Atkinson, B.A., Scholar of Clare-hall, was elected a Fellow of that society. This gentleman is third on the list of classical honours for the present year.

APRIL 2.—The Rev. R. Hildyard, M.A., of Trinity-hall, has been presented to the living of Winestead, in the east riding of York, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Hildyard; patroness, Mrs. Hildyard of Winestead hall.—On Thursday the 24th ult., the Rev. Robert Leeder, M.A., formerly of St. John's coll., was instituted to the vicarage of West Barsham, near Fakenham, Norfolk, on the presentation of Charles W. M. Balders, of Maidstone.—The Rev. Thomas Walker, M.A., Fellow of Christ's coll., has been elected to the Mastership of Clipstone School, Northamptonshire, lately held by the Rev. Edward Baines.—The Rev. Charles Bullen, M.A.,

formerly of Corpus Christi college, has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of St. George's Chorley, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Todhunter. Patron, the rector of Chorley.

APRIL 9.—The Earl of Lonsdale has presented the rectory of Ravenstone-dale, to the Rev. R. Robinson, B.A., of Sedbergh.—The Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, has been pleased to collate the Rev. H. F. Gray, M.A., to the prebendal stall of Combe, the first founded in the cathedral church of Wells, vacant by the decease of the Rev. Samuel Blackall, D.D.—The Lord Bishop of Lichfield has been pleased to collate his domestic chaplain, the Rev. T. S. Bowstead, M.A., of St. John's coll., and incumbent of St. Philip's, Liverpool, to the prebend of Bobenhall, anciently founded in the cathedral church of Lichfield, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Bowstead, B.D.—The Hon. and Rev. Francis Grey, M.A., of Trinity coll., one of the youngest sons of Earl Grey, has been presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, to the rectory of Morpeth, Northumberland, with the parochial chapelry of Ulgham annexed. The Rev. W. Mudge, B.A., formerly of Queens' coll., has been presented to the rectory of Pertenhall, Bedfordshire: patron, the Rev. J. K. Martyn.

APRIL 16.—The Rev. F. Field, M.A., Fellow of Trinity coll., curate of Great Saxham, has been presented by the Master and Fellows of that society to the rectory of Reepham with Kerdiston, Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Matthew.—His Grace the Duke of Northumberland has been pleased to present the Rev. P. Gilpin, M.A., of Christ's coll., to the rectory of Elsdon, Northumberland; vacant by the death of the Ven. Archd. Singleton.—His Grace the Duke of Northumberland has been pleased to present the Rev. H. Bell, M.A., of Corpus Christi coll., to the vicarage of Long Houghton, Northumberland, vacant by the promotion of the Rev. Percy Gilpin, to the rectory of Elsdon.—The Rev. G. Moody, M.A., of St. John's coll., has been collated by the Lord Bishop of London to the rectory of Gilston, Herts.—The Rev. Thomas Walker, M.A., Fellow of Christ's coll., has been presented by the Master and Fellows of that society to the living of Clipston, Northamptonshire.—On the 31st ult. the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. R. E. Hall, M.A., formerly of Emmanuel coll., to the rectory of Congerston, Leicestershire; vacant by the resignation of the Rev. F. M. Knowlis, on the presentation of the Right Hon. Earl Howe.—The Rev. John Byron, M.A., has been presented to the vicarage of Killingholme with Haburgh, Lincolnshire; patron, the Earl of Yarborough.—The Rev. H. Palmer, B.A., of Christ's coll., has been presented by S. Pitt, Esq., to the rectory of Crickett Malherby, Somerset, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Colmer.

APRIL 23.—The Rev. E. J. Howman, M.A., of Corpus Christi college, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of West Dereham, in the county of Norfolk: patron, the Rev. George Jenyns, canon of Ely.—The Rev. John Samuel Green, formerly scholar and Tancred Student of Christ's coll., has received the appointment of Rector of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the city of Durham, on the presentation of the Rev. W. F. Raymond, the new Archdeacon of Northumberland. Value £111.—The Bishop of Durham has collated the Rev. W. Forbes Raymond, M.A., of Trinity coll., in this University, and University coll., Durham, and Prebendary of Chichester, to the Archdeaconry of Northumberland, vacant by the death of the Venerable Dr. Singleton. Mr. Raymond was 8th Senior Optime in 1807.—On Tuesday the 12th inst., Mr. G. F. R. Weidemann, B.A., scholar of Cath. Hall., was elected a Skirne fellow of that society.

Theological Education—*Report of the Syndicate*.—The Syndicate, appointed "to consider whether any and what steps should be taken to provide a more efficient system of Theological instruction in the University," beg leave to commence their Report with a brief account of the present state of instruction in that department of study. In the Previous Examination and in the Ordinary Examination for the B.A. degree, the university requires an acquaintance with one of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek, with Paley's Evidences and Paley's Moral Philosophy. The other encouragements and aids to Theological studies offered at present by the University (in addition to what is done by Lectures, Examinations, Prizes, &c., in the several colleges) consist of—The examinations and disputations conducted by the Regius Professor of Divinity in order to Divinity degrees; the Lectures of the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity; the Lectures of the Norrisian Professor of Divinity; the Lectures of the Knightbridge Professor of Moral Theology; the Lectures of the Regius Professor of Hebrew; the three Crosse Theological Scholarships; the six Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarships;

the Prize (occasionally given on the Tyrwhitt bequest) for a Dissertation on some subject connected with Hebrew Literature; the Prize for the Hulsean Dissertation, (about £100.); the Prize for the Norrisian Dissertation, (£12). Judging from the information received from the Professors and Examiners, the Syndicate consider that the amount of the attendance at the Lectures of the Professors, the number of the competitors for the above-mentioned Scholarships and Prizes, and the proficiency in Theological learning exhibited by those competitors, prove that the existing requirements together with the encouragements and aids above referred to are, to a very considerable extent, efficacious towards the end for which they were designed. The Syndicate, bearing in mind the Theological knowledge at present required, and the encouragements and aids to Theological studies already afforded both by the University and by the several colleges, and being anxious that whatever may be adopted, with a view to the farther advancement of Theological learning amongst the younger students of the University, should be founded on the methods of instruction already established, recommend, in the first place, the following plans, marked No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. It will be observed that those three plans have reference to students *before admission ad respondendum questioni*, whether such students be intended for Holy Orders, or not. In the first of them, an addition is made to the present Previous Examination. In the second, will be found some additions to the present ordinary examinations of the B.A. degree, together with a few alterations in the same. The object of the third is to afford to Questionists, who are Candidates for Honors, an opportunity of shewing that they have paid due attention to Theological studies. In the plans marked No. 1 and No. 2, the Syndicate have inserted in the present Report those paragraphs only of the existing regulations for the Previous Examination and for the Ordinary Examination for the B.A. degree, in which any changes are proposed; and all such changes are printed in the *italic* character.

No. 1.—Plan for the Previous Examination. 1. That the subjects of the Examination shall be one of the four Gospels in the Original Greek, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, the *Old Testament History* and one of the Greek and one of the Latin Classics. 2 and 3 to remain unchanged. 4. That every person when examined shall be required (1) to translate some portion of each of the subjects appointed as aforesaid, (2) to construe and explain passages of the same, and (3) to answer printed questions relating to the Evidences of Christianity and the *Old Testament History*. 5, 6 and 7 to remain unchanged. 8. That the persons to be examined each day shall be formed into two divisions; that each of these divisions shall be examined in the Greek subject by two of the Examiners, and in the Latin subject by the other two during the morning; and that the Greek Testament, Paley's Evidences and the *Old Testament History* be the subjects of Examination in the afternoon. 9 to 22 to remain unchanged. 23. That the first examination, under the regulations now proposed, shall take place in the Lent term of 1844. No. 2.—Plan of examination for questionists who are *not* candidates for honors. 1. That the subjects of the examination shall be the *first fourteen, or the last fourteen Chapters* of the Acts of the Apostles, and *one of the longer, or two or more of the shorter Epistles* of the New Testament, in the original Greek, one of the Greek and one of the Latin Classics, *three of the six Books* of Paley's Moral Philosophy, the *History of the Christian Church from its origin to the assembling of the Council of Nice, the History of the English Reformation* and such mathematical subjects as are prescribed by the Grace of April 19, 1837, at present in force. 2. That in regard to these subjects, the appointment of the *Division of the Acts—of the Epistles or Epistles—of the Books of Paley's Moral Philosophy*, and both of the Classical Authors and of the portions of their works which it may be expedient to select, shall be with the persons who appoint the Classical subjects for the Previous Examination. 3. That public notice of the *subjects so selected* for any year shall be issued in the last week of the Lent term of the year next but one preceding. 4 and 5 to remain unchanged. 6. That the distribution of the Subjects and Times of Examination shall be according to the following table:

	Div.	9 to 12.	Div.	12½ to 3½.
<i>Wednesday</i>	1	Euclid	2	Greek Subject
<i>Thursday</i> ..	1	Greek Subject	2	Euclid
<i>Friday</i>	1	Mechanics and Hydrostatics	2	Latin Subject
<i>Saturday</i> ..	1	Latin Subject	2	Mechanics & Hydrostatics
<i>Monday</i>	1	Paley and Eccles. History	2	Acts and Epistle or Epistles
<i>Tuesday</i>	1	Acts and Epistle or Epistles.	2	Paley and Eccles. History
<i>Wednesday</i>	1	Arithmetic and Algebra	2	Arithmetic and Algebra

7 to remain unchanged. 8. That the papers in the Classical Subjects and in the Acts and Epistles shall consist of passages to be translated, accompanied with such plain Questions in Grammar, History, and Geography as arise immediately out of those passages. 9 to 14 to remain unchanged. 15. That two of these examiners shall confine themselves to the Classical Subjects, and two to Paley's Moral Philosophy, Ecclesiastical History, the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. 16, 17 and 18 to remain unchanged. 19. That the first examination, under the regulations now proposed, shall take place in the Lent term of 1846. No. 3.—Plan of examination for questionists who are candidates for honors. 1. That the questionists who are candidates for honors be required to attend, with the other questionists, the examination in Paley's Moral Philosophy, the New Testament and Ecclesiastical History, appointed to take place on the first Monday in Lent term and on the following day. 2. That the names of all such Questionists, Candidates for Honors, as shall, in the judgment of the Examiners, have passed their examination in these subjects with credit, be published, in alphabetical order, by the Proctors, in the Senate House, upon the day of the Bachelor of Arts' Commencement. 3. That the first examination, under the regulations now proposed, shall take place in the Lent term of 1846. On proceeding to direct their attention to a plan of examination for persons who, having been admitted *ad respondendum questioni*, are intended for Holy Orders, the Syndicate found the subject involved in difficulties; but, after mature consideration, they beg leave to recommend, in the second place, the following plan to the Senate. No. 4.—Plan of Theological examination for students who shall have been admitted *ad respondendum questioni* in conformity with the preceding regulations. 1. In the first or second week of the Michaelmas term of each year, there shall be an examination in the Greek Testament, assigned portions of the Early Fathers, Ecclesiastical History, the Articles of Religion and the Liturgy of the Church of England; which examination shall be open to all students who, having at any time been admitted *ad respondendum questioni* in conformity with the preceding regulations, shall present themselves to be examined. 2. The examinations shall be conducted by the Regius and Lady Margaret Professors of Divinity; or, in case of the illness or unavoidable absence of either or both of them, by some Member or Members of the Senate, nominated by either or both of the Professors, and confirmed by grace of the Senate. 3. The names of those students who shall have passed their examination to the satisfaction of the Examiners shall be published in alphabetical order, and registered in the usual manner. 4. Immediately after each such examination, a portion of the Hebrew Scriptures shall form the subject of a new examination, for such students as, having their names published as abovementioned, shall offer themselves to be examined. 5. The examination in the Hebrew Scriptures shall be conducted by the Regius Professor of Hebrew; or, in case of his illness or absence, by some Member of the Senate, nominated by him, and confirmed by grace of the Senate. 6. The names of the students who shall have passed their examination in the Hebrew Scriptures to the satisfaction of the Examiner shall be published and registered in the manner already described. 7. Public notice of the days of examination, and also of the portions of the Early Fathers and of the Hebrew Scriptures assigned for the aforesaid examinations in the Michaelmas term of any year, shall be given in the first week of the Lent term immediately preceding. 8. The first examination, under the regulations now proposed, shall take place in the Michaelmas term 1846. The Syndicate recommend that the examination marked No. 4, should be open to students in the Civil Law, on producing certificates from the Regius Professor of the Civil Law, or his deputy, of their having performed the exercises required for the degree of Bachelor in that Faculty. G. Archdall, Vice-Chancellor: W. French: R. Tatham: W. Whewell: T. Turton: J. J. Blunt: James Wm. Geldart: James Scholefield. The Syndicates are authorized to announce to the Senate that, should the regulations contained in the foregoing report be adopted, the Regius and the Lady Margaret Professors of Divinity and the Regius Professor of Hebrew, in consideration of the length of time which must elapse before the plan marked No. 4. can come into operation, will commence in the Michaelmas term of 1843, and continue in the corresponding term of each of the two following years, examinations somewhat similar to those proposed in that plan. A grace to confirm the above report will be offered to the Senate at the congregation on Wednesday, May 11. Note A. The superintendence of all Exercises, required for the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, is committed to the Regius Professor of Divinity; who also

is much engaged in Examinations more or less connected with Theological studies. Note B. Memorandum of the Lectures delivered by the Lady Margaret's Professor since his election in 1839. I. On the *Early Fathers*. Introductory Lectures shewing, 1st. from her express declarations, and 2ndly, from her structure and services, the regard the Church of England pays to early antiquity: On the Apostolical Fathers; (the Lectures on Ignatius prefaced by an abridgment of Bishop Pearson's *Vindiciæ Ignatianæ*.) On Justin Martyr; Tatian; Athenagoras; Theophilus; and Irenæus; the last now in the course of delivery. The object of these Lectures, is to put the hearers eventually in possession of the knowledge of all the Fathers of the first three centuries: The plan, has been to go through each Father in detail; to give the substance of the author, where more than this did not seem necessary; to translate at full and explain, where a passage was remarkable; and lastly, to sum up the whole (with references) under several heads, such as, Evidences, Canon of Scripture, Interpretation of Scripture, Sacraments, Ecclesiastical discipline and polity, Points of controversy with Rome, Classical illustrations, &c. When the Course is completed, it may be adjusted to the period of an undergraduate's residence in the University: meanwhile, parts of it are repeated, and advances made in it, every year. II. A Course of practical Lectures on the *acquirements, and principal obligations and duties of the Parish-Priest*: Introductory Lecture, on the ministerial character of St. Paul: On the reading of the Parish-Priest; (advising, (1), the study of the Scriptures in the original language, with examples of the advantage of this, and other hints for reading them; (2), the study of the Fathers of the first three centuries, with illustrations of the benefit to be derived from this study; (3), the study of the English Reformation in the documents set forth seriatim by the Reformers; a list of these given, with remarks on each. The whole intended to put the students on applying themselves to original authorities, as the sources of sound knowledge, and to divert them from such as are only secondary and derivative:.) On the composition of Sermons: On Schools, Sunday and Daily, the method of establishing, maintaining, and conducting them: On Parochial Ministrations, especially visiting the sick: On ordinary Pastoral Intercourse: On the observance of Rubric and Canons: On the general Rule by which the Parish-Priest should be guided. The Margaret Professor proposes to deliver this latter series of Lectures, with such alterations or additions as may suggest themselves, every second or third year, so that all students intended for Holy Orders may have an opportunity of hearing them. Note C.—Outline of the Lectures delivered by the Norrisian Professor, since his election in 1838. I. The provision made by the Church of England for securing in Candidates for Holy Orders, 1. Moral fitness. 2. Literary qualifications. 3. Soundness in Doctrine. Occasion is taken to explain what is implied in subscription to Articles of Religion generally—and in subscription to the Three Propositions contained in the 38th Canon particularly—references being, at the same time, given to Authors who have treated of these several subjects. II. The course of reading desirable to be pursued by the Candidate for Holy Orders is then considered, as embracing, *a. The Sacred Scriptures* in the original Languages—and under this head is given a detailed account of some of, 1. The principal Editions of the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament. 2. The Hebrew and Greek Lexicons, Concordances, to the sacred Scriptures. 3. The commentaries on the Old and New Testament. 4. Those writers who have treated of the Chronology, Geography, Antiquities, &c. of the Scriptures. A selection being made in each case, for the biblical Student, of such Books as seem, to the Professor, best adapted for the Student's use and circumstances. *β. The Prayer-Book*. Under this head are noticed—1. The conformity of the English Liturgy with the Scriptures, and with the best portions of the Liturgies of antiquity. 2. The modifications which the Prayer-Book has undergone. 3. The importance of an accurate acquaintance with, *a. The Office for the Administration of Baptism. b. The Office for the Administration of Holy Communion. c. The Office for the Ordering of Deacons and Priests. d. Those of the XXXIX. Articles which treat of the Doctrine of the Sacraments.* In the discussion of these several subjects references are given to such writers as treat of them respectively. *γ. The Church of England.* as respects her *A. History*. Comprising under this division notice of 1. The Ancient British Church. 2. The Anglo-Saxon Church. 3. The Anglo-Norman Church. 4. The Reformed Church. The more important eras in each being pointed out, and books mentioned in which information respecting the subject-matter may be obtained.

B. Polity. Comprising an enquiry into 1. The Scriptural Authority for a Three-fold Ministry. 2. The validity of the Orders of the English Church. The principal writers on these subjects being referred to as occasion requires. **C. Controversies.** With 1. Infidelity. The bearing and importance of Natural Religion, as connected with Revelation, being pointed out. 2. Romanism. Mentioning in detail the chief points in dispute with Romanists, and in the history of the Romish Controversy in this country. 3. Dissent. Marking the peculiarities of Dissent, and the different forms it has assumed, both doctrinally and in its workings. The writers from whom information on these several topics may be obtained being severally referred to. **D. Ministrations.** 1. Preaching. Taking occasion under this head to refer to sources from whence instruction may be derived respecting *a.* The style and composition of Sermons; and then *b.* Giving a list of some Authors whose Sermons may be read with advantage. 2. Parochial Duties. In connection with which such Books are referred to, as treat of *a.* The spiritual duties and general conduct of a Clergyman, *b.* Or relate to the secular affairs of a Parish. **E. Endowments.** Under this head notice is taken of 1. The general principles involved in Establishments, as contrasted with, what is called, 2. The Voluntary Principle. Then is noticed, *a.* The origin of our Parochial and Cathedral Endowments. *b.* Some of the chief points in their history. References being given to writers on these subjects respectively. Besides the several topics which have been thus recited, it should be borne in mind that the main outlines of the Evidences and Doctrines of Christianity are discussed in such portions of "Pearson of the Creed" as are read and commented upon in the Course of the Lectures. Note D. The Professorship of "Moral Theology of Casuistry" founded by Dr. Knightbridge is considered by the present holder of it as a Professorship of Moral Philosophy. During the last three years he has delivered three courses of Lectures upon the History of Moral Philosophy, especially its history in England since the Reformation. During the present year he is delivering a course of Lectures on the difficulties which attend the formation of a system of morality, and the mode of overcoming them.

APRIL 30.—The next medical examination will commence May 16, at 10 o'clock, in the law schools.—Those persons who intend to offer themselves for examination are requested to send their names to the Regius Professor of Physic on or before Monday May 9.—Dr. Haviland has given notice that he intends to commence his new course of lectures on the principles of pathology and the practice of physic, in the Michaelmas term, on Monday, Nov. 14.—Rev. J. G. Wordsworth, B.A., of Pembroke college, to the perpetual curacy of Talk-o'-th'-Hill, Staffordshire; patron, the vicar of Audley.—Rev. W. M. Rowland, B.A., curate of Welshpool, and formerly of St. John's college, has been presented to the vicarage of Bishop's Castle, Salop. Patron, Earl Powis.—Rev. H. E. Massie, B.A., formerly of Queens' college, and late curate of Marbury, has been appointed assistant curate of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury.—On Monday last, the Rev. A. Y. Bazett, M.A., of Trinity coll., was licensed by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to the perpetual curacy of Quedgely, Gloucester; patroness, Mrs. Curtis Hayward, of Quedgely House.

Meetings of Societies.

FEB. 12.—*Cambridge Camden Society.* The 24th meeting of the Cambridge Camden Society was holden last Monday, the President in the chair. The following members were ballotted for and elected: Allen, Mr. T. W., Maidstone, Kent: Blew, Rev. W., Warwick-street, Cockspur-street, London: Chambers, C., Esq., B.A. Emmanuel coll.: Coombe, Rev. T., M.A., Oxon; Landbeach, Cambridgeshire: Ford, W. Esq. M.A., late Fellow of King's coll.; Gray's Inn, London: Green, T.A., Esq., Paverham Bury, Bedford: Grimshawe, S., Esq., Brasennose coll., Oxford; Ernwood, Buxton: Harrison, Rev. H., M.A., Trinity coll.; Bedgebury, Lamberhurst, Kent: Haakoll, W., Esq., Captain R.N.; Walworth Surrey: Hawks, Rev. W., M.A., Trinity hall; Saltash, Cornwall: Hopkinson, W., Esq., Stamford: Parsons, Rev. D. A., M.A., Oriel coll., Oxford; Marden Vicarage, Devizes: Picton, J. O., Esq., Queen's coll.; Pownall, Rev. C. C. B., M.A., F.S.A., Clare hall; Milton Earnest Vicarage, Bedford: Rawle, Rev. R., M.A., late Fellow of Trinity coll.; Cheadle, Staffordshire: Savile. The Hon. and Rev. P. Y., M.A., Trinity coll.; Methley, Leeds: Scott, G. G., Esq., 20, Spring Gardens, London: Warburton, R. E. E., Esq., M.A. Corpus Christi college, Oxford; Arley Park, Northwich, Cheshire. After a list of presents

received since the last meeting had been read, the following report of the committee was also read: "On again meeting the Society, the Committee wish to offer their congratulations on the success which has attended the Society's proceedings during the past vacation. They would refer more particularly to the large number of Members elected this evening, as a proof that the Society was justified in increasing the terms of subscription, on the ground of its increased usefulness and extended operations. The sale of the Society's publications continues to be most satisfactory. The two tracts to Churchwardens have each reached a new edition, after a careful revision and correction. In such alterations as have been made, the Committee do not consider themselves to have expressed any condemnation of the principle of symbolism as applied to Ecclesiastical edifices, a principle against which (as they conceive) no real arguments have been adduced; but trust that these modifications may make the Society's publications more generally useful to the parties for whom they were intended. The third edition of the 'Hints on the Practical Study of Ecclesiastical Antiquities' will appear in the course of a few days. The January number of the *Ecclesiologist* is before you; and it is proposed to publish the fourth number without delay. The Committee have to regret that the Members, for whose benefit this periodical was especially designed, have not come forward so generally as was expected in its support. The main body of the subscribers, the list of which is steadily increasing, is composed of persons not immediately connected with us. The Society was informed during the last term, that with the kind consent of the Diocesan, and the Archdeacon (our President), circulars had been addressed to every clergyman of the Archdeaconry of Bristol, requesting information upon certain Ecclesiological points. We have already received, in answer to these applications, a large number of curious and valuable notices, illustrated in many cases by carefully drawn ground-plans and sketches of details; for these we take the present opportunity of returning, once for all, our most sincere thanks. Since the last meeting of the Society, twenty-two applications have been received for advice, opinions, or assistance. The Committee has also been in communication with the Rev. J. Evans, on behalf of the Rev. J. Winder, with respect to a new British Church at Alexandria. Of these cases some have been of the most flattering description; and the Committee believe that in most the suggestions which they have been able to give, have been satisfactory to the applicants. Among many presents, of which a list has been read to the Society, is a specimen of a beautiful Communion-cloth and napkin, presented by the manufacturer, Mr. G. J. French, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire. The Society will view any effort for securing greater reverence in the administration of divine offices with satisfaction; and more particularly so when, as in this case, the effort was suggested by the influence of their own publication. The Committee propose publishing a lithographed view of the Holy Sepulchre church, as it will appear when completely restored. They again solicit increased contributions in aid of the repairs. The architect is preparing for publication the plans of the model parish church for New Zealand: and the Committee confidently anticipate that this work will receive general encouragement. The profits will be devoted to defraying the expense of the models which will be sent out to the Bishop. A series of papers was then read by J. S. Howson, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College. Notice was given that a paper was preparing for the next Meeting on the ceremonies formerly observed in the consecration of Bells; and one on the Crypt and Chapel of Saint Stephen, Westminster. The meeting adjourned a little before ten o'clock.

FEB. 19.—*Philosophical Society*.—At a meeting, held Feb. 14th, the Master of Trinity, one of the V.-P., in the chair, a paper by Mr. Ellis was read on the foundations of the doctrine of Probabilities.—At a meeting, held February 28th, the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, the President, in the chair, the remainder of a paper was read by Mr. Ellis on the foundations of the doctrine of Chances.

MARCH 19.—At a meeting, which was held on Monday evening, the Very Rev. the Dean of Ely, the President, in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. Taplin, on the Solution of Cubic Equation; and a Memoir by the Master of Trinity college, on the question "Are cause and effect simultaneous or successive?"

APRIL 16.—At a meeting, held April 11th, Professor Sedgwick, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair, a paper was read by Professor Challis on the differential equations of fluid motion, and a paper by Professor Owen on the fossil remains of a new genus of Laurians, called *Rhynchosaurus*, discovered in the new red Sand-

stones of Warwickshire. On Monday last, the 7th inst., the Porteus Medals at Christ college, were adjudged as follows;—*Latin Essay* to John Collett Reynolds: *English Essay* to Thomas Ramsbotham: *Reading Prize* to Samuel Kirke Swann. *Classical Examination*.—CAIUS COLLEGE, March 9.—*Freshmen*: Ormerod, 1st prize: Murphy, 2nd prize: Collett; Hutt; White, jun.: Goodwin; Burrows; Mann; Dykes; Lewis; White, sen.; Laborde, Travers, Æq.; Sandham; Carver; Probyn; Ellice.—*Second Year*: Raymond Barker, 1st prize; Martineau, 2nd prize; Brooke; Trevelyan; Hopkins, Woodhouse, Æq.; Baumgartner, Chorley; W. G. Watson; Robertson; Bromhead; Loftus; Westropp; T. Watson; Suckling; Raven; Henery; Hill, Watson, J., Æq.; Evans; Hilton; Dove; Kendall.—ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, *Voluntary Classical Examination*, April 13.—*First Class*: Babington; Burbury; Field, T.; Gifford; Girling; Hoare, A. M.; Hoare, G. T. *Second Class*: Alston; Babb; Barrett; Fellowes; Holcombe; Snowball.

APRIL 7.—The following gentlemen were elected Scholars of Trinity College:—Money; W. Jones; Twining; Atkinson; Coombe; Young; Armitage; Grignon; Walker; W. G. Clark; Bowring; Hedley; Hotham; Keary. *Westminster School*: Williams; Mayne; Rawlinson. *Bell's Scholars*: The following gentlemen have been elected University Scholars, on the Rev. Dr. Bell's foundation:—Holden; Trinity coll.: Perowne; Corpus Christi coll. *Chancellor's Medallists*: H. A. J. Munro, and B. Shaw, Trinity coll. *Pitt Scholar*: E. H. Gifford, St. John's coll. *Hulse's Prizeman*: C. W. Woodhouse, Caius coll.

APRIL 30.—*Cambridge Camden Society*.—The 36th meeting of the C. C. S. was holden on Monday the 18th inst. The President having taken the chair, the following candidates were elected:—Mr. C. E. Brown, Cambridge; J. W. Colville, Esq., M.A., Trinity College; 32, Curzon-street, May Fair, London; Hon. Edward Cecil Curzon, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, 17, Connaught Terrace, London; Rev. Hugh Fowler, M.A., Sidney Sussex college, Lamberton, near Tavistock; Rev. G. Ingram, B.D., Queens' college; Chedburgh Rectory, Suffolk; E. Lockwood, Esq., Architect, Kingston-upon-Hull; Rev. T. Manners Sutton, M.A., Trinity college; Subdean of Lincoln; Rev. E. Moore, M.A., St. John's college; Whaplode Drove Spalding; Rev. John Barker, M.A., Oriel college, Oxford; Sweeny, Oswestry, Salop; H. B. Sandys, Esq., Trinity college; Rev. E. Otto Trevelyan, M.A., Corpus Christi coll., Oxford; Stogumber Vicarage, Taunton, Somersetshire; W. F. Witts, Esq., Fellow of King's college. A list of nearly one hundred presents was then read by the Secretary. This list comprised several books; impressions of many rare and valuable brasses; eight beautifully coloured drawings of decorated windows from Carlisle. Heckington, and Sleaford, made to a scale, and presented by E. Sharpe, Esq., architect; and a large collection of Gothic mouldings, by F. A. Paley, Esq. The following changes in the laws, recommended by the committee, were then proposed successively, and adopted unanimously by the meeting:—That to Law II. the following words be added—"or who, not being, or not having been, Members of the University, shall be approved of by the Committee." That in Law IV. the words "Other ordinary members, as also," be omitted. That to Law VII. be added—"No, member shall be considered entitled to his privileges as a member, whose subscription is in arrear." That to Law XVI. be added the words—"No alteration shall be made in any law of the Society without notice having been given at a previous meeting." The following report was then read from the committee: "On again meeting the Society the Committee beg leave to report the places whence applications have been received since the last meeting: Alverton, Truro, Cornwall; Aylesbury, S. Mary, Bucks.; Bakewell, Derbyshire; Beeston, Nottingham; Bridgerule, Devon; Congleton, Cheshire; Devizes, Wilts.; Fairburn, Perrybridge, York; Lichfield, S. Michael; Madron, Penzance, Cornwall; Mirfield, Dewsbury, Yorkshire; Pauntley, Newent, Gloucestershire; Stonall, Shenstone, Stafford.—The second edition of the *Few Words to Church-Builders* is in the press, and will appear in the course of next week. The Appendix is carefully corrected and greatly enlarged.—The 6th and 7th numbers of the *Ecclesiologist* have appeared, and the 8th will be ready before the next meeting.—The Committee for the restoration of S. Sepulchre's are about to issue a list of additional subscriptions received since the last report, accompanied by a lithographed drawing of the church, and trust to the active exertions of the members of this Society in aid of a work in which its credit is so intimately concerned. A very large

sum will still be wanting to carry out the repairs in the same church-like and durable manner in which they have so far been conducted. A faculty has been granted for the proposed alterations: the original Chancel-arch has been discovered, and will be restored; and rapid progress is making towards the erection of the new Aisle.—The Committee have undertaken to receive subscriptions for a new church at Alexandria, (for which a grant has been made by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,) for which they have also promised to furnish designs. The restoration of the Font of S. Edward's, under the able superintendence of Mr. Lawrence, clerk of the works at S. Sepulchre's, is highly satisfactory.—The fifth Part of the *Illustrations of Monumental Brasses* will contain—Sir John and Lady Crewe; Lord Beaumont; The Countess of Oxford; Dr. Brytell Amyot, from Buxted, Sussex. A second Part of the *Transactions* is in course of preparation.—A paper was then read from the Rev. W. Airy, M.A., of Trinity coll., vicar of Keysoe near Kimbolton, and Rural Dean, describing an inscription lately discovered on the font in his church. A model of the font, executed by Mr. Airy, and a full-sized copy of the inscription, were exhibited.—Edmund Sharpe, Esq., M.A., of St. John's coll., architect, then proceeded to read a first paper on the Early History of Christian Architecture. After some discussion on the subjects treated of in this paper, and due acknowledgments to Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Airy for their interesting communications, the meeting adjourned.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—At a meeting on Monday last, the Very Rev. Dr. Peacock, the President, in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. O'Brien, "on the propagation of luminous waves in the interior of transparent bodies;" also, a paper, by Mr. G. G. Stokes, of Pembroke, "on the steady motion of incompressible fluids."

Degrees Conferred.

FEB. 12.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*: W. H. Simpson, St. John's; C. J. Pearson, Trinity. *Bachelors of Arts*: J. Shelley, St. Peter's; J. Kinder, Trinity; J. Hallifax, Corpus; J. F. Harward, St. John's; H. J. Marshall, St. John's; A. W. Mactier, Trinity; O. H. Flowers, Queens'.

FEB. 26.—At the congregation held on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Divinity*: J. Stoney, St. Peter's. *Bachelors of Arts*: G. A. Dimock, Sidney Sussex; W. A. Wearing, St. John's; J. H. H. Hallett, Caius; J. H. Bastard, Trinity.

MARCH 12.—At the congregation held yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors in Divinity*: Rev. R. W. Evans, Fellow of Trinity; Rev. C. Lenny, St. John's. *Bachelors in the Civil Law*: L. Morison, Trinity; J. G. Stawell, Caius.

APRIL 16.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*: A. S. Eddis, Trinity; A. J. Rogers, Jesus; G. H. Skelton, Christ's; C. J. Tindal, Trinity; H. Baber, Trinity. *Bachelors of Arts*: W. P. Manson, Trinity; W. Collett, St. Peter's; R. Goldham, Corpus; J. Tomlins, St. John's; W. Miniken, Cath. hall; W. Inchbald, Cath. hall; V. J. Stanton, St. John's; W. Daman, Queens'; E. Corbett, Trinity; C. E. Parry, Christ's; R. Middlemist, Christ's; W. M. W. Call, St. John's.

APRIL 30.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Honorary Master of Arts*: The Hon. R. H. Dutton, Trinity. *Masters of Arts*: E. Walker, King's; C. Colson, St. John's; J. White Johns, St. John's; C. Thornton, Clare hall; G. H. Bidwell, Clare hall; G. R. Lewin, Cath. hall; E. Hanson, Emmanuel; R. Baggallay, Caius. *Bachelors of Arts*: W. de St. Croix, St. John's; J. C. Chase, Queens'; T. A. Anson, Jesus; T. Richardson, Jesus; J. T. White, Magdalene; C. Francis, Trinity hall; R. G. Creyke, Cath. hall; R. N. Clarke, Downing; F. J. Biddulph, Emmanuel.

The following will be the classical subjects of examination for the degree of B.A. in the year 1844:—Herodotus, Book I. Virgil's Georgics, Books III. IV.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS, 1842.

EXAMINERS :

W. H. BATESON, M.A. St. John's College.

E. H. BUNBURY, M.A. Trinity College.

JAMES HILDYARD, M.A. Christ's College.

EDWARD WARTER, M.A. Magdalene College.

MONDAY, *February* 14. 9—11½.

Translate into LATIN PROSE :

After he had entertained the company with such discourse, he applied himself to the governour; and told him, that if he might be admitted to privacy with him, he would discover somewhat to him, which he would not repent to have known. The governour, who was a man apt enough to fear his own safety, but more apprehensive of the jealousies which would attend him, would not venture himself in another room; but drew him to a great window at a convenient distance from the company, and wished him to say what he thought fit. The Lord Digby, finding he could not obtain more privacy, asked him, in English, whether he knew him? the other, surprised, told him, no; then, said he, I shall try whether I know Sir John Hotham; and whether he be in truth, the same man of honour, I have always taken him to be; and, thereupon, told him who he was; and that he hoped he was too much a gentleman to deliver him up a sacrifice to their rage and fury, who, he well knew, were his implacable enemies. The other, being astonished, and fearing that the by-standers would discover him too (for, being now told who he was, he wondered he found it not out himself) he desired him to say no more for the present; that he should not be sorry for the trust he reposed in him, and should find him the same man he had thought him: that he would find some time, as soon as conveniently he might, to have more conference with him. In the mean time, that he should content himself with the ill accommodation he had, the amendment whereof would beget suspicion: and so he called the guard, instantly to carry him away, and to have a very strict eye upon him, and, turning to the company, and being conscious to himself of the trouble and disorder in his countenance, told them, that the Frenchman was a shrewd fellow, and understood more of the queen's counsels and designs, than a man would suspect: that he had told him that which the parliament would be glad to know; to whom presently he would make a dispatch, though he had not yet so clear informations, as, he presumed, he should have after two or three days: and so departed to his chamber.

CLARENDON'S *Rebellion*, Book v.

MONDAY, February 14. 12½...3½.

I. *To be translated into LATIN LYRICS :*

THRICE happy he whose lowly lot
Is fixed in his paternal cot,
Remote from strife and state ;
Content he cultivates the glade,
Inhales the breeze, enjoys the shade,
And loves his humble fate.

His eyes no anxious vigils keep,
No dreams of gold distract his sleep,
And lead his heart astray ;
Nor blasting envy's tainted gale
Pollutes the pleasures of the vale,
To vex his harmless day.

The tower that rears its front on high,
And bids defiance to the sky,
Provokes the angry winds ;
The branching oak, extending wide,
Invites destruction by its pride,
And courts the fall it finds.

Nor lightning's blast nor wind destroys
The safer bliss, the humbler joys,
That crown my peaceful cot ;
There hallowed quietude resorts,
And wonders men can covet courts,
And bids me bless my lot.

Ah ! sacred leisure—guest divine !
Thy meek delights be ever mine,
Fair, permanent, and pure ;
Chaste Nymph, who taught my erring youth,
This dear, this necessary truth,
' Be humble and secure.'

LIFE OF HANNAH MORE.

II. *Translate, with notes explanatory of the allusions, giving a short history of each of the persons mentioned, with the dates of their respective ages, and some account of their works :*

Non equidem insector, delendave carmina Livi
Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare ; sed emendata videri,
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror :
Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum, et
Si versus paulo concinnior unus et alter,
Injuste totum ducit venditque poema.
Inignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse

Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper ;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia, posci.
 Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ
 Fabula, si dubitem, clament periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pæne patres ; ea cum reprehendere coner
 Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit ;
 Vel quia nil rectum nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt ;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
 Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
 Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, et illud,
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri,
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
 Quod si tam Graiis novitas invisâ fuisset
 Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet,
 Quod legeret tereretque viritim, publicus usus ?

HORAT. *Epist.* Lib. II. i. 69—92.

III. *Translate into ENGLISH PROSE with short philological notes :*

NUNC hoc me orare a vobis jussit Jupiter,
 Conquisitores singuli in subsellia
 Ut eant per totam caveam spectatoribus :
 Si quoi favitores delegatos viderint,
 Ut his in cavea pignus capiantur togæ.
 Seu qui ambiissent palmam histrionibus,
 Seu quoquam artifice (seu per scriptas litteras,
 Seu qui ipsi ambissent, seu per internuntium) ;
 Sive adeo Ædilis perfidiose quoi duint :
 Sirempæ legem jussit esse Jupiter,
 Quasi magistratum sibi alterive ambiverit.
 Virtute dixit vos victores vivere,
 Non ambitione, neque perfidia : qui minus
 Eadem histrioni lex sit, quæ summo viro ?
 Virtute ambire oportet, non favoribus :
 Sat habet favorum semper, qui recte facit,
 Si illis fides est, quibus est ea res in manu.
 Hoc quoque etiam dederat mi in mandatis, uti
 Conquisitores fierent histrionibus :
 Qui sibi mandassent, delegati ut plauderent,
 Quive alter quo placeret fecissent minus,
 Eis ornamenta et corium uti conciderent.

PLAUT. *AMPH. Prolog.* 64—85.

IV. CURRIT agens mannos ad villam hic præcipitanter,
 Auxilium tectis quasi ferre ardentibus instans ;
 Oscitat extemplo tetigit cum limina villæ :
 Autabit in somnum gravis, atque oblivia quærit,
 Aut etiam properans urbem petit, atque revisit.
 Hoc se quisque modo fugit : At, quem scilicet, ut fit,
 Effugere haud potis est, ingratis hæret, et angit,

Propterea, morbi quia causam non tenet æger :
 Quam bene si videat : jam, rebus quisque relictis
 Naturam primum studeat cognoscere rerum,
 Temporis æterni quoniam, non unius horæ,
 Ambigitur status, in quo sit mortalibus omnis
 Ætas post mortem, quæ restat cumque, manenda.

LUCRETIVS, Lib. III. 1076—1088.

TUESDAY, *February* 15. 9—11½.

Translate into IAMBIC TRIMETERS :

THEN fare ye well, ye citizens of Ghent !
 This is the last time you will see me here,
 Unless God prosper me past human hope.
 I thank you for the dutiful demeanour
 Which never once in any of you all
 Have I found wanting, though severely tried
 When discipline might seem without reward.
 Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends;
 But let not that deprive me of your loves,
 Or of your good report. Be this the word ;
 My rule was brief, calamitous—but just.
 No glory which a prosperous fortune gilds,
 If shorn of this addition, could suffice
 To lift my heart so high as it is now.
 This is that joy in which my soul is strong,
 That there is not a man amongst you all,
 Who can reproach me that I used my power
 To do him an injustice.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

Into GREEK ANAPÆSTS :

MANY are the sayings of the wise
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought :
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*, 562—666

TUESDAY, February 15. 12½ ... 3½.

To be translated into ENGLISH PROSE.

- I. ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἐκ δίνης ἀγορεύσας
 ᾗξεν πεδίοιο ποσὶ κραιπνοῖσι πέτεσθαι,
 δείσας· οὐδὲ γ' ἔλῃγε μέγας θεός, ὥρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν
 ἀεροκλεινίων, ἵνα μιν παύσειε πόνοιο
 δῖον Ἀχιλλῆα, Τρώεσσι δὲ λοιγὸν ἀλάλκοι.
 Πηλεΐδης δ' ἀπόρουσεν, ὅσον γ' ἐπὶ δουρὸς ἔρωή
 αἰετοῦ οἶματ' ἔχων μέλανος, τοῦ θηρητῆρος,
 ὅσθ' ἄμα κάρτιστός τε καὶ ὤκιστος πετευνῶν·
 τῷ εἰκὼς ᾗξεν· ἐπὶ στήθεσσι δὲ χαλκός
 σμερδαλέον κονάβιζεν· ὥπαιθα δὲ τοῖο λιασθεῖς
 φεῦγ', ὃ δ' ὅπισθε βέων ἔπετο μεγάλῳ ὀρμαγδῶ.
 ὥς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ὀχρηγὸς ἀπὸ κρήνης μελανύδρου
 ἄμ φυτὰ καὶ κήπους ὕδατι ρόον ἡγεμονεύη,
 χερσὶ μάκελλαν ἔχων, ἀμάρης ἐξ ἔχματα βάλλων·
 τοῦ μιν γε προρέοντος, ὑπὸ ψηφίδες ἅπασαι
 ὀχλεῦνται· τὸ δὲ γ' ὅκα κατειβόμενον κελαρύζει
 χώρῳ ἐνὶ προαλεί, φθάνει δὲ τε καὶ τὸν ἄγοντα·
 ὥς αἰεὶ Ἀχιλλῆα κινήσατο κῦμα ρόοιο
 καὶ λαιψηρὸν ἔοντα· θεοὶ δὲ τε φέρτεροι ἀνδρῶν.

Hom. II. xxi. 246—264.

Illustrate by quotations the Homeric use of *ἔρωή* and *λιασθεῖς*; and explain the derivation of *προαλής* and *κελαρύζω*. Shew the force of the article in *τοῦ θηρητῆρος*, and point out in what the Homeric use of the article differs from that of the Attic writers.

- II. ὥς ἄρ' ἔφη, καὶ πυκνὸν ἀπὸ βλεφάρων ἀμαρύσσω
 ὄφρ' ῥιπατάεσκον, ὀρώμενος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
 μάκρ' ἀποσυρίζων, ἄλιον τὸν μῦθον ἀκούνων.
 τὸν δ' ἀπαλὸν γελάσας προσέφη ἐκάεργος Ἀπόλλων·
 ὦ πέπον, ἤπερου πευτῶ, δολοφραδές, ἥ σε μάλ' οἶω
 πολλάκις ἀντιτορεύντα δόμον· ἐνναϊετάρωντας
 ἔννυχον οὐχ ἓνα μοῦνον ἐπ' οὐδεὶ φῶτα καθίσσαι,
 σκευάζοντα κατ' οἶκον ἄτερ ψόφου, οἷ' ἀγορεύεις.
 πολλοὺς δ' ἀγραυλὸν ἀκαχήσεις μηλοβοτῆρας
 οὔρεος ἐν βήσσης, ὅπότε ἂν κραιῶν ἐρατίζων
 ἀντήσης ἀγέλης βοῶν καὶ πῶεσι μῆλων.
 ἀλλ' ἄγε, μὴ πύματόν τε καὶ ὕστατον ὕπνον ἰάνῃς,
 ἐκ λίκνου κατάβαινε, μελαίνης νυκτὸς ἐταΐφει.
 τοῦτο γάρ οὖν καὶ ἔπειτα μετ' ἀθανάτοισι γέρας ἔξεις,
 ἀρχὸς φηλητῶν κεκλησέαι ἥματα πάντα.

Hom. Hymn. in Merc. 293.

- III. ἄγ' ἔπειτ' Αἴτνας βασιλεῖ φίλιον ἐξενύρμεν ὕμνον·
 τῷ πόλιν κείναν θεοδμάτῃ σὺν ἐλευθερίῃ
 Ὑλλίδος σάθμας ἱέρων ἐν νόμοις ἔκτισσ'· ἐθέλοντι δὲ Παμφύλῳ
 καὶ μὰν Ἡρακλειδᾶν ἔκγονοι
 ὀχθαῖς ὑπὸ Ταυγέτου ναίοντες αἰεὶ μένειν τεθμοῖσιν ἐν Ἀιγιμιοῦ
 Δωρίοις· ἔσχον δ' Ἀμύκλας ὄλβιοι

Πινδοθεν ὀρνύμενοι λευκοπώλων Τυνδαριδᾶν βαθύδοχοι γείτονες, ὦν
 κλεος ἀνήσεν αἰχμᾶς,
 Ζεῦ τέλει, αἰεὶ δὲ τοιαύταν Ἀμένα παρ' ὕδωρ
 αἶσαν ἀστοῖς καὶ βασιλεῦσιν διακρίνειν ἔτυμον λόγον ἀνθρώπων.
 σὺν τοι τίν κεν ἀγητῆρ ἀνὴρ,
 νύφ' τ' ἐπιτελλόμενος, δᾶμον γεραῖρων τράποι σύμφωνον ἐφ' ἀσυχίαν.
 λίσσομαι νεῦσον, Κρονίων, ἄμερον
 ὄφρα κατ' οἶκον ὁ Φοῖνιξ ὁ Τυρσανῶν τ' ἀλαλατὸς ἔχῃ, ναυσίστονον
 ὕβριν ἰδῶν τὰν πρό Κύμας·
 οἷα Συρακοσίων ἀρχῷ δαμασθέντες πάθον,
 ὠκυπόρων ἀπὸ ναῶν ὅς σφιν ἐν πόντῳ βάλεθ' ἀλικίαν,
 Ἑλλάδ' ἐξέλκων βαρείας δυνάμιας ἀρέομαι
 παρ' μὲν Σαλαμῖνος Ἀθαναίων χάριν
 μισθόν, ἐν Σπάρτῃ δ' ἐρέων πρό Κιθαιρώνομος μάχαν,
 ταῖσι Μηδείοι κάμιον ἀγκυλότοχοι,
 παρὰ δὲ τὰν εὐνύδρον ἀκτὰν Ἱμέρα καίδεσσιν ὕμνον Δεινομένευσ τελέσαις,
 τὸν ἐδέξαντ' ἀμφ' ἀρετῇ πολεμίων ἀνδρῶν καμόντων.

PIND. Pyth. i. 60.

Explain the historical allusions contained in the above passage.

- IV. αὐτὸν δ' ἔφασκε τῇ φίλῃ ψυχῇ τάδε
 τίσειν μ' ἔχοντα πολλὰ δυστερπῇ κακά.
 τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἐκ γῆς δυσφρόνων μειλίγματα
 βροτοῖς πιφασκῶν εἶπε, τὰς δὲ νῦν νόσους·
 σαρκῶν ἐπαμβατήρας ἀγρίαις γνάθοις
 λιγῆνας, ἐξέσθοντας ἀρχαίαν φύσιν·
 λευκάς δὲ κόρσας τῇδ' ἐπαντέλλειν νόσῳ·
 ἄλλας τε φωνεῖ προσβολὰς Ἑρινύων,
 ἐκ τῶν πατρῶν αἱμάτων τελουμένας,
 ὀρώντα λαμπρόν ἐν σκότῳ νωμῶντ' ὀφρύν.
 τὸ γὰρ σκοτεινὸν τῶν ἐνεργέων βέλος
 ἐκ προστροπαίων ἐν γένει πεπτωκότων,
 καὶ λύσσα, καὶ μάταιος ἐκ νυκτῶν φόβος,
 κινεῖ, ταράσσει, καὶ διώκεται πόλεως
 χαλκηλάτῃ πλάστιγγι λυμανθέν δέμας.
 καὶ τοῖς τοιούτοις οὔτε κρατῆρος μέρος
 εἶναι μετασχεῖν, οὐ φιλοσπόνδου λιβός·
 βωμῶν τ' ἀπείργειν οὐχ ὀρωμένην πατρός
 μῆνιν· δέχεσθαι δ', οὔτε συλλύειν τινά·
 πάντων δ' ἄτιμον κάφιλον θνήσκειν χρόνῳ,
 κακῶς ταριχευθέντα παμφθάρτῃ μόρῳ.

ÆSCH. Choëph. 288.

- V. ΦΙ. ταυτὶ με ποιοῦσ'; οἶμοι, τί λέγεις; ὥς μου τὸν θῖνα ταράττεις,
 καὶ τὸν νοῦν μου προσάγεις μάλλον, κοῦκ οἶδ' ὅτι χρῆμά με ποιεῖς.
 ΒΔ. σκέψαι τοίνυν ὥς ἐξόν σοι πλουτεῖν καὶ τοῖσιν ἅπασιν,
 ὑπὸ τῶν αἰεὶ δημιζόντων οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπῃ ἐγκεκύκλησαι·
 ὅστις πόλεωι ἀρχῶν πλείεστων ἀπὸ τοῦ Πόντου μεχρὶ Σαρδοῦς,
 οὐκ ἀπολαύεις πλὴν τοῦθ' ὃ φέρεις, ἀκαρῇ· καὶ τοῦτ' ἐρίῳ σοι
 ἐνστάζουσιν κατὰ μικρὸν αἰεὶ τοῦ ζῆν ἐνεκ' ὥσπερ ἄλλερον.

βούλονται γάρ σε πένη· εἶναι· καὶ τοῦθ' ὦν οὐνεκ', ἐρῶ σοι,
 ἵνα γιγνώσκῃς τὸν τιθασευτήν· καθ' ὅταν οὗτος γ' ἐπισίλῃ,
 ἐπὶ τῶν ἐχθρῶν τιν' ἐκπρύξας, ἀγρίως αὐτοῖς ἐπιπηδᾷς.
 εἰ γὰρ ἐβούλοντο βίον κορίσαι τῇ δῆμῳ, ῥάδιον ἦν ἂν.
 εἰσὶν γε πόλεις χίλιναι, αἱ νῦν τὸν φόρον ἡμῖν ἀπάγουσιν·
 τούτων εἴκοσιν ἄνδρας βόσκειν εἰ τις προσέταξεν ἐκάστη,
 δύο μυριάδες τῶν δημοτικῶν ἔζων ἐν πᾶσι λαγύοις
 καὶ στεφάνοισιν πανδοταποῖσιν καὶ πυψὶ καὶ πυριάτῃ,
 ἄξια τῆς γῆς ἀπολαύοντες καὶ τοῦ Μαραθῶνι τροπαίου.
 νῦν δ' ὥσπερ ἐλαολόγοι χωρεῖθ' ἅμα τῇ τὸν μισθὸν ἔχοντι.
 ΦΙ. οἵμοι, τί ποθ' ὥσπερ νάρκη μου κατὰ τῆς χειρὸς καταχέεται
 καὶ τὸ ξίφος οὐ δύναμαι, κατέχειν, ἀλλ' ἤδη μαλθακός εἰμι.

ARISTOPHAN. *Vesp.* 696—714.

How far do you consider the assertions in the above passage to be correct with regard (1) to the extent of the Athenian dominion at this period, (2) to the population of Athens? Support your opinion by proofs, and quote any other passages from Aristophanes bearing upon the latter point.

WEDNESDAY, February 16. 9...11½.

To be translated into GREEK PROSE:

I THANK you for pointing to me. I really wished much to engage your attention in an early stage of the debate. I have been long very deeply, though perhaps ineffectually, engaged in the preliminary enquiries, which have continued without intermission for some years. Though I have felt with some degree of sensibility, the natural and inevitable impressions of the several matters of fact, as they have been successively disclosed, I have not at any time attempted to trouble you on the merits of the subject: and very little on any of the points which incidentally arose in the course of our proceedings. But I should be sorry to be found totally silent upon this day. Our enquiries are now come to a final issue: it is now to be determined whether the three years of laborious parliamentary research, whether the twenty years of patient Indian suffering, are to produce a substantial reform in our eastern administration, or whether our knowledge of the grievances has abated our zeal for the correction of them, and our very inquiry into the evil was only a pretext to elude the remedy, which is demanded from us by humanity, by justice, and by every principle of true policy. Depend upon it this business cannot be indifferent to our fame. It will turn out a matter of great disgrace or great glory to the whole British nation. We are on a conspicuous stage, and the world marks our demeanour.

BURKE.

He is not mistaken with regard to the ideas he actually perceives, but in the inferences he makes from his present perceptions. Thus in the case of the oar, what he immediately perceives by sight is certainly crooked; and so far he is in the right. But if he thence conclude, that upon taking the oar out of the water he shall perceive the same crookedness; or that it would affect his touch, as crooked things are wont to do: in that he is mistaken. In like manner, if he shall conclude from

what he perceives in one station, that in case he advances towards the moon or tower, he should still be affected with the like ideas, he is mistaken. But his mistake lies not in what he perceives immediately and at present (it being a manifest contradiction to suppose he should err in respect of that) but in the wrong judgment he makes concerning the ideas he apprehends to be connected with those immediately perceived ; or concerning the ideas that, from what he perceives at present, he imagines would be perceived in other circumstances. The case is the same with regard to the Copernican system. We do not here perceive any motion of the earth : but it were erroneous thence to conclude, that in case we were placed at as great a distance from that, as we are now from the other planets, we should not then perceive its motion.

BERKELEY.

WEDNESDAY, February 16. 12½...3¼.

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE :

Ad ea Tiberius, laudata pietate Sejani, suisque in eum beneficiis modice percursis, cum tempus tanquam ad integram consultationem petivisset, adjunxit : “ Ceteris mortalibus in eo stare consilia, quid sibi conducere putent : Principum diversam esse sortem, quibus præcipua rerum ad famam dirigenda : ideo se non illuc decurrere, quod promptum rescriptu : posse ipsam Liviam statuere, nubendum post Drusum, an in penatibus iisdem tolerandum haberet : esse illi matrem et aviam, propiora consilia : simplicius acturum : de inimicitiiis primum Agrippinæ : quas longe acrius arsuras, si matrimonium Liviae, velut in partes, domum Cæsarum distraxisset : sic quoque erumpere æmulationem foeminarum, eaque discordia nepotes suos convelli : quid si intendatur certamen, tali conjugio ? Falleris enim, Sejane, si te mansurum in eodem ordine putas, et Liviam, quæ C. Cæsari, mox Druso nupta fuerit, ea mente acturam, ut cum equite Romano senescat. Ego ut sinam, credisne passuros, qui fratrem ejus, qui patrem majoresque nostros, in summis imperiis videre ? Vis tu quidem istum intra locum sistere : sed illi magistratus et primores qui, te invito, perrumpunt, omnibusque de rebus consulunt, excessisse jam pridem equestre fastigium, longeque anteissee patris mei amicitias, non occulti ferunt, perque invidiam tui me quoque incusant. At enim Augustus filiam suam equiti Romano tradere mediatu est. Mirum hercule, si, cum in omnes curas distraberetur, immensumque attolli provideret, quem conjunctione tali super alios extulisset, C. Proculium, et quosdam in sermonibus habuit, insigni tranquillitate vitæ, nullis reipublicæ negotiis permixtos. Sed si dubitatione Augusti movemur ; quanto validius est quod M. Agrippæ, mox mihi conlocavit ? Atque ego hæc, pro amicitia, non occultavi : ceterum neque tuis, neque Liviae destinatis, adversabor. Ipse quid intra animum volutaverim, quibus adhuc necessitudinibus immiscere te mihi parem, omittam ad præsens referre : id tantum aperiam, nihil esse tam excelsum, quod non virtutes istas, tuusque in me animus mereantur ; datoque tempore, vel in senatu, vel in concione non reticebo.”

TACIT. ANN. LIB. IV.

State the connection between the several members of the Julian family here mentioned.

May 1842.—VOL. II. NO. XI.

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EODĒM anno censuram multi et clari viri petierunt: quæ res, tamquam in se parum magni certaminis causam haberet, aliam contentionem multo majorem excitavit. Petebant T. Quinctius Flaminius P. Cornelius Cn. F. Scipio, L. Valerius Flaccus, M. Porcius Cato, M. Claudius Marcellus, M'. Acilius Glabrio, qui Antiochum ad Thermopylas Ætolosque devicerat: in hunc maxime, quod multa congiaria habuerat, quibus magnam partem hominum obligaverat, favor populi se inclinabat. Id quum ægre paterentur tot nobiles, novum sibi hominem tantum præferri; P. Sempronius Gracchus et C. Sempronius Rutilus, tribuni plebis, ei diem dixerunt, quod pecuniæ regię prædæque aliquantum, captæ in Antiochi castris, neque in triumpho tulisset, neque in ærarium retulisset. Varia testimonia legatorum tribunorumque militum erant. M. Cato ante alios testes conspiciebatur: cujus auctoritatem, perpetuo tenore vitæ partam, toga candida elevabat. Is testis, quæ vasa aurea atque argentea, captis castris, inter aliam prædam regiam vidisset, ea se in triumpho negabat vidisse. Postremo in hujus maxime invidiam desistere se petitione Glabrio dixit; quando, quod taciti indignarentur nobiles homines, id æque novus competitor inæstimabili¹ perjurio incesceret. Centum millium multa inrogata erat: his de ea re certatum est: tercio, quum de petitione destitisset reus, nec populus de multa suffragium ferre voluit, et tribuni eo negotio destiterunt. Censores T. Quinctius Flaminius, M. Claudius Marcellus creati.

LIVY, Lib. xxxvii. c. 57.

¹ Others read intestabili; how is this to be explained?

When was the censor's office instituted? State *precisely* the authority they exercised. Had they any thing to do with the vectigalia? Give an account of the war with Antiochus, its date, causes, and termination.

DICTATORE habente comitia Cæsare, consules creantur Julius Cæsar et P. Servilius. Is enim erat annus, quo per leges ei consulem fieri liceret. His rebus confectis, quum fides tota Italia esset angustior, neque creditæ pecuniæ solverentur: constituit, ut arbitri darentur: per eos fierent æstimationes possessionum et rerum, quanti quæque earum ante bellum fuissent, atque ex creditoribus transderentur. Hoc et ad timorem novarum tabularum tollendum minuendumque, qui fere bella et civiles dissensiones sequi consuevit, et ad debitorum tuendam existimationem esse aptissimum existimavit. Item, prætoribus, tribunisque pl. rogationes ad populum ferentibus, nonnullos ambitus Pompeia lege damnatos, illis temporibus, quibus in urbe præsidia legionum Pompeius habuerat, (quæ judicia, aliis audientibus iudicibus, aliis sententiam ferentibus, singulis diebus erant perfecta) in integrum restituit, qui se illi initio civilis belli obtulerant, si sua opera in bello uti vellet; perinde æstimans ac si usus esset, quoniam sui fecissent potestatem. Statuerat enim hos prius iudicio populi debere restitui, quam suo beneficio videri receptos; ne aut ingratus in referenda gratia, aut arrogans in præripiendo populi beneficio videretur.

Cæs. Bell. Civ. Lib. iii. c. 1.

Were "novæ tabulæ" ever granted? What were the limitations of the lex Annalis? What was the lex Pompeia? Had any arrangements of a somewhat similar nature been made in earlier times to remedy the scarcity of money?

QUID est, quæso, Metelle, iudicium corrumpere, si hoc non eat? testes, præsertim Siculos, timidos homines et afflictos, non solum auctoritate deterrere, sed etiam consulari metu, et duorum prætorum potestate? Quid faceres pro homine innocente et propinquo, cum propter hominem perditissimum atque alienissimum de officio ac dignitate decedis, et committis, ut, quod ille dictitat, alicui, qui te ignorat, verum esse videatur? Nam hoc Verrem dicere aiebant, te non fato, ut ceteros ex vestra familia, sed opera sua consulem factum. Duo igitur Coss. et quæstor erunt ex illius voluntate. Non solum effugiemus, inquit, hominem in quærendo nimium diligentem, nimium servientem populi existimationi, M'. Glabronem, accedet nobis etiam illud: iudex est M. Cæsonius, collega nostri accusatoris, homo in rebus iudicandis spectatus et cognitus, quem minime expediat esse in eo consilio, quod conemur aliqua ratione corrumpere: propterea quod jam antea, cum iudex in Juniano consilio fuisset, turpissimum illud facinus non solum graviter tulit, sed etiam in medium protulit: hunc iudicem ex Kal. Jan. non habebimus. Qu. Manlium, et Qu. Cornificium, duos severissimos, atque integerrimos iudices, quod tribuni pleb. tum erunt, iudices non habebimus. P. Sulpitius, iudex tristis et integer, magistratum ineat necesse est Nonis Decembr. M. Creperejus ex acerrima illa equestri familia et disciplina, L. Cassius ex familia tum ad ceteras res, tum ad iudicandum severissima: Cn. Tremellius, homo summa religione et diligentia; tres hi homines veteres tribuni militares sunt designati: ex Kal. Januar. non iudicabunt. Subsortiemur etiam in M. Metelli locum, quoniam is huic ipsi quæstioni præfuturus est. Ita secundum Kalendas Januar. et prætor, et prope toto consilio commutato, magnas accusatoris minas, magnamque iudicii expectationem ad nostrum arbitrium libidinemque eludemus. Nonæ sunt hodie Sextiles: hora nona convenire cœpistis; hunc diem jam ne numerant quidem. Decem dies sunt ante ludos votivos, quos Cn. Pompeius facturus est; hi ludi dies quindecim auferent; deinde continuo Romani consequentur. Ita prope xl. diebus interpositis, tum denique se ad ea, quæ a nobis dicta erunt, responsuros esse arbitrantur: deinde se ducturos et dicendo, et excusando, facile ad ludos Victoriæ; cum his plebejos esse conjunctos: secundum quos aut nulli, aut pauci dies ad agendum futuri sunt. Ita defessa ac refrigerata accusatione, rem integram ad M. Metellum prætorem esse venturam.

Cic. *Orat. in Verr. ii.*

State briefly the circumstances connected with the trial of Verres with dates, and by whom he was defended. What was the consilium Junianum? What were the different *ludi* here mentioned?

THURSDAY, February 17. 9...11½.

To be translated into LATIN ELEGIACS:

NOW spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers:
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,

O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe ?
 The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art :
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I ;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.
 The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linner's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the with'ring blast
 My youth and joy consume.
 The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye ;
 As little reckt I sorrow's power,
 Until the flow'ry snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

BURNS.

 THURSDAY, February 17. 12½...½

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE :

I. Καὶ δίκαιον ἡμῶν τῆς νῦν ἀμαρτίας, εἰ ἄρα ἡμάρτηται, ἀντιθεῖναι τὴν τότε προθυμίαν· καὶ μέλζω τε πρὸς ἐλάσσω εὐρήσετε, καὶ ἐν καιροῖς οἷς σπάνιον ἢ τῶν Ἑλλήνων τινὰ ἀρετὴν τῇ Ξέρξου δυνάμει ἀντιτάξασθαι, ἐκρηνοῦντό τε μᾶλλον οἱ μὴ τὰ ζυμφορα πρὸς τὴν ἔφοδον αὐτοῖς ἀσφαλεῖς πρᾶσσοντες, ἐθέλοντες δὲ τολμᾶν μετὰ κινδύνων τὰ βέλτιστα. ὦν ἡμεῖς γενόμενοι, καὶ τιμηθέντες ἐς τὰ πρῶτα, νῦν ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς δέδιμεν μὴ διαφθαρῶμεν, Ἀθηναίους ἐλόμενοι δικαίως μᾶλλον ἢ ὑμᾶς κερδαλέως. καίτοι χρὴ ταυτὰ περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν ὁμοίως φαίνεσθαι γινώσκοντας, καὶ τὸ ἐνυμέρον μὴ ἄλλο τι νομίσαι ἢ τῶν ζυμμάχων τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς ὅταν αἰεὶ βέβαιον τὴν χάριν τῆς ἀρετῆς ἔχωσι, καὶ τὸ παραντίκα πον ἡμῖν ὠφέλιμον καθιστῆται. προσκέψασθέ τε ὅτι νῦν μὲν παράδειγμα τοῖς πολλοῖς τῶν Ἑλλήνων ἀνδραγαθίας νομίξεσθε· εἰ δὲ περὶ ἡμῶν γνώσεσθε μὴ τὰ εἰκότα, (οὐ γὰρ ἀφανῆ κρινεῖτε τὴν δίκην τήνδε, ἐπαινούμενοι δὲ περὶ οὐδ' ἡμῶν μεμπτῶν) ὁρᾶτε ὅπως μὴ οὐκ ἀποδέξωνται ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν πέρι αὐτοὺς ἀμείνους ὄντας ἀπρεπὲς τὴ ἐπιγνώμην, οὐδὲ πρὸς ἱεροῖς τοῖς κοινοῖς σκύλα ἀπὸ ἡμῶν τῶν εὐεργετῶν τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἀνατεθῆναι. δεινὸν δὲ δοξεῖ εἶναι Πλάταιαν Λακεδαιμονίους πορθῆσαι, καὶ τοὺς μὲν πατέρας ἀναγράψαι ἐς τὸν τρίποδα τὸν ἐν Δελφοῖς δι' ἀρετὴν τὴν πόλιν, ὑμᾶς δὲ καὶ ἐκ παντὸς τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ

πανοικησία διὰ Θηβαίους* ἐξαλείψαι ἐς τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ ἐνφυοῖς προκεχωρήκαμεν, οἵτινες Μήδων τε κρατησάντων ἀπαλλύμεθα καὶ νῦν ἐν ἡμῖν τοῖς πρὶν φιλάτοις Θηβαίων ἡσώμεθα, καὶ δύο ἀγῶνας τοὺς μεγίστους ὑπέστημεν, τότε μὲν τὴν πύλιν εἰ μὴ παρέδομεν, λιμῶ διαφθαρῆναι, νῦν δὲ θανάτον κρίνεσθαι.

THEUCYD. lib. iii. c. p. 56.

* What circumstance in Theban history is here alluded to?

II. Ἐάν οὖν ἀλλὰ νῦν γ' ἐτι ἀπαλλαγέντες τούτων τῶν ἐθῶν ἐβελήσγη στρατεύεσθαι τε καὶ πράττειν ἀξίως ὑμῶν αὐτῶν, καὶ ταῖς περιουσίαις ταῖς οἰκοὶ ταύταις ἀφορμαῖς ἐπ' τὰ ἔξω τῶν ἀγαθῶν χρῆσησθε, ἴσως ἂν, ἴσως, ὧ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι τέλειόν τι καὶ μέγα κτήσαισθε ἀγαθόν, καὶ τῶν τοιούτων λημάτων ἀπαλλαγείητε, ἃ τοῖς ἀσθενοῦσι παρὰ τῶν ἱατρῶν σιτοῖς διδομένοις ἔοικε. καὶ γὰρ οὐτ' ἰσχὺν ἐκείνα ἐντίθησιν οὐτ' ἀποθνήσκειν ἐξ· καὶ ταῦτα, ἃ νέμεσθε νῦν ὑμεῖς, οὔτε τοσαῦτά ἐστιν ὥστε ὠφέλειαν ἔχειν τινὰ διαρκῆ, οὐτ' ἀπογόνοντας ἄλλο τι πράττειν ἐξ, ἀλλ' ἔστι ταῦτα τὴν ἐκάστου βροθυμίαν ὑμῶν ἐπαυξάνοντα. οὐκοῦν σὺ μισθοφορὰν λέγεις; φήσει τις. καὶ παραχρημὰ γε τὴν αὐτὴν σύνταξιν ἀπάντων, ὧ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, ἵνα τῶν κοινῶν ἕκαστος τὸ μέρος λαμβάνων, οὗτο δέοιτο ἢ πόλις, εἰς τοῦθ' ἔτοιμος ὑπάρχει. ἔξεστιν ἄγειν ἡσυχίαν; οἰκοὶ μένων εἰ βελτίων, τοῦ δὲ ἔνδειαν ἀνάγκη τι ποιῆν αἰσχροὺς ἀπηλλαγμένους. συμβαίνει τι τοιούτου ὅλον καὶ τὰ νῦν; στρατιώτης αὐτὸς ὑπάρχων ἀπὸ τῶν αὐτῶν τούτων λημάτων, ὥς πέρ ἐστι δίκαιον ὑπὲρ τῆς πατρίδος. ἔστι τις ἔξω τῆς ἡλικίας ὑμῶν; ὅσα οὗτος ἀτάκτως νῦν λαμβάνων οὐκ ὠφελεῖ, ταῦτ' ἐν ἴσῃ τάξει λαμβανέτω πάντ' ἐφορῶν καὶ διοικῶν ἃ χρὴ πράττεσθαι.

DEMOSTHEN. *Olynth.* iii. p. 37.

III. Οὐδ' δὴ Κόνων ὁ τοιοῦτος πιστός ἐστιν ὁμνύων· οὐδὲ πολλοῦ δεῖ· ἀλλ' ὁ μὴδ' εὐορκον μὴδὲν ἂν ὁμόσας, κατὰ* δὲ δὴ παίδων ὦν μὴ νομίζετε μὴδ' ἂν μελλήσας, ἀλλὰ κἂν ὅτιοι παθῶν πρότερον, εἰ δ' ἄρ' ἀναγκαῖον, ὁμνύων ὥς νόμιμον, ἀξιοπιστότερος τοῦ κατὰ τῶν παίδων ὁμνύοντος καὶ διὰ τοῦ πυρός. ἐγὼ τοίνυν ὁ δικαιότερόν σου πιστευθεὶς ἂν κατὰ πάντα, ὧ Κόνων, ἠθέλησα ὁμόσαι ταυτὶ, οὐχ ὑπὲρ τοῦ μὴ δοῦναι δίκην ὦν ἠδίκηκα, καὶ ὅτιοι ποιῶν, ὥσπερ σὺ, ἀλλ' ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀληθείας καὶ ὑπὲρ τοῦ μὴ προσυβρισθῆναι, ὥς οὐ κατεπιωρησόμενος τὸ πρᾶγμα.

ISID. c. CONON. p. 1269.

* Explain and exemplify this use of the preposition.

IV. ΣΩ. Ἀρετὴ ἄρα οὐκ ἂν εἴη διδακτόν. MEN. Οὐκ ἔοικεν, εἴπερ ὀρθῶς ἡμεῖς ἔσκεμμεθα. ὥστε καὶ θαυμάζω δὴ. ὧ Σώκρατες, πότερόν ποτε οὐδ' εἰσιν ἀγαθοὶ ἄνδρες, ἢ τίς ἂν εἴη τρόπος τῆς γενέσεως τῶν ἀγαθῶν γυγνομένων. ΣΩ. Κινδυνεύομεν, ὧ Μένων, ἐγὼ τε καὶ σὺ φαῦλοί τινες εἶναι ἄνδρες, καὶ σέ τε Γοργίας οὐχ ἱκανῶς πεπαιδευκέναι, καὶ ἐμέ Προδίκος. παντὸς μᾶλλον οὐν προσεκτέον τὸν νοῦν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς, καὶ ζητητέον ὅστις ἡμᾶς ἐνὶ γέ τῃ τρῶφι βελτίους ποιήσει. λέγω δὲ ταῦτα, ἀποβλέψας πρὸς τὴν ἀρτί ζητησιν· ὥς ἡμᾶς ἔλαβε καταγελάστως, ὅτι οὐ μόνον ἐπιστήμης ἡγουμένης ὀρθῶς τε καὶ εὖ τοῖς ἀνθρώποις πράττεται τὰ πράγματα, ἢ ἴσως καὶ διαφεύγειν* ἡμᾶς τὸ γινῶναι τίνα ποτὲ τρόπον γίγνονταί οἱ ἀγαθοὶ ἄνδρες. MEN. Πῶς τοῦτο λέγεις, ὧ Σώκρατες; ΣΩ. Ὡδε. ὅτι μὲν τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς ἄνδρας δεῖ ὠφελίμους εἶναι, ὀρθῶς ὡμολογήκαμεν τοῦτο γε, ὅτι οὐκ ἂν ἄλλως ἔχοι. ἢ γάρ; MEN. Ναί. ΣΩ. Καὶ ὅτι γε ὠφελίμοι ἔσονται, ἂν ὀρθῶς ἡμῖν ἡγῶνται τῶν πραγμάτων, καὶ τοῦτο που καλῶς

ὡμολογούμεν; MEN. Ναί. ΣΩ. "Οτι δ' οὐκ ἔστιν ὀρθῶς ἡγεῖσθαι, εἰ μὴ φρόνιμος ᾖ, τοῦτο ὅμοιοι ἔσμεν οὐκ ὀρθῶς ὡμολογηκόσι. MEN. Πῶς δὴ ὀρθῶς λέγεις; ΣΩ. Ἐγὼ ἐρῶ. εἰ τις εἰδὼς τὴν ὁδὸν τὴν εἰς Λάρισαν, ἢ ὅποι βούλει ἄλλοσε, βαδίξοι καὶ ἄλλοις ἡγοίτο, ἄλλο τι ὀρθῶς ἂν καὶ εὖ ἡγοίτο; MEN. Πάνυ γε. ΣΩ. Τί δ', εἰ τις ὀρθῶς μὲν δοξάζων ἦτις ἔστιν ἡ ὁδὸς ἐληλυθὼς δὲ μὴ, μὴδ' ἐπιστάμενος, οὐ καὶ οὗτος ἂν ὀρθῶς ἡγοίτο; MEN. Πάνυ γε. ΣΩ. Καὶ ἔως γ' ἂν πον ὀρθὴν δόξαν ἔχῃ περὶ ὧν ὁ ἕτερος ἐπιστήμην, οὐδὲν χείρων ἡγεμὼν ἔσται, οἰόμενος μὲν ἀληθῆ, φρονῶν δὲ μὴ, τοῦ τούτου φρονούντος. MEN. Οὐδὲν γάρ. ΣΩ. Δόξα ἄρα ἀληθὴς πρὸς ὀρθότητα πράξεως οὐδὲν χείρων ἡγεμὼν φρονήσεως. καὶ τοῦτό ἐστιν, ὃ νῦν δὴ παρελείπομεν ἐν τῇ περὶ τῆς ἀρετῆς σκέψει, ὅποιόν τι εἴη, λέγοντες ὅτι φρόνησις μόνον ἡγεῖται τοῦ ὀρθῶς πράττειν. τὸ δὲ ἄρα καὶ δόξα ἦν ἀληθής. ΠΛΑΤΟ, *Μενο.* c 39.

* Explain this construction.

When did Prodicus live? What is known of him from the writings of Plato? What opinions does Cicero ascribe to him?

V. "Ἐτι ἡ ἀγχίνοια ἕτερον καὶ ἡ εὐβουλία· ἔστι δ' εὐστοχία τις ἡ ἀγχίνοια. οὐδὲ δὴ δόξα ἡ εὐβουλία οὐδεμία. ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ ὁ μὲν κακῶς βουλευόμενος ἀμαρτάνει, ὁ δ' εὖ ὀρθῶς βουλευέται, ὁῦλον ὅτι ὀρθότης τις ἡ εὐβουλία ἐστίν, οὗτ' ἐπιστήμης δὲ οὔτε δόξης· ἐπιστήμης μὲν γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν ὀρθότης (οὐδὲ γὰρ ἀμαρτία), δόξης δ' ὀρθότης ἀλήθεια· ἅμα δὲ καὶ ὥρισταί ἤδη πᾶν οὐ δόξα ἐστίν. ἀλλὰ μὴν οὐδ' ἄνευ λόγου ἡ εὐβουλία. διανοίας ἄρα λείπεται· αὕτη γὰρ οὐπω φάσις· καὶ γὰρ ἡ δόξα οὐ ζήτησις ἀλλὰ φάσις τις ἦδη, ὁ δὲ βουλευόμενος, εἰάν τε εὖ εἰάν τε κακῶς βουλευῆται, ζητεῖ τι καὶ λογίζεται. ἀλλ' ὀρθότης τίς ἐστιν ἡ εὐβουλία βουλῆς· διὸ ἡ βουλή ζητητέα πρῶτον τί καὶ περὶ τί. ἐπεὶ δ' ἡ ὀρθότης πλεοναχῶς, δῆλον ὅτι οὐ πᾶσα· ὁ γὰρ ἀκρατής καὶ ὁ φαῦλος ὁ προτίθεται ἰδεῖν ἐκ τοῦ λογιζομένου τεύχεται, ὥστε ὀρθῶς ἔσται βεβουλευμένος, κακὸν δὲ μέγα εἰληφώς.

ARIST. *Ethic*, lib. vi. c. 10.

FRIDAY, February 18. 9...11½.

Translate into ENGLISH, briefly explaining the allusions:

1. QUANTUM distet ab Inacho

Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,
Narras, et genus Æaci.

Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio;

Quo Chium pretio cadum

Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,

Quo præbente domum, et quota

Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.

Da Lunæ propere novæ,

Da noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris

Murenæ: tribus aut novem

Miscantor cyathis pocula commodis.

Qui Musas amat impares,

Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet

Vates; tres prohibet supra

Rixarum metuens tangere Gratia,

Nudis juncta sororibus.

HORAT. lib. III. 19.

2. CANDIDA, te niveo posuit lux proxima templo,
 Qua fert sublimes alta Moneta gradus :
 Nunc bene prospicies Latiam. Concordia, turbam :
 Nunc te sacratæ restituere manus.
 Furius antiquum populi superator Hetrusci
 Voverat, et voti solverat ante fidem.
 Causa, quod a patribus sumptis secesserat armis
 Vulgus, et ipsa suas Roma timebat opes.
 Causa recens melior : passos Germania crines
 Porrigit auspiciis, dux venerande, tuis.
 Inde triumphatæ libasti munera gentis ;
 Templeque fecisti, quam colis ipse, deæ.
 Hæc tua constituit genetrix et rebus et ara,
 Sola toro magni digna reperta Jovis.

OVID. *Fast.* lib. i. 637.

3. QUID tua Socraticis tibi nunc sapientia libris
 Proderit, aut rerum dicere posse vias ?
 Aut quid Cretæi tibi prosunt carmina lecta ?
 Nil juvat in magno vester amore senex.
 Tu satius Musis meliorem imitere Philetam,
 Et non inflati somnia Callimachi.
 Non cursus licet Ætoli referas Acheloi,
 Fluxerit ut magno fractus amore liquor ;
 Atque etiam ut Phrygio fallax Mæandria campo
 Errat, et ipsa suas decipit unda vias :
 Qualis et Adrasti fuerit vocalis Arion
 Tristis ad Archemori funera victor equus.
 Amphiarææ nil prosunt fata quadrigæ,
 Aut Capanei magno grata ruina Jovi.
 Desine et Æschyleo componere verba cothurno,
 Desine, et ad molles membra resolve choros.
 Incipe jam angusto versus includere torno,
 Inque tuos ignes, dure poeta, veni.

PROPERT. lib. ii. *El.* 24.

NE toga cordylis, ne pænula desit olivis,
 Aut inopem metuat sordida blatta famem :
 Perditæ Niliacas, Musæ, mea damna papyros ;
 Postulat, ecce, novos ebria bruma sales.
 Non mea magnanimo depugnat tessera talo,
 Senio nec nostrum cum cane quassat ebur.
 Hæc mihi charta nuces, hæc est mihi charta fritillus :
 Alea nec damnum, nec facit ista lucrum.

MARTIAL. lib. xiii. *Ep.* 1.

Translate into ENGLISH PROSE :

DEINDE sequitur, quibus jus sit cum populo agendi aut cum senatu. Gravis, et, ut arbitror, præclara lex. *Quæ cum populo quæque in patribus agentur modica sunt ; id est modesta atque sedata. Actor enim et moderatur et fingit, non modo mentem ac voluntates,*

sed poene vultus eorum apud quos agit. Quod in senatu difficile est. Est enim senator is, cujus non ad actorem referatur animus, sed qui per se ipse spectari velit. Huic jussa tria sunt: ut adsit; nam gravitatem res habet cum frequens ordo est: ut loco dicat, id est, rogatus; ut modo, ne sit infinitus; nam brevitatem non modo senatoris sed etiam oratoris magna laus est in sententia: nec est unquam longa oratione utendum nisi aut peccante senatu (quod fit ambitione sæpissime nullo magistratu adjuvante) tolli diem utile est; aut cum tanta causa est, ut opus sit oratoris copia vel ad hortandum vel ad docendum. Quorum generum in utroque magnus noster Cato est. Quodque addit, *Causas populi teneto*, est senatori necessarium nosse rem publicam. Idque late patet: quid habeat militum, quid valeat ærario, quos socios res publica habeat, quos amicos, quos stipendiarios, qua quisque sit lege, conditione, foedere, tenere consuetudinem decernendi, nosse exempla majorum. Videtis jam genus hoc omne scientiæ, diligentiae, memoriæ esse, sine quo paratus esse senator nullo pacto potest. Deinceps sunt cum populo actiones, in quibus primum et maximum, *vis abesto*. Nihil est enim exitiosius civitatibus, nihil tam contrarium juri et legibus, nihil minus et civile et humanum, quam composita et constituta res publica, quidquam agi per vim. Parere jubet intercessori; quo nihil præstantius. Impediri enim bonam rem melius quam concedi malæ. Quod vero actoris jubeo esse fraudem, id totum dixi ex P. Crassi, sapientissimi hominis, sententia: quem est senatus consecutus, cum decrevisset C. Claudio consule de Cn. Carbonis seditione referente, invito eo qui cum populo ageret, seditionem non posse fieri, quippe cui liceat concilium, simulatque intercessum, turbareque ceptum sit, dimittere.

What were the different modes of administration of the Roman provinces, and into what classes were they divided?

NIL erat plane, quod scriberem. Nam quum Puteolis essem, quodtidie aliquid novi de Octaviano, multa etiam falsa de Antonio. Ad ea autem quæ scripsisti (tres enim acceperam III. Idus a te epistolas) valde tibi assentior, si multum possit Octavianus, multo firmitus acta tyranni comprobatur iri quam in Telluris, atque id contra Brutum fore: sin autem vincitur, vides intolerabilem Antonium, ut quem velis, nescias. O Sextii tabellarium, hominem nequam! Postridie Puteolis Romæ se dixit fore. Quod me mones ut pedetentim, assentior, etiam aliter cogitabam. Nec me Philippus aut Marcellus movet. Alia enim eorum ratio: et, si non est, tamen videtur. Sed in isto juvene, quanquam animi satis, auctoritatis parum est. Tamen vide, si forte in Tusculano recte esse possum, idne melius sit (ero libentius, nihil enim ignorabo) an hoc, quum Antonius venerit. Sed, ut aliud ex alio, mihi non est dubium, quin, quod Græci καθήκον, nos officium. Id autem, quid dubitas, quin etiam in rem publicam præclare caderet? Nonne dicimus, *consulis officium*, *senatus officium*? præclare convenit, aut da melius. Male narras de Nepotis filio. Valde mehercule moveor et moleste fero. Nescieram omnino esse istum puerum. Caninium perdidici, hominem quod ad me attinet non ingratum. Athenodorum nihil est quod hortere: misit enim satis bellum πρόμνημα. Gravedini, quæso, omni ratione subveni. Avi tui pronepos scribit ad patris mei nepotem se ex Nonis iis, quibus

nos magna gessimus, ædem Opis explicaturum, idque ad populum. Videbis igitur, et scribes. Sexti iudicium exspecto.

In what year of Rome does it appear from internal evidence that the above letter must have been written? Describe briefly the state of political affairs at that period: and explain the allusions in the above letter.

FRIDAY, February 18. 12½...2.

1. TRANSLATE:

Σὺ ὦν μὴ βούλευ ἐς κίνδυνον μηδένα τοιοῦτον ἀπικέσθαι μηδεμιῆς ἀνάγκης εἴσης, ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πείθευ. νῦν μὲν τὸν σύλλογον τόνδε διάλυσον, αὐτὶς δέ, ὅταν τοι δοκῇ, προσκεψάμενος ἐπὶ σεωπτοῦ προαγόρευε τὰ τοι δοκέει εἶναι ἄριστα. τὸ γὰρ ἐν βουλευέσθαι κέρδος μέγιστον εὐρίσκω ἐόν· εἰ γὰρ καὶ ἐναντιωθῆναι τι θέλει, βεβούλευται μὲν οὐδὲν ἦσσαν εὖ, ἔσσωται δὲ ὑπὸ τῆς τύχης τὸ βούλευμα· ὁ δὲ βουλευσάμενος αἰσχροῦς, εἰ οἱ ἡ τύχη ἐπίσποιτο, εὖρημα εὖρηκε, ἦσσαν τε οὐδὲν οἱ κακῶς βεβούλευται. Ὅρᾳς τὰ ὑπερέχοντα ζῶα ὡς κεραυνοὶ ὁ θεὸς οὐδὲ ἐφ' φαντάζεσθαι, τὰ δὲ σμικρὰ οὐδὲν μιν κνίξει· ὅρᾳς δὲ ὡς ἐς οἰκήματα τὰ μέγιστα αἰεὶ καὶ δένδρεα τὰ τοιαῦτα ἀποσκήπτει τὰ βέλεα· φιλεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὰ ὑπερέχοντα πάντα κολοῦειν. οὕτω δὴ καὶ στρατὸς πολλὸς ὑπὸ ὀλίγου διαφθείρεται κατὰ τοιόνδε· ἐπεὶ σφὶ ὁ θεὸς φθονήσας φόβον ἐμβάλη ἡ βροντὴν, δι' ὧν ἐφθάρησαν ἀναξίως ἐκωπῶν. οὐ γὰρ ἐφ' φρονέειν μέγα ὁ θεὸς ἄλλον ἢ ἐκωπῶν. Ἐπειχθῆναι μὲν νυν πᾶν πρῆγμα τίκει σφάλματα, ἐκ τῶν ζημίαι μεγάλαι φιλέουσι γίνεσθαι· ἐν δὲ τῷ ἐπισχεῖν ἐνεσθὶ ἀγαθὰ, εἰ μὴ παραντίκα δοκίοντα εἶναι, ἀλλ' ἀνὰ χρόνον ἐξεύροι τις ἂν. Σοὶ μὲν δὴ ταῦτα, ὦ βασιλεῦ, συμβουλεύω. σὺ δέ, ὦ παῖ Γωβρύεω Μαρδόνιε, παῦσαι λέγων λόγους ματαίους περὶ Ἑλλήνων, οὐκ ἰόντων αἰῶν φλαύρους ἀκούειν. Ἑλλήνας γὰρ διαβάλλων παίρεις αὐτὸν βασιλέα στρατεύεσθαι· αὐτοῦ δὲ τούτου εἵνεκα δοκέεις μοι πᾶσαν προθυμίην ἐκτείνειν. μὴ νυν οὕτω γένηται. διαβολὴ γὰρ ἐστὶ δεινότατον· ἐν τῇ δύο μὲν εἰσι οἱ ἀδικέοντες, εἰς δὲ ὁ ἀδικεόμενος· μὲν γὰρ διαβάλλων ἀδικεῖ οὐ παρεόντος κατηγορέων, ὁ δὲ ἀδικεῖ ἀναπειθόμενος πρὶν ἢ ἀτρεκέως ἐκμάρθῃ· ὁ δὲ δὴ ἀπὼν τοῦ λόγου τάδε ἐν αὐτοῖσι ἀδικεῖται, διαβληθεὶς τε ὑπὸ τοῦ ἐτέρου καὶ νομισθεὶς πρὸς τοῦ ἐτέρου κακὸς εἶναι.

HEROD. Lib. vii. cap. 10.

(1) Write out in Attic Greek all the Ionic forms of the above. When did Herodotus live?

(2) Compare any idea in this passage with a similar one in Latin or English poetry.

II. Translate:

Ἡ μὲν οὖν εἰρωνεία δόξειεν ἂν εἶναι, ὡς τύπῃ λαβεῖν, προσπολήσεις ἐπὶ χεῖρον πράξεων καὶ λόγων, ὁ δὲ εἰρων τοιοῦτός τις, οἷος προσελθὼν τοῖς ἐχθροῖς ἐθέλειν φιλεῖν, οὐ μισεῖν, καὶ ἐπαινεῖν παρόντας, οἷς ἐπέθετο λάθρα, καὶ τούτοις συλλυπεῖσθαι ἡττημένους· καὶ συγγνώμην δὲ ἔχειν τοῖς κακῶς αὐτὸν λέγουσι, καὶ ἐπὶ τοῖς καθ' αὐτοῦ λεγομένοις, καὶ πρὸς τοὺς ἀδικουμένους καὶ ἀγανακτοῦντας πρῶως διαλέγεσθαι· καὶ τοῖς ἐντογχεῖναι κατὰ σπουδὴν βουλομένοις προστάζει ἐπανελθεῖν, καὶ προσποιήσασθαι, ἄρτι παραγεγονέναι, καὶ ὅψε γενέσθαι αὐτόν, καὶ μαλακισθῆναι· καὶ μὴδὲν, ὧν πράττει, ὁμολογῆσαι, ἀλλὰ φῆσαι βουλευέσθαι· καὶ πρὸς τοὺς δανειζομένους καὶ ἐρανίζοντας, ὡς οὐ πωλεῖ, καὶ μὴ πωλῶν, φῆσαι πωλεῖν· καὶ ἀκούσας

τι, μὴ προσποιεῖσθαι, καὶ ἰδῶν, φῆσαι μὴ ἑωρακέναι, καὶ ὁμολογήσας, μὴ μεμνησθαι· καὶ τὰ μὲν σκέψασθαι φάσκειν, τὰ δὲ οὐκ εἰδέναι, τὰ δὲ θαυμάζειν, τὰ δὲ ἤδη ποτὲ καὶ αὐτὸς οὕτω διαλογίσασθαι. Καὶ τὸ ὅλον δεινὸς τῷ τοιοῦτῃ τρόπῳ τοῦ λόγου χρῆσθαι, Οὐ πιστεύω—Οὐχ ὑπολαμβάνω—'Εκπλήττομαι· καὶ λέγειν Αὐτὸν ἕτερον γεγονέναι· καὶ μὴν οὐ ταῦτα πρὸς ἐμὲ διεξήκει. Παράδοξόν μοι τὸ πρᾶγμα—'Αλλὰ τινὶ λέγε—'Ὅπως δὲ σοὶ ἀπιστήσω, ἢ ἐκείνου καταγνώ, ἀποροῦμαι. 'Αλλ' ὅρα, μὴ σὺ θάπτον πιστεύης τοιαύτας φωνὰς καὶ πλοκάς καὶ παλλολογίας, οὐ χεῖρόν ἐστιν εὐρεῖν οὐδέν· τὰ δὲ τῶν ἡθῶν μὴ ἀπλᾶ, ἀλλ' ἐπίβουλα φυλάττεσθαι μᾶλλον δεῖ ἢ τοὺς ἔχεις.

THEOPHRASTUS *Charact.*

FRIDAY, February 18. 2...3½.

Translate accurately into ENGLISH PROSE :

TEL. ΦΕΥ, φεῦ· φρονεῖν ὡς δεινόν, ἔνθα μὴ τέλη λυεῖ φρονούντι. ταῦτα γὰρ καλῶς ἐγὼ εἰδὼς διώλεσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἂν δεῖρ' ἰκόμην.

OI. τί δ' ἔστιν ; ὡς ἄθυμος εἰσεληλυθας.

TEL. ἄφες μ' ἐς οἶκον· ῥᾶστα γὰρ τὸ σὸν τε σὺ, καὶ γὰρ διοίσω τοῦμόν, ἣν ἐμοὶ πίθη.

OI. οὐτ' ἔννομ' εἶπας, οὔτε προσφιλες πόλει τῇδ', ἢ σ' ἔθρεψε, τήνδ' ἀποστερῶν φάτιν.

TEL. ὥρῳ γὰρ οὐδὲ σοὶ τὸ σὸν φώνημ' ἰὸν πρὸς καιρόν· ὡς οὖν μὴδ' ἐγὼ ταυτὸν πάθω.

XO. μὴ, πρὸς θεῶν, φρονῶν γ' ἀποστραφῆς, ἐπεὶ πάντες σὲ προσκυνούμεν οἷδ' ἰκτήριοι.

TEL. πάντες γὰρ σὺ φρονεῖς· ἐγὼ δ' οὐ μὴ ποτε τὰμ' ὡς ἂν εἶπω μὴ τὰ σ' ἐκφήνω κακά.

OI. οὐκ, ὦ κακῶν κάκιστε, καὶ γὰρ ἂν πέτρον φύσιν σὺ γ' ὀργάνειας, ἑξερεῖς ποτέ ; ἀλλ' ὧδ' ἀτεγκτος κάτελεύτητος φανεῖ ;

TEL. ὀργὴν ἐμέμψω τὴν ἐμήν· τὴν σὴν δ' ὁμοῦ ναίουσιν οὐ κατεῖδες, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ ψέγεις.

OI. τίς γὰρ τοιαῦτ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ὀργίζοιτ' ἔπη κλύων, ἃ νῦν σὺ τήνδ' ἀτιμάζεις πόλιν ;

TEL. ἤξει γὰρ αὐτὰ, κἂν ἐγὼ σιγῇ στέγω.

OI. οὐκοῦν ἂ γ' ἤξει καὶ σὲ χρὴ λέγειν ἐμοῖ.

SOPH. *Ced. Tyran.* 316.

"ΑΓΚΥΡΑ δὴ μου τὰς τύχας ὄχει μόνη, πόσιν ποθ' ἤξειν καὶ μ' ἀπαλλάξαι κακῶν· οὗτος τέθηγκεν, οὗτος οὐκέτ' ἔστι δὴ. μήτηρ δ' ὅλῳλε, καὶ φονεὺς αὐτῆς ἐγώ, ἀδίκως μὲν, ἀλλὰ τᾷδικον τοῦτ' ἔστ' ἐμόν· ὃ δ' ἀγλαῖσμα δωματῶν ἐμοῦ τ' ἔφν, θυγάτηρ ἄνθρωπος πολὺα παρθενεῖνεται· τῷ τοῦ Διὸς δὲ λεγομένῳ Διοσκόρῳ οὐκ ἔστόν. ἀλλὰ πάντ' ἔχουσα δυστυχῇ τοῖς πράγμασιν τέθηγκα, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὐ. τὸ δ' ἔσχατον τοῦτ', εἰ μόλοιμεν ἐς πάτραν, κλείθροις ἂν ἐιργαίμεσθα, τὴν ὑπ' Ἰδίῳ

δοκῶντες Ἑλένην Μενέλεω μ' ἐλθεῖν μέτα.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔζη πόσις, ἀνεγνώσθημεν ἂν
εἰς ξύμβολ' ἐλθόντες, ἃ φανερά μοι οἰς ἦν.
νῦν δ' οὔτε τοῦτ' ἔστ' οὔτε μὴ σωθῇ ποτε.

EURIP. *Helen*. 277.

Explain any peculiarities in construction. Does any other poet adopt the same story?

ὦ ΜΟΙ ἐγώ, τί πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς ἐς κύματα τηνῶ ἀλεῦμαι,
Ὡπερ τῶς θύνῃως σκοπιάσδεται Ὀλπις ὁ γριπεύς.
Καῖκα μὴ ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἄδ' ἔτενκται.
Ἐγνων πρᾶν, ὅκα μεν μεμναμένω εἰ φιλέεις με,
Οὐδέ τὸ τηλέφιλον ποτιμαζόμενον πλατάγησεν,
Ἄλλ' αὐτῶς ἀπαλῶ ποτὶ πάχεϊ ἐξεμαράνθη.
Εἶπε καὶ Ἀγροῖω τάλαιθέα κοσκινόμαντις,
Ἄ πρᾶν ποιολογεῦσα παραιβάτις, οὔνεκ' ἐγὼ μὲν
Τὴν ὅλος ἔγκειμαι· τὴν δέ μεν λόγον οὐδένα ποιῇ.
Ἦ μὰν τοι λευκὰν διδυματόκον αἶγα φυλάσσω,
Τὰν με καὶ αἱ Μέρμυονος Ἐριθαίης αἱ μελανόχρως
Αἰτεῖ· καὶ δωσῶ οἱ ἐπεὶ τὴν μοι ἐνδιαθρύπτῃ.

LIST OF THE CANDIDATES
FOR THE
CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

FIRST CLASS.

Denman, Hon. George Trinity college.
Munro, Hugh W. Johnstone, Trinity college.
Atkinson, Edward, Clare hall.
Peter, Robert Godolphin, Jesus college.
Wolfe, Arthur, St. John's college.
Shaw, Benjamin, Trinity college.
Morse, Francis, St. John's college.
Wilson, William Grime, St. John's college.
Kingsley, Charles, Magdalene college.

SECOND CLASS.

Nugée, George, Trinity college.
Ainger, George Henry, St. John's college.
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Vaughan, Edwyn Henry, Christ's college.
Vidal, Owen Emery, St. John's college.
Fowell, Richard Drake, Christ's college.
Carter, Samuel Robert, Emmanuel college.
Montagu, Edgar William, Caius college.
Woodford, James Russell, Pembroke college.
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Parr, William, Catharine hall.
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Thrupp, Charles Joseph, Trinity college.
Light, William Edward, St. John's college.
Hogg, Lewis, Emmanuel college. } *Æq.*
Ramsey, Arthur, Trinity college. }

THE RECENT HISTORIES OF ROME.

History of Rome, by THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D. Vols. I. and II.

Histoire Romaine, Première Partie : République : par MICHELET, *Chef de la Section Historique aux Archives du Royaume, Maître de Conférences à l'Ecole Normale.*

A FATALITY seems to hang over the great men who in the present age attempt the most arduous of historical labours—a complete history of Ancient Rome.

Niebuhr's illustrious work is but a fragment—a fragment that has done more to clear up men's conventional notions, and fix their lines of study respecting Rome, than any work ever published; but its great author was denied the old age during which he had hoped to complete his vast undertaking: and now, when we had reason to think that a successor worthy of him had appeared in our own country—that it had been reserved for England to produce another historian who should narrate the Rise and Progress of the Power of Rome, learnedly and eloquently, as Gibbon has described her Decline and Fall—the unexpected death of Arnold has checked these anticipations; and the history which its amiable and able author had hoped, “should life and health be spared him, to carry on to the revival of the Western Empire, in the year 800 of the Christian æra, by the coronation of Charlemagne at Rome,” now terminates abruptly at the close of the first Punic War, at that very point of the history where we were looking most anxiously for the succeeding part of the work, to see how Arnold would proceed on his arduous path when the footsteps of Niebuhr were no longer before him: and we have, moreover, been deprived of our hopes of his other volumes on this great subject, at the very time when, by the publication of his *Lectures on Modern History*, he had raised still higher than before, our estimation of his copiousness of information, of the boldness and originality of his historical views, of the felicity of his style, and of the cautious soundness of his judgments.

We hope that England will yet supply the achiever of the great task,—that “*Aureus alter*” will not be wanting. As Cambridge men, we should gladly hail the renewed undertaking of it by one who has already proved his ability to master its most intricate and laborious portion. If the writer of the five Numbers on the History of Rome, which were published some years ago by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, would resume and complete his subject, on the same ample and comprehensive scale on which he has treated its early portion, and not on the more elementary one to which the publications of that Society are generally limited, Trinity will be able to boast of having produced, in Thirlwall and Malden, the two standard modern historians of the two great nations of antiquity.

(¹) *Preface*, Vol. I. p. viii.

Meanwhile, we turn with feelings of bereavement to what has been left us by Arnold—to the two volumes that form so small an instalment of the contribution promised by him to classical literature. But his work, like Niebuhr's, even in its incomplete state, has deservedly taken a high station, and will maintain it: it is one which, even though the present void in Roman historiography should be filled up, every scholar will refer to, to see what were the opinions of such a man as Arnold on some of the early questions, to observe how he commenced his grasp of so mighty a theme. For Arnold was a man peculiarly qualified for the task, both in the natural temperament of his mind, and in its acquired resources. "He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one." His professional pursuits, as an instructor in the Classics, secured the accuracy of his learning; while his range of reading was extensive; and the spirit in which he read, was keen to perceive, and comprehensive to combine. He was candid and tolerant in stating and dealing with the opinions of others, at the same time that he was earnest and energetic in enunciating and impressing those which he conscientiously believed to be right. Moreover, where difficulties were insuperable to him, instead of endeavouring to evade or disguise the question, he honestly avowed it and the unsuccessful efforts which he had made towards its solution. And this high merit in him, as a man, impairs not his rank as an author; for he who really knows much can afford to be sometimes ignorant. He was no mere antique pedant; but singularly well versed in modern literature, and conversant with modern history, as the Lectures published by him on that subject abundantly prove. His edition of Thucydides is a testimonial of his learning, of his fairness as a critic, and of the deep devotion with which he had studied the writings of that most profound observer and graphic pourtrayer of the springs of human action in periods of sternest excitement. Moreover, the subject of Roman History was not one recently caught up by him; but one on which his attention had long been fixed¹, and portions of which he had already treated in a masterly and lucid manner. The Articles relating to Rome, which were written by him in the "*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*," make, even in their present disjointed and inconvenient form, the best history of Rome that we yet possess in the language.

In the present notice of Roman history and Roman historians we have associated for consideration with Arnold's volumes the work of Michelet, an author who enjoys an almost enthusiastic popularity in his own country, but who is nearly unknown in England. With the exception of a slight and slighting notice in a recent number of "*Blackwood*," and a brief overdone panegyric in "*the Westminster*," we do not recollect seeing the name of Michelet mentioned in any of our periodicals; and we are sure that it will be a surprise to almost all our classical students to be told that there is an eloquent and popular history of the Roman Republic by a modern Frenchman. A *complete* history it is not: many important topics are omitted, or but slightly glanced at: indeed, it would be a physical impossibility to write a full history of Rome down to the battle of Actium, in three diminutive volumes,

(¹) Preface, Vol. I. p. vii.

averaging about 250 pages each. A *faultless* history it is not: there are many hasty generalisations—many inaccuracies of detail. It is far from filling up the vast chasm which we have alluded to as existing between the end of Niebuhr and the commencement of Gibbon; but it is a brilliant and lucid sketch, abounding in eloquent descriptions, full of bold and original views, that may supply even to the veteran scholar new lights in which he may view old questions: it is a book which makes its reader think, though it may not make him think with the writer. It has, moreover, the practical merit of being what is commonly called a *readable book*: it is never dull or dry, but the interest of the story and the animation of the narrator are kept up from the beginning to the end.

One requisite for the successful accomplishment of an arduous feat, self-confidence, Michelet undoubtedly possesses. In his Preface to his work, he thus speaks of himself and Niebuhr and Gibbon: "Et nous, Français, ne réclamerons nous pas quelque partie dans cette Rome qui fut à nous? la longue et large épée Germanique pèse sans doute; mais celle de la France n'est elle pas plus acérée? Pour moi, je n'ai pu me résigner: même dans les premières pages de mon livre les seules où je me rencontre avec celui de Niebuhr, je ne l'ai pas suivi servilement; j'ai souvent fait bon marché de ses audacieuses hypothèses. Je sais qu'il est souvent impossible de tirer une histoire sérieuse d'une époque dont presque tous les monumens ont péri¹."

It is all very well for Michelet to hold Niebuhr's hypotheses cheap; but such cheapening rather betokens the poverty of his own learning: he should have tried to confute them. Further on he says: "Quant à l'Empire, son histoire roule sur quatre points: le dernier développement du droit romain, le premier développement du Christianisme considéré, en soi, et dans sa lutte avec la philosophie d'Alexandrie; enfin, le combat du génie Romain contre le génie Germanique. Quelle que soit mon admiration pour l'ingénieuse érudition de Gibbon, j'ose dire que ces quatre points n'ont été qu'effleurés dans son immense ouvrage²."

Certainly, there is much for a successor to Gibbon to correct and supply, with reference to the relations of the Christian Church with the Empire: in other respects, we shall look with more curiosity than expectation, to see how far the performances of Michelet's pen will sustain its promises.

Michelet's Roman History is far from being the sole labour of his life: it bears in it the marks of haste: and when we look to the number and character of his other works, we can easily believe that their author is a man of the mental powers, and devotion to historical study, which Michelet is reputed to be, without seeing in them the pledges of any depth of classical scholarship. The work of his that is most popular with his countrymen is his "Histoire de France:" besides this, he has published "Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle;" "Œuvres choisies de Vico;" "Tableau Chronologique de l'Histoire Moderne;" "Mémoires de Luther;" "Origines du Droit Français" (principally taken from a similar work of Grimm's, on German Law); and "Précis de l'Histoire Moderne," a very able and animated compendium. None of these works could have

(1) Preface, p. xiv.

(2) Ib. p. xvii.

given him any practice in ancient history, except a little of Vico; and certainly the present volumes do not shew that intimate and accurate familiarity with the Classics which would place him on a level with Niebuhr or Arnold.

Leaving our consideration of the men, and coming to the books themselves, we are unpleasantly surprised, in commencing Arnold, at not finding any geographical account of Italy. It is a remark as old as the days of Polybius, that unless the situation and character of countries be previously known, a narrative of what was done in those countries must of necessity convey to the mind images full of obscurity and vagueness; that the mere mentioning the names of the districts, rivers, and towns that become from time to time the scene of action is not enough to make the reader accurately and closely understand his author: but, that if a full knowledge of the topography be first acquired, then the mention of names of places gives intelligible and connected ideas; whereas without such knowledge, as the mind has no previously acquired basis on which it may fix and group each point of the narrative, names of places fall on the ear like mere unmeaning gibberish¹. And Arnold himself has, in another work², forcibly pointed out, that "In history, as in other things, a knowledge of the external is needed, before we arrive at that which is within. We want to get a sort of frame for our picture—a set of local habitations, τόποι—where our ideas may be arranged: and thus we want to know clearly the geographical bounds of different countries." And, a little further on in the same work, he equally truly says, that a proper and full knowledge of geography is something more than "a knowledge of the relative position and distance from one another of the towns or habitations of particular tribes or nations, though such knowledge be indeed indispensable to the simplest understanding of history; but that the far deeper acquaintance with geography, which is required by him who should study history effectively, embraces at once this plan-like knowledge of the position, shape, and relative distance of different districts; and, also, the real geography of a country; its organic structure; the form of its skeleton, that is, of its hills; the magnitude and course of its veins and arteries, that is, of its streams and rivers: and that to the student who can thus conceive of it as a whole, made up of connected parts, the position of man's dwellings, viewed in reference to those parts, becomes easily remembered, and lively and intelligible besides³."

It is obvious, on Arnold's own shewing, that to give this full and vivid knowledge of a country, a good map is indeed indispensable, and will do much; but it will not do all; the historian's stores of scientific information, and his descriptive powers, must be employed. Now it may certainly be said, that a history of Rome does not purport to be the history of a *country*; and that if the historian is required to give a preliminary geographical view of the dwelling-places of all the nations with whom the growing power of the Imperial city came in contact, he must commence by a dissertation on the geography of nearly all the old world: for, to adopt Niebuhr's beautiful expression, as rivers mingle with the

(1) Polyb. Hist. iii. sec. 36. (2) Lectures on Modern History, p. 157. (3) Ibid. pp. 158—161.

ocean, so do the histories of all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean mingle with, and become integral portions of the history of Rome. But we make no such demand. What we feel we have a right to require at once, is, not this universal Atlas and description, but a correct and full view of Italy—of Italy, the land of the various races from whose blending together the Roman people was composed, the scene of Rome's early wars, of her truly heroic ages, and, throughout her conquests, so proudly distinct from the conquered provinces. Topographical accounts of these last may be conveniently deferred till we come to the wars by which each province was acquired; but we ought to comprehend Italy at once: this is, in fact, indispensable for passing the very threshold of Roman history, for working out the Archæological portion of the inquiry, and ascertaining what and whence the various Italian tribes were at the period of Rome's earliest existence. We must know the locality, the extent, the character of the territory which each of these occupied, that we may the better divine to what extent each affected the elements of the original population of the Seven-hilled City; and that we may be able to judge how far her situation fitted her for becoming the capital of Italy, and what races of mankind she was likely to encounter before that opening part of her career could be accomplished.

Michelet gives, in his second chapter, a very animated "Tableau" of Italy; and after quoting, in his notes to the chapter, the opinion of various writers, ancient and modern, as to the advantages or disadvantages of the situation of Rome, and on the geographical and geological character of Italy in general, he gives a long extract from the "*Mémoires de Napoleon*," containing an elaborate description of Italy; and critical remarks on the capabilities for forming a great and powerful nation which its position and configuration present, on their counteracting disadvantages, on the lines of military defence which it contains, and his decision, that, all things considered, Rome is better situated for being her capital than any other of her cities. Michelet's own text, with the profound and clear observations of the great conqueror of Italy in the note, form together an excellent introductory description: though sufficient care is not taken to point out that they refer too exclusively to *Modern* Italy for the purpose of the work; nor are the changes of climate and soil, which the felling of forests, the falling off of cultivation in most places, and its improvement in a few, have, among other causes, effected; nor is it adverted to, how different the relative state of the rest of the world to Italy is now, to what it formally was; and, consequently, how different her advantages or inconveniences of situation at present are, from what they must have been at the time when civilization and political power were almost confined to the shores of the Mediterranean, the very centre of which sea Italy occupies.

What Arnold could have done in describing Italy, we may judge from his powerful sketch of her geography which he has incidentally introduced in another work¹, and the natural position of which would be here, at the opening of his work on Rome:—

(¹) *Introductory Lectures on Modern History*, p. 163.

"The mere plan-geography of Italy gives us its shape, as I have observed, and the position of its towns: to these it may add a semicircle of mountains round the northern boundary, to represent the Alps; and another long line stretching down the middle of the country, to represent the Apennines. But let us carry on this a little farther, and give life and meaning and harmony to what is at present at once lifeless and confused. Observe, in the first place, how the Apennine line, beginning from the southern extremity of the Alps, runs across Italy to the very edge of the Adriatic, and thus separates naturally the Italy Proper of the Romans from Cisalpine Gaul. Observe again, how the Alps, after running north and south where they divide Italy from France, turn then away to the eastward, running almost parallel to the Apennines, till they, too, touch the head of the Adriatic, on the confines of Istria. Thus, between these two lines of mountains there is enclosed one great basin or plain; enclosed on three sides by mountains, open only on the east to the sea. Observe how widely it spreads itself out, and then see how well it is watered. One great river flows through it, in its whole extent; and this is fed by streams almost unnumbered, descending towards it on either side; from the Alps on one side, and from the Apennines on the other. Who can wonder that this large and rich and well-watered plain should be filled with flourishing cities, or that it should have been contended for so often by successive invaders? Then, descending into Italy Proper, we find the complexity of its geography quite in accordance with its manifold political divisions. It is not one simple central ridge of mountains, leaving a broad belt of level country on either side between it and the sea; nor yet is it a chain rising immediately from the sea on one side, like the Andes in South America, and leaving room therefore on the other side for wide plains of table-land, and for rivers with a sufficient length of course to become at last great and navigable. It is a back-bone thickly set with spines of unequal length; some of them running out at regular distances parallel to each other, but others twisted so strangely that they often run for a long way parallel to the back-bone or main ridge, and interlace with one another in a maze almost inextricable. And, as if to complete the disorder, in those spots where the spines of the Apennines, being twisted round, run parallel to the sea and to their own central chain, and thus leave an interval of plain between their bases and the Mediterranean, volcanic agency has broken up the space thus left with other and distinct groups of hills of its own creation; as in the case of Vesuvius, and of the Alban hills near Rome. Speaking generally, then, Italy is made up of an infinite multitude of valleys pent in between high and steep hills, each forming a country to itself, and cut off by natural barriers from the others. Its several parts are isolated by nature, and no art of man can thoroughly unite them.

In his History, he only gives us a description (excellent in itself) of the site of Rome, and of the territory immediately round it: and though very good local accounts of particular districts occur from time to time in his work, there is nowhere any connected description of the whole of Italy.

Perhaps this omission (or rather this delay, for we strongly think that Arnold would have supplied it in some part of his History if he had lived to finish his work) was connected with another omission, certainly intentional—his omitting to give an account of the early tribes that inhabited Italy. He says himself on this subject, in his Preface:—

"Those readers who are acquainted with Niebuhr, or with the History written by Mr. Malden for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, may be surprised to find so little said in this volume upon the antiquities of the different nations of Italy. The omission, however, was made deliberately; partly because the subject does not appear to me to belong

essentially to the early history of Rome ; and still more, because the researches now carried on with so much spirit in Italy hold out the hope that we may obtain, ere long, some more satisfactory knowledge than is at present attainable. Pelasgian inscriptions, written in a character clearly distinguishable from the Etruscan, have been discovered very recently, as I am informed, at Agylla or Cære. And the study and comparison of the several Indo-Germanic languages is making such progress, that, if any fortunate discovery comes in to aid it, we may hope to see the mystery of the Etruscan inscriptions at length unravelled. I was not sorry, therefore, to defer any detailed inquiry into the antiquities of the Italian nations, in the expectation that I might be able hereafter to enter upon the subject to greater advantage."

As, unhappily, we can no longer hope to see this void filled up by the hand of Arnold himself, and as certainly the commencement of the work is the most natural and convenient place for such information, the best mode of supplying it is, to incorporate with the beginning of our first volumes of Arnold the numbers of the work alluded to, which contain Mr. Malden's copious and profound third chapter, respecting the early inhabitants of Italy.

How strange and intense is the interest that has grown up in the study of Roman archæology! Twenty years ago, if a dozen educated men, chosen at random, had been asked, What was the origin of Rome? who founded it? what were the early fortunes of the Commonwealth? probably ten of the twelve might have stared with surprise at being asked such simple elementary questions; but it is almost certain that they would, one and all, have unhesitatingly given in answer their recollections of Livy and Plutarch, of Virgil and Ovid. Now, how complete, how universal, is the revolution in men's minds on these subjects! We do not mean to say that implicit faith was formerly placed by *all* scholars in the common narrative. Perizonius, De Beaufort, Vico, and Ferguson had not doubted and disputed quite in vain; but the general belief of ordinary educated people in Romulus and Remus was orthodox and firm: of course, Mars was not considered to have been really their sire; and Goldsmith certainly warned school-boys that the wolf's wet-nursing might possibly not be an indisputable zoological phænomenon; that Lupa might, in truth, have been a bad woman, and not a good beast: still, the ordinary tales of Numa and his laws, Horatius and his sister, Cocles and his bridge, Scævola and his hand, &c., were composedly learned and taught: the common-places respecting the early Constitution, that the clients of the patricians were the plebeians, &c. &c., were gravely got up, as things to be known and reasoned from. All which now—

Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.

And not only are the present generation wiser than their fathers, but they actually know many parts of Roman history better than the Romans themselves did. Michelet's remark is true: "*Il faut l'avouer, Niebuhr a su l'antiquité comme l'antiquité ne s'est pas toujours su elle même:*" and Niebuhr and his followers have communicated this superiority of knowledge to almost every student whose acquirements range above the very lowest level. Were Juvenal to revisit us, and talk again of what

—Græcia mendax
Audet in historiâ,—

the literary world, whom modern researches have taught to believe more and more in Herodotus, and less and less in Livy, would ridicule his misplaced ridicule, and retort on him his credulous adoption of the daring fictions of his own country's annalists. Still, we own that we give up the old legends reluctantly;

Men are we; and must grieve, when even the shade
Of that which once was great is ta'en away.

And those who in early youth dwelt over Plutarch's *Lives* and "Livy's pictured page" with the thrilling curiosity and earnest trustfulness of childhood, naturally cling, even against their better judgment, to the old familiar story of kings and heroes. Not, indeed, that they can sink into utter neglect and oblivion;—their surpassing animation and interest, were we to view them as mere romances, will always preserve them; and the eloquent narrative of Livy will ever be dear to the student, for its own sake, as a literary performance. We cannot help protesting against the style in which Arnold has written out these old heroic tales. His own explanation of this is, "that he wished to give them with the best effect, and at the same time with a perpetual mark not to be mistaken by the most careless reader, that they were mere legends: and not history." No reader could possibly make such a mistake, unless he limited his reading to the single chapter containing the legends: and surely the distinguishing mark, if necessary, might have been affixed without using such very bald blank prose as he has adopted? The story of Rhea Sylvia may be equally fictitious, but need not be written in quite the same style as the story of Mother Goose. Probably the most effective, the most worthy, and the least deceptive way of giving these legends, would be, to reproduce the old national lays in which they originated—those songs of the prowess of their ancestors, which the primitive Romans used to sing at their banquets¹. No one can doubt the capacity of our language for such revivals, who has read our own old ballads, or Lockhart's translations from the Spanish; but the union of learning, taste, and genius necessary for such a restorer of old Rome is a combination not easily met with².

Turning, then, regretfully from the old legends, confessing with Pindar, that,

ἡ θαύματα πολλά
καὶ πού τι καὶ βροτῶν φάτιν
ὑπὲρ τὸν ἀλαθὴ λόγον
δαδαῖδαλμένοι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις
ἐξαπατῶντι μῦθοι

when we try to discern the true archæology of Rome, in how deep a cloud do we find it involved! Learned and interesting as are the discussions respecting it in Arnold's volumes, and the others which we have referred to, who can rise from them with any unhesitating convictions, any clear definite notions, as to Rome's true origin? Perhaps the majesty of the

(¹) See Malden, p. 53, and the passages of Cicero and Valerius; and the extract from Varro, there referred to.

(²) While these sheets are passing through the press, a volume by Macaulay has appeared, written on this very principle. We shall take an early opportunity of bringing it before the notice of our readers.

Imperial City rather gains than loses by the obscurity in which its infant weakness is thus shrouded :

Arcanum Natura caput non prodidit ulli,
Nec licuit populis parvam te, *Roma*, videre,
Amovitque sinus, et *gentes* maluit ortus
Mirari quam nosse tuos.

It would, however, be a very unjust view of the labours of Niebuhr, and his School, to suppose that they have done nothing but urge difficulties and destroy old opinions: on the contrary, they have done much, very much, to restore and establish; and that which they have established rests on firm foundations. We now clearly and certainly understand the nature, if not the details, of the early constitution of the Commonwealth; we can comprehend the relations of Rome with her Etruscan and Latin neighbours; and we can trace the advance of the Republic with general accuracy and safety.

Perhaps the scepticism as to the account drawn from the old Annalists of the uniform career of Roman victories, may at present be carried a little too far. No doubt, the importance of particular battles has been magnified, and deeds of personal prowess coined or exaggerated by those who recounted the praises of the old worthies of each great family. But we are quite sure of the *result* of the young Republic's wars with her neighbours; we know that she conquered them all; and this could hardly have happened, if her career of success had not been tolerably steady. When it is asked, 'How comes it, that, in perpetual wars with their neighbours, the Romans never were defeated in the open field?' Let us meet the question by another: 'How comes it, that during the long period of Sparta's advance to power, between the time of her early efforts against Arcadia and the catastrophe of Leuctra, the Lacedæmonians, in perpetual wars with *their* neighbours, never were defeated in the open field?' The answer to both questions, probably, would be the same. It was owing to their superior military spirit and strictness of discipline, and to the rapidly increasing prestige of invincibility, which must, in the ancient system of hand-to-hand engagements, have exercised even more influence than that which we know it to possess in modern warfare. The Roman legionaries, after a few successful encounters, must, in advancing against the Etrurian and Samnite lines, have felt the same confidence that cheers on our own infantry in a bayonet charge—the moral conviction that the enemy will be the first to give way: and such military creeds work out the fulfilment of their own prophecies.

While we trace the early struggles and gradual increase of the power of Rome, Arnold's volumes are peculiarly valuable, on account of the excellent sketches which he introduces from time to time of the state of the other known nations of the world at each particular period. Common readers of history are apt to confine their attention too exclusively to the career of the single nation which they have chosen as their subject; and to forget the existence of other states, excepting when brought into collision with the one whose history they are investigating. This is the case even with respect to the histories of Greece and Rome. They who are reading about Greece, forget that there was such a power as Rome growing up in the West, until the misfortunes of the last kings of Macedon,

and the gallant death-struggles of the Achæan League, force her on their notice, already arrayed in the matured power of an irresistible conqueror. And many again, while they trace the early career of Rome, forget that during Rome's infancy the Greek Republics were in their meridian splendour; and that a very slight change in their policy, or the result of their schemes, might have brought them into contact with Rome while she was yet weak and they strong, instead of the period of collision being delayed till Greece was exhausted and degenerate, and the Roman Mars was in the full vigour of manhood. Respecting the Providential preservation of Rome, Niebuhr well and wisely says¹: "We are also forced, though in a different sense from the Greeks, to ascribe a large share, in producing the greatness of the Romans, to fate. Through the whole of their history, we shall see how often all the virtues of the state would have been ineffectual, unless destiny had saved Rome in her perils, and paved the way for her triumphs. The nations, and the men, before whom Rome might have fallen, appeared too late: in the periods of her weakness she had only to fight with enemies no way above her: and while Rome staked every thing on the cast, and war was her natural state, other nations husbanded their efforts, because they despaired of victory, or, at the bottom of their hearts, loved nothing but effeminate sloth, whatever their ill-judged enterprises might seem to imply: no one, among them all, came against her with a like spirit and a like purpose, and this alone was enough to make Rome subdue them all. Philip's inaction at the beginning of the war with Hannibal—that of Mithridates, so long as the Marsian war threatened Rome, and a slight additional weight would have turned the scale—these are events in which we must recognise the finger of God." One is glad to meet with such sentiments in the writings of such a man as Niebuhr: and it is beneficial, in the highest sense of the word, to find Arnold at every fitting opportunity, though never obtrusively or irksomely, introducing brief well-written accounts of the contemporaneous state of other nations, pointing out how their actually-existing circumstances affected Rome, and how any modification of those circumstances might have influenced her coming fortunes. This connected study of nations furnishes deeper reflections than can arise from exclusively watching a single state. A superficial observer might ask, 'How could the choice of a general at Athens, in the Peloponnesian War, possibly affect Rome?' Turn to Arnold; and after we have tracked with him the fierce dissensions that raged at Rome immediately after the Decemvirate, and the obstinate wars between the Romans and their Æquian and Volscian neighbours, before we come to the first great stride they made towards universal dominion by the conquest of Veii, the Philosophic Historian reminds us, that²—

"During this time, Thucydides was collecting materials for his History; and Herodotus, after having travelled nearly all over the world, was making the last additions to his great work, in the country of his later years, on the southern coast of Italy. Pericles had passed all of his glorious life, except its most glorious close; and Socrates, the faithful servant of truth and virtue, was deserving that common hatred of the aristocratical and democratical vulgar, which made him at last its martyr. The arts and manufactures of

(¹) Preface to Vol. I. p. xxviii. English Translation.

(²) Vol. I. p. 345.

Athens were well known at Rome ; and those names and stories of the wars of Thebes and Troy, which their dramatists were continually presenting afresh to the memory of the Athenians, were familiar also in the heart of Italy, were adopted into the language and traditions of Etruria and of Rome, and employed the genius of Italian artists as of those of their original country. But during the period at which we are now arrived, central Italy became acquainted, not with Athenian art only, but with the fame of the Athenian arms. The Etruscans heard with delight that a mighty avenger of their defeat at Cuma was threatening their old enemies of Syracuse ; their cities gladly lent their aid to the invader ; and the Romans must have heard with interest, from their neighbours and friends of Cære or Agylla, how some of their countrymen had done good service in the lines of the Athenian army, and how they had been involved in that sweeping ruin in which the greatest armament ever yet sent out by a free and civilized commonwealth had so miserably perished. But the Romans knew not, and could not know, how deeply the greatness of their own posterity, and the fate of the whole Western world, was involved in the destruction of the fleet of Athens in the harbour of Syracuse. Had that great expedition proved victorious, the energies of Greece during the next eventful century would have found their field in the West no less than in the East ; Greece, and not Rome, might have conquered Carthage ; Greek, instead of Latin, might have been at this day the principal element of the languages of Spain, of France, and of Italy ; and the laws of Athens, rather than of Rome, might be the foundation of the law of the civilized world."

And if Nicias had never been sent out on that expedition, or Alcibiades had not been recalled, victorious it must have been.

There is much matter for speculation, much for reflection, in these sentences of Arnold's. Well, too, does he, shortly afterwards¹, point out how the capture of the city by the Gauls, though it struck Rome to the ground for a time, was in reality the instrument of her greater and surer advance to the dominion of Italy. The storm that only bruised and beat her down, crushed for ever her most obstinate and active enemies, the *Æquians* : it checked her from premature efforts at Etrurian conquests ; and compelled her to consolidate her power, by effectually subduing the remnant of her Opican enemies, and by thoroughly securing and organizing her mastery over Latium.

The well-written account of Syracuse and Dionysius, that fills the twenty-first chapter of the first volume, is perhaps of disproportionate length, in a history of Rome. But the importance of attending to the career of the Syracusan tyrant, and the effect on the future fortunes of the world produced by his resistance to the power of Carthage, are justly impressed on us ; and we feel the truth of Arnold's observations on the stubbornness with which Dionysius held out against the besiegers, when almost every hope seemed lost :—

" Thus the Greek power in Sicily was reduced as it were to one little spark, which the first breath seemed likely to extinguish ; but on its preservation depended the existence of Rome, and the fate of the world. Had Carthage become the sovereign of all Sicily, her power in its full and undecayed vigour must have immediately come into contact with the nations of Italy ; and the Samnite wars of Rome might have ended in the destruction of both the contending nations, when their exhausted strength had left them at the mercy of a powerful neighbour. But this was not to be ; and Diony-

(¹) Vol. I. p. 465.

sius was inspired with resolution to abide the storm, that so he might fulfil that purpose of God's providence, which designed the Greek power in Sicily to stand as a breakwater against the advances of Carthage, and to afford a shelter to the yet unripened strength of Rome."

To remind the reader of what vast importance, in the highest and holiest sense, the preservation and growth of the Roman power was to humanity, we cannot do better than quote the words of another great German writer—the reflections on this topic with which Ranke commences his *History of the Popes*¹:—

"If we survey the ancient world in its remoter ages, we find it peopled with a number of independent tribes. They dwelt around the Mediterranean Sea, spreading from its coasts to the interior as far as it was known; severed by various divisions; all originally confined within narrow boundaries; all in states of peculiar character and institutions. The independence which they enjoyed was not merely political. Every country had given birth to a religion of its own; the ideas of God and of divine things were local; national deities of the most dissimilar attributes divided the faith and homage of the world; the law which their worshippers observed was indissolubly connected with the law of the state. We may say, that this strict union of state and religion, this double independence (only slightly qualified by the relations of a common origin), had the greatest share in the civilization of antiquity: the boundaries to which it was confined were narrow, but within these the vigorous abundance of youth was left to develop itself according to its own free impulses.

"This aspect of things was totally changed by the ascendancy of Rome. We see all the self-governing powers that filled the world bend, one after another, before her rising power, and vanish. The earth was suddenly left void of independent nations.

"In other times, states have been shaken to their foundation because Religion had lost her power over them: in those days, the subjugation of states necessarily involved the fall of their religions. Dragged in the train of political power, they congregated in Rome: but what significance could they retain, dragged from the soil to which they were indigenous? The worship of Isis had, perhaps, a meaning in Egypt: it deified the powers of nature, such as they appear in that country: in Rome it was a senseless idolatry. The contact of the various mythologists was necessarily followed by their mutual hostility and destruction. No philosophical theory could be discovered capable of reconciling their contradictions.

"But even if this had been possible, it would no longer have satisfied the wants of the world. With whatever sympathy we may trace the fall of so many independent states, we cannot deny that a new life rose immediately out of their ruins. Independence fell, but with it fell the barriers of narrow nationalities. Nations were conquered; but by this very conquest they were united, incorporated. As the empire was called the world, so its inhabitants felt themselves a single, united race. Mankind began to be conscious of the common bonds which unite them.

"At this stage of human affairs, Jesus Christ was born.

"How full of infinite import and infinite consequences was the Roman Empire! In the age of its ascendant, it crushed the independence, it overthrew the power of nations; it annihilated that feeling of self-existence and self-reliance, the very essence of which lay in division: in the years of its decline, it beheld true religion arise out of its bosom, the purest form of a common consciousness, the consciousness of a community in the One True God: it nourished and reared to maturity the power of this faith."

(¹) Vol. I. We quote from Mrs. Austin's Translation.

With these truths impressed upon the mind, we read Roman and all ancient history in a more discerning and improving spirit. We feel the sense of Polybius's remarks (and we feel them more deeply than Polybius himself could have done), how profitless a narrow, exclusive study of particular parts of history must be, compared to the system which embraces and observes the mutual action and re-action on each other of contemporaneous events in the different parts of the world¹.

We see that the fate of mankind has twice depended, humanly speaking, on the resistance of Syracuse against her besiegers: and the thought forces itself upon us, 'What would have been the probable consequences, if Athens had prevailed at the first crisis, or Carthage at the second? Would their dominion over the nations have been more or less oppressive than that of Rome? Could either of them have attained the same extent and solidity of conquest which the Romans acquired; or have fused, like them, in one Imperial system, so many nationalities, polities, and creeds?'

Athens, as an independent state, never came into collision with Rome; but we know, that if her attempt on Sicily had succeeded, conquests at the expense of Carthage and Italy were her next objects²: and it seems highly probable, that in the then state of the world many of her schemes of aggrandisement might have been realized. But although she might have done much, although she might have organized such a power in Western Europe, as Rome, in her weak condition at that period, would vainly have struggled against, there was not the steadiness in her councils requisite for laying the foundations of permanent power: her openly-avowed system of tyrannic rule, her vexatious oppressions of her subject-states, which it is needless to dwell on more at detail, must have generated revolts; and though a semi-Hellenic tone might have been given by her enterprises to the West of the Old World, as it afterwards was to the East by Alexander's conquests, no concentrating, centralizing empire, that should endure for centuries, as the Roman did, seems likely to have been formed by any of the Greek Republics.

Carthage conquered more deliberately; she ruled more wisely, if wisdom of rule consist in studying the interests of the rulers only: but she again earned the hatred of her subject millions by her cruelties; and her system of relying wholly on mercenary armies kept her constantly exposed to the peril of mutinies, such as that which actually broke out between the first and second Punic Wars, and brought her to the very brink of destruction. As her conquests spread further and deeper, some soldier of fortune must have arisen among her forces, who would have set at defiance the jealous interference of her home-government, and, at the head of troops who had no home but the camp, whose loyalty was personal towards him who commanded, and not patriotic towards the state that hired them, have seized on the independent sovereignty of distant provinces. There is no ancient nation but the Roman that seems to have been adapted, by wisdom in council and bravery in war, to become the founders of general and generalizing empire. Rome alone was the

(¹) See Polybius, lib. i. sec. 3 et seq. and lib. viii. sec. 4.

(²) See the speech of Alcibiades in Thucydides, lib. vi. sec. 90.

Lion that could quell the nations of the world, and by whose side the Lamb should lie down.

Speculations on what might have been the result of Athens encountering Rome are, it is needless to say, entirely hypothetical. But the encounter between Rome and Carthage, though delayed by the event we have pointed out before, till Rome's power was fully matured, was the most fearful and desperate that the world has witnessed. Arnold's chapters on Carthage are well worth consulting; and we give some of the eloquent reflections of Michelet on the character and resources of Rome's great adversary¹:—

"It is not without reason that so universal and vivid a remembrance of the Punic Wars has dwelt in the memories of men. They formed no mere struggle to determine the lot of two cities or two empires; but it was a strife, on the event of which depended the fate of two races of mankind, whether the dominion of the world should belong to the Indo-Germanic or to the Semitic family of nations. Bear in mind, that the first of these comprises, besides the Indians and the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Germans. In the other are ranked the Jews and the Arabs, the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians. On the one side is the genius of heroism, of art, and legislation: on the other, is the spirit of industry, of commerce, of navigation. These two opposite races have everywhere come into contact, everywhere into hostility. In the primitive history of Persia and Chaldaea, the heroes are perpetually engaged in combat with their industrious and perfidious neighbours. These last are artisans, armourers, miners, enchanter. They love gold; they are prone to bloodshed; they are addicted to pleasure. They build towers on a scale of Titanic ambition—gardens in the air; which the sword of the heroes scatters to the air, and sweeps from the face of the earth.

"The struggle is renewed between the Phœnicians and the Greeks on every coast of the Mediterranean. The Greek supplants the Phœnician in all his factories, all his colonies in the East: soon will the Roman come, and do likewise in the West. See, too, with what fury the Phœnicians, under the banners of Xerxes, attack Greece at Salamis, on the very day that their brethren the Carthaginians landed the vast army in Sicily, which Gelon destroyed at the Himera! Yet a little while, and the Greeks advance, in their turn, to attack their eternal foes in their own homes. Alexander did far more against Tyre than Salmanasar or Nabuchodonosor had done. Not content with crushing her, he took care that she never should revive; for he founded Alexandria as her substitute, and changed for ever the track of the commerce of the world. There remained Carthage—the great Carthage, and her mighty empire—mighty in a far different degree than Phœnicia's had been. Rome annihilated it. Then occurred that which has no parallel in history;—an entire civilization perished at one blow—vanished, like a falling star. The *Periplus of Hanno*, a few coins, a score of lines in Plautus, and, lo, all that remains of the Carthaginian world! Many generations must needs pass away before the struggle between the two races could be renewed, and the Arabs, that formidable rear-guard of the Semitic world, dashed forth from their deserts. The conflict between the two races then became the conflict of two religions. Fortunate was it that those daring Saracenic cavaliers encountered in the East the impregnable walls of Constantinople;—in the West, the chivalrous valour of Charles Martel, and the sword of the Cid. The Crusades were the natural reprisals for the Arab invasions, and form the last epoch of that great struggle between the two principal families of the human race.

(¹) Vol. II. p. 38.

“ On the narrow strip of land which is overlooked by the cedars of Lebanon there swarmed a countless people, piled together in the islands and cities of the coast. On the rock of Arad (to cite a single instance) the houses were of a greater height, and contained more stories, than was the case in Rome itself. That impure race, fleeing before the spear of Sesostris or the exterminating sword of the Jews, found refuge by the sea, and adopted the sea as a country. The unbridled licentiousness of modern Malabar can alone give any idea of the abominations of the Phœnician towns, rivalling those of the old Cities of the Plain. There generations sprouted forth without any certain ties or restraints of family, each individual knowing not his father; being born and multiplying confusedly, like the insects and the reptiles that swarmed on their sultry shores after seasons of tempestuous rain. They said, indeed, of themselves, that they were sprung from the slime. The chief objects of their worship were the Cabiri, industrious artisan-deities represented with enormous paunches. They worshipped Baal, ‘Than whom’—as said the Poet, full of Hebrew inspiration—

“Carthage represented her mother city, but on a gigantic scale. Situate on the centre of the Mediterranean, commanding the shores of the West, oppressing her sister Utica and all the Phœnician colonies in Africa, she mingled conquest with commerce; she dealt with an armed right hand, forcing her way along every coast; founding factories in spite of the natives, on whom she imposed custom-dues and tributes, compelling them to buy and to sell at her dictation.

"To comprehend the full oppressiveness of that mercantile tyranny, we must look to the government of Venice, and study the statutes of her state-inquisitors: we must compare the despotic and capricious working of Spanish monopoly in Peru.

"The vast commercial empire of the Carthaginians, extending along all the coasts of Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Gaul, and Spain, and even to the shores of the Great Ocean, cannot be compared with the compact possessions of the English and Spaniards in America: it is more like the chain of forts and factories that made up the Portuguese Empire, or the Dutch in the East Indies. Like these last, the Carthaginians, who established themselves in the colonies, did not do so without the hope of return. It was the poorer portion of the population that was sent out, to enrich themselves by the sudden profits of oppressive trade, and then hurry back to the mother country to enjoy the fruits of their pillagings. There must have been rapid colossal fortunes—plundering and exaction on an unheard-of scale: there must have been Punic Clives and Hastingses, who could make their boasts of having exterminated millions of men by a system of monopoly more destructive than war.

"That dominion of Violence rested upon two unsound bases ;—on a marine,

to which, at that period of the maritime art, other nations could easily create an equal ;—and on mercenary armies, whose demands were large, as their loyalty was small. The Carthaginians were any thing but warlike personally, though they were always trafficking in war. They served in small numbers, carefully protected by heavy and sumptuous armour. If they made their appearance on the battle-field, it was doubtless not so much to fight, as to superintend their hired soldiers, and see that they earned their pay. Moreover, the small portion of Carthaginian troops which we find in their armies must have been mainly composed of native Africans, either Lybians of the Desert, or mountaineers from the heights of Atlas. It is much in this way that the Arabs, who afterwards conquered these same regions, have often been confounded with the Moors, their subjects. This duality of race is frequently discernible in the history of Carthage. The military genius of the Barcas belongs, as the name of 'Barca' seems to indicate, to the warlike Nomadic races of Lybia, rather than to the Phœnician dealers. The genuine Carthaginians are the Hannos, rapacious statesmen, and incompetent generals.

"The life of an industrious merchant, of a Carthaginian, was too precious to be risked, as long as it was possible to substitute advantageously for it that of a barbarian from Spain or Gaul. Carthage knew, and could tell to a drachma, what the life of a man of each nation came to. A Greek was worth more than a Campanian ; a Campanian worth more than a Gaul or a Spaniard. When once this tariff of blood was correctly made out, Carthage began a war as a mercantile speculation. She tried to make conquests, in the hope of getting new mines to work, or to open fresh markets for her exports. In one venture she could afford to spend 50,000 mercenaries ; in another, rather more. If the returns were good, there was no regret felt for the capital that had been sunk in the investment : more money got more men, and all went on well."

The whole of Michelet's description (which includes a chapter from the "*Esprit des Lois*") is too long for insertion here ; but the extracts which we have given contain the pith of it, and are a fair sample of Michelet's style,—due allowance being of course made for the disadvantage of appearing in our translation. His ideas of the Semitic race are boldly conceived, and eloquently expressed ; though a reflecting reader will probably think some of his notions hasty, and many of his phrases exaggerated. As to the Phœnicians, such universality of vice as he imputes to them is inconsistent with the resolute activity and energy that must have existed among those fathers of maritime commerce and explorers of distant seas. Without touching on the "*vexata quæstio*" of the Cabiri, we cannot but pause at his taking Baal and Belial for one and the same word, one and the same deity ; especially as he quotes Milton in such a way as might lead a French audience, unacquainted with the "*Paradise Lost*," to suppose that Milton sanctioned such an identification. But this is by no means the case. Milton speaks of Belial separately and distinctly from those false gods—

"Who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*."—

In fact, it is far more probable that the Baal of the Phœnician creed meant the deity whom they worshipped as "*Lord of the City*" with the horrid rites of fire and human sacrifice which Michelet in another passage adverts to. He might more correctly have quoted Milton a few lines further back, and cited the fine description of—

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears!" &c.

However, we would not venture to assert, as a point of philology, that "Baal" and "Belial" may not be identical; for the law of accommodation, which would convert the broad vowel of Baal into the small vowel of Bel-iâl (*El*, the root of *Elohim*, being affixed), is pre-eminently common in all the Semitic languages.

But there is another assertion of Michelet's, in the passages we have been citing, of far more historical importance, involving also a point in philology, and much more audaciously advanced. Michelet would rob the Punic race of their heroes—the great Hamilcar, and his greater sons; and he asserts that that family of conquerors were of Libyan, not Phœnician extraction; his authority for so doing being the word "Barca," which seems to him to indicate a Libyan, and not a Phœnician origin. If this were true, and if this "duality of races" really existed at Carthage in the sense in which Michelet means, and they were so associated and politically equalised that men of Libyan blood were eligible to the very highest employments of state and formed a portion of the noblest families, would prove that all other writers on the subject, ancient and modern, have been in error; inasmuch as they have invariably treated the Carthaginians as a dominant people, wholly distinct from the Libyan aborigines among whom they had first settled paying tribute for the ground they occupied; but whom, when they grew strong, they in turn made tributary to themselves, and subjected to a most oppressive yoke¹. Thus we read how "the Carthaginians ruled the men of Libya bitterly²;" how these last, "the native Africans, hated the Carthaginians who oppressed them³;" of "the implacable hatred of the Africans to their rulers⁴;" and Arnold, in the volumes before us, describes their condition as that of a subject race, ruled despotically by the Carthaginians, who were distinct from them; and points out the contrast between Carthage, a solitary settlement in a foreign land, exercising absolute dominion over her African subjects, and Rome, placed in the midst of people akin to herself both in race and language, surrounded by her Latin and Italian allies, and gradually communicating more widely the rights of citizenship, so as to change alliance into union⁵. We believe, however, that Arnold and the older writers are perfectly correct, and that Michelet's notion of a duality of races is perfectly visionary:—we mean, of course, that it is visionary in the sense in which Michelet uses it, implying that the two races shared political power and military command, and that the national character and conquering spirit of the Carthaginians proceeded from a Libyan as well as a Phœnician element.

The classical passage for the different races of men in and about Carthage is in the twentieth book of Diodorus Siculus (Vol. II. p. 447. Wesseling's ed.) That historian enumerates four different races: first, he mentions the Phœnicians who dwelt in Carthage: next, he speaks of the Liby-Phœnicians; these, he tells us, dwelt in many of the maritime cities, and were connected by intermarriages with the Phœnicians, which was

(¹) Justin, xix.

(²) Polybius, lib. i. sec. 72.

(³) Diodorus Sic.

(⁴) Heeren on Africa, Vol. I. p. 32. Oxford Translation.

(⁵) Arnold, Vol. I. pp. 482, 483. See also Vol. II. p. 546.

the cause of their compound name: thirdly, he mentions the Libyans, the bulk and the most ancient part of the population, hating the Carthaginians intensely on account of the oppressiveness of their domination: lastly, he names the Numidians, the nomade tribes of the frontier.

It is evident, from this description, that the native Libyans were a subject class, without franchise or political rights; and, accordingly, we find no instance specified in history of a Libyan holding political office or military command. The half-caste, the Liby-Phœnicians, seem to have been sometimes sent out as colonists¹; but it may be inferred, from what Diodorus says of their residence, that they were not citizens of Carthage: and only a single solitary case occurs of one of this race being entrusted with authority, and that, too, not emanating from the home-government. This is the instance of the officer sent by Hannibal to Sicily, after the fall of Syracuse; whom Polybius² calls Myttnus the Libyan, but whom, from the fuller account in Livy, we find to have been a Liby-Phœnician³: and it is expressly mentioned what indignation was felt by the Carthaginian commanders in the island that this half-caste should controul their operations:—"Id ambo ægrè passi duces, magis Hanno, jam ante anxius gloriâ ejus: 'Mutinem sibi modum facere, degenerem Afrum Imperatori Karthaginiensi misso ab senatu populoque.'"⁴ Is it not morally certain, that if there had been any ground for throwing such a taunt of low birth against Hannibal himself, we should find some record of his numerous enemies among the Carthaginian nobility having availed themselves of a topic so congenial to the lips of aristocrats?

All expressions of ancient writers being direct against Michelet's hypothesis, there is nothing left to base it on beyond the word "Barca," except the circumstance of a horse's head appearing on the Carthaginian coins; which shews to Michelet, "that a Libyan and continental element subsisted by the side of the Phœnician and maritime element⁵." He might as well say, that because there was a white horse on the banners of Hengist, the Huns, or some such nomadic tribe, must have aided with their cavalry in the Saxon conquest of Britain. Such cloudy fabrications from doubtful symbols require no serious answer. Michelet forgets here, and in no part of his work sufficiently remembers, that the Carthaginians were an agricultural as well as a seafaring people⁶.

Let us now see what the philological argument is worth.

We are far, very far, from being disposed to despise reasoning of this description, when judiciously and carefully conducted. On the contrary, we look on the evidence deducible from language as most conclusive in determining archæological questions: and from the zeal with which the comparative study of languages is now prosecuted, both on the continent and in England, we look for the materials of valuable historical discoveries. The origin and the rationale of the Carthaginian surnames are well deserving a more detailed investigation than any writer has hitherto bestowed upon them; and they seem to us, when so investigated, to establish the direct negative of Michelet's proposition.

In the first place, it is very inaccurate to talk of "Des Barca" at all.

(¹) See the Periplus of Hanno.

(²) Vol. II. Note, p. 213.

(³) Lib. ix. 22.

(⁴) Lib. xxv. 40.

(⁵) See Heeren, 108 et seq.

By using the plural, "the Barcas," an idea is conveyed of a regular family name, such as we now have in England, and such as the *gentile nomen* of the Romans was. But no family names existed at all at Carthage¹. The surname was invariably personal to the individual, and never hereditary. In the immediate case before us, that of Hamilcar, Polybius, when he first speaks of him, says he was surnamed Barcas², and afterwards speaks of him sometimes by the name of Hamilcar, sometimes by that of Barcas. But neither he nor Appian nor Diodorus, nor indeed any ancient writer, ever speaks of his sons as Hannibal Barcas, or Hasdrubal or Mago Barcas. On the contrary, we find Hannibal spoken of as the son of Barcas³; a clear proof that this name belonged to the father only. Livy indeed talks of Hasdrubal Barcinus⁴ (not, though, Hasdrubal *Barcas*), and uses the terms "gens Barcina⁵," and speaks "sanguinis nominisque Barcini⁶;" but Livy's carelessness, and his fondness for using Roman terms for the institutions and manners of foreign nations, make his authority worthless on such a point. It was, however, most likely his example that led Silius Italicus, in his poem, to make out a regular Barca genealogy for Hannibal:

"——Ortus
Sarrannâ prisci Barcæ de gente vetustos
A Belo numerabat avos."——⁷

And here be it observed, that if Silius is to be followed, his authority is decisively in favour of a Phœnician, not a Libyan pedigree, for the great Carthaginian.

No family names appearing among the Carthaginians, we are justified in believing that there were none. In the absence of them, the addition of some distinguishing epithet or phrase, to define the numerous Magos, Hannos, Hasdrubals, &c. one from another, must often have been found absolutely necessary, especially when two generals of the same name were employed in the same operations⁸. Now, the object of particularizing which individual was meant might naturally be effected, first, by giving the name of the party's father⁹; or, 2dly, by calling him so and so the elder or younger, as the case might be¹⁰; 3dly, an individual who signalized himself by any high military qualities or some exploit would naturally acquire an honourable epithet from his prowess, especially among the soldiery¹¹; 4thly, the distinguishing appellation would frequently be taken from some peculiarity of disposition or personal appearance¹²; 5thly, a title expressive of public

(1) Heeren states this, p. 268, note; but he gives no working out of the system on which the Carthaginian surnames really were given.

(2) Lib. i. 56.

(3) Appian, Rom. Hist. vii. 3.

(4) Lib. xxv. 32.

(5) Lib. xxiii. 41.

(6) Lib. xxi. 10.

(7) Lib. i. 71. See also Servius ad Æneid. iv. 634.

(8) See an instance of this in Livy, xxv. 32.

(9) Thus, Hasdrubal son of Hanno. Polyb. i. 30.

Hasdrubal son of Gisco. Livy xxv. 34.

Hasdrubal son of Hamilcar. Livy, ib.

(10) Ἀννών δ' πρεσβύτερος. Diodor. Sic. xxiii. 8.

(11) Ἀννίβας δ' Μονόμαχος ἐπικαλούμενος. Polyb. ix. 24; and (as we shall shew presently) Hamilcar Barcas.

(12) Hasdrubal Hædus, Livy xxx. 42; called Ἀσδρούβας δ' Ἐρίφος, App. de Reb. Pun. viii. 49. Hasdrubal Calvus, Livy xxiii. 34.

esteem, or the reverse, would sometimes be added¹: and, 6thly, the surname would occasionally be deduced from some country or locality with which the individual's name had become popularly associated². Into one of these classes we believe every Carthaginian surname that is mentioned in history may be reduced; and no single instance is to be found of any one of them descending from father to son. We may observe that none of the Carthaginian surnames appear to have been taken from some of those sources in which many of the surnames of modern nations have originated. For instance, we find no example of any being formed from a trade or profession: this is explainable by the fact (which fact it in turn confirms) that men only of the highest families were employed by the Carthaginians in high command, and the surnames of generals and statesmen only have come down to us. Again, we find no instance of men surnamed from their territorial possessions, the common origin of the surnames of the nobility of modern nations: this may serve to remind us how widely different, in character, power, and situation, were the nobility of a feudal state from the high families of Carthage, and indeed of every ancient nation.

To come to the word "Barcas" itself, Michelet gives us no authority or reason for calling it Libyan, nor does he say what meaning it would have in Libyan. Indeed it would be rather difficult to do so; for of the languages of the North of Africa in their old form we have no relique or specimen, except the "Inscriptio Tuggensis"³, which is monumental and bilingual; and the last six lines out of that speech in the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, which the best philologists now consider bilingual—partly Libyan, partly Punic. But if we treat the word "Barcas" as Phœnician, that is to say, Semitic, we can at once find a suitable meaning for it without difficulty. Its root (which is a very common one in the Semitic tongues) will give the sense "Thunderbolt," a very natural epithet for such a warrior as Hamilcar. It is, in fact, the very same that the Turks gave one of their early Sultans. Hamilcar Barcas had as good a claim

(1) Ἀνών δὲ μέγας. Appian de Reb. Pun. viii. 49.

Ἀντίβας ὁ Ψάρ ἐπικαλούμενος. Appian de Reb. Pun. viii. 68.

This last surname is evidently some Semitic word metamorphosed into Greek. It may be identical with the Arabic "Shar," a term of contempt; or with "Sarē," i.e. noble, princely.

(2) Hamilcar Rhodanus. Justin, xxi. 6.

Ἀντίβας ἐπικαλούμενος Ῥόδιος. Polyb. i. 46.

Μάγανος τοῦ Σαννίτου προσαγορευομένου. Polyb. ix. 25.

Ἀμίλχαρ ὁ Σαννίτης ἐπώνυμον ἦν. App. de Reb. Pun. viii. 68.

This last class of surnames may excite a little more observation than the others. An active imagination might easily build a theory on them of foreigners settling at Carthage, assuming the habits of the city, taking a Punic name, and then distinguishing themselves at the head of their adopted country's armies; much as was the case with the renegadoes who joined the Mahometan powers that afterwards grew up on that coast. But there is no warrant for any such hypothesis; and the reader who carefully looks at the circumstances in which we find these individuals mentioned, will see reason, we think, to believe that they were genuine Carthaginians, and not *Punicized* foreigners. Consequently, he will think Raleigh wrong in making a Rhodian captain, in his History of the World, out of Hannibal Rhodius.

In arguing as to the old inhabitants of North Africa from analogy to those of modern times, great care must be taken to bear in mind the effects of the Mahometan religion in making Saracen, Moor, Berber, and foreign renegadoe feel more strongly the connecting influence of creed than the repulsive force of race.

(3) See Gesenii Phœnicia.

as Bajazet Yilderim to be called the Thunderbolt of his race¹. Moreover, we find among the Jews the evidently analogous name Barcoş². The name "Hamilcar" is undoubtedly Phœnician. It is formed from "Hen Melcarth," and means "The Grace of Melcarth," the Tyrian Hercules. So Hannibal is "Hen Baal," "Grace of Baal:" or if we take "Baal," the last part of the word, as used in apposition, not in regimen, and take the first two syllables (which we certainly may do) as the Semitic for "John," we perhaps should not be incorrect in Anglicizing the great Carthaginian captain as "Lord John."

We have given our reasons for thinking Michelet wrong in denying to the Punic race the glory of having produced Hamilcar and his sons, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Mago; whom their sire reared up, as he himself expressed it, as three lion's whelps, to prey upon Rome. The name of Hannibal is one of the highest, if not the very highest, in the annals of military fame. Even the Roman Moralist, when wishing to speak of "Dux summus," takes the renowned Carthaginian as his example. As it has been hopeless to attack him as a soldier, second-rate writers have loved to cavil at him as a citizen. Authors of this stamp seem to think, that if they praise a great man for *some* qualities, they are entitled to indemnify themselves by maligning him for others: they prefer heaping indiscriminate eulogy on inferior characters, as being more congenial to their own. This is the working of the true spirit of mediocrity, that, incapable of self-elevation, would fain drag others down to its own level: it is the product of "that intensest of all hates, the hate which commonplace minds bear to first-rate³." And when these little petty cavillings have thus been generated, it sometimes happens that writers of a higher order, but of insufficient acquaintance with the particular subject, adopt them second-hand, and lend the calumny the sanction of their names. We firmly believe that it is *this*—a want of sufficient investigation of the subject and the authorities, and not any incapacity to appreciate and sympathize with the truly great character of Hannibal—that has led Michelet to speak of him as he has done, describing him as a selfish soldier of fortune, and constantly imputing to him, through every stage of his career, the worst designs against his country. We view Hannibal's conduct in a far different light. He was the champion of his nation—of the human race against the grasping despotism of Rome.

"He would have had his *Carthage* great and free:" and never did man, except Demosthenes, sustain, by his own personal energies, a more heroic struggle against superior force and faithless fortune.

Still Michelet's sketch of Hannibal is well worth referring to⁴ :—

"He had left Carthage at the age of thirteen: he was a stranger to the city: he was the nurseling and the pupil of the camp. Formed in that rude

(1) Compare also Ptolemy Ceraunus, and

———"Duo fulmina belli
Scipiadæ."

(2) Ezra ii. 53. If any one should feel disposed to consider "Barcas" Libyan from thinking of the town Barce, he should recollect that this was a *Greek* colony; and there is no more reason to think the word "Barce" Libyan than there would be to think the word Cyrene Libyan. In fact, from the general career of the two races, it is highly probable that the Greek colony superseded a *Phœnician* one on the same spot.

(3) De Stael.

(4) Vol. II. p. 75.

Spanish war in the midst of Hamilcar's men, he commenced his education by making himself the best foot-soldier and the best trooper in the army. All that the military art then could teach of strategy and tactics—of the secrets how to conquer by force or by fraud—he knew from his very childhood. The son of Hamilcar was born, if the expression is allowable, full-armed. He had grown up *in* war, and *for* war.

"People have troubled themselves to discuss the morality of Hannibal, his religion, his good faith. One must not inquire about such things in the chief of a mercenary army. Question Sforza on these heads, or Wallenstein. What could be the religion of a man brought up in an army, where all forms of worship were to be found, or perhaps none at all? The god of the Condottiere is Blind Force—it is Chance. As for Carthaginian good faith and humanity, the world well knew what they were, and the 'War of Extermination' had just made them still better appreciated. We must not look for a man in Hannibal: it is *his* glory to have been the most formidable machine of war that Antiquity tells of."

There are bold strokes in this portrait, though the colouring is far too dark; but it brings vividly and faithfully before the mind, the character, not of Hannibal himself, but of the army he led:—

——— "This army,
This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
Nothing except the universal sun²."

"A Carthaginian army was an assemblage of the most opposite races of the human species from the farthest parts of the globe. Hordes of half-naked Gauls were ranged next to companies of white-clothed Iberians, and savage Ligurians next to the far-travelled Nasamones and Lotophagi. Carthaginians and Phœnici-Africans formed the centre; while innumerable troops of Numidian horsemen, taken from all the tribes of the Desert, swarmed about on unsaddled horses, and formed the wings: the van was composed of Balearic slingers; and a line of colossal elephants, with their Ethiopian guides, formed, as it were, a chain of moving fortresses before the whole army³."

How great must have been the genius of the man who could form such a heterogeneous mass into a compact and organized body; who could not only avail himself of the valour of such troops to gain victories, but could inspire them with the spirit of patient discipline, so that they were true to him in his adverse as well as his prosperous fortunes, and finally, after fifteen years of Italian warfare, followed their old leader to Zama, "with no fear and little hope⁴," and there, on that disastrous field, stood firm around him, his Old Guard, till Scipio's Numidian allies came up on their flank; when at last, surrounded and

(1) "La guerre inexpiable."—Michelet refers to the war against the revolted Mercenaries, in which no quarter was given, and every law of ancient war, as well as the laws of humanity, disregarded. Polybius says, lib. i. 64, this was called ἀσπονδός πόλεμος. Sweighauser's Latin version gives "inexpiable;" whence, we suspect, comes Michelet's "inexpiable,"—a word with little meaning, and that little incorrect. The phrase we have employed, "War of Extermination," is not etymologically equivalent, but expresses the idea which the Greek term conveyed of the atrocity of the contest.

(2) Schiller's Wallenstein.

(3) Heeren, 251.

(4) "We advanced to Waterloo as the Greeks did to Thermopylæ; all of us without fear, and most of us without hope."—*Speech of General Foy.*

overpowered, the veteran battalions sealed their devotion to their General by their blood!

How great, too, as a politician and diplomatist, was the man who could win to his side so many wild tribes of Spain and Gaul; who could draw to his alliance so many Italian nations, with whose language, institutions, and feelings, his birth had given him nothing in common; who, from his centre of operations in the south of Italy, stirred up Sicily and Macedon on either side against Rome; and who, in the last days of his exile, would have taught Antiochus how to organize victory, had the weak Syrian possessed energy to suffer him to execute the vast operations which the genius of Hannibal had conceived!

The patriotism of such a man ought not to be impeached from a mere love of dressing up a moral antithesis, or without the most deeply-sifted and incontrovertible testimony. We will give an instance or two of the recklessness which Michelet has shewn in this respect. Speaking of the siege of Saguntum by Hannibal, Michelet says, "*According to Polybius*, he thus commenced the war against the wish of Carthage¹." To support this assertion, Michelet gives a reference to the Third Book of Polybius. Now, it is impossible that Michelet can have read this Third Book through, even in a Translation. Those who do read it, will find that Polybius does, in the eighth section, mention an assertion of Fabius, that Hannibal began the war in furtherance of the selfish ambition of his family, and against the will of his countrymen; but, instead of adopting or confirming that opinion, Polybius proceeds to criticise it most severely, and to demonstrate its absurdity; and in the ninth section expressly tells us that his reason for mentioning Fabius at all, was as a warning to the readers of that author, that, when they find such self-evident absurdities in him, they should not let his rank and opportunities of information make them give the *man* more credit than the *facts* warrant. *According to Polybius*, Hannibal did *not* attack Rome in defiance of the wishes and authority of his countrymen; but the war was, in every respect, a national one, on the Carthaginian side.

In another passage², Michelet, speaking of the state of Carthage after the end of the war, brings the heavy accusation against Hannibal, "That he alone had gained by the war. Making his re-entry into Carthage at the head of 6500 mercenaries, and easily increasing that number, he found himself master of a city disarmed by the defeat of Zama." Michelet here gives a reference to Appian; and proceeds to speak of the state-changes introduced by Hannibal and his "*bienfaisante tyrannie*." On turning to Appian (lib. viii. de Rebus Punicis, 55), we find that historian describes the dissensions at Carthage after the battle of Zama arising out of the negotiations for peace, and the violence of the populace against those who were in favour of accepting the proffered terms. He then says, that at last they determined to invite Hannibal—who by this time had with him 6000 infantry and 500 cavalry, and who had taken up his post at the city Marthama—to advise with them on the state of circumstances: and Hannibal came; and while

(¹) Vol. II. p. 77.

(²) Vol. II. p. 123.

the moderate party were in fear that he, a man loving war, would urge on the populace, he very authoritatively bade them accept the offered treaty. Appian then goes on to speak in strong and evidently condemnatory terms of the fury of the populace against him for his pacific counsels¹. He does not say a word about Hannibal bringing his troops into the city; and, from the rest of his narrative of the proceedings of the Carthaginian factions, it is quite evident that nothing of the sort could have been the case. There is not a syllable in Appian, or any ancient author, that should lead us to doubt the purity of Hannibal's motives, or the legality of his measures, throughout his most honourable career as a reformer and a citizen, during the brief period which the jealous hate of Rome allowed him to devote to the restoration of the internal resources of his country.

After the death of Hannibal there is little interest in the wars of Rome. She was always an overmatch for any one adversary; and no sufficient coalition of nations was formed against the common enemy of national independence. Her internal, her constitutional history, and her deadly civil wars, will form the subjects of another notice, in which we shall draw attention to some of the best features of Arnold's work. For the present we will take our leave of the subject; adopting the eloquent words of Raleigh, after his description of the overthrow of the Macedonian monarchy:—"By this time we have seen the fall of the three first great kingdoms of the world, the founders whereof thought they never should decay. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her limbs shall fall off, her leaves wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field and cut her down."

(¹) 'Ο δὲ δῆμος καὶ τόνδε ὑπὸ ὀργῆς μανιωδοῦς ἐβλασφήμει.

ATYS.*

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GALLIANBICS OF CATULLUS.

SWIFT sped Atys o'er the sea,
 Leaped on shore right hastily,
 And on to where the sacred ground
 With gloomy woods is girdled round ;
 Then rushed madness through his brain—
 Sharp the flint, and short the pain :
 When his limbs unmanned he knew,
 Stained was the ground with bloody dew ;
 His fair white hands a drum upreared,
 As Cybele's sign revered ;
 Beating it, the frantic man
 Mid his followers thus began :—
 " To Cybele's haunts away,
 Ye who own her maddening sway ;
 Who, like exiles from your own,
 Have come forth to deserts lone,
 And have crossed the stormy sea,
 And have dared to follow me,
 And have done your lust away,
 Follow ! be there no delay !
 Gladden the heart of Cybele
 With your dances wild and free,
 On to where the cymbals sound,
 And Cybele's votaries
 Pierce the air with thrilling cries,
 And the Mænads, ivy crowned,
 Toes their wild heads to and fro,
 Thither, thither, must we go ! "—
 As he spoke, the giddy rout
 Answered him with many a shout :
 Then the drums and cymbals sounded,
 On to Ida green they bounded ;
 Like a heifer, that, unbroke,
 Flees the burden of the yoke,
 Atys led them, drum in hand,
 A panting and bewildered band.
 Weary were they when they came
 Where the Dindymenian dame
 Has her awful dwelling-place ;—
 Weary were they with their race,
 Down they sank in slumber deep,
 The madness left them in their sleep.
 But when the sun his radiant eyes
 Opened on earth and sea and skies,
 And before his chariot bright
 Fled away the shades of night,
 Back went Atys to the shore ;
 Well he knew he was no more
 That which he had been of yore.

* The Classical Reader is referred to Ovid's *Fasti*, Book IV.—*Ed.*

He looked upon the waters lone
 With tearful eyes, and made his moan :
 " O fatherland, my fatherland !
 What tempted me to leave thy strand ?
 Why did I flee across the main,
 Like a slave with broken chain ?
 What brought me to this mountain fell,
 Mid snow and savage beasts to dwell ?
 Where art thou now ? My straining eye
 Thy distant shores would fain descry ;
 The madness now has left my brain,
 Soon, soon, it may return again !
 Oh, must I dwell in this dread place,
 Nor ever look on one dear face,
 Nor mingle in each much-lov'd scene,
 The mart, the course, the ring, the green ?
 Wretched, wretched, is my lot !
 What blessing is there, I had not ?
 My youth was in its golden prime,
 And I loved that joyous time ;
 Foremost of my mates was I,
 Love I saw in every eye ;
 Oft, at the sweet morning hour,
 I have found full many a flower
 Twin'd round my gates by hands unseen—
 But I am not what I have been.
 I am Cybele's priestess now,
 And must beneath the snowy brow
 Of Ida dwell, whose summits hoar
 The wild deer haunts, and savage boar ;
 Less than man—a Mænad, I—
 Woe, woe is me, would I could die !"—
 As his lips thus poured their moan,
 Though 'twas by the waters lone,
 He was heard of Cybele,
 And a wrathful queen was she.
 Straight she loosen'd from their yoke
 Her lions twain, and thus she spoke
 To him who on the left side stood—
 " Drive him back into the wood ;
 He has dared to wish to fly ;
 Lash thy sides in fury high,
 Fill the thickets with thy roar,
 Drive him headlong from the shore !"—
 So the wrathful goddess said :
 Fiercely forth the lion sped,
 To the shore he took his way
 Where unhappy Atys lay ;
 Rushed upon him ;—he, in dread,
 Back into the forests fled,
 Mid their gloom his life lived he
 Bounden slave to Cybele.—
 Mighty lady, far from me,
 And from mine, thy madness be !
 Spare us, spare us, Cybele !

THE LATER LATIN POETS.—No. II.

JOSEPHUS ISCANUS.—THE HOMERISTS.

A NOTICE in our last Number upon the Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes indicated a class of phænomena in the history of Literature that we return to in the present Paper. This class of phænomena is that mixture of intermediate modes of thought, and intermediate modes of expression, which takes place when the language of one age or country is applied to the literature of another. The Latin language, as used out of Italy, is a broad field for the study of this intermixture. The notice of Walter Mapes verified it in the way of *metre*. A portion of the present notice of Josephus Iscanus exhibits it in respect to *thought*. Besides this, the character of the poet, as such, is considered. What appears respecting the history of his subject-matter is episodic.

Dealt with in respect to its date, the history of Latin verse falls into three distinct periods, each of these three periods having a different character.

First comes the period when Latin was a spoken language, or the æra of the living tongue. This may be said to terminate between the sixth and the ninth centuries. It comprises every thing between Romulus and Augustulus. Throughout this epoch, men wrote in the language that they heard from their nurses—in other words, the vehicle of their thoughts was the natural one; and they differed from one another in what is called *command of language*, as Burke differed from Addison, or Addison from Swift. As the instrument used was the one that nature gave, the standard of their power in wielding it was at the highest. Foreigners, like Seneca, or Provincials, like Livy, had an additional merit; viz. that of having learnt a second language, and of rivalling (as far, at least, as they did so) the purity of the native Romans, having themselves started at a disadvantage. Compared with Italians, the writers of the standard Latin, they were in the condition of a Livonian, or a Finlander of the present day; who, if he write for Europe at large, must write in Russian, in German, in French, or in Swedish. Learning Latin, however, they learned it as a living language. This it is that, in respect to their power over the medium of their thought, distinguishes them from the writers of the second period.

Here, as by the foreigners of the first period, Latin had to be learned; so that the vehicle of their thought was no longer the natural one; it was not the one that the nurse and mother put into their hands. A second language replaced the first: this second language being a dead one, it could nowhere be learned *visâ voce*. You wrote in Latin, but you calculated in Italian or Anglo-Saxon. Command of language—before, the measure of difference of individual power—is now the measure of the difference in scholastic attainment. With the writers of this epoch, Latin was a necessity: with the writers of the next epoch it was an accomplishment.

These last appear with the revival of literature, and have been continued

from that period to the present day. *Classical thoughts in classical language*—this seems to have been their motto; whereas with those of the second period it was thoughts of any sort in classical language.

To expect that the classification exhibited above is absolute, is too much. Writers of one class simulate those of another: the typical instances, however, verify the division.

We may look upon a work in two lights: first, in respect to its matter, that is, its subject and its imagery; secondly, in respect to its form, that is, the language by which that subject and imagery are embodied. For the present question the perception of the double point of view is necessary, since the points of contrast among the three periods is sometimes a point of form, and at other times a point of matter.

As long as Latin was a spoken language, so long did all, who wrote it at all, write it accurately. Of the native Italians this is absolutely true: of the foreigners it is true also, on the presumption that their knowledge of it was full and sufficient. To quote, in opposition to this, the solecisms of Boëthius is to shew that the language had degenerated, not that the author has misunderstood it. While Latin was the mother-tongue of an author, it was of necessity written vernacularly: its merits as a language are another question. Hence it is that the essential difference between the writers of the first and second periods lies in the form (that is, the language) of their compositions.

Now, it is *not* the form that separates the middle from the third class. From the fifteenth century downwards our Latin has been, not common-life Latin, but exercise Latin; and it has served to express, not (as in the middle ages) all that we had to say, but only that part of it which coincided in spirit with what was written in the Augustan age; that is, the purest part of the purest period. Hence, as contrasted with the second period, the difference is a difference of *matter*: they Latinized all thoughts, *dicenda tacenda*: we Latinize the classical section of our thoughts.

It is only at the first glance the statements made above seem (although, perhaps, recognised as true) to fall short of the whole truth. Apparently, the points of contrast are more numerous: they are so only, however, apparently. The author, since the revival of literature, wrote, it may be objected, purer Latin than those of the middle period indicated here. This may be granted; but it will not be granted, that, of the two epochs, it is the composers of the latter that *think* most in Latin. Again, the difference in the subject and imagery between Virgil and the mediæval writers indicates a difference of matter as well as of form, between the poets of periods 1 and 2. This difference, however, is independent of the difference of the medium: it might, indeed, determine a division of authors according to their styles: it does not, however, affect one based on the difference of their language.

The distinction drawn between the modes of thought that are so frequently contrasted with each other, under the names of Classical and Romantic, Classical and Gothic, or Ancient and Modern, will never be made thoroughly stringent and absolute. Moderns will be found with the character of the Antique, and Classical writers will appear to anticipate the spirit of the Romantic (this word being used in the sense given to it

by Schlegel and Madame de Stael). Still, the division is a natural one. Verifying the adage, that there is nothing new; much of what appears in the so-called Metaphysicals under the Stuarts appears previously in the Seicentisti of Italy; and, in a rudimentary form, it occurs in certain of the writers of antiquity—amongst others, in Ovid; only, however, in a rudimentary form. In other words, the Classics contain elements of the Romantic.

And how far do the Moderns contain the fragments of the Classics? Less, we think, than the Ancients exhibit the rudiments of Modern. To these statements we may add that of the modern turn of thought the severe chastity of the Greek taste admitted less than did the latitude of the Roman.

The evolution of the Romantic style in the poetry of Rome we may determine by two means. In the first place, we have the works of the authors themselves. This it is that enabled Coleridge to assert that it was Claudian who, of all the Latin poets, was most intermediate in the character his poetry. Secondly, we have an indirect measure of the same element (*i.e.* the Romantic) in the distribution of their admiration of the Latin writers on the part of the medi-æval ones. That Statius was preferred by Chaucer (we speak in the way of illustration only) to Virgil is *primâ-facie* evidence of Statius being the most Chaucerian.

Now, the claims of Josephus Iscanus on our attention is, that he was undoubtedly the most classical poet of his age. Of all the non-classical *Iliadists*, he is the first. Yet no poet more than Josephus Iscanus verifies our assertions concerning the intermixture of the Romantic with the Classic, the Modern with the Ancient, the Gothic with the Grecian and Roman. If verbal jingles, wit out of place, the heterogeneous mixture of images and analogies, whereof the merit is their remoteness, are the chief characters of the most degenerate school of Modern poetry (being comparatively absent in the compositions of antiquity), they are characters that occur in the Latin of the thirteenth century, as undoubtedly as they occur in the English of the eighteenth century: *e.g.*

Mento canescant alii, nos mente — Lib. i. 19.

Tethyos in gremium migrat prærepta Dianæ
Pinus, et e ramis remos habet. Lib. i. 72.

Et pluvias pincerna Notus.—

Speaking of the ship Argo, he says,

Non auro Superos læsit, non rupibus aurum. Lib. i. 83.

— aspera Phœbe
Venantes venata viros, prædamque petentes
In prædam petit.— Lib. i. 247.

Tum primum bellis rubuit mare, sanguinis illas
Murex hausit opes, quas nondum oblitus in annos
Præsentes meminit, regumque expendit in usum. Lib. i. 359.

— languida sensim
Fur oculi somnus invitans otia, blandum
Pectoris eludit studium.— Lib. ii. 230.

At times, the antithetical tendency, stopping just short of impropriety, gives nerve and vigour to the expression; such as we so often admire in

the writings of Hobbes, where it arises from the same cause. Expressions of this sort, where there is a superadded truth of sentiment, become apophthegms :

— nobilis ira est

Citra iram punire reos.—

The description of Paris's admiration of Helen is a fair specimen of the general style of the poet in question :

Postquam Helenes Paridi patuit præsentia, classem
Deserit, ac formæ fidens, ac conscius oris,
Hunc illuc gressum librans, qua Tyndaris ibat,
Indefessa vagis incessibus otia textit :
Certantesque offert vultus, incendia nutrit
Mutua, captatumque brevi lucratur amorem.
Quippe nec ad cursum præceps nec segnior æquo
Librato gestu formam juvat, actus in armos,
In caput erectus, tenero delibat arenam
Incessu, figitque oculo mirante Lacenam.
Oblitosque gradus sistit : suspectus haberi
Mox metuens, transfert celeres ad cætera vultus,
Ceu stupeat quicquid spectet ; moderantius illa
Obliquos vultus, et non ridentia plene
Ora gerit, totasque velit cum pectore nudo
Ostentare genas : sed castigatorem adultos
Comprimat excessus animi pudor, ægraque mixtus
Pulsat corda metus : sentit Paris, ardet et audet :
Promissorque ingens, facilis præsentia prædæ
Ducit amor, dum signa juvant, dum nutus oberrat
Interpres, cordisque vagi præsentior index
Leno oculus taciti garrit præludia voti.

Lib. ii. 223—243.

The following lines will recall a passage both of Chaucer and Spenser. The former poet was one to whom the works of Josephus Iscanus were familiar.

Haud procul incumbens urbi, mediantibus arvis
Idæus consurgit apex, vetus incolæ montis
Sylvæ viret, vernat abies procera, cupressus
Flebilis, interpres laurus, vaga pinus, olivæ
Concilians, cornu venatrix, fraxinus audax,
Stat comitis patiens ulmus, nunquamque senescens
Cantatrix buxus, paullo proclivius arvum
Ebria vitis habet. —

Lib. i. 510.

This extract, taken along with the description of the birds at the funeral of Memnon, exhibits what, as a mode of description, is so common in modern, and so rare in ancient poetry ; viz. not only the excess of *minutiae* in the way of enumeration, but a learned carefulness in the distribution of the properties and actions amongst the different subjects enumerated.

— Mox volucrum famulantibus adstitit alia
Exequias factura phalanx, avis unica Phoenix,
Et Procne non una venit, cavat ardea rostro
Marmoreum fossore solum, lusciniæ planat,
Paittacus inscribit apices, Philomela precatur,
Plangit olor, turtur tinnit, Junonius ales
Lustrales sparsurus aquas properabat : at omni
Dura Phrygi, revocat motas Saturnia pennas.

Lib. iv. 385.

Even so was the division of labour at the obsequies of Poor Cock Robin. Add to the above extract the antithetic element, and you have the great characteristic of the euphuism of Lyly:

——— Lyly's writing, then in use;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words and idle similies.

Much of the zoological definitude is referable (either as cause or effect) to the truly medi-æval character of works, like *Reynard the Fox*, the so-called *Beast-epics* (*Thierepos*).

The description of the carouse at the wedding of Hesione with Ajax is equally true to Gothic imagery and Gothic manners. Proving the belief in the fable of Brute of Troy, we find Britons amongst the revellers:—

——— *Læto cuncti connubia plausu*
Concelebrant, populoque suo certamina prima
Ventripotens ponit Genius: cœnare decorum,
Et mensas variare juvat; nec pocula desunt
Facundam factura sitem; repetisse voluptas
Et vires conferre libet; civiliter ipsi
Indulgent proceres cyathis, bibulique clientes
Heus, Hymenæe! sonant, et in aurea pocula fusi
Invitant sese pateris: plebs mixta Britanni
Certatura sibi, longique potentior haustus,
Plebeios gaudet calices et sobria vina
Regali mutasse mero: redimitque voluptas
Rara moras, nec cessat hians dum pectore victo
Lingua fluat, crescant lychni, vestigia nutent. Lib. ii. 90.

The description of an attack has a characteristic mixture of bad and good:—

Primus in adversos vibrata cuspidè muros
Torquet equum Peleus, fractaque accenditur hasta.
Hæc (ait) hospitiiis aditus, et inhospita tecta
Pulsanti reseranda manu: nos urbe fruamur,
Portu alii dixit: cunctique instare Pelasgi,
Ceu belli tunc causa recens, nec tempore longo,
Ira minor, minus accendant in prælia mentes
Jussa, tubæ, promissa, preces: asperrima cernas
Bella geri: non præcípites telluris hiatus,
Non undas timuere viri: sibi quisque videri
Dux aliis, milesque sibi: pars cratibus instat
Continuas molita vias: vallemque profundam
Molibus injectis vincit: pars aspera divi
Impatiens hæsisse subit: jam copia muri
Jam silices laxare licet: sed desuper urgent
Dardanidæ, incussasque trabes, et saxeæ volvunt
Fragmina: pars jaculis audax, pars aspera flammis
Flagrantes invergit aquas: septum arbore Dymas
Affectabat iter, fixoque in mœnia vultu
Hæserat: hunc latices decalvare profusi,
Fulmineique imbres, nudum spoliatur utroque
Crine caput: penetratque fluens in viscera vulnus.

Lib. i. 385—406.

Such the writings of Josephus Iscanus. Extracts are sufficient for the exhibition of character of them; since in the conduct of the poem, in the machinery, and in the characters, the poet treads in the steps of a predecessor. The author took his name from his birth-place. His nurse and mother called him "Joseph": his contemporaries added, "*of Exeter.*" Writing in the reign of Henry II., he dedicated his work to Thomas-à-Becket. Besides his book on the Trojan War, he wrote the *Antiocheis*; and, amongst other shorter poems, an Address to Hubert, the successor of Becket in the archiepiscopal chair. By a mistake, of which the origin will soon be indicated, his works, until the time of Camden, were quoted under the name of Cornelius Nepos. He is the first of *Iliadists*—a term that we proceed to define—a body of writers, of whom the remainder of the present article will briefly indicate the history; premising, that the learning (such as it is) comes from a dissertation on the subject in the *Bibliotheca Classica* of Lemaire.

By *Iliadists* is meant those who upon the tale of Troy have engrafted matters more or less extraneous: the corrupters of the Homeric, or (if that term be too exclusive) the Old Greek story of Ilion. A writer is an *Iliadist* in proportion as he recedes from Homer.

The *Homerist* differs from the *Iliadist*, though equally degenerate. He cuts down the *Iliad* to an epitome, and is a *Homerist* in proportion to his servility.

Contrary to what we at first expect, the *Homerist* reacts on the *Iliadist*; and that in the following manner:—To epitomize the *Iliad* is to omit the expansions in the way of description: to omit the expansions in the way of description, is to exhibit the plot only. This simulates history. Now, nothing is more prolific of fable than the spirit of fact working without *data*. The *Iliadists* hug themselves for their accuracy, and think that they are far on the way of verisimilitude. They give you the colour of Antenor's hair; but, as a set-off, they say nothing of the curls of Jupiter. So true is it, that extremes meet, and that the probable may be as false as the impossible.

The type of *Iliadism* is the story of Troilus and Cressida. Whence came this and similar additions to the Homeric story?

Five periods may lay claim to them. First, They may be referred to the age of the early Greek literature. In this case they would hardly be called additions. We should rather say that Homer had transmitted to us but parts of a mighty whole. It *may* be that the germ of much that is mediæval was to be found in those old epic writers who dealt with the Trojan cycle, and that not unworthily. Though this view may account for what appears in Virgil, it will do nothing for what we find in Chaucer. For this period, such a name as Cressida was an impossibility. Neither is it likely that Teucer's profession, as an archer, had been discredited by the knight-errantry of Pandarus. That there was something, however, at the very earliest times beyond what appears in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, is evident, from (amongst other things) the notices of Helen in Egypt by Herodotus, Euripides, and the author of the Homeric poems himself.

Secondly, They may be referred to the Alexandrine period. The spirit, however, of this period was to explain, rather than to expand.

Learning, however, was at work; and the spirit of hunting up old traditions is akin to the spirit of enlarging them. Still, such a name as *Cressida* was an impossibility.

Thirdly, They may be referred to Rome. Songs upon the exploits of the Trojan heroes were sung at supper-tables; generally in Latin, rarely in Greek. In Rome begins the division before indicated, into the Homerists, who translated or epitomized; and into the Iliadists, who wrote original poems. Livius Andronicus, Cneius Matius, Ninnius Crassus, Actius Labeo, &c.—these were of the first class. Macer, Camerinus, Largus, Lucan, Statius, *Virgilius Variusque*—these were of the second class. Still, *Cressida* was an impossible form; and, besides this, not only the spirit and complexion (this might be expected) of the works of this time differed from those of the Middle Ages, but the *facts* also were dissimilar.

In respect to the Roman writers, a single line will often shew their character. There can be no doubt to which class the writers of the following fragments belong.

- Dum det vincenti præpes Victoria palmam. *Noct. Att.* vi. 6.
 ——— εἰσέκε δαίμων
 Ἄμμε διακρίνη, δφῆ δ' ἐτέροισι δὲ νίκην. *Il.* vii. 291.
 Corpora Graiorum mœrebar mandier igni. *Ling. Lat.* vi. p. 80.
 Νεκροὺς πυρκαϊῆς ἐπενήνεον, ἀχνόμενοι κῆρ. *Il.* vii. 428.
 Obscœni interpres, funestique ominis auctor. *Varr.*
 Ἀργαλέην, πολέμοιο τέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαν.
 ——— celerissimus advolat Hector. *Priscian.* lib. vii. 760.
 Nunc socii nunc fite viri. ——— *Nonnius.*
 Ille hietans herbam moribundo tenuit ore. *Diomed.* i. p. 336.
 An maneat specei simulacrum in morte silentum. *Gell.* ix. 14.
 Ὡ πόποι ἦ ῥά τις ἐστὶ καὶ εἰν αἶδω δόμοισι
 Ψυχὴ καὶ εἶδωλον. ———
 Nam non connivi oculos ego deinde sopore.
 ——— *Priscian.* ix. 866. *Nonn. Crass.*
 Οὐ γάρ πο μύσαν ὅσσε ὑπὸ βλεφάροισιν ἐμοῖσιν. *Il.* xxiii. 637.
 Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique pisinnos. *Actius Labeo.*

Later still, the forms become more degenerate. The *Epitome Iliados*, attributed in the Middle Ages to Pindar of Thebes, and by modern critics to Festus Avienus, omitting the description, translates the matters of fact; that is, it gives us Homer, *minus* the poetry. Properly speaking, the work is an expansion of the arguments, rather than a summary of the poem. Lines, however, like the following (which the reader will have no difficulty in referring to their originals) had a popularity of some centuries. It was through them that the Western nations formed their notions of Homer; the Homeric accounts themselves being, then, the least part of what was called the Troy Books.

Iram pande mihi, Pelidæ, Diva superbi,
 Tristia quæ miseris iniecit funera Graiis,
 Atque animas fortes heroum tradidit Orco,
 Latrantumque dedit rostris, volucrumque trahendos
 Illorum exsanguis inhumatis ossibus artus.
 Confiebat enim summi sententia regis,
 Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas
 Sceptiger Atrides, et bello clarus Achilles.

Tandem interposito lis Ignipotente resedit,
 Conciliumque simul genitor demittit ab aula.
 Interea sol immenso decedit Olympo,
 Et dapibus largis curant sua corpora Divi,
 Inde petunt thalamos jucundaque dona quietis.

Biblioth. Class. Lemaire. Vol. 136.

Lastly, the additaments to Homer may be considered as having originated in Byzantium; and a range of time, from the fourth century downwards, may be looked upon as the æra of these Homeric excrescences. This was the time when the nations talked of the *Iliados* of Homer, and, by a parity of reasoning, might have talked of Cressida, the daughter of Chryses. For a good deal in way of forgery, the Church, too, must be held answerable. The age of the Pseudo-Evangelia was just the age for the Pseudo-Iliades. Dictys Cretensis was to the profane, as the Gospel of Nicodemus was to sacred literature. Finally, the origin of Romance lies within the period in question. Let no man think that Constantinople was as Classic as it was Greek or Latin: many facts indicate the contrary. The middle-age Romances of Arthur and Charlemagne are continually turning up in Romaic, and the amount of Greek Romance lost at the taking of Constantinople must have been very considerable. The origin of many of the Novels of Boccaccio may have been imported from Byzantium to Florence. The *last* overlappings of the Homeric story we refer to Byzantium, or, at least, to the time of the Byzantine empire; and the type and consummation of these overlappings we look to be the story of Troilus and Cressida. In the stories in print there is the absence of the marvellous. This was not the case with that portion of Constantinopolitan literature that was influenced by the early Persian poetry. The Alexander of the later Greek is an Oriental hero, a conqueror of giants and of genii. Hector would have been the same, had not the recognition of his attributes been admitted at an anterior period.

Practically speaking, the ultimate sources of the Trojan history, in the middle ages, were two, i.e. Dictys Cretensis and Dares Phrygius. Dictys the Cretan was a follower of Idomeneus, and recorded what he witnessed; so at least ran the belief.

In the Chronicles of Eri, by O'Connor Cierrige, the statement respecting their origin is, that they were rescued from *the graves of my forefathers by me* (i.e. O'Connor Cierrige) *their son*. I have never been able to determine satisfactorily whether the term *grave* was used in its literal or its metaphorical sense. The discovery of Dictys Cretensis was more explicit. In the consulship of Q. Arcadius, A.U. 1068, the

governor of the Island was officiating in Crete. Some shepherds shewed him a tomb in a rock. Here lay the bones of Dictys; and with the bones an autograph manuscript, in Phœnician letters, by the same. The people would be deceived, and they were deceived. Men corrected Homer from Dictys, the cotemporary Cretan, as O'Connor corrected Moses from Æolus, the cotemporary Hibernian. Dictys Cretensis's work consists of six books in prose; in which the acuteness of Perizonius detected the Grecisms indicative of a Hellenic original.

Dares Phrygius was discovered earlier. Cornelius Nepos, pursuing his studies at Athens, fell upon the MS, translated it, and sent it to his friend, Crispus Sallustius. From a comparison of styles, we get at the internal evidence. The life of Atticus and the Bellum Trojanum differ, according to the elegant phrase of Voss, as *aliter catuli olent, aliter sues*. The following parallels shew how Dares Phrygius was followed by Josephus Iscanus. The moral characteristics of the Homeric heroes, as given by the former, determined the ideas of posterity concerning them, from the dark ages till nearly Shakspeare's time. In the minutiae of physical description we probably trace the effects of paintings, of relievos, and medallions.

Priamum regem Trojanorum vultu pulcro magnum, voci suavi, aquilino corpore. *Dar. Phryg.*

Celsa duci Priamo late surgentibus armis
Effulsit roseum cervix caput, ardua scribunt
Membra virum blandoque genas terrore minaces
Regius ornat honos, placidæ vox nuntia mentis
Nil tumidum, nil triste sonat, propiorque precanti
Mollibus imperiis famulantes instruit aures. Lib. iv. 42—48.

Hectorem blæsum, candidum, crispum, strabonem, pernicious membris, vultu venerabili, barbatum, decentem, bellicosum, animo magnum, civibus clementem, dignum, et amoris aptum. *Dar. Phryg.*

Hector magnanimum librato culmine pectus
Erigit, intorto candet coma crispa capillo,
Succinctum complexa caput, blandeque recisos
Furatur vox blæsa sonos: pernicia membra,
Mens placida in cives, faciem lanugo serenam
Induit, ac visus acies obliqua cadentes
In geminas spargit partes, semperque supina
Occiduo stabilem contristat lumine vultum. Lib. iv. 49—56.

Deiphobum et Helenum similes patri, dissimiles natura; Deiphobum fortem: Helenum clementem, doctum vatem. *Dar. Phryg.*

Ore pares, patremque genis, matremque secuti,
Priamidæ gemini studio certante Minervam
Partiti, colit hic artes, hic arma fatigat.
Deiphobum Mavors, Helenum demulcet Apollo. Lib. iv. 57—60.

Æneam rufum, quadratum, facundum, affabilem, fortem cum consilio, pium, venustum, oculis hilaribus et nigris. *Dar. Phryg.*

Crine minax, vultu placidus, sermone serenus,
Affatu facilis, oculo nigrante venustus,
Consiliisque pius, stabiles libratur in artus
Æneas, fuis humeris et lumine grandis. Lib. iv. 72—75.

Antenorem longum, gracilem, velocibus membris, versutum, cautum.

Dar. Phryg.

Antenor tenui productus corpore, sura
Succincta, motu facilis, quo nemo suorum
Insidias vel nôsse prior, vel nectere major.

Lib. iv. 76—79.

Cassandram mediocri statura, ore rotundo, rufam, oculis micantibus,
futurorum præsciam. *Dar. Phryg.*

Non membris egressa modum, non cæca futuri,
Fulta gena terete, suspecto crine cruorem
Mentitur, flagratque acie Cassandra micante.

Lib. iv. 67—70.

Mark also the comparative importance given to Troilus:

Troilus in spatium surgentes explicat artus,
Mente gigas, ætate puer, nullique secundus
Audendo virtutis opus, mixtoque vigore
Gratior illustres insignit gloria vultus.

Lib. iv. 65.

Eminet asperior dextra majore lacessens
Troilus Argolicos, et quamquam Antenoris ense,
Æneæ jaculum, prædonis tela tremiscant,
Hic tamen, hic vincit, et lantos obruit omnes.
Miratur Bellona virum, stimulatque furem. Lib. vi. 242—247.

Troilum magnum, pulcherrimum, pro ætate valentem, fortem, cupidum
virtutis. *Dar. Phryg.*

Of Sisyphus Cons, Teucer's scribe, and of Corinnus, a friend of Palamedes, we have the names only. They stand like the contents of Curl's book-shelves—title-pages, that only wanted books to them.

ISHMAEL.

~~~~~  
"His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him."  
~~~~~

HARD was his fate—poor Hagar's outcast child—
Whose roving seed now peoples Araby;
Held foe by all, and ever doomed to see,
In each he met, a foe: yet, mid the wild,
Apart from man, or by the chace beguiled,
Or resting where the shade of some lone tree
Along the desert wove its tracery,
Oft thought he of his tented home, that smiled
As nought save home can smile;—thus tasting bliss,
Which well might aid to bear a heavier load
Of sorrow and distress than e'er was his.
And those were blessed hours, when o'er the sand
He marked his children sport, a joyous band,
In playful dalliance round their sire's abode.

J. S.

OUR GREEN BAG.—No. II.

“ He now breathed out of his green bag.”

COTTLE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF COLERIDGE.

AND so the summer has actually come again, with its wealth of flowers, its luxury of leaves, its prodigality of shade, its melodious mirth of birds, its soothing bee-music, and its million bright and glancing forms of loveliness and glory!—It is near noon, and the sun is high in heaven. The heat would be intolerable, were it not for the protection afforded us by the interwoven boughs of the ancient elm, under which our venerable form is reposing.—It is a beautiful dell this, which we have chosen to sleep and dream in! Such green walks, such bright flowers, such sweet blossoms, were surely never before congregated in so small space! There is a rivulet bubbling by with silvery radiance, and a sleepy tunefulness that is held in high esteem by the children of the forest; and the two-fold shout of a cuckoo, that dear good angel of the spring! is heard from afar, wakening a thousand sad sweet recollections of the Long Ago, when our spirits were just beginning to separate the external universe from that of thought and feeling, and to assert and realize an independent and self-originated existence. Here we have been slumbering, and holding high intercourse with the beings of the spiritual world, ever since we left COWSLIP HILL, whither we had gone to see the sun come out of his chamber, prepared like a strong man to run his race. A pleasant morning, too, we have had! The cool sound of waters, the bend of stirring branches, and the fragrance and mirthfulness whose conception is of the joyous prime—the light heart, and the happy thought and the sainted vision, have never for a moment left us. Then, too, the fairy-formed and many-coloured things of the green-wood have been with us—the bird with its song of joy, and the butterfly with its rainbow wing, and the moth that loves the twilight of the green-wood; and the pheasant has fed near us; and the hare peeped with glancing eyes, through her ambuscade of grass and leaves, at her old familiar friend, Ben Grey. But more than this!—we have been favoured with visits from Fairy Land. Oberon has talked with us, and begged us to plead with our brethren on behalf of him and his elfin race: and Titania, when the jealous monarch was not looking, gave us one of her most enchanting kisses, to repeat her some lines in the “*Midsummer Night's Dream*:” and Puck kicked our delighted visage with the tip of a new silver slipper that he had just made out of a wild rose-bud: and Mab invited us to drink tea with her, and offered to feast us with some of her finest fancy-bread. And the fairies, too, came, and sighed that their reign was near its close: and the nymphs of the woods and caves, half drest in silk mantles spun out of bay-leaves, whispered something about their last glory, and wondered whether Mr. Wakley would expel them from their beautiful haunts, when he makes his new poetical

world. One of them spoke seriously of returning to her old home in Greece, if the Sultan could be persuaded to allow her liberty of conscience, and a fresh field to take the air in, unmolested by the questions of travellers; who, even when they see her with their own ill-looking eyes, will persist, to her no small annoyance, in asking her whether *she is real*. They past away with a profusion of musical sighs: and I was left alone for some time, thinking over the dances on moonlight eves, that we were bidden to, when we were children, by the gentle and exquisite beings who had just departed. At last, a bright and stately form came into the obscure forest. It was that of a Grecian youth, radiant with joy and glittering with beauty. He was drest in the robes of a hunter, and bore on his shoulder a quiver and a bow. He looked immortal—

In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
Which he wore as the sun his rays. His locks
Were beautiful, and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus, roll'd o'er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind.*

In his hand he carried a basket full of wreaths and flowers, symbolical of the worship of the Hunter's Queen, and intimating that he was a votary of the goddess who haunts the still forest and leads a virgin life. When he came within fifty yards of me, he stopped. An altar of turf, as if by enchantment, rose up before him. He stood by it; and taking up his fragrant offering, placed it on the altar, and breathed the name of Artemis. I knew it was Hippolytus, by the proud rich music of his voice; and I listened to the invocation to the fair saint whom he worshipped, with breathless eagerness:—

I bring thee, gentle Queen! for thine adornment,
This garland, woven from the odorous flowers
Of an unshaven lawn. The shepherd there
Dare never pasture his young flock; the scythe
Hath never yet profaned its sacred treasure;
But only the sweet honey-bee, in spring,
Over its consecrated bosom travels.
With river dew chaste Nature fosters it,
Until it blooms and blossoms like a garden.
There all, in whose young hearts there is no guile,
Whose spirit is the home of purity,
May cull sweet flowers at will;—but for the evil,
It were profane for them to enter there.
Beloved Sov'ran! with religious hand
I offer thee this perfum'd anadem,
For thy gold tresses. Gentle Queen, receive it!
Me only, of the race of man, hast thou
Blest with thy favour; for in the green forests
Do thou and I hold sweet companionship,
And the dear interchange of tender words.
And yet I only hear thy silvery speech—
I may not gaze on thy divinest shape.
My spring of life is radiant with delight;—
Sweet Goddess, may its winter be the same!†

* Byron.

† Euripides.

The scene changes. We are in a royal palace—and in the chamber of a royal lady. She is lying on a couch. Her large dark luminous eyes are full of an impassioned but tender melancholy. One cheek is resting on her hand; and her arm, whiter than moonlight, is revealed by this position. The other is flushed, as with fever; and stained with tears, which roll down it at intervals, like the first drops of a thunder shower. She murmurs a name—it is that of Hippolytus. It is evident that we are in the room of one who loves—not wisely, but too well—the beautiful but erring Phædra. She is delirious; and her soul is far away, following her lover in the chace—or wandering by the lake and lawn of her childhood—or resting under the boughs of her favourite tree—or breathing the difficult air of the mountain top, while the plain below is ringing with the music of the hounds, and the tramp of the steed, and the merry shouts of men. How strange the contrast between the fragrance and freshness and joyousness without, and the fever and fret and broken heart within!

I.

Ah me! ah me! I pray thee bring
Bright water from the dewy spring!
Ah sunny lawn! I long to rest,
Among sweet flowers, on thy dear breast!
Ah poplar loved! I long to lie
Beneath thy boughs, so green and high,
Cradled into sleep divine,
Where the grass springs soft and fine!

II.

Bear me to yonder hill, I pray—
My own green hill!—I must away!—
The forest sleeps in golden light,
The pines are glittering on the height.
Hark! hear ye not the hounds pass by,
The gallant creatures in full cry!
Alas, the dappled fawn must die!—
Sweet Heaven! the glowing chace I love,
And the hounds are my delight;
I'll have a shaft, to wave above
My tresses sunny bright;
And a lance, a shapely lance,
By my side shall gleam and glance.*

So dreams and loves the poor Phædra; for though we condemn the sinner, we must pity the sufferer. Meanwhile, her love is unrequited, and her princely lover wanders on fancy free. They sing to him of love; but he listens not, though the chant is soft and musical.

Oh, young Love! he floateth still
O'er the heart, at his sweet will;
As the bee, in sunny bower,
Hovereth over some fond flower.*

They unfold its glories; and tell of those who, by its magical influence, put on immortality;—but he refuses to hear:—

* The Hippolytus of Euripides

Those who have conned the legends of old times,
 And live with the sweet Muses in their hearts,
 Can tell how Zeus once languished for the love
 Of Semele !—can tell how young Aurora,
 The beautiful, the bright, wooed Cephalus,
 To the clear congregation of the Gods,
 And all for Love's sweet sake! They evermore
 Dwell in the enchanted palace of the sky,
 And the Olympian Splendours are their friends,
 And all, as I divine, for Love's sweet sake.*

But song and legend are alike in vain. Phædra is left to die, and Hippolytus passes on to his destiny.—And so ended Ben Grey's Morning Dream.

There is this difference between the effects of disappointed love in man and woman—that the stronger reason and more exciting career of the man enable him the more readily to recover the wasting of his young affections; while the greater tenderness of heart, and inferior vigour of intellect, and, in general, the utter absence of ambition and its objects, compel the woman to cherish her grief in silence and solitude. This truth has been nobly enunciated by Byron: and though he can scarcely be considered as its first expositor, our readers will probably think him its most successful lyricist. Long before him, however, a Greek Poet had recognised the same truth; and given it a musical expression equally pathetic, if not more so. In both instances, a woman is chosen as the medium of conveyance for the poet's thought. The Englishman shall take precedence:—

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer, in exchange,
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
 Men have all these resources; we but one—
 To love again, and be again undone.

There is strength and feeling in this; but we are in doubt whether, after all, the Greek Poet has not the best of it: but then you must read his rich Greek, and not our poor English:—

Alas the love of woman! Man may love not
 As woman loves: for if strong passions stir
 The waters of his spirit, still they move not
 The terror and the grief they raise in her.
 Kind friends are his, and joys that we may prove not:
 Men, Nature, Art, to him will minister:
 But we, poor prisoners! we, in sorrow brood,
 And live, and long, and die in solitude.

An eloquent writer, in an earnest and thoughtful paper on Infidelity in Love, appears to think that the man has but little advantage over the woman, and is equally at the mercy of Passion—equally the martyr of the broken heart. "What shall we do?" he asks. "We have accustomed ourselves to love, and to be loved. Can we turn to new ties, and seek

* The Hippolytus of Euripides.

in another that which is extinct in one? How often is such a resource in vain! Have we not given to this, the treacherous and the false friend, the best years of our life, the youth of our hearts, the flower of our affections? Did we not yield up the harvest? How little is there left for another to glean! This makes the crime of moral infidelity. The one who takes away from us her love, takes away from us also the love of all else. But this is not all—the other occupations of the world are suddenly made stale and barren to us. The daily avocations of life—the common pleasures—the social diversions, so tame in themselves—had had their charm, when we could share and talk over them with another. It was sympathy which made them sweet: the sympathy withdrawn, they are nothing to us—or worse than nothing. The talk has become the tinkling cymbal, and society the gallery of pictures. Ambition, toil, the great aims of life, even these cease abruptly to excite! What, in the first place, made labour grateful and ambition dear? Was it not the hope that their rewards would be reflected upon another self?—and now there is no other self. And in the second place—and this is a newer consideration—does it not require a certain calmness and freedom of mind for great efforts? Persuaded of the possession of what most we value, we can look abroad with cheerfulness and hope: the consciousness of a treasure inexhaustible by external failures makes us speculative and bold. Now, all things are coloured by our despondency: our self-esteem, that necessary incentive to glory, is humbled and abased: our pride has received a jarring and bitter shock: we no longer feel that we are equal to stern exertion: we wonder at what we have dared before.”*

This is beautiful and earnest writing. We acknowledge that it is such. But is the philosophy true?—is it worthy of a man? Shakespeare, we admit, puts a similar doctrine into the mouth of Othello, when grieving over the supposed falsehood of her in whom he had garnered up his heart, he bids farewell to the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and declares that Othello’s occupation’s gone! But would Shakespeare have taught the same doctrine, had he been speaking in his own proper person—had he stood forth, not as the dramatist, but as the poet—had he spoken, not the language of passion, but of philosophy? No doubt there is partial truth to be found in it. It is what we might all say and feel, when we first awakened to the sense of the injury done us, and found that we had given our precious hearts away and met with no return. In some instances, the despair and darkness consequent on the sunset of so much happiness might be more permanent than in others; and some might grieve for years, while others found consolation in months. But it is not grief that we venture to condemn as unmanly: on the contrary, grief may exalt and strengthen and purify the heart, till we feel, with Wordsworth, that a deep distress hath humanized the soul. It is the utter prostration of intellect—the enervation of our moral nature—the mental blindness, which will allow us to discover neither the good nor the beautiful in this world, wherein so much of both are still to be found—it is this that we think to be unwise, and know to be

* The Student.

unmanly. Is the falsehood of another entirely to waste our affections, or extinguish the light of reason? Have we no longer any duty to perform? or, if we acknowledge the existence of duty, are we to make our sufferings an excuse for its neglect? Was not love given for the annulling of self? Why, then, make its betrayal an apology for the nourishment of what is only a more refined species of selfishness. This is not to ascend, by a mortal yearning, towards a higher object; but to fall, by a wilful despair, below the dignity and glory of a man. But what does example teach us? Was not Milton betrayed? and did he not become the sire of an immortal strain, and, by his efforts in Liberty's defence, make all Europe ring from side to side? Was Petrarch not unhappy in his love? but did he therefore forego the name of poet, or forget his duty as man? Why mention Dante or Shelley, or, indeed, select any names, when the history of the human heart abounds with the records of those who out of weakness were made strong? There is one, however, whose testimony on this point we should unwillingly omit—an old Latin Poet, who had to bewail a similar destiny; but who drew consolation from sorrow, and energy and hope and manly thought from the fountain of hopeless love. He, indeed, seems to have contended long before victory was won; but his was a spirit not easily quelled; and, in the end, he returned "all radiant from his triumph in the fight."

If the remembrance of old favours gives

To man sweet thoughts and bright;

If he a holy and pure life that lives

Enjoys a conscience light;

And if the knowledge that he has maintained

Pure faith, may pleasure leave;

That he has never Heaven's great name profaned,

His brethren to deceive;

How many joys, Catullus, may be thine,

All earthly joys above,

Drawn from a fount that grief has made divine,

The fount of Hopeless Love!

For all that man could say, or man could do,

Hast thou not done and said—

Kind words, kind deeds, confided to the Untrue?

And are they not all dead?

Why vex thy soul in agony thus blind?

Why not, in spite of Fate,

Strengthen and stablish thine unsettled mind,

Before it be too late?

Oh, lead thy spirit back from that dark bourn

Whither it strayed from thee!

Oh, bid the mournful wanderer return,

And mournful cease to be!

It is an arduous thing, a thing of fear,

To put such love away,

To bid a love, long cherish'd and so dear,

Thus suddenly decay!

It is an arduous thing, a thing of fear,

Yet 'tis thine only plan.

Then crush this love;—thou canst—thy health lies here—

Crush it, and be a man!

If ye can pity—if in death's last strife,
 Gods! ye have lent your aid,
 If I have lived a pure and holy life,
 And holily have pray'd,
 Behold me in my misery dark and deep!
 This fever drive from me,
 Which glides into my limbs like death's last sleep,
 And banishes all glee!
 I ask not now that she may love me. No!
 I ask for love no more:
 I ask not that she may be true,—for, oh!
 'Twere vain!—the past is o'er.
 I would regain my strength! I fain would drive
 This malady away!
 Hear me, O Gods! for evermore I strive
 Your precepts to obey.

This would be fine poetry and noble doctrine, even if a Christian were its creator and promulger. But that a heathen man and a publican should have taught the one, and modulated the other, is perfectly marvellous. Catullus, notwithstanding the chivalrous gallantry of the old Roman lover, which has already been elucidated and developed in preceding Numbers of our Magazine, could indulge in vehement philippics against the Ladies, when they happened to cross his purpose; and write smart things upon them too, if they broke faith with him; as the following epigram will amply testify:—

My love would wed me only, she declares,
 Though Jove should woo her in his beauty bright;
 But what to her fond lover woman swears,
 That on the winds and on swift waters write.

It is a pretty thought of Gallus—and, let the Troubadours say what they will, one that proves that a Southern Poet could pay as delicate a compliment as the best of them—in which he tells the lady of his love, that when she met him in the morning, in all the radiance of her youth and beauty, she rose on his sight with a holier lustre than that of the newborn light; and that, in the evening, Love's star itself went forth out of the waters with no softer splendour than hers. But take the ancient Minnesinger's own words, as nearly as they can be preserved in our imperfect version:—

When in the morn thou meetest me, my Light!
 Purer art thou than is the infant morn;
 And when thou comest, flattering the dark night—
 Pardon, O sacred Heaven, my seeming scorn!—
 So Hesperus rises from the western sea,
 So soft his light, mine Evening Star must be.

Yes! here it is!—a resetting into English of a Greek gem of Anacreon's; for which we have been rummaging in the sacred enclosure of our Green Bag, which has served us till lately for a pillow. It would be impossible to write on the subject of Love without thinking of the Incarnate Love herself—the Grecian Aphrodite—that impersonation of warm and quick affections, and of simple and earnest thought. A vision of delight and a dream of splendour took flesh, as

it were, in this most exquisite conception: and to the spirit of Love evidenced in every look and gesture, and to the divine soul which glorified the shrine in which it dwelt, and which it consecrated with its sacred effluence, were superadded the gaiety and overflowing exultation of girlhood, now softened and toned down by a feeling of instinctive propriety, and now, in the trustfulness and unsuspecting pleasure of her young heart, innocently and naturally assuming a more decided expression, and revelling in newly-acquired freedom. Such is one portrait of Aphrodite. But now take another;—and own that Anacreon beats Ben Grey hollow. With polished limb and roseate breast, gleaming neck and flashing arms, the goddess is floating, a perfect form of womanhood—a pure, young girl, who thinks no evil among the blue waves, like “a lily among violets:”—

To the shore, the shore so bright,
Wandering, as a sea-weed white
Wanders, when the air is balm,
Through the softly-coloured calm;
Floats she with a stately motion,
Waves in front the waving ocean,
And above her roseate breasts,
And below her neck so white,
Severs the great wave, and rests
Midway in the furrow bright—
She of Cyprus! Aphrodite!
Even as a lily folden
In sweet violets may shine,
Softly shines the Lady golden,
Through the dreaming Hyaline.
And, lo! in molten silver glancing,
Charioteer'd by dolphins dancing,
Full of guile, and baby-browed,
Love and Passion laughing loud!

We have been wandering for the last ten minutes through the wood in which we have taken up our abode, on the outskirts of our favourite dell; and a fairer scene than that which meets our eyes we never had the good fortune to behold. In front, lie green fields basking in the sun;—the soft young grass is refreshed and strengthened with the delicious showers that have fallen during the last few nights. The perfume of the bean-fields is wafted towards us by one of those winged messengers of heaven that are so welcome on the close of a Midsummer's-day—for the evening is now set in. On our right hand is a little cottage bosomed among trees; except on one side, which is brought strongly into sight, and is made fragrant and beautiful by the green stalks and full rich flowers of the honeysuckle—a flower so thoroughly English in all its associations. On our left is the most fairy-like of valleys, with its thousand sunny spots of green; coloured with purpureal gleams, like those which glorify the fields of Elysium; and scented with wild roses of every hue, from the snowiest white, through the most delicate gradations of pink, to the deepest red. In the remaining quarter is the extreme verge of a stately park. In the very heart of a cool grove is placed a temple of the most exquisite proportions, and built of the finest marble. It is very small; but the

classical harmony which pervades it makes it appear larger than it in reality is, so satisfying and so finished is the design. Statues of Grecian divinities are placed near—Athene, Bacchus, Here, and Aphrodite. The olive, the vine, the myrtle, and the rose, symbolize, by their presence, the worship of these bright Olympians. A corn-field, at no great distance, indicates that the mysteries of Demeter, whose statue is also to be seen, are not forgotten. There is another image visible through the green trees of the valley. It is half covered with roses, so that it is not easy to identify it; but it has the semblance of a shepherd. Ah! now we see, by the pipe, that it is the God Pan. Hark! what a trilling gladness is in that far-off flute! It comes nearer; and the valley is filled with its treasures of sweet sound. How perfectly Grecian the scene is! There is a description in the Anthology which might have been written on purpose for it. And now that the musician, who is a neighbouring shepherd of some small skill in the craft, appears from between the thick boughs, it is still more appropriate.—“What sayest thou? Speak, shepherd, speak!”

Speak, shepherd! speak! Whose are these lovely trees?—

The olive is Athene's; and the vine
 Around the exulting Bacchus, if she please,
 Her green and graceful arms will twist and twine;
 The corn is Ceres'; and these flowers so bright
 Are vowed to Here and to Aphrodite!
 Fragrant and rich and beautiful are they,
 And beautiful their jewel-like array.
 Now warble sweetly, darling Pan, nor take
 From thy full lips thy pipe of liquid tone!
 For here in rosy valley thou shalt wake
 The silver Echo on her secret throne.

We pass slowly on; and among antique oaks discern a bright fountain babbling and talking to itself, as it runs merrily along, under grey rocks near the statue of the rural god, and close to a prodigal congregation of green branches and luxuriant underwood inextricably intertangled into a sort of shrine or bower, which might serve well enough for the home of Great Pan himself. A meadow, in which sheep and oxen are feeding, completes the picture. The sun rests strongly upon them, and field-cattle and trees are steeped in a rich romantic splendour. The fountain is somewhat too noisy, for the parent stream has now divided itself into several branches; and mother and daughters are dancing and leaping and whirling, and singing and scolding, as they go. One longs to quiet them with a “Peace, be still!”

Be still, ye waters, near primæval oaks!
 More lightly murmur, fountains, as ye glide
 In mazy channels under the grey rocks,
 Before the spot where Pan will oft abide!
 Silence ye herds! and silence ye bright flocks!
 This is Pan's dwelling, whom, with sweetest numbers,
 Delicate flutes will lull to golden slumbers;
 While Nymphs and Dryads float upon the air,
 And the glad Naiads dance and warble there!

We are come now to a more retired and tranquil spot. After innumerable windings, and much labyrinthine way-winning, our noisy travellers

have again blended their waters, and are now met in a grassy nook in a perfectly calm and intensely clear lake. It is so pure, that every bough, even to its most most delicate tracery, is mirrored there. The flowers on its marge, that hang tremblingly over the water, are tremulously reflected in it. The bird, that hovers mid-sky over it, is imaged in its translucency; and the gorgeous insect that floats motionless above the pure hyaline is glassed within it. The Bandusian Fount was not more clear, nor the bank, which it "made all one emerald," more brightly green, than this calm pool and its flowery margin.

Bandusian Fount! more bright than glass,
Worthy sweet flowers and sweeter wine,
To-morrow, on thy marge of grass,
Shall a young kid be thine!

His infant horns, his crested brow,
Threat love and war, but threat in vain;
For soon his crimson blood must flow,
Thy cold bright waves to stain.

Bandusian Fount! the baleful hour
Of Sirius shall not thee molest;
But thy cool shade and pleasant bower
Shall win the steer to rest.

And thine a noble name shall be,
For I the darling ilex sing,
Nurst on the wild rock, whence, in glee,
Thy babbling waters spring.

Byron (*implora pace!*) has worthily sung the Clitumnus, murmuring near its glassy deeps a music sweeter than their own. By an easy and perfectly justifiable transition, we have passed from our own favourite fountain—call it The St. Mary—to the Bandusia; and from the Bandusia we follow the Pilgrim of Eternity to the Clitumnus. Let us imagine ourselves on its banks. On the acclivity of one of these, and not far from Spoleto, stands an exquisite little temple. Four columns support the pediment, the shafts of which are covered in spiral lines, and in forms to represent the scales of fishes: the bases, too, are richly sculptured. We are gliding along the happy shore, and, as we "hear the babbling tale of the more rapid streams, and see the slender proportions of the rural temple reflected in the crystal depth of the calm pool," we murmur verses that it is a privilege and a blessing to repeat:—

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks, whereon the milk white steer
Grazes—the purest God of gentle waters,
And most serene of aspect and most clear!
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror, and a bath, for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on that happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps

* H. W. Williams.

Thy

Thy current's calmness ; oft, from out it, leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
While chance some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its babbling tales.

What a holy and enchanted valley we are now traversing ! It is full of sweet dells, and pleasant resting-places, and green coverts. It abounds with the incense-bearing tree, and flowers fresh in hue ; the summer-birds sing welcome, as we pass ; and a softer and more hallowed light impurples a scene, that wants but the beautiful and shadowy multitude of the Roman chivalry to realize the Elysium of the Latin Poet, as it appeared to Æneas and his guide !

The haunts of deep delight and sober glee,
The spots of greenery so blest and bright,
The enchanted groves and forests, fair and free,
And homes of happy spirits, meet their sight.
An ampler sky here clothes the verdurous lea,
With its investiture of purple light,
And the pale tenants of this land divine
See their own sun and their own planets shine.
Some brace their limbs within the grassy ring,
Wrestle on yellow sands with motion fleet,
Or in the game contend ; while others sing,
And singing weave the dance with noiseless feet.
And there, in flowing vest, the priest and king
Of Thracian song discourses music sweet
On seven soft chords ; seven voices answer still
The flying finger or the ivory quill.
Heroes of mighty heart around them stood,
Children of brighter years, a beauteous line ;
Assaracus and Ilus, great and good,
And Dardanus, who built their Troy divine—
Old Teucer's race, a radiant brotherhood !
Afair their arms and empty chariots shine,
Their spears stand fix'd on earth, and, wandering free,
Their coursers pasture over the wide lea.
For still the love of arms and knightly worth,
Of the fair chariot and the glittering steed,
Follows them resting underneath the earth :
And, lo ! both left and right along the mead,
Some banquet in their high and solemn mirth ;
Some chant glad hymns, or graceful dances lead,
In odorous laurel dells, whence ancient Po
Rolls through green woods his wealth of waves below.
Patriots, in battle slain for fatherland,
And priests of sinless life, this realm inherit ;
And pious bards, whose songs were nobly plann'd,
And worthy of the Apollonian spirit ;
And they, whose musing brain and cunning hand
Made beautiful our life ;—and they, whose merit
Lives in another's memory, here were found,
With snowy garlands wreathed their brows around.

Well ! we must own ourselves heretics as regards Virgil and his poetry. We allow the exquisite delicacy of his language, and the wonderful music of his verses, which rise and swell and fall on the shores of

Thought and Feeling, like summer waves on those of this outward and visible Universe. But take from him this music which rolls persuasion, and restore to Apollonius Rhodius, and to Ennius, and the rest of the despoiled brotherhood, the riches of which he plundered them, and little remains of the Roman Epic;—no true epic, in our thinking, which the poet would care to claim. But perhaps his Pastorals may be considered as his “glory as a poet?”—if so, they are certainly his “shame as a man,” on the evidence of Theocritus alone. Nay, but his Georgics are perfect?—If perfection consist in language of the most dazzling and marvellous splendour and melody that a seraph might be proud of, and in nothing further, they certainly are perfect. Yet even here the poet is not altogether original;—and if you look for the infinite significance and inexhaustible thought which characterize all high poetry, you will look in vain. It may be vastly edifying to be told to plough without our coat and waistcoat, or to learn that the “ground cannot bear a rake, nor the vine a pruning-knife;” and we earnestly recommend Virgil’s system of farming to that very laudable and useful class of persons usually known as “Gentlemen Farmers,” who appear to be possessed with the praiseworthy ambition of discovering a short road to ruin,—a design in which they not only deserve, but generally command success. If the felicitous expression of the Trite and Impracticable, and the Glorification, as far as language can glorify—if the Common-place and Actual constitute poetry—we should consider the Georgics as a poem of the very highest order: but if a great poem be what Shelley has pronounced it, “a fountain for ever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight,” this master-piece of the Mantuan has evidently no pretensions to the character. Oh, no! the true poetry of Rome has neither lyrical nor epical expression; still less dramatic enunciation. The true poetry of Rome lived in its Institutions; for whatever of beautiful, true, and majestic they contained, could have sprung only from the faculty which creates the order in which they consist. The life of Camillus—the death of Regulus—the expectation of the Senators, in their godlike state, of the victorious Gauls—the refusal of the Republic to make peace with Hannibal after the Battle of Cannæ, were not the consequences of a refined calculation of the probable personal advantage to result from such a rhythm and order in the shows of life, to those who were at once the poets and the actors of their immortal dramas. The imagination, beholding the beauty of this order, created it out of itself, according to its own idea: the consequence was, empire; and the reward, everlasting fame. These things are not the less poetry, *quia carent vate sacro*. They are the episodes of that cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of men. The past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theatre of everlasting generations with their harmony*.

How wonderful was Rome!—how wonderful in her conception, her growth, and her death—the joy and beauty of her youth—the virtue and simplicity of her republican children—the royal and victorious bearing of her Exalter and Enslaver; her ever-changing state, yet never-

* Shelley.

consummated death, under the Emperors—her overthrow, and near extinction, by the terrible visitations of the Barbarian hordes—her resurrection from the sepulchre of years under the first-recognised Father of the Church—her ascension to the heaven of glory, under the consummation of her ecclesiastical dominion—another, yet the same—and her final destruction by the earthquake of the Reformation, which shook the universe of mind with its fearful convulsions—are eloquent of so much mystery and loveliness—of so much sublimity and terror—of so much exultation and despair, that the most procreant imagination and the most profound intellect might evoke and ponder from childhood to old age, and leave the problem of her greatness half unsolved, and the forms and shapes and manifestations and processes of her glory and beauty unpourtrayed and undeveloped !

Even like Cybele is the Queen of Earth,
The Eternal Mother of the Sacred Powers.
When charioteer'd through Phrygia in wild mirth,
And crown'd with her tiara of proud towers,
She clasps her hundred sons, and in their birth
Exults ; for they have won the Olympian bowers,
And, heirs of the bright Universe on high,
Have worship and have glory in the sky.*

Ah ! here is our old lurking-place again—our favourite dell—our philosopher's cave—our poet's corner ! After our excursion through the wood, we are glad to throw ourselves down on our couch of leaves ; with our head on our green bag, which has so bountifully supplied our demands to-day ; and recall our thoughts, which have wandered far over sea and land, like wild birds, before we return to our home and retire to rest.—What a soft and beautiful evening it is ! Every wind has gone to sleep, and the air is as calm and even as the spirit of a dying saint. The sun is on the point of setting ; the clouds are variously coloured with his light, and, with the exception of one like burnished gold, are all melted down into vast iris. He is standing over the sea ; his head is glorious as a seraph's ; and his limbs are dimly shadowed forth in gigantic splendour and beauty. That one cloud with which he is girdled, and that cloud's garland over his brow, recall the image of that mighty angel in the Apocalypse, who came down from heaven clothed with a cloud, with a rainbow upon his head, and his face as the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire ; stationed, in colossal beauty, with his right foot on the sea, and his left foot on the earth. The waves are visible through the interspaces of the trees, rolling onward in silver radiancy, and breaking, with almost inaudible melody, on the pebbly beach, which borders, like a white fringe, the green shore which slopes down to the west. The sea itself is strewn with golden light ; and a path inlaid with the molten ore, and gently undulating its liquid pavement, leads towards that Paradise of clouds and pavilion of the sun. The heaven, that visible image and symbol of eternity, domes above all, like the overhanging Deity—infinite, unsearchable, unknown—a solid mystery. There are a few clouds of the most aerial texture, to constellate a roof on which only God and the

* Virgil. So Byron :—

She seems a sea-Cybele, fresh from Ocean,
Rising, with her tiara of proud towers.

angels walk: they are wrought of the most delicate dew ever exhaled from the silver chalices of river water; and are transfused with crimson light, and steeped and drenched in intolerable glory. The earth, with her rich embroidery of flowers and her cloth of emerald, is enfolded under the pavilioned heaven—a fitting floor for that palace roof of glorious shapes and awful shadows. Thus the royal palace of Our FATHER is built up—a temple not made with hands, wherein we, his children, may worship and adore him. And who, that considers his infinite mercy and prodigal favour, towards not only the good but the evil—the riches of his love, thus gloriously manifested—the thought that he takes for the exiled from Paradise, in providing them with an Eden only a little lower than that which the Primal Sire forfeited—in visiting them with these dim and shadowy remembrancers of their lost inheritance, which has made wise and good men declare their belief in an antenatal existence better and more glorious than this of earth—in affording them bright prophecies and vivid anticipations of their return to the blessed fatherland, and communion with their brethren the angels, and their restoration to the knowledge and enjoyment of God—in giving them the beautiful, by which, as by golden stairs, they ascend unceasingly to the Throne of the Beauty of Holiness—and in showing them “the white radiance of Eternity reflected in the many-coloured dome of Time”—who, that thus thinks, can fail to worship—can fail to love—can fail to soar?—who can refrain from joining in the jubilant cry of Seraphim and Cherubim—Holy, Holy, Holy! In the stillness and hush and solitude and soft twilight now resting lovingly over the earth, the heart is softened and the mind exalted, and we desire what is pure and lovely and of good report; and we are filled with affection and reverence for all that God has created and made; and we have glimpses, through the windows of Time, into the heaven of Eternity; and we long to be wiser, and we sigh to be holier; and God’s Spirit is more peculiarly with us; “and therefore we love, and therefore we soar.”

Ave Maria! Blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power,
Sink on the earth so beautiful and soft;
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! May our spirits dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son’s above!
Ave Maria! Oh that face so fair,
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove!
Ave Maria! Over earth and sea,
This heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

So sang our Catholic Byron—with all his errors, and, in spite of his scepticism, intersmitten and without solid basis—one whom our country might number among her noblest sons. There is more of religious feeling and exalted thought—more of heroic devotion and Christian temper—more of seraphic adoration and lofty aspiring, in the poetry of that child

and champion of the great and beautiful, than in all the books which sectarianism and hypocrisy have written to vilify the man or condemn the poet.

But, Holy Mother! the sun has gone down, and the evening star has come forth in all its crystal purity, to summon us to our home and the conclusion of our labours. One look before we go, at that fair Creation, through our pet telescope, which we always carry with us in our pilgrimage, ready mounted and fit for use—one look at that delicate form, and then good night to the FAIRY DELL!

Ah! there she comes, beautifully gliding into the field, like a crescent moon, to light the world of Oberón and his tiny Queen. A pearly bark, a silver shell, a lily's petal, are less ætherially lovely than that Lady of the stars.

Peace! Ben Grey! peace! Break off thy reverie, take up thy knapsack, and throw thy green bag over thy shoulder, and get thee home! The dew is falling heavily; and is surely no cure for one troubled, like thee, with the rheumatism. So speaks our guardian angel; and we obey, gathering up the fragments of our morning and evening meal—for do not suppose we live on ambrosia, gentle Reader—and grasping our Fidus Achates of a baton in our good right-hand. There is no moon to light us home, for she set some hours ago: however, the twilight is still sufficient to enable us to find our way across the fields, even if we were not befriended by that beloved star, to whom, with low voice and reverent air, we address our humble petition. We must premise, that as we use a form which has been employed for above two thousand years, every clause will not be found strictly appropriate to our individual case*:—

Sweet Star of rosy Evening! golden light
Of loving Aphrodite! darling star,
And holy ornament of dusky night!
As the moon's glory passeth thine, so far
Art thou more glorious than all stars that are!

Blessings be on thee, O beloved one!
Grant me thy light, that I may join with glee
The shepherd's revel after set of sun!
Grant me thy light!—The Moon, so fair and free,
Rose earlier than she ought, and set too soon.
I am no thief, nor would it pleasure me
To spoil the wayfarer when day is done.
But, oh! my heart is full of love's sweet pain—
And should not he who loves be loved again?

BEN GREY.

* Moschus.

SPECIMENS OF THE GERMAN ANTHOLOGY.—No. III.

THE KNIGHTS AT SEA.

(Suggested by a Ballad of Uhland.)

I.

A NOBLE vessel walks the waters blue,
 Over the waters look the summer skies,
 Open and cloudless, and of violet hue;
 And from their fairy-built pavilion flies
 The sweet wind of the south, whose gracious sighs
 Waft that fair pinnacle over the blue waves,
 That sing around her keel, as glad to be her slaves.

II.

Seven knights on chivalrous emprise are bound,
 Over the world of waters far away;—
 The vessel flies; the song and glass go round;
 A blithe and gallant company are they,
 Full of high hopes, careless and bold and gay.
 The vessel flies:—a cloud is seen above;
 Though small at first, it grows, till, from that heaven of love

III.

The giant angel, the bright sun, outsprings
 Into the chasms of darkness; and the cloud
 Sends down the white storm upon misty wings,
 Over the troubled sea to fly abroad:
 Cloth'd in red lightnings, thunders speak aloud;
 The waves lift up their voices far and near;
 Strange shapes are passing by, unseen, but full of fear.

IV.

The vessel reels and rocks, and is sore troubled;
 The knights are active—active as may be:
 The vessel reels and rocks: their toil is doubled,
 In vain—they cannot tame the wind and sea.
 “Rest we content,” cries one, “and counsel we
 How this wild tempest we may best outlive.”
 Then all, save one, withdraw, and thus their counsel give.

V.

And first the young knight Rupert spake:—
 “Winds roar, and waves rise high;
 And through the thunder of the storm
 The sea-bird’s shriek shrills by;
 And darkness sits upon the sea,
 And reaches to the sky.”

VI.

Then Harold spake:—“The lightnings flash,
 Waves mount, and thunders roar:
 I own I am not brave at sea,
 Though very brave on shore;
 And, to be candid, I could wish
 That I were there once more.”

VII.

Then Ernest spake :—“ The self-same thing
Has happened too to me :
’Tis strange that heroes on the shore
Are cowards on the sea !
What sound was that ? what shape is this
That follows in our lee ? ”

VIII.

Then Siward spake :—“ I told you all
That wind and waves were rough ;
And if you’d taken my advice
We had been safe enough.
‘ Don’t go,’ I cried ; but you replied,
‘ Pahaw ! Siward’s talking stuff.’ ”

IX.

Then spake the ancient Leofric :—
“ ’Tis strange such things should be !
I once dwelt pleasantly on shore,
And nothing troubled me ;
But in more senses now than one
I feel I am at sea :

X.

“ I never was afloat before,
And so have no address
In steering or in managing
A vessel in distress.
I know but little about storms,
And wish that I knew less.”

XI.

Then Egbert spake :—“ With noble youths
I’d wrestle in the ring,
But as to wrestling with the waves,
That’s quite another thing.
But let’s ask Roland what he thinks
Of this strange voyaging.”

XII.

Meanwhile, Childe Roland, at the helm,
Had busily been steering,
Untroubled for a moment by
The perils they were fearing.
And now the vessel, Heaven be praised !
The blessed shore is nearing.

XIII.

So when they asked for his advice,
Childe Roland raised an oar,
And pointing to the land that loomed
Their little bark before,
Said, “ *Don’t you think it would be best
For us to go ashore ?* ”

THE GOD AND THE BAYADÈRE.

An Indian Legend by Goethe.

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 "Mahadoh, der Gott der Erde  
 Kommt herab zum sechsten mahl."  
 ~~~~~

I.

MAHADOH, on earth descending,
 The sixth time a God below,
 The Divine and Human blending,
 Comes to share man's joy and woe.
 Glad he brooks to bear life's burden,
 Himself our fitful wicd to dree,
 And, ere he punish, ere he pardon,
 A mortal man 'mongst men to be:
 So a wayfarer thorough the town he has wander'd,
 The lordly hath scann'd, and the lowly hath ponder'd,
 And at nightfall forth fares he, a traveller free.

II.

As his journey he pursueth,
 Houses cease and fields begin,
 When a painted maid he vieweth,
 Lost, but lovely in her sin.
 "Maid, fair even!" "Thanks! One minute,
 Sweet! and I am with thee there!"—
 "Who art thou?" "This my home; and in it
 Love dwells with the Bayadère."
 Then with step of a dancer she soundeth her cymbal,
 In circles entwining so feateous and nimble;
 And swaying and playing her wreath'd flowers doth bear.

III.

And the stranger guest inviting,
 Smiles him on with witching mien.
 "Soon, fair air! its lamps uplighting,
 Shall my chamber glitter sheen.
 Art thou weary? I will cheer thee,
 Heal thy feet from travel's smart:
 What thou wilt shall straight be near thee,
 Rest or mirth, or love's sweet art."
 So gently she charmeth his well-feigned sadness,
 That the Godhead sat smiling and watching with gladness,
 Though the deep stain of sin break a true human heart.

IV.

And he asketh service lowly,
 Nor the lowliest doth she spurn;
 Arts, too early taught her, slowly
 Into kindly nature turn.
 And the solid fruit appeareth
 Where erst bloomed but blossoms gay;
 Meekly each behest she heareth—
 Love cannot be far away.
 But, more sharply the maiden to test, ere elected,
 The Searcher of heights and of depths has selected
 Love, Rapture, and Pain with its loathly array.

V.

And her painted cheeks he kisses,
Till love's smart she feeleth sore ;
And her eyes, o'erflow'd with blisses,
Weep, that never wept before ;
Till she swoons, no more dissembling
Love for lust, or harlot's gain,
And her lithe limbs sink, all trembling,
Nor her body can sustain :
And soon on the love-couch their joys are beginning,
While o'er them the night-hours the chaste veil are flinging,
Which their kind hands have woven for lovers' full fain.

VI.

Late asleep, mid sportive toying,
Soon awake from broken rest,
Lo ! she finds the lov'd-one lying
Dead upon her loving breast !
With a shriek she doth embrace him,
But he wakes not at her call ;
And with stiffen'd limbs they place him
On the pile of funeral.
The priests, and the croon of the death-chant, she heareth,
And frantic and breathless a passage she cleareth.—
" Who art thou ? Why pressest thou on so, through all ? "

VII.

By the bier the broken-hearted
Sinks, with shouts that pierce the skies :
" I would have back my love departed,
And I seek him where he lies.
Shall these limbs of godlike beauty
Waste to ashes from my sight ?
Mine he was, by love and duty,—
Mine, alas ! for one short night ! "
But the priests' chant still soundeth, " We bear forth the old,
Whose limbs have grown weak and whose blood has grown cold ;
And we bear forth the young in their fulness of light.

VIII.

" Harken what thy teacher teaches :
No spouse of thine is sleeping there,
Not unto death thy duty reaches,
That art yet a Bayadère.
To Death's kingdom still and lonely
Shadow must its form pursue ;
Bride must follow bridegroom only,
Such her right and duty too.
Sound, trumpets, sound forth the funereal story !
Receive, O ye Gods, in its brightness and glory,
The soul of this youth, on its flame-wings to you ! "

IX.

Sang the choir, nor felt compassion ;
But her heart's pain wilder grew,
Wide she flung her arms, and, rash, on
The red corse herself she threw :

When, from out the flames upspringing,
 Shot the Boy-god to the sky ;
 On his breast the lov'd-one clinging,
 In love embrace they lie !
 For God o'er a sinner repentant hath gladness,
 And raises the lost one from sin and from sadness,
 In arms as of fire, to his mansion on high.

THE KING IN THE TOWER.

(Umland.)

“ Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhn,
 Die dunkeln Thäler in milder Ruh.”

DIMLY they stretch before me, the grey hills—
 The darkling valleys, hush'd and still below !
 Night holds her rule o'er all ; the night-wind shrills,
 But brings unto my ear no voice of woe.

For all I have ta'en thought, for all have striven ;
 With carefulness have drain'd the sparkling bowl :
 The night is come—the stars live bright in heaven ;
 I will rejoice therein, and please my soul.

Ye golden writings of the starbright sky !
 I gaze up to you with a look of love :
 Sounds of half-apprehended mystery !
 Ye breathe a voice of blessing from above.

Mine eyes are dim, my hair is turn'd to grey,
 My battle-harness hangs upon the wall ;
 Right have I done in deed and word away ;—
 Oh when shall I pass hence, and rest from all ?

O blessed rest, how do I pray for thee !
 O glorious night why lingerest thou so long ?
 When my sealed eyes a brighter beam shall see,
 My quicken'd ears drink in a fuller song !

THE GOATHERD'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

(Umland.)

“ Ich bin von Berg der Hirtenknab,
 Seh auf die Schlösser all herab.”

I HEARD my goats on the peaks of snow ;
 I see the castles stretch'd below.
 Here shines the first beam of the sun ;
 Here latest he lingers when day is done.
 I am the boy of the mountain !

Here springs the great river's fountain-head ;
 I drink him fresh from his rocky bed :
 As wild from the rock face he leapeth out,
 I clip him with my arms about.
 I am the boy of the mountain !

The mountain to me is house and ground :
When storms gather dank and dark around,
Though from north and south they howl and throng,
I drown their voice with my cheery song.
I am the boy of the mountain !

Though thunder and lightning play below,
I stand in blue sky on the sun-lit snow ;
And I shout to them, as they flash and roar,
“ Pass harmless by my father’s door ! ”
I am the boy of the mountain !

And when the tocsin pealeth out,
And beal-fires blaze on the hills about,
Then down I spring, and, my brethren among,
Swing my sword, and sing my song—
I am the boy of the mountain !

THE SPECTRE-SHIP.

(NOT THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.)

My father had a small shop in Busheir. He was neither poor nor rich; but one of those who are lothe to venture any thing, for fear of losing the little they have already. He brought me up plainly and honestly; and I was soon able to be of service to him in his business. When I was about eighteen years old, and he was on the point of trying the first considerable speculation he had ever ventured on, he died, apparently from horror at the thought of trusting a thousand tomanas to the chances of the sea. A few weeks after his death, the news arrived of the shipwreck of the vessel on board of which his goods were embarked. This accident, however, depressed but little my young and active spirit. I turned into money all my father had left behind him; and started to try my luck in foreign parts, attended only by an old servant of my father's, who refused stoutly to abandon me or my fortunes. We embarked, with a favourable wind, in the harbour of Busheir. The ship was bound for the Indies. We held our course for fifteen days, when the captain announced the approach of a storm. He took a careful observation; for he seemed too little acquainted with this part of the sea to encounter a storm with composure. He gave orders to shorten sail: night closed in; and we were dropping lazily along, under a close-reefed foresail, when suddenly a ship swept by us, as though she had risen from the sea under our stern; for the look-out-men saw nothing of her till roused by wild screams and shrieks from her deck. I was listening with wonder, when the captain, turning pale as death, exclaimed, "We are lost, ship and souls!" Before I could inquire the meaning of his exclamation, the crew came pouring aft, with wild cries of insubordination and despair.

At last, however, our captain, plucking up a heart, began reading sentences from the Korân; and then, with words of encouragement to the crew, which produced little effect, placed himself at the tiller. All in vain! The storm broke over us—the ship, after long buffeting the waters, parted, and slowly settled down;—but fortunately the boats had been cast loose, and the last man had left our vessel before she sank. I stepped into the boat—a beggar! But the worst had not yet come. The storm raged more and more fiercely;—the boat would not obey her rudder. My old servant clasped me in his arms, declaring we should live or die together. The day broke; but scarcely had its first light appeared, when the boat, in which the sailors had got a fragment of a sail, broaching to before a sudden squall, capsized. I struggled with the waves for a few moments, and then lost all consciousness. When I recovered, I found myself held fast on the wreck of the boat by my old servant, who had saved me. The storm fell by degrees. We could see nothing of our companions or our ship; but to our surprise, at no great distance from us was another vessel, towards which we were driving. As we approached her, I recognised, to my horror, the same

ship that had driven past us on the night of the storm. The exclamation of our captain, the desolate appearance of the ship, on board of which, though we hailed long and loudly, no one appeared, terrified me. Still, she presented the only means of preservation; and we thanked the Prophet, who had so wonderfully rescued us from destruction. A rope hung down to the water, from the ship's bows. We managed to guide the wreck to this, with hands and feet; and at last succeeded in reaching it. I shouted once more, at the top of my voice; but all was still on board. As the youngest, I climbed the rope first, and stepped over the gunwale on to the deck. But what a sight met my eyes! The deck was spattered with blood: twenty or thirty bodies, in the Turkish dress, lay about: against the mizen mast stood a man richly dressed, a sabre in his hand, but his face pale and rigid: through the forehead a large nail was driven into the mast, which kept him erect. Horror chained my steps: I dared hardly breathe. At last my companion reached the deck. His terror was even greater than my own. At length, after an earnest prayer to the Prophet, we took courage and went aft, looking about us fearfully at every step, lest some yet more ghastly sight should offer itself. But all remained as before. Far and wide no living thing, but we two, and the rolling sea. We durst not speak aloud, for fear, at the first sound, to see the dead captain turn his stony eyes upon us, or one of the dead men lift up his head. At length we came to the companion-ladder. We stopped and looked at each other, neither daring to speak his thought. "O master!" at last said my attendant, "there has been foul work here. But if the ship be full of murder, I would rather venture below for good or bad, than stay here amongst these dead bodies." I thought as he did. We took heart, and went down, breathless with expectation. We stopped at the cabin-door. I laid my ear to it, and listened:—not a sound was to be heard. I opened it. The apartment presented a strange appearance. Clothes, weapons, furniture, lay *pêle-mêle*: nothing was in order. The crew, or at least the captain, must have been carousing a little before. There was still wine in the cups on the table; and some had been broken, and the contents were yet wet. We passed into the adjacent cabins. They were filled with rich goods and gorgeous ornaments of the most miscellaneous kinds. I was beyond myself for joy at the sight; for as no living soul but ourselves was on board, all this we might call our own: but Ibrahim recalled me to myself, by reminding me of our probable distance from land, which we could never reach alone and without human help. We refreshed ourselves with provisions and wine, of which we found abundance, and at length returned to the deck. But we shuddered at the sight of those dead bodies. We resolved to rid ourselves of them, by throwing them overboard. But what was our horror, when we found, that, strain as we might, we could not stir one from its place. We saw that to get rid of them we must take up the planks of the deck; and for this work we had neither strength nor tools. We could not remove the nail that fastened the captain to the mast, nor force the sabre from his stiffened hand. We spent the day in gloomy reflections on our position; and when night began to close upon us, I allowed the old man to go below, while I resolved to keep watch on deck. But when

the moon rose, and I knew by the stars that it was about eleven o'clock, an irresistible inclination to sleep came over me, and I fell back, overcome, against a cask that stood on the deck. Still, it was rather stupefaction than sleep; for I heard the lipper of the sea against the vessel's side, and the creaking and sighing of the sails and cordage in the night-wind. All at once I fancied I heard voices and steps on the deck. I tried to sit up, to look in the direction of the sound; but an invisible power held my limbs chained; I could not even open my eyes. Still the voices grew more and more distinct: it was as if a merry crew were treading the deck about me. Every now and then I seemed to hear the hoarse voice of an officer, and the sound of ropes and sails in motion. But my senses grew feebler and feebler: I fell into a deeper sleep, in which however I still fancied I heard the ring of weapons. When I woke, the sun was up, and shining hot upon my brow. I looked in astonishment about me. The storm, the ship, the dead—all I had heard in the night came back to me like a dream—all on deck was as we had found it the day before. The dead were stretched motionless; the captain stood motionless, nailed to the mizen-mast. I laughed at my dream, and went in search of my old servant. He was risen, and sitting thoughtful in the cabin. "O master!" he exclaimed, as I entered, "I would rather lie at the bottom of the sea, than spend another night in this accursed ship!" I asked him the reason of his alarm. He replied, "I must have slept some hours, when I was awakened by the sound of steps over my head. At first, I thought it was you; but there were at least twenty or thirty men in motion. I heard also shouts and screams. At length heavy steps descended the ladder. I remember nothing more, clearly; but from time to time glimmerings of sense came back to me, and I saw that man, who stands nailed to the mast on deck, sitting at yon table, singing and drinking; and the man who lies near him on the deck in a scarlet caftan, sat near him, and drank with him." Such was the tale of my old Ibrahim. It was no cheat of the imagination. I, too, had heard the dead. The thought of sailing in such company was fearful. Ibrahim sat buried in thought.

At length he cried out, "I have it!" He had remembered a spell, which had been given him by his grandfather, a man of travel and experience, which was powerful against all spirits and magic. He concluded that we might resist the inclination to sleep, by repeating passages from the Korân. The old man's proposal pleased me. In gloomy expectation we saw night draw on. There was a sort of state-room adjoining the cabin: in it we secreted ourselves, boring several holes in the door, large enough to give us a view of the whole cabin;—secured the door as well as we could within, while Ibrahim wrote in every corner the name of the Prophet. Thus we awaited the horrors of the night. It must have been about eleven o'clock, when I felt a violent inclination to sleep. My companion advised me to repeat some verses from the Korân, which roused me. All at once every thing seemed to start into life over our heads, the cordage rattled, steps trod the deck, and we could distinguish several voices. We had sat several minutes in quivering expectation, when we heard steps descending the

companion-ladder. The moment the old man heard them, he began to repeat the spell, in a low tone—

Come ye down from the air,
Rise ye up from the wave,
Spring ye forth from the fire,
Sleep ye still in the grave!
Allah holds o'er all his sway—
Him as Prince and Lord obey!

I must admit I did not put much faith in Ibrahim's spell; and the hair rose on my head when the door opened. The same tall and stately man entered, whom we had seen nailed to the mast. The nail was still in his brow, but he had sheathed the sword. Behind him entered another man, not quite so richly dressed, whom I had seen among the dead bodies on deck. The captain, for there was no mistaking his rank, had a pale face, whose paleness was heightened by a black beard. His eyes rolled fiercely round the cabin, but he took no particular notice of the door which concealed us. Both sat down at the table in the middle of the room; and conversed loudly and violently, in an unknown tongue. Their language became fiercer and fiercer, and their looks more and more threatening, until the captain struck the table with his clenched fist, that the timbers creaked again. The other sprang from his seat with a wild laugh, and beckoned the captain to follow him. He rose, drew his sabre, and both left the cabin. We breathed more freely when they had gone, but it was long before our terror had an end. The noise on deck grew louder and louder. We heard hurrying to and fro, screaming, and howling laughter. At length broke loose an uproar perfectly hellish, so that we thought deck, masts and all, were giving way—a ring of weapons—a shriek—and all at once a deathly stillness. When, after many hours, we mustered courage to go on deck, we found every thing as before: all lay stiff, as if carved in wood. Thus passed several days. We seemed to drift slowly to the east, where, by my calculations, land must lie; but though by day we seemed to progress many miles in this direction, the night seemed to undo what the day had done, for when the sun rose we seemed even in the same place. We could only explain this by the fact, that the dead men every night sailed back with a fair wind to the point from which we had started in the morning. In order to obviate this, before night came we took in all sail; and writing on parchment the name of the Prophet and the spell of Ibrahim's grandfather, we fastened slips round the furled sails. The devil's revelling was louder than ever that night; but next morning we found the sails still furled as we had left them. We set enough sail during the day to carry us gently towards the east, and in five days had left a wide stretch of sea behind us. At length, on the morning of the sixth day, we made land in the distant horizon, and thanked Allah and the Prophet for our wondrous preservation. This day and the following night we coasted along; and on the seventh morning discovered, in the distance, a town. With much toil we lowered an anchor, hoisted out the small boat, which was on deck, and rowed for the town. After half an hour's rowing, we entered a river which emptied itself into the sea, and formed a harbour. At the gates we inquired the

name of the town, and learnt that it was an Indian port, not far from that to which our ship had originally been bound. We repaired to a caravanserai, and refreshed ourselves after our adventurous voyage. I then made inquiries after a wise and understanding man; letting it be known that I stood in need of one somewhat versed in magic. My informant led me to a retired street, and, knocking at the door of a house of mean appearance, introduced me, bidding me ask for Muley. An old man, with a long grey beard and a sharp nose, made his appearance, and asked my business. I told him I wished to see the Sage Muley. It was himself. To my inquiries, What I was to do with the dead bodies? and how I should remove them from the ship? he answered, that they were under a spell for some sin done on the seas. The spell would be broken if they were brought on land. This could not be done without loosing the boards on which they lay. The ship, and all on board, before God and justice, belonged to me, as I had found it. But he advised me to keep my own counsel; and told me, that for a small gift from my abundance, he and his slaves should be at my disposal, to remove the bodies. I promised to reward him richly; and we set out with five slaves, provided with saws and axes. On the way, Muley could not sufficiently praise our wise thought of fastening the parchment, with the name of the Prophet, round the sails. He declared it the only means that could have saved us.

It was still early in the day when we came to the ship. We set to work immediately; and in an hour, four of the bodies were lying in the boat. Some of the slaves were ordered to carry them on shore, to bury them. On their return, they related, that the bodies had spared them the trouble of burial, for that the moment they touched the shore they had fallen to dust. We continued to saw away the planks; and before leaving, all the bodies were landed. None was left on board, but he who stood nailed to the mast. We strove in vain to draw the nail from the wood: no power could stir it a hair's breadth. I knew not what to do. We could not cut down the mast. Muley, however, helped us in our difficulty. He bade a slave row to land, and bring back a pot filled with earth. This he took, spake over it some mysterious words, and sprinkled the earth on the head of the captain: straightway the corpse opened its eyes, drew a deep breath, and the wound of the nail in the forehead began to bleed. We now drew the nail from the mast without difficulty, and the body fell into the arms of the slaves who surrounded it. "Who has brought me hither?" he exclaimed, after a pause. Muley pointed to me, and I approached. "I thank thee," pursued the captain, "unknown stranger! Thou hast rescued me from long years of agony. For fifty years my body hath been driving on the waters, and my soul was condemned each night to return into it. But now the earth has touched my head, and I can return, absolved, to my fathers." I asked him to tell us how he had come to this fearful pass. He answered: "Fifty years ago I was a man of power and consideration in Algiers. The desire of gain impelled me to fit out a ship, and become a corsair. I had plied the trade for some time, when I took on board, at Zante, a Dervise, who wished to travel. I and my crew set but little store by the good man's piety, which we

made sport of. But on one occasion, after he had remonstrated with me more earnestly than usual on my wicked way of life, roused by the sneers of my mate with whom I was drinking in the cabin, I rushed on deck in a drunken fury, and stabbed the Dervise to the heart. In death he cursed me and my crew; and laid a spell on us, neither to live nor die till we touched land. He died. We threw him overboard, and laughed at his threats. But that very night his words were fulfilled. Part of my crew mutinied; and we fought, till my partisans were slain, and I was nailed to the mast. But the victors, sore wounded, died one by one, and soon my ship was our huge grave. But it was not death that bound us. Every night, at the same time that we flung the Dervise into the sea, I, with all my crew, awakened to life; but we could only do and say what we had done and said that night. So have we been sailing for fifty years. We could not live nor die, for we could not make the land. When the storm arose, with frantic joy we set all sail, in hopes of running on some rock or shore, that we might at length rest our heads at the bottom of the sea. We could not gain our wish.—At length I shall die. Once more I thank thee, unknown preserver!—If treasures can reward thee, take my ship, and all that it contains, as tokens of my gratitude.”

His head sunk on his breast, his eyes closed, and in a moment his body was dust.—We hired workmen from the town, and set the ship in order. I bartered the wares on board with advantage; hired a crew; rewarded Muley richly; and returned a rich man to Busheir.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF SATAN,

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUFF.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAP. I

The Editor makes an interesting acquaintance.

ANY one who (like the Editor and Translator of the present valuable papers) was at Mentz during the latter part of September 1822, an inmate of that noble inn the Three Crowns, will certainly not count those days among the lost ones of his existence. Every thing that can make inn-life (not exactly the most agreeable in general) pleasant and delightful was united there on that occasion. Excellent wine, a good table, and noble apartments, might have been found elsewhere; but seldom so select a company of guests. I do not remember to have encountered one of my companions of that occasion, either before or since: yet in those delightful days, so warm and close a bond of sociability united us, as I should have thought quite impossible among

strangers, not one of whom either knew or wished to know the more private circumstances of another. The magnificent vintage of 1822, with its joyous sights and sounds, and this vintage enjoyed on the Rhine, may have contributed, in some degree, to this calm cheerfulness of spirit—this inclination of every one to sociability and good fellowship. But I do not think I am wrong in ascribing it mainly to the appearance of a peculiar—and since, to me, deeply-interesting personage. I had been already living at the hotel for a day and a half: and had it not been for an appointment for the 25th or 30th of the month, made with me by a friend whom I had not seen for some years, I should not have remained longer; for the most fearful *ennui* preyed upon me. The guests were polite and friendly enough, but cold and formal;—none troubled himself much with the weal and woe of his neighbour;—none of them but knew how to offer to another with grace and propriety the well-stewed fish, the scientific roast, or the salad-bowl;—but “the feast of reason and the flow of soul” were not to be procured, either at table or elsewhere. I was looking down from my window one afternoon, on the open square in front of the hotel, thinking over my claims on men in general, and the inmates of the hotel (not meaning, thereby, only the landlord and waiters) in particular, when a travelling-carriage rattled over the pavement of a narrow side street, and drew up right under the window. The elegance of the equipage bespoke a tasteful owner. But I was astonished to see no servant, either on the box or in the rumble; though one at least might have been expected, from the four horses and general style of the turn-out.

“Perhaps a sick gentleman,” thought I, “whom they will have to lift from the carriage;” while I directed my *lorgnette* in the direction of the tall and stately head-waiter’s hand, as he opened the carriage-door.

“Rooms vacant?” exclaimed a deep well-pitched male voice.

“As many as your Highness pleases to order,” was the reply of the gigantic *Kellner*.

A tall and slender form sprang quickly from the carriage, and entered the hall.

“Nos. 12 and 13!” roared the commanding voice of the head-waiter; and away rushed Jean and George up stairs, as if for a wager. The door of the carriage still stood open, but no second passenger appeared. The head-waiter stood in astonishment by the carriage, looked in twice, and shook his head.

“Hist, Oberkellner!” I called down from the window. “Who is it?—I shall have the honour, immediately,” replied the complaisant giant; and a moment after, he entered my room.

“Strange!” said I; “a heavy carriage with four horses;—only one gentleman and no servants!”

“Against all rule and experience, I assure you,” said the waiter.

“Very strange! very strange! But the postillion assures me he is of the right sort—two dollars every eight posts. Perhaps an Englishman—they’re never like any one else.”

“Do you know his name?” I asked, with more curiosity than was quite becoming.

"It will be entered on the slate at supper," he replied.—"Any other orders, Herr Doctor?"

To my affliction, I could think of nothing else at the moment. He disappeared, and left me with my conjectures about the single gentleman in the eight-seated carriage.

When I came down stairs to supper, the waiter alid towards me, with his huge slate in one hand and a light in the other. He presented the slate, on which was written, "Von Natas, Gentleman."

"Has he no servants?" I asked.

"None," was the reply. "He has hired two *laquais-de-place*; but they are not to attend his toilet, either morning or evening."

When I entered the dining-room, the guests had already taken their seats. I hurried quietly to my place, and found myself opposite to Herr von Natas. If he had already aroused my curiosity, he became doubly an object of interest now I sat near him. His face was well formed, but pale. His hair, eyes, and full beard, of a shining black. His white teeth, often uncovered by the fine-cut lips, vied with the snowy purity of his linen. Was he old or young?—impossible to decide. One moment, his face, with its piquant laugh, that commencing slyly in the corners of his mouth played like a cloud about the sharply-chiselled nose and crept up to the mischievous eye, seemed to betray a youth early ripened, and blighted by the storm of passions. At another, you fancied you had before you a man of advanced years, who knew how to preserve himself by a studied and rich toilet.—There are heads and faces which suit one body, and no other. It is idle to say that this is a deception of the senses;—that the eye is too much accustomed to the particular form for us to be able to conceive a different combination. This head could never sit on an under-sized, podgy body: it could crown only a tall, slender, finely-formed person. This was the case; and the rapid and significant motion of the muscles of the face, as they worked in easy play round the mouth, in deep earnestness around the high brow, expressed itself in the body by the dignified but easy pose—the quick, rounded, and graceful movement of the arms, and, generally, in the unconstrained royal bearing of the whole man. Such was Herr von Natas, who sat opposite to me at the supper-table.—I had leisure enough to make these observations during the earlier courses, without annoying my remarkable *vis-à-vis* with impertinent staring. The new guest seemed to give rise to other observations besides mine; for I observed the eye-glasses of several ladies at the upper end of the table in constant requisition. They had contented themselves with surveying myself and my neighbours at dinner, without their aid. The dessert was put on the table; and the leader of our excellent band went round, to collect his well-earned gratuity. He came to the stranger, who threw a dollar among the heap of small coin, and whispered something in the ear of the astonished collector. He appeared to signify his assent by three profound bows, and retired at once to his orchestra. The instruments were tuned afresh. I was curious to know the stranger's choice: the leader gave the signal, and, after the first few bars, I recognised Osinski's glorious Polonaise. The stranger threw himself carelessly back in his chair, and seemed to be

listening to the music; but I soon remarked that the dark eye was roving round the room, under its long black eyelashes; and it was clear that he was surveying the faces round him, and watching the impression which the music made on them.

Indeed this trait seemed to me to betray the practised reader of men. Nothing could be more entertaining than the faces of the different persons, at the most beautiful passages of the composition.

I congratulated the stranger on his happy selection of the music; and a conversation had quickly grown up between us on the effects of music on different characters. The remaining guests had in the mean time retired; but some, who had been listening to our conversation from a distance, drew nearer and nearer by degrees. Midnight was come before I was aware; for the stranger had given us such deep glances into all the relations of men, in all their inclinations and impulses, that we were forced silently to admit that we had never either heard or read of such deeply-pondered and startling revelations.

From this evening a new life arose in the Three Crowns. It was as if joy herself had entered among us, and was celebrating her brightest festival. Guests who had not intended to remain more than a night attached themselves to the ever-widening circle, and forgot that they were amongst men whom chance had brought together from all parts of the world. And Natas, that mysterious Being, was the soul of all: he it was who constituted himself master of the revels, from the moment he had become acquainted with his neighbours at the supper-table. He arranged *fêtes*, excursions to all the beautiful spots around, and gained for himself the warmest thanks of all. And if he had already won all hearts by his tasteful choice of pleasures, this was still more the case whenever he conversed. The charming legend of Oberon's Horn seemed to have started into life. Von Natas had only to open his lips, when each felt, at once, as if something struck on the most loving strings of the heart;—the conversation floated on light wings round the table; more pointed grew the jokes, more significant the glances of the men, more sly the titter of the ladies; until at length our words flowed in such unchecked streams, that, a little after, we knew nothing but that we had amused ourselves gloriously.

CHAP. II.

The Fearful Evening.

Thus had the genial stranger plunged me, and from twelve to fifteen Ladies and Gentlemen, in a mad whirlpool of enjoyment. Almost all the guests were without any particular aim in the house; yet none ventured to contemplate departure, even remotely. On the contrary, when in the mornings we had slept late—at noon, lingered long at table—in the evening, played late—and at night, drunk, chattered, and laughed late—the charm which bound each of us to the house seemed to have coiled a new chain round our feet. But things were destined to turn out differently;—and, perhaps, it was well for us that such was the case. On the sixth day of our reign of joy, a Sunday, Herr von Natas was not to be found

anywhere in the hotel. The waiter brought, in his name, the excuse of a short journey which he was obliged to take: he would not return before sunset; but at the tea or supper table would be with us, without fail.

He had already become so indispensable to us, that this news made us all melancholy. We felt like beings who were commanded to fly while our wings were bound. The conversation, as was natural, turned on the absent guest, and on his strange and brilliant appearance.—It was odd that I could not get rid of the notion, that I had encountered him, though under a different form, on some former occasion. Ridiculous as the impression appeared, it forced itself on me again and again with irresistible force. I remembered a man whom I had met several years before, who, in his conduct and general appearance, bore a close resemblance to him. This was a foreign physician, who now and then only visited my native town; and who, though he lived at first in great privacy, had soon gathered round him a circle of worshippers. The remembrance of this man, besides, was ominous to me; for we had come to the conclusion, that whenever he had visited us some notable mishap had followed: but yet I could not free myself from the thought that Natas had the closest resemblance to him; nay, that he was one and the same person. I mentioned to my companions this notion which so hung upon me, and the disagreeable likeness of a being associated with such awful presentiments and our friend who had so completely won my esteem and love: but it will no doubt appear more incredible, that my neighbours had all a similar impression; they, too, believed that they had seen our intelligent acquaintance under a quite different form.

"You are enough to give me the vapours," said the Baroness von Thingen, who sat near me: "you would make our good Natas out to be the Wandering Jew, or Heaven only knows what else!"

A little, elderly gentleman, Professor in T——, who had joined our party within a few days, and who had lived among us with a constant quiet enjoyment, though now and then rather peevish, had sat, during our "comparative anatomy" as he called it, quietly smiling to himself, and twirling his oval snuff-box with great dexterity between his fingers till it looked like a wheel. At length he broke out:—

"I cannot keep in the back-ground with my observations any longer. If the honourable company will permit me to say so, I do not exactly take him for the Wandering Jew, but for a very peculiar sort of person. While he was here, every now and then this thought would flash upon me, 'You have seen him already—Where could it have been?' But these recollections crept back, as if by magic, when he fixed me with his black rolling eye."

"Exactly my case!"—"And mine!"—"And mine!"—we all exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Hm—hm—hm!" sniggered the Professor. "At this instant it occurs to me, as if scales had fallen from my eyes, that he is no other than the Being I saw in Stuttgart, twelve years ago."

"How? You have seen him!—and under what circumstances?" inquired Frau von Thingen eagerly, and almost blushing at the excessive eagerness which she had betrayed.

The Professor took a pinch of snuff, filliped his frill, and began:—"It may now be about twelve years since that I spent some months in Stuttgart, on account of some law business. I lived in one of the principal hotels, and generally dined at the *table-d'hôte*. On one occasion I was obliged to keep my room for some days. On my return to the public table, I found the party conversing with great interest about a certain Herr Barighi, who for some time had been charming the company with his lively wit and skill in all languages. They were unanimous in his praise, but disagreed as to his position; some maintaining that he was a diplomat; others, that he was a teacher of languages; a third party, that he was a noble exile; and others, again, that he was a spy. The door opened;—we were hushed, almost embarrassed, at having conducted our argument so loudly. I perceived that it was the subject of our conversation who had entered; and I saw—only conceive it!—the very man who has been entertaining us so delightfully for some days. True, there would be nothing particularly supernatural in this;—but listen a little longer. On the second day, while Herr Barighi—as the stranger styled himself—was enlivening the table with his intelligent and amusing remarks, the host suddenly interrupted us:—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'prepare yourselves for a rich entertainment, which you will soon enjoy. Herr Ober-justiz-rath Hasentreffer rides out to-day, and comes in to-morrow.'

"We inquired the meaning of this expression; and an old grey-headed captain, who for some years had occupied the place of honour at the *table-d'hôte*, explained the joke to us:—'Exactly opposite to the dining-room lives an old bachelor, alone in a large desolate house; he is Ex-Ober-justiz-rath, lives on a considerable pension, and possesses immense means besides. But he is a complete fool, and has the strangest habits. For example, he often gives large parties of the most sumptuous and luxurious kind. He orders twelve covers from the hotel; but has his wine from his own cellars, while one or other of the waiters has the honour of waiting on him. You may, perhaps, think he has hungry or thirsty men at table with him. Not at all! Old yellow leaves of pocket-books, a large crucifix on each, are placed on the chairs; but the old Hunks enjoys himself as if he were among a party of jolly companions: he talks and laughs with them; and the whole affair is so ghastly, that the last-arrived waiter is always employed; for he who has once been engaged at such a supper never enters the desolate house again. The day before yesterday the supper was given, and Franz yonder, our youngest waiter, swears by heaven and earth that no soul alive shall force him over the way again.—On the day after the entertainment, the second peculiarity of this Ober-justiz-rath comes into play. He drives out of the town early in the morning, and returns next day at the same hour;—not, however, to his own house, which at these times is fast barred and bolted, but to this hotel. On these occasions he behaves very strangely to people he sees daily the whole year through; dining at noon, and afterwards placing himself at a window, from which he examines his house opposite from top to bottom. He then asks the host, 'To whom does the house over the way belong?' The host bows respectfully, and replies, 'To Herr Ober-justiz-rath Hasentreffer, at your Excellency's service.'"

Here the Professor was interrupted by the question—

“But what possible connection can there be between your mad Hasentreffer and our Von Natas?”

“A little patience!” was his reply: “it will soon be clear.—Well, Hasentreffer examines the house, and learns that it belongs to Hasentreffer. ‘Ah! the same who studied at Tubingen in my time?’ is his next question. He then throws up the window, thrusts out his powdered head, and screams, ‘Ha—a—sentreffer! Ha—a—sentreffer!’ Naturally enough, he receives no answer. On this he remarks, ‘The old gentleman would never forgive me if I did not pay him a visit!’—takes his hat and stick, opens the door of his own house, enters it, and all goes on as before.

“We were all much astonished,” continued the Professor, “at this strange conduct, and promised ourselves much fun from our next day’s entertainment. But Herr Barighi made us promise not to betray him, while he played off a famous hoax on the Ober-justiz-rath.

“Next day we assembled earlier than usual, and besieged the window of the dining-room. An old crazy chaise, drawn by a pair of aged rosinantes, jingled slowly down the street, and drew up before the hotel. ‘Here comes Hasentreffer!’ exclaimed every tongue: and a strange merriment seized upon us, when we saw the little gentleman descend, with powdered head, a steel-blue coat on his back, and a tremendous cane in his hand. A swarm of at least ten waiters escorted him into the dining-room.—We proceeded to table immediately; and I have seldom laughed so heartily as when I heard the old man assure us, with the greatest composure, that he had come straight from Cassel, and had been most comfortably quartered a week before in the Swan at Frankfort. —Barighi must have withdrawn before the dessert; for when the Ober-justiz-rath arose, and the other guests also, full of expectation, he was nowhere to be seen. The Ober-justiz-rath placed himself at the window: we all followed his example, and observed him closely. The house over the way appeared desolate and untenanted; grass grew on the threshold; the jalousies were closed, and between some of them the birds seemed to have built their nests.

“‘A handsome house that, over the way,’ said the old man to the landlord, who stood three steps behind him. ‘To whom does it belong?’

“‘To Ober-justiz-rath Hasentreffer, at your Excellency’s service.’

“‘What!’ he exclaimed; ‘the same who was with me at college? He would never excuse me if I did not announce my presence to him.’ He threw up the window and screamed hoarsely, ‘Ha—a—sentreffer! Ha—a—sentreffer!’

“But what words can describe our horror, when in the desolate house before us, which we knew to be barred and bolted, we saw a window-shutter slowly withdrawn—a window open—and Ober-justiz-rath Hasentreffer himself look out, in a chintz dressing-gown, and white cap, from under which straggled a few grey hairs: even to the minutest wrinkle of the pale face, the being opposite was a counterpart of the one beside us. But consternation seized us, when he with the dressing-gown called across the street, ‘What do you want? Who are you calling for—eh?’

" 'Are you Herr Ober-justiz-rath Hasentreffer?' shouted he by whom we stood, pale as death; his voice quivering, and his limbs tottering as he held by the window-frame for support.

" 'I am!' screeched the other; nodding his head with a friendly grin. 'Have you any commands?'

" 'So am I,' called out our companion, with a most woe-be-gone voice. 'How is this possible?'

" 'You are under a mistake, my excellent Sir!' screamed the other. 'You are the Thirteenth. Come over to my house for a little, that I may twist your neck. It's not painful.'

" 'Waiter, my hat and stick!' exclaimed the Ober-justiz-rath, pale as death; while his voice stole in mournful tones from the hollow of his breast. 'Satan is in my house, and will have my soul!—A pleasant evening, Gentlemen,' he added, while he turned to us with a polite bow, and then left the room.

" 'What was that?' we all asked ourselves. 'Are we all mad?'—The form in the dressing-gown still looked quietly from the window, while our good old foolish friend crossed the street with reluctant steps. At the house-door he drew from his pocket a huge bunch of keys, unlocked the heavy creaking door, and entered. The landlord and the ten waiters were all pale with affright, and their teeth chattered. 'Gentlemen,' said the former, 'God be merciful to poor Hasentreffer!—one of the two was the devil!' We laughed at the landlord, and tried to persuade ourselves that it was a hoax of Barighi's; but the host assured us that it was impossible for any one to get into the house, except with the Rath's own peculiarly-constructed key;—that ten minutes before the fearful apparition had presented itself, Barighi was sitting at the table: how could he then, in so short a time, have assumed this magical disguise, even supposing he could have entered the house? The two had so fearfully resembled each other, that even he, a twenty years' neighbour, would have been unable to distinguish the real from the counterfeit.—'But, in the name of Heaven! do you not hear the fearful shrieks from over the way?'

" We sprang to the window;—cries of terror and agony rang from the desolate house;—we sometimes seemed to see the old Ober-justiz-rath fly past the window, followed by his counterpart in the dressing-gown.—But suddenly all was still.

" We looked at each other in silence. The boldest of the party made the proposal to go over to the house, to which all agreed. We crossed the street, and rung the huge door-bell three times; but nothing could be heard inside. We began to feel alarmed, and sent for the police and locksmith. The door was broken open; the whole stream of curious spectators flowed up the broad still stairs. After opening several doors, we entered a richly-furnished room: the Ober-justiz-rath, with his coat torn, his *frisure* sadly disordered, lay dead—strangled—on a sofa.

" From this day no trace of Barighi has been found, either in Stuttgart or elsewhere."

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ὁ χαρίεσσ' Ἀμαρυλλί, μόνας σέθεν οὐδὲ θανοίσας
 Δασεύμεσθα' — — —
 Αἶ αἶ τῷ σκληρῷ μάλα δαίμονος, ὅς με λελόγχη.

THEOC. *Idyl.* iv. 38.

THROUGH the long night of gloom
 My heart looks back to thee ;
 The statues of the tomb
 Scarce watch more faithfully.
 But hopeless, and forlorn
 As the sad sculptured stone,
 My heart exists to mourn
 The loved-one's loss alone.

Swift as the rainbow's hues
 Melt in the weeping sky,
 The loving, the beloved,
 On earth's cold bosom die.
 In the fresh dawn of life
 Their spirits with us stay,
 But fade before its sultry noon,
 Its evening's chill decay.

'Tis like the Elfin tale,
 Where the fairest and the best
 Were ever singled forth
 To perish ere the rest.
 'Tis a garden, whence each flower,
 In brightest beauty nurst,
 And the sweetest 'neath the shower
 Is torn away the first.

Had the Star, that in days of old
 Its soft light shed o'er me,
 Ne'er sunk in the shades of death,
 How changed my doom might be !
 I never had learned to sigh
 In solitary pain,
 I might feel the bliss to love,
 And know I was loved again.

Oh ! not a single grace
 Was o'er her features shed
 That memory cannot trace
 And raise again from the dead.
 Not a tone of that sweet young voice
 But thrills to my heart as clear
 As when its accents blest
 My unforgetful ear.

I was a child when we met,
 And young when thy spirit fled ;
 The bitter soul-drops gushed
 When they told me thou wast dead.
 Seldom until that hour
 Had grief won a tear from me ;
 And few have I shed since then
 That did not flow for thee.

I never breathe thy name,
 Though none be round to hear ;
 I dare not trust the air
 With the sound that was once so dear.
 Few knew that I ever loved,
 None deem I love thee now ;
 Oh that thou still wert here,
 Or I were cold as thou !

LORSQUE SEUL AVEC TOI.

TRANSLATED FROM DE LAMARTINE.

WHEN, close by thy side, I am with thee alone,
 Thy soft hand so tenderly clasped in my own ;
 When the soul is abandoned to placid delight,
 And the hours fly away, but we feel not their flight ;
 While my glances still linger enamoured o'er thee,
 As over the honey-rose hovers the bee ;
 How often, alas ! through the depth of my heart
 A pang, a vague fear, like an arrow will start !
 Thou feelest me shudder, the paleness of woe
 In the midst of our happiness saddens my brow ;
 All anxious and loving, thou raisest thy face,
 Thine arms flung around me in winning embrace ;
 Thou bidd'st me the source of my sorrow to tell,
 But sharest the anguish thou can'st not dispel ;
 And the tremulous tears on thy long lashes shine,
 Still ready to soothe or to mingle with mine.

Oh press me no more for the cause of my sadness !
 It is not the want of affectionate gladness.
 Oh no !—when I see you thus leaning above me,
 When you fold your arms round me and tell me you love me,
 My own, my adored one, there is not a bliss
 On earth that I hope for so perfect as this.
 But then, even then, in the moments most dear,
 A voice that I know not seems close to my ear,
 And whispers its warning with withering breath,
 That the torch of our love must be darkened in death ;
 That bliss will soon vanish with vanishing years ;—
 Oh then my soul shivers, and shrinks from its fears—
 From the cold thought, that tells me our love and our joy
 Are dreams which a touch may for ever destroy !

PRAYER TO SLEEP.

FROM STATIUS.

Crimine quo merui juvenis, placidissime Divum," &c.

SYLV. lib.V. 24.

WHAT have I done, most gentle Deity?
 What ignorant sin has thus offended thee,
 That I alone of living things must mourn,
 Thy gifts denied, youth's slumbers from me torn?
 Thou blessest all besides;—the flocks have rest,
 The wild beasts, and each bird within its nest:
 The very trees a drowsy stillness keep,
 And their curved heads bow low, as if with sleep;
 The rapid river pauses from its roar;
 The calm sea leans upon the sloping shore,
 And slumbers, in serene forgetfulness
 Of all the storms that lashed its fierce distress.
 Seven anxious nights, returning to her throne,
 Hath Cynthia now with pitying glances shone
 O'er my wan cheek and stiffening eyelids pale;
 Seven times the star that lights th' Hesperian vale,
 And that which welcomes the approach of day,
 Have lit their heavenly lamps and died away,
 As oft Aurora, crimsoning the sky,
 Hath poured o'er my hot brow and fevered eye
 All the chill freshness of her morning air,
 Touched by my sad and sleep-imploping prayer;
 Yet slumber comes not!—How shall I sustain
 This ceaseless weight of unreposing pain?—
 Perhaps even now some lover, deeply blest,
 Is folding the beloved one to his breast,
 And strives Love's vigil through the night to keep,
 Shunning thy soft advances, gentle Sleep!
 Oh, come from him, who loves thee not, to me!—
 I dare not, Mighty Power, demand of thee,
 On full-spread pinions hovering o'er my bed,
 O'er these sad eyes thy choicest balm to shed:
 Others, more fortunate, may pray for this—
 I only crave the faintest touch of bliss
 From thy suspended wand—Pass lightly o'er,
 But come, oh come, sweet Sleep!—I ask no more.

A CHAPTER ON POETRY AND POETS.

WE know not if there be any thing for which the poet is more to be envied, than because he is regarded by so many of his fellow men almost in the light of a personal friend,—as one with whom they delight to walk apart, and to hold sweet converse, afar from the bustle and turmoil of an every-day world. Each new volume that bears imprint some well-known name, do we not look upon it as upon the letter of one, who, though absent from us, is yet dear to our hearts?—brings it not to mind traits of character before partially forgotten, re-illuminating in our breasts those sparks of holy fire which time or accident may for a while have obscured? Yea, higher, nobler still is the poet's office: for not only does he link us to himself by the ties of affectionate remembrance, but he becomes, moreover, the intermediate chain, by which those who love him are, as it were, bound in closer love to another: his place is, to renew those bonds which should unite man to man, shattered and broken although they now are by human error and by human frailty. We are not asserting that such is his individual aim, or that he is himself conscious of the feelings which he excites in his readers—his true readers, those who strive, and not in vain, to make clear entrance within the strait gate of the poet's mind;—not the many, who, for the amusement of an idle hour, heedlessly skim over a book which ought to furnish matter for a month's thought: such feelings, we would rather say, are the effects to which Providence, in wisdom, has assigned him as the cause. His "fit audience," few although it be, have a mutual bond, which, as the world knoweth not, so neither can it know, until a change shall have passed over it, and the Spirit shall once more have roused to life those bones now dried by selfishness. Great and glorious throng!—Ye elder bards! and ye to whose music our own day has given birth! ever may it be mine to feel such intercommunion of soul, while

" My spirit, like a charmed boat, doth swim
Upon the liquid waves of your sweet singing."

The present year has been fruitful in appeals to our affections. Two, whose names have become as household words to thousands throughout the length and breadth of our land, have charmed us, by breaking the long silence which they had kept: they have come forward to enrich still further the literature of the age—to confer new pleasure on many, before almost drunk with delight:—Wordsworth!—Campbell! Who was there that felt not a glow, when he first learnt that these two giants had again put forth their strength—who did not hasten to possess himself of the promised pleasure? If such there be, let him go directly—go at once, and do what he should have done months ago—buy or borrow the volumes;—nay, we could almost say, steal them, rather than that he should any longer shew such cold-blooded carelessness.

A sample or two may, perhaps, be advantageously displayed: so let us

take up the elder-born* of the twain, and see if we find not something which shall have more in itself of recommendation than any mere praise which we can give. Here, then, are some noble stanzas: but how could they be otherwise, when written by Wordsworth at the grave of Burns? They were composed long ago (in 1803), but are now first given to the public: and really, deeply as we venerate him of Rydal, we feel as if we could hardly forgive him for having kept us thus long in ignorance of lines so melodious and heart inspiring. But all this time we are defrauding both poet and reader;—the one of more extended praise; the other of his pleasure, by our rhapsodies. These are the lines we refer to:—

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave!

Well might I mourn that he has gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as Nature's own,
It shewed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

We shall not now attempt to give utterance to what each will better think for himself.

Who, save Wordsworth, could have written the following lines on the flower, *Love lies bleeding*? How classically elegant are they! and what a knowledge of the human heart do they shew withal!

You call it, "Love lies Bleeding;"—so you may;
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,
As we have seen it here, from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not away:—
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops
(Sentient by Grecian sculptor's marvellous power),
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
Earthward, in uncomplaining languishment,
The dying Gladiator. So, sad flower!
(Tis fancy guides me, willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread,)
So droop'd Adonia, bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
While Venus, in a passion of despair,
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.—
But pangs more lasting far *that* lover knew,
Who first, weigh'd down by scorn, in some lone bower
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart.
His own dejection, downcast flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt ever bear.

* Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years; including the Borderers, a Tragedy. By William Wordsworth.—*Moxon*.

We must acknowledge to having been taken rather aback, when we first saw this volume advertised. *The Borderers, a Tragedy!* we were ready to exclaim; so alien did we deem the solemn grandeur which marks the author of *The Excursion* from any thing appertaining to dramatic composition. Our misgivings have been partly justified—partly not. Had this tragedy been intended for representation, it must have been pronounced a failure; but it is frankly admitted that it will not bear a severe dramatic testing. But though it is not Shakspearian, it is yet a piece of writing over which Shakspeare might have gloated: nor are there wanting parts deserving of the highest applause, even when weighed dramatically. We must restrict ourselves to two very short extracts:—

Oswald. Aye, look up—
Cast round you your mind's eye, and you will learn,
Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:
Great actions move our admiration, chiefly
Because they carry in themselves an earnest
That we can suffer greatly.

Marmaduke. Very true.

Osw. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Mar. Truth—and I feel it.

And again we read:

O wretched Human-kind! Until the mystery
Of all this world is solved, well may we envy
The worm, that underneath a stone, whose weight
Would crush the lion's paw with mortal anguish,
Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety.

The lover of Wordsworth's poetry will not be surprised at finding lines similar to that well-known one, which none ever read without perceiving that its conciseness described nature better than any amplification could possibly have done:

The river glideth at his own sweet will.

Such an expression is the following:—

The music of the birds
Drops deadened from a roof so thick of leaves.

Similarly,

Like a wind
That drops down dead out of a sky it vexed.

In both of which we *feel* at once what the poet means, by this vivid, although miniature, picturing. But we must cease extracting; and will therefore only direct attention to a few words—Oh! how truthful!—referring not to the external creation, but to the inner world of the human heart:—

Remorse—
It cannot live with thought:—*think on, think on,*
And it will die.

Let us now turn to Campbell's* new volume, and see if we cannot collect from thence some more poetic gems. We will begin with one describing the Soldier who at the close of day seeks the Highland glen ;— in truth, the very Pilgrim of Glencoe :—

A war-worn soldier, from the Western land,
Seeks Cona's vale by Ballhoul's strand ;
The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian's harp was strung.
Our veteran's forehead, bronzed on sultry plains,
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns ;
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars ;
For he had serv'd where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of glory, and victorious stamp'd her name
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame.
Nine times in battle-field his blood had stream'd,
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleam'd ;
Full well he bore his knapsack, unoppress'd,
And march'd with soldier-like erected crest ;
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er.
Some tired of these ;—for terms to him were dear,
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear ;
As when he talk'd of rampart and ravine,
And trenches fenc'd with gabion and fascine ;—
But when his theme possess'd him all and whole,
He scorn'd proud puzzling words, and warm'd the soul :
Hush'd group'd on his lips with fond surprise,
That sketch'd old scenes, like pictures to the eyes ;—
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight ;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come,
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum,
Till all the field of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
Trode France's gilded lilies underfoot,
He came, and kindled—and, with martial tongue,
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung.

All this is very natural ! We have the veteran seamed with scars—remembrances of the battles in which he had fought—still bearing himself erect, and walking with a step that mutely speaks of drill and parade. Who has not seen twenty as eloquent on Badajoz and Waterloo as ever the Pilgrim could be on Oudenarde and Blenheim ? Then there are the long-winded tales of marches and sieges, full of technicalities which the old warrior strives to drive into the dull heads of his auditors, whose attention only flags to be rivetted again by glowing banners and glancing bayonets, the charge, the *mêlée*, the eddies of the fight ; until at length their enthusiasm is at its height, as he bursts forth involuntarily with the proud strain which the trumpets sang as they prest on the retiring foe. Oh never need we fear but that plenty will

* The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell.—*Moxon*.

be found to fight their country's battles; while from former wars there survive but a few to tell "the rapture of the strife," and infuse their own spirit into the breasts of their children, till each, if he could, would exclaim "*Semper ego auditor tantum!*" Something there is in the lines quoted which reminds us of the old man who, in the "*Deserted Village*,"

Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won :

but the likeness is only such as is necessary from the similarity of the subject.—Goldsmith's is the etched profile; Campbell's, the finished full-length.

Our extract has been long; but it shall be the only one from the "*Pilgrim of Glencoe*," which, we must confess, strikes us as lacking that stuff for immortality which we find in the "*Pleasures of Hope*." It bears marks, perhaps intentional, of carelessness; and the writer seems to have studied a simplicity which does not sit easily upon him. Such a couplet as the following we decidedly reprobate:—

But all the real authors of that black
Old deed are gone;—you cannot bring them back.

And now that we are finding fault, it will be as well to say that the *similes* from machinery do not appear to us happy. We find one in the "*Pilgrim*:"

No blow-pipe ever whiten'd furnace fire,
Quick as those words lit up his father's ire.

And another—

Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of Time,

in an after-poem, "*The Child and Hind*," in other respects pretty and graceful. It tells us how a child strayed from his friends in the Deer Park at Wiesbaden, the distress of his family, the reward offered, and the search, for some time fruitless, which ensued. We must find room for the discovery:—

But, haply, a poor artisan
Search'd ceaselessly, till he
Found safe asleep the little-one,
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasp'd a bunch of flowers;
And (true, though wondrous) near,
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer;

Who dipp'd her horns at all that pass'd
The spot where Wilhelm lay,
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

It is from this that the poem takes its name, and, as might be expected, it winds up with the joy of the parents, the happiness of the poor man who gains the reward, and the favour shewed to "*Wiesbaden's gentle hind*."

We have some favourites among the little pieces which form the

greater part of the book, but can only mention their names:—"Cora Linn;" "On getting home the Portrait of a Female Child, six years old" (with an Engraving); "The Parrot;" and a funny punning "Epistle from Algiers, to Horace Smith." The following is the last of the finished poems, inspired by "Chaucer and Windsor":—

Long shalt thou flourish, Windsor! bodying forth
Chivalric times; and long shall live, around
Thy Castle, the old oaks of British birth,
Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
But should thy towers in vivid ruin rot,
There's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renown'd,
Would interdict thy name to be forgot;
For Chaucer loved thy bowers, and trode this very spot.

Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
Our Morning-star of song—that led the way
To welcome the long-after coming beam
Of Spenser's light and Shakspeare's perfect day.
Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
As if they ne'er had died: he group'd and drew
Their likeness, with a spirit of life so gay,
That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
Fresh beings fraught with Truth's imperishable hue.

We must now close the volume: and although we cannot admire the "Pilgrim of Glencoe" as a whole, yet even in it there are passages which may come home to the heart; and certainly the sweetness of some of the short poems will frequently cause us to resume a book so fraught with delicacies.

Nearly contemporaneous with the foregoing productions, and bearing the same Publisher's name, there appeared an enlarged edition of Poems, by Alfred Tennyson, in two volumes; the former containing amended copies of Poems before published, while those in the latter are new. Our business is with the latter only. Since Tennyson is a writer whom public expectation points out as likely to occupy a foremost station on Parnassus, after the decease of some of our elder masters in song, we turn with no small interest to his later compositions. With matured taste and strengthened judgment, he now claims a still larger share of that favour which was assigned him on his first appearance. The traces of affectation visible in him, when a young writer, have become less distinct; and though there are still some few things which one could wish altered, it would be an invidious task to pick holes in a doublet now so fair to the sight;—a task which we shall leave to others more difficult to please than ourselves. Of beauties these new publications are full; but as we cannot bear to sever and offer them piecemeal, we prefer giving at length a delightful strain on the dear old subject of the "Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom":—

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The cities' ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of time,
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel
 Cry down the past—not only we, that prate
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
 And loth'd to see them overtax'd; but she
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame—
 The woman of a thousand summers back—
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
 In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
 Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
 Their children clamouring, "If we pay we starve!"
 She sought her lord; and found him, where he strode
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
 His beard a foot before him, and his hair
 A yard behind. She told him of their tears;
 And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve!"
 Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
 "You would not let your little finger ache
 For such as these?"—"But I would die!" said she.—
 He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul;
 Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear:—
 "O, ay; ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
 "But prove me what it is I would not do."—
 And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
 He answer'd, "Ride you naked through the town,
 And I repeal it;"—and nodding, as in scorn,
 He parted, with great strides among his dogs.—
 So left alone, the passions of her mind,
 As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
 Made war upon each other for an hour,
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
 The hard condition; but that she would loose
 The people;—therefore, as they loved her well,
 From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
 No eye look down, she passing; but that all
 Should keep within—door shut, and window barr'd.
 Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
 Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
 The grim Earl's gift;—but ever at a breath
 She linger'd, looking like a summer morn
 Half-dipt in cloud;—anon she shook her head,
 And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
 Unclad herself in haste;—adown the stair
 Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, alid
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
 The gateway;—there she found her palfrey, trapt
 In purple, blazoned with armorial gold.
 Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
 The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
 The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
 Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
 Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
 Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
 Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared;—but she

Not less through all bore up; till, last, she saw
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
 Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
 Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
 And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
 The fatal bye-word of all years to come,
 Boring a little auger-hole, in fear,
 Peep'd;—but his eyes, before they had their will,
 Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
 And dropp'd before him. So the Powers, who wait
 On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
 And she, that knew not, pass'd:—and all at once,
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
 Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
 One after one: but even thus she gain'd
 Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crown'd
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
 And built herself an everlasting name.

We can see, almost as in a picture, the grim and grizzly Earl striding about among his dogs (more human than himself), and heedless of the distress he has caused. And then the gentle Lady acceding to "the hard condition," and preparing to fulfil it. Never was aught described so delicately and chastely as her disrobement; and though we should have liked it better had we been spared the expletive preposition in the phrase, "clothed *on* with chastity," so small a flaw takes nothing from a jewel in other respects perfect. The crime and punishment of the miscreant varlet are barely mentioned; and this is in perfect consonance with poetic justice. Peeping Tom did not deserve that the bard should tell even of his troubles;—he was a regular monster, and ought to be coupled with Bluebeard, or, better still, with the savage wolf who ate up Little Red-Riding-Hood.

Tennyson appears more than ever at home when he gets on classic ground. We remember long ago being delighted with his description of the Lotus-eaters, and with his *Enone*, when she tells how

Beautiful Paris! evil-hearted Paris!
 Came down from reedy Simois all alone.

Few things—nothing, indeed, ever struck us as more like a translation of some newly-discovered treasure of Greek Song. We have mentioned these two, because they came into our minds when we first opened on "*Ulysses*," respecting which we shall but say it is equal to its forerunners. But if we go on pointing out beauties, we shall fill our pages with "*The Lord of Burleigh*," "*The Gardener's Daughter*," "*The Vision of Sin*;" and even then should leave many without their meet descant of praise. Hold, then! and let us, while we are able, tear ourselves from so attractive a subject!

We have another little book*, to which we must give a word or two, especially as the author's name is not unknown among us. Whytehead's *Two Poems for the Chancellor's Medals in 1835-6*, have, ever since

* Poems, published by the Rev. T. Whytehead, M.A., &c.—*Rivington*.

their publication, been considered as far elevated above the general dead-flat of Cambridge Prize Compositions. Here we have them reprinted, and followed by some others fully worthy of them. We could not help looking at this small volume with kindness, if it were but for the high character which the author bore, alike for scholarship and piety; especially when we know that it is, as it were, a legacy from one who has renounced fair prospects at home, to give himself up to holy labour in a distant land. But, soothe to say, our judgment does not in this case need biassing by extrinsic considerations; the beauties are visible without any stretch of eye-sight, both to friend and stranger. We trace throughout the impress of true Religion on the heart, teaching wisdom from all around, and bidding us borrow, from the common occurrences of life, wings which may waft us heavenward: indeed, we would almost defy a person, gifted with common feelings, to read some of these little heart-warming strains, and not feel his soul's chords more attuned for their part. We will instance, as such, the ninth in the volume, beginning,

I saw a glorious city, girded round, &c.

“the one for St. Stephen's Day” (on which we suppose the author was made a Deacon); “Freshwater;” and “The Answer.” The following stanzas for Music are very sweet, and express something like what Keble had before said, in “The Christian Year:”

* 'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight; in faith, to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

They stand forthwith in order, and well are they worthy of their prominent place:—

Thou wert the first of all I knew
To pass unto the dead,
And Paradise hath seem'd more true,
And come down closer to my view,
Since there thy presence fled.
The whispers of thy gentle soul
At silent lonely hours,
Like some sweet saint-bell's distant toll,
Come o'er the waters as they roll
Betwixt thy world and ours.
Oh! still my spirit clings to thee,
And feels thee at my side;
Like a green ivy, when the tree
Its shoots had clasp'd so lovingly
Within its arms hath died:
And ever round that lifeless thing
Where first their clusters grew,
Close as while yet it liv'd they cling,
And shrine it in a second spring
Of lustre dark and new.

* Burial of the Dead.

A "Hymn at the Foot of the Cross," from St. Bernard, has great merit, from the extreme felicity of the translation; in some parts so extremely literal, that one is tempted to wonder how the writer made the words chime in. Two of the stanzas strike us as quite marvellous:—

Quicquid est in me confractum,
Dissipatum aut distractum,
Dulcis Jesu! totum sana
Tu restaura, tu complana,
Jam pio medicamine!

Ac si præsens sis, accedo,
Imo te præsensem credo:
Me sanatis hic, ut spero:
Sana me, et salvus ero,
In tuo lavans sanguine.

What in me is wounded, broken,
What doth sore disease betoken,
Sweetest Saviour! make it whole,
Thou restore me, heal my soul
With medicine divine!

I draw near, as thou wert by me,
Yea, I do believe thee nigh me!
Heal me! Thou my hope hast been:
Cleanse me, and I shall be clean,
When washed in blood of thine!

Distant as is the present scene of the author's exertions, we fear there is but small chance of our soon meeting him in print again. Assuredly, if words of encouragement from us could reach him, we would raise our voices to the loudest, and shout, "Macte novâ virtute!"

Another, and last, little "*screed of doctrine*," and then we really must bring this article to an end. But when an old contributor to our pages brings his wares to the open market, it would be rank ingratitude in us to keep silent, while our judgment is favourable. The Homeric Hymns have long deserved to be better known to the mere English reader. With the glorious exception of Shelley's version of that "To Mercury," we have not chanced upon any translations: if such exist, their very being is unknown to us. Here*, however, we have the want partly supplied; and those who remember the "Hymn to Aphrodite," in No. III. of this Magazine, and that to "Bacchus," in No. X, will not be surprised if we say that a post which had been left vacant seems now worthily occupied. To those Numbers we must refer any of our readers who have not the book itself; but we cannot help transcribing a short Hymn, with whose rhythm we are quite taken:—

The swan shakes music from his wings,
And, by the dimpling tide
Of old Peneus dancing, sings
The river bank beside,
To thee, Apollo!

The poet has a pleasant lyre,
Sweet voice and holy will;
And, oh! it is his heart's desire
To sing soft praises still,
To thee, Apollo!

To sing thee first—thee last to sing—
To sing thee without end;
Then may the song that hails his King
Still find the poet's friend
In thee, Apollo!

We could have made many quotations from a very spirited version of that grandest of all dramas, "The Prometheus Bound," with which the

* *Lyra Hellenica*, by W. M. W. Call, B. A.—*Grant*.

volume commences; but the sweetest lyrics, and the parts which will best bear extracting, have appeared in a former Paper (Vol. I. p. 287);—and, moreover, we must drop this scribbling. Of the few original poems which accompany the foregoing, “Mary Magdalene,” and “Gregory VII,” especially the latter, are favourites with us; but we wish that there had been a few more added, for doubtless the writer of these has many of equal merit in his portfolio. Let him bear this in mind, when he obliges us with the remainder of the Homeric Hymns; as he hints his intention of doing, in the preface. We can assure him many will look anxiously forward to the fulfilment of his promise.

Patience, good Reader!—we have finished our pleasant task of purveying sweet cakes for your fastidious palate: and if you have not enjoyed some of the morsels to which we have helped you, what remains, but to drop our metaphors, and to say that you

“Must have a most uncommon scull.”

Five volumes of new, readable, manly poetry, by five different poets!—Who would not rejoice?—But who has cause to rejoice like Granta? for, out of the five, four are children of her own. J. S.

CARTOUCHE.—A TALE.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH THE HERO IS INTRODUCED TO THE READER.

THE date of our story is 1708.

We would carry the reader into the dark and narrow streets of the Quartier de la Courtille, in Paris. In one of the darkest and narrowest of these streets stood, at the time we are speaking of, the open shop of a *tonnelier*, niched in between two tall and crazy tenements, which seemed to threaten destruction to the frail shed that had managed to thrust itself into the only break between the continuous line of dark and miserable houses that the street presented. The shop, open to the street, was lumbered up with casks, finished or half-formed, of all shapes and sizes, with tools and hoops lying about, in heaps of shavings, the size of which spoke a merry and thriving trade. The owner of the shop, a ruddy portly man, but with a grave and serious face, was listening to the complaints of an old woman, whose plain *bavolette* and white apron, her capacious list-shoes, and the *chaufferette* filled with charcoal which stood by her side near a capacious fruit-basket, spoke her one of the fruitsellers, who, stationed at street-corners, tempt the hungry *gamins* into petty stealing and stomach-aches, by their display of half-ripe Orleans-plums and over-ripe Bergamottes.

“Nay, nay, Mother Chopinette,” said the man, “you have been

paying an early visit to our friend's at the corner," pointing to a little wine-shop with its array of quaint bottles on the low counter, which stood further down at the opposite corner of the street; "or you would scarce think of accusing little Dominique of robbing your basket; the best-bred, quietest lad—though I, his father, say so—in the whole quarter of the Courtille, or St Jacques to boot."

"Quiet, or not quiet, Monsieur Cartouche, I tell you he has robbed me; and your neighbour's daughter, Fifiue Dutacq, knows more of it and him than she should do, and helps him; though Dutacq—the *gredin*!—struck me when I complained to him. And more, Monsieur Cartouche, not a *fruitière* or chesnut-seller of the quarter but says the same as I do, that your little Dominique is one of the sharpest, rascalliest little *escrocs* that ever promised fair to ornament the *Place de Grève* with his pretty little curly head, if you don't correct him more sharply than you do."

"Take care what you say, Madame Chopinette, or I may deal with you as Dutacq has done already. But I'll call Dominique: you must hear what the lad has to say for himself, at any rate."

The old woman did not seem over well satisfied with the arrangement, but sulkily consented. Monsieur Cartouche going to the back of his shop, returned speedily with a boy of about 14 years old, with a pale face, quick black eyes, and an observant subtle expression not common in one so young. His mouth was large and coarse, and marred the good effect of his otherwise well-formed features.

"Well Dominique," said his father smilingly, "what have you to say to this accusation of mother Chopinette's, that you never bargain at her stall for a *sous*' worth of pears or plums but you steal the value of a *livre*?"

"Oh, papa! Chopinette knows she never had a *livre*'s worth on her stall at one time.—Don't you, *commère*?"

"Sainte Vierge!" said the old woman, casting up her eyes and hands—"she knows whether or not I gave to Jean Lebreton six *livres*, this blessed morning, for the stock now in my basket.—But tell me, *fripon*," she continued; "did not you and Fifiue pass my stall and handle my fruit this morning?—and did I not, when you were passed, miss my choicest half dozen of Bergamottes which I had put aside for the young Marquis d'Estelle, who always—the Virgin bless his pretty face!—buys of me, on his road to the college?"

"Eh bien, Chopinette!" laughingly rejoined young Cartouche; "and does this prove me the thief? Why, was not your own little godson, Jerome, playing under the stall when we came by?—and you know he hasn't much pocket-money to buy fruit, and no kind friends to give him any. (This was said to enrage the old woman, who loved Jerome to folly, and crammed him with her damaged articles, till he had more than once nearly paid a fatal penalty for her indulgence.) And did not I see him just now crying that he could not eat any more, with a luscious Bergamotte in his dirty little fist—Bah!" . . . and he concluded by rapidly executing what the *gamins* of Paris call "*le galoubet*,"—and we, "taking a sight."

The old man laughed heartily at his son's fun, and the indignation

of the old woman; who finding that she could produce no belief in the father's mind, left the shop, muttering as she passed along, "*Nous verrons, Père Cartouche!*"—for all so studious as your young imp of mischief is, I doubt if the *collège* will bring him to much good. If he comes within my reach again, let him look to himself; for I'll let him feel the weight and heat of my *chaufferette*, though I sit in the cold the whole day for it!—a *vagabond!*—an *escamoteur!*"—And her anger cooling itself as it found vent in these classicalities, she resumed her corner, and her bland smile to the young students, as they passed her, satchel in hand, on their way to the numerous colleges of the quarter.

No sooner had she left the shop, than little Dominique, seizing his books, kissed his father, and started for his college. On the way, he passed the shop-window of Dutacq, a *fripier*, and, amidst the ragged and miscellaneous contents of the shop, perceived the pretty *retroussé* face of Fifine. A slight signal brought her to the door; and Dominique rapidly communicated to her the complaint of the old woman, and a scheme for fresh plunder, which Fifine was to execute alone, while he, from a neighbouring alley, watched its success. Fifine, who seemed as *éveillée* as the boy who tutored her, providing herself with a number of sous which Cartouche produced from an apparently well-filled purse, and a plate, the bottom of which she covered with pitch, proceeded straight to the stall of Madame Chopinette, whose wrath on sight of the little girl seemed ready to blaze out afresh. But Fifine, with a winning smile and curtsy, held out her hand to the old woman, and said:—"Papa desires me to say he is sorry for pushing you this morning, and begs your pardon; and wishes you to give him a *pièce de cinquante sous* for this small money; and will take a dozen of your choicest *pommes de Rennes*, to make all up again."

The old woman, appeased and half disarmed by the girl's winning and innocent manner, after counting out the fifty sous, left them lying on her little stall; while Fifine, apparently without design, putting down her plate upon the change, assisted her to choose the plumpest and ruddiest apples from her limited stock; and then, having received the coin, and placed the apples upon her plate, quietly departed. Cartouche at this moment made his appearance; and, appearing desirous to amuse himself, kept playing about the stall, eluding the old woman's fury, who every now and then was on the point of launching at his head the *chaufferette* with its contents of glowing charcoal; but was at last forced, baffled and exhausted, to give up the contest, and allow him to depart unharmed.

Having thus succeeded in his object—which was to prevent the old lady from counting her change till Fifine was gone, and also to direct suspicion on himself when the trick should be discovered—Cartouche slipped away, and rejoined Fifine by a *détour*. They examined the bottom of the plate with delighted laughter, and found about twenty-five sous sticking to the pitch which covered it. This Cartouche added to his store; and proceeded with Fifine to a miserable-looking *gargote*, in a filthy alley turning from the Rue St. Jacques, where, young as they were, their appearance seemed to excite no surprise in the very ill-favoured landlord, whom they addressed familiarly as "Le Chameau." Here

they established themselves, in a dark little room on the third story, and began an orgy too disgusting to be believed of children. But already they were advanced in vice far beyond their years; and their words and actions derived double horror from the half unconsciousness they shewed of the true import of either. Their feast over, Fifine returned to her father's shop, and Cartouche set out in earnest to the Collège de Clermont, which stood, decorated with all the elaborate architectural pretension of Louis the XIV.'s reign, towards the river end of the Rue St. Jacques. There were but few of its members who did not boast of higher station and nobler blood than Cartouche. Its scholars were, most of them, of good families and easy circumstances. The reputation of the Jesuits, who then directed its studies, as teachers, was still great; though the attacks of Pascal and others had weakened their claims to respect as theologians. The greater number of scholars lodged in the building; which was large and stately, having been rebuilt not very many years before. As Cartouche passed under the portico, he observed a servant in a rich livery, who had just arrived, and was holding his horse, while he looked round for some one to direct him. Our hero asked him his business; and on hearing that he wished to speak to the Marquis d'Estelle, with great glee bade him give his horse to one of the lay brothers and follow him. He led him across the first court; and, mounting the stairs, entered a handsome suite of rooms, followed by the servant. Here were the quarters of the Marquis, who, with his *gouverneur* (or tutor) and valet, had quite an establishment in miniature. He was Cartouche's *ami de Collège*; and they were the more united, as the Marquis was often indebted to Cartouche for help in his studies, for which he durst not apply to his *gouverneur*. The servant, on being introduced into the small but well-furnished room at the extremity of the suite—in which sat his young master, a lad of about fourteen, but dressed in the style of a man, in coat and waistcoat of blue velvet embroidered with silver, and long rolled silk hose almost hiding the embroidered pocket-flaps of his blue silk breeches—proceeded to deliver a letter, and a small but strong box with which it was accompanied. The Marquis dismissed him, but begged of Cartouche to remain. On reading the letter, his good-humoured face brightened up, and he embraced his young friend; exclaiming, "Joy, joy, *mon ami*! My good aunt has sent me here, by way of *étrennes*, 200 crowns. The money is in this box. We must not let my governor know of it, or he will wish to have some voice in the spending it. He has been bothering me long about a Fabricius;—but no books for me! we have enough of them *en classe*, without spending our pocket-money! We will enjoy this, *mon ami*! In three days is the Foire St. Germain. I will manage an *escapade*: you shall join me, and we will make some of my good aunt's crowns fly."

Cartouche agreed at once to this very congenial proposal, but suggested the propriety of hiding the money. "There!" he said, when he had looked round the room, "on the top of that lumbering *secrétaire*. Old Pimpoche will scarce climb up there without breaking his neck; and even your slippery La Flèche will hardly nose it out, sharp as he is to wind an *écu* within a mile."

The Marquis placed the key of the box in his pocket; and the pair proceeded, with the aid of the chairs, to place the *cassette* in safety on the top of the ancient piece of furniture, which reached to within a foot of the roof. It had an ornamented ledge in front of it, behind which the box was invisible.

The hour of their classes having arrived, the tall and withered Monsieur Pimpoche, the governor of the young Marquis, entered the room to remind his charge of his duties. The young lad quitted the apartment, with a sly look to the *secrétaire*; and Cartouche making a most respectful bow to old Pimpoche, who patted him on the head, followed his young patron. They had not been long in school, seated affectionately side by side, before Cartouche managed to insinuate his lithe fingers into the pocket of the Marquis, and to extract the key of his apartment in a style that looked marvellously like the result of long practice. He then, with great dexterity, began counterfeiting the grimaces and contortions of one attacked with the colic, and obtained permission of the Regent to quit the class-room. Once at the door, his colic vanished;—he hurried across the court to the Marquis's apartments, opened the door with the stolen key, and, passing through the rooms of the tutor and the valet, gained the apartment which contained the treasure. He placed two chairs, one on the other, against the *secrétaire*; and armed with a small but well-tempered and serviceable knife, which he had abstracted from his father's shop and carried always about with him, mounted to the height of the cabinet, and laid his hand on the box. At this moment the outer doors opened—Cartouche cursed the stupidity that had left the key in the lock—and steps were heard in the outer room. Our hero had barely time to kick down the chairs, and to ensconce himself on the top of the *secrétaire* behind the ledge in front, when the door opened, and M. Pimpoche entered. Fortunately, the old gentleman was deaf, and had not heard the fall of the chairs. He seated himself quietly, and was soon buried in his studies. Cartouche dared hardly breathe. However, he consoled himself with the thought that the refectory-bell would soon ring, and that then, if not before, he would have an opportunity of making his escape. He had occupied his painful and hazardous position for some time, when the young Marquis entered. He asked of his tutor news of his friend, and described his sudden illness. Pimpoche had seen nothing of Cartouche; and after a few minutes' wonder at what had become of him, the refectory-bell rang, and they left the room. Now was Cartouche's moment. With a presence of mind that bespoke the future master of his trade, he proceeded with his knife to open the casket—of which, during all his alarm, he had not for one moment ceased to think—and filled the pockets of his *haut-de-chausses* with the contents. He had completed this task, and was preparing to lower himself from his perch—no easy business—when the opening of the outer door warned him to resume his concealment. This time the intruder was La Flèche, who entered the Marquis's apartment, groaning, and looking remarkably miserable. He had been attacked with a sudden illness, which had compelled him to break off abruptly a very pleasant walk with the *femme-de-chambre* of the Marchioness d'Estelle, who had accepted, nothing lothe, the attentions of the

well-dressed and impudent valet. After helping himself liberally to brandy, from the very buffet on the top of which Cartouche was curled up in mortal terror, he entered his room adjoining, and got into bed. His groans and *sacrés*, however, told intelligibly enough that he was not asleep: and Cartouche had nothing for it, but to wait patiently till these were succeeded by his snores. In vain an hour dragged on—more slowly, Cartouche thought, than he had ever found one pass, even under the stern eye and ready ferule of Père Malaise, in the neighbouring class-room.

The Marquis and his tutor returned; and escape seemed more hopeless than ever. Besides, our hero's stomach gave him unmistakable warning that the dinner-hour had passed. Still, not a moment's thought of repentance or confession crossed his brain. The afternoon wore on. He heard the huge bell strike the quarters—the half-hours;—four o'clock arrived, and still the imperturbable Pimpoche sat reading there: the only sounds to be heard were the rustlings of the huge folio pages as he read, and the low mutterings and moanings of the tormented valet. At last (it was the month of January) the darkness began to gather round, and Pimpoche could no longer distinguish the huge text of his St. Thomas-à-Kempis. The lights were lit; and Cartouche made up his mind to spend the night where he was. He slept; but uneasy as his couch was, it was no wonder that he awoke up from time to time from his half-slumbers; but it was only to hear the groans of the accursed La Flèche, and the heavy snore of Pimpoche. These towards morning subsided; and when day broke, all was quiet. Still any attempt to escape would have been foolish. He must pass through the room where the valet and the tutor were sleeping;—and then how to descend without waking the Marquis? So, he decided to remain until his strength would hold out no longer; and if, at the last moment, no better prospect of escape presented itself, to avow all. It was not till the afternoon that La Flèche, who was by this time much better, ventured to dress himself and go out. The coast was at last clear; and Cartouche, at the risk of breaking his neck, reached the floor. He passed quickly through the ante-rooms. His hand was on the handle of the last door between him and the court, when—horror and dismay!—it opened from without, and the young Marquis, with his tutor, stood before him.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH OUR HERO'S ASSURANCE STANDS HIM IN GOOD STEAD.—HE VISITS THE FOIRE ST. GERMAIN; AND LEAVES PARIS.

At this unexpected encounter it might have been expected that Cartouche's power of face would have failed him. Not at all! He sprang forward, and, embracing the Marquis, seemed to weep tears of joy at again meeting him. His friend shared in his apparent rapture; while Monsieur Pimpochet, after a vain effort to look stern and displeased, gave way to the general *attendrissement*, and saluted him with too resounding kisses on either cheek.

"O my friends!" exclaimed Cartouche—who, young as he was, knew the importance of the first word—"with what joy do I again behold you!"

"Where have you been since you left us yesterday?"—was the very natural question of the Marquis.

"It is a long story; and I am famished. For the love of the Virgin, get me something to eat and drink! and you shall hear all."

He was soon supplied with what he asked for; and in the intervals of his voracious *onslaught* upon the cold capon's leg and Mâcon, recounted, with the readiest invention, a story composed at the moment; for it is needless to say he had not anticipated their arrival.

"When I left the class yesterday I was in great pain, as you saw, my dear Marquis, and set out homewards. I had not gone far, when a tall *mesquin* man, dressed like a workman, who seemed to pity my sufferings, came up and asked what ailed me. I told him; and he cajoled me into a neighbouring *cabaret*, where he told me he would give me a glass of *absinthe*, which would cure my colic instantly. I was foolish enough to follow him. He must have put something into the liquor; for, on drinking it, I soon found myself irresistibly inclined to sleep. I must have given way to the drowsiness which possessed me: for I remember nothing more till my waking, when I found myself in a miserable garret, lying on a *paillasse*. I tried to remember what had occurred, but to no purpose. Towards morning, as I conjectured by the light, the same man who had inveigled me into the cabaret entered the room; and from his language I found I had been decoyed into one of those receptacles for kidnapped people, of which you may have heard. What his purpose was to do with me I knew not, nor could I extract any thing from him. When he left me, I managed, with great risk, to make my way out of the *lucarne*, over the roofs of some neighbouring houses: and seeing, at length, an open window which led into a garret, I got in, and, finding the room empty and the door open, descended into the street, and ran hither, too much frightened to notice the locality of the house, which must have been somewhere near the Rue Pernelle. But here I am, safe, and rejoiced to see my dear friends again!"—and the little hypocrite embraced his entertainer, whose money he had in his pocket, with all the marks of the liveliest affection.

Their pleasure at seeing him prevented them from examining into the probabilities of his story; and old Pimpoché recommended him, at any rate, to keep out of the way for a few days, as the Regent was very angry at his disappearance. Cartouche seized the hint; and, furnished with a *roquelaure* by the Marquis, left the college unperceived.

Once in the street, his caution forsook him. He flung his hat into the air, and began dancing about like a demoniac; half in joy for his escape, but chiefly in delight at his own cleverness, and the simplicity of his victim. He then went home; where his story found ready credence from his affectionate and simple-minded father, who lavished redoubled marks of love upon him, in his delight at his safe return.

Cartouche lost no time in finding out Fifine. To her he told the truth; and the vicious little pair laughed long and loud, at the success of this, Cartouche's first experiment *en grand cambrioleur**.

"*Eh bien, ma mie!* and what say you now to a visit to the Foire St.

* It is thus that house-robbers are called in the French *Argot* or Flash language.

Germain? With 200 crowns in my pocket, it is hard if we may not enjoy ourselves!" said Cartouche to his hopeful Fifine, when they had finished their mutual congratulations.

"Oh, yes, yes!" replied the girl, delighted and clapping her hands with an expression of vicious anticipation, fearful in one so young and in appearance innocent. "No more apple stealing now! You will buy me a shawl, and a chapeau à la duchesse, won't you, Cartouche? And we shall see the *danseurs à la corde*; and eat *cervelas*, and drink Burgundy at three livres; not like that sour stuff of Le Chameau's, that sets my teeth on edge but to think of it. Oh! we shall be so happy!"—and she laughed, as though her pleasure was the most innocent and natural thing in the world. It should be mentioned, that the trade of Fifine's father, that of a *fripier*, which brought him into contact with the worst characters, and was in reality little more than a cover for his more lucrative calling of Receiver-general of stolen goods, had familiarized her so much with thefts and thieves, that the calling seemed to her a very creditable one, and she looked on this exploit of Cartouche's with a pride that heightened her admiration for him.

During the next day, Cartouche heard nothing of the robbery. However, he left home early, entrusting Fifine with the task of keeping watch; that, in case of any symptom of a dangerous kind, she might let him know. All was quiet. Cartouche had already provided himself with a key of his father's house. At about eight o'clock, after the curfew had tolled from Notre Dame, he quietly left his sleeping-room; and descending without noise, passed out, and joined Fifine, who, under pretext of sitting up with a sick neighbour, had obtained permission to remain out all night. With 200 crowns in his pocket, and Fifine on his arm, Cartouche marched along as proud as an Emperor, with the pleasures of Fairyland in his imagination, and the mines of Potosi in his pockets. They soon reached the Foire St. Germain.

This fair, the most celebrated of all those held in Paris, took place on the spot now occupied by the Marché St. Germain, to the north of the Luxembourg, and not far from the Church of St. Sulpice. The ground on which it stood, formerly occupied by a *maison de plaisance* of the Kings of Navarre, was a place formed by the junction of six streets—the Rues Guisarde, du Four, des Boucheries, de Mabillon, de Tournon, and des Aveugles. The shops and booths of the fair were arranged under two immense *halles*, of 130 feet long by 100 feet broad, divided by nine streets, cutting each other at right angles, and ornamented with fountains. Round these was an open space filled with exhibitions of all sorts. When the pair arrived, the fair was in its glory. The *halles* were all-a-blaze with lights; while the glittering contents of the shops and stalls, principally held by jewellers, mercers, dealers in gay female apparel, and ornaments of all kinds, with the rich and varied dresses of the crowds who moved along the streets, formed a *tout ensemble* that might have turned older and graver heads than those of Cartouche or his companion. After parading here for some time, and gratifying Fifine's woman's taste for finery, they turned to the space round the building, which presented sights almost more attractive. Mountebanks, legitimate descendants of the Tabarins, Tarlupins, and Gros Guillaume

of the former century, attracted gaping crowds, on which the wit of the *Paillasse* had more effect than the drugs of the Master ; for they took the one, but seemed all uninclined to take the other. *Polichinelle*, in a dozen corners at once, was squeaking and thumping. The larger booths contributed their extraordinary feats of rope-dancing and tumbling ; while in every vacant nook, where an ambulatory orchestra could find standing-room, a party of dancers were tripping as contentedly as if painted floors had been under their feet instead of Paris paving ;—and all this with the thermometer at 30° ! Cartouche and Fifine had stopped, with many others, before a small scaffold, on which a dark gipsy-faced man was playing off some wonderful *tours de gobelet*. By him stood a meagre figure, in Pierrot dress, whose name, *Gros Boyaux*, afforded a ludicrous contrast to his appearance ; while his power of deglutition, as he seemed to swallow sausage after sausage off a string some yards in length, convulsed the crowd with laughter. But his master's "Hey presto !" was scarcely more skilful, or more defied the eye to detect it, than the operations of a *coupe bourse* or *tireur* (as the street-robber was then called), who, evidently in collusion with the conjurer, was plying his fingers among the crowd in front of his stage. The quick eye of Cartouche soon detected both the robber and the collusion, which he pointed out to Fifine with infinite relish ; never for a moment thinking of giving warning to the sufferers, or wagging a finger against the thief ; with whom he at last felt so intimate a sympathy, that he actually, and almost involuntarily, in one or two cases where he thought him likely to be detected, by engaging the attention of the victim, played the *nonne** to the *tireur*, who seemed astonished, and half suspicious of the kindness. But Cartouche's youth seemed to re-assure him ; and giving him a nod of approval and thanks, he went on with his work.

Fifine, who seemed as interested in him as Cartouche, at this moment nudging her companion, directed his attention to a fat and substantial-looking horse-dealer, who, after purchasing a packet of the doctor's infallible powder, had put up his leather-purse so carelessly, that a part of it appeared from the pocket of his loose *haut-de-chausses*. Cartouche, with a significant grin, crept behind him ; and while Fifine, pretending to be alarmed at the noise and clamour, clung to the fat man—who tried to console her, thinking she had lost her parents in the crowd—our hero, with a dexterous crook of his finger, brought out the purse safely. The pickpocket, whose eye had been on him, accosted him the moment the three had cleared the crowd.

"*Trou de Diou !* my lad, amateur or true workman, you have a light hand and a quick eye. Bras d'Acier himself could not have used his forks better. Are you of the family (a trained thief) ?

Cartouche disclaimed all such respectable connexion.

"And this *petite*, too, with her child's face and woman's wit, would be a *nonneuse* among a thousand. Why, La Carette will be jealous of her, when she hears how you queered the *maquignon* (horse-dealer). We must not lose sight of each other. Come along to the *Trois Lapins*

* In French *Argot*, the party who engages the attention of one whose pocket his confederate is picking, is thus called.

here; and if Monsieur Bizac's cheer is as good as usual, we will be good friends before we part." So saying, he passed, with a step between a slink and a run, through the crowded groupes—followed close by Cartouche and Fifine, who felt quite proud of their new acquaintance; and, turning sharp off at the north-east corner of the place, struck into the pitchy darkness of the Rue de Clement, with the quick and sure pace of a man who knows his ground. The Rue des Boucheries runs nearly at right angles to this. As they turned the corner, they heard steps coming towards them. The regulation of D'Argenson—the sternest Lieutenant of Police that Paris had ever known—that each street should exhibit at least three lanterns, one at each end and one in the middle, was not very generally attended to: at any rate, the Rue des Boucheries showed no light more available than the dim glimmer of an occasional candle in a window, and the broad defined glare that streamed red from the open door of the *Tapis franc**, to which our party were bound. In the darkness, Cartouche and Fifine were suddenly stopped by their companion; who, whispering to them to stand by him, drew up close to the wall under a *porte cochère*. The passenger came along cautiously; for a false step in Paris at that day would have been fatal to a neat *chaussure*. As he neared the spot where the party was concealed, Fifine, obedient to an impulse of their guide, left the *porte cochère* and ran against the stranger; who immediately on ascertaining that she was a woman, seized her hand, and began pouring out a flood of gallant excuses; which she, returning his grasp with a fervour that astonished him, very quietly accepted. At this moment, the strange cut-purse rushing out, snatched Fifine away, and began to abuse and even lay hands on the stranger for accosting his wife. At length, getting hold of the string of his watch, as he administered a heavy body-blow to the astonished owner, the *tireur*, by a sudden twitch, secured it. Dextrously as this was managed, however, the stranger felt it, and roared out, "Au voleur! Hola! Le guet! le guet!" Cartouche, to whom his comrade passed the watch, aware how little fear of interruption there was, and anxious to ascertain whether the watch was a repeater or not, touched the button. It struck the hour. The victim, recognising the tone, began piteously to entreat them to restore the trinket. 'It had belonged to his grandfather—it was a family relic'—with other supplications equally likely to produce an effect on the thieves, who only laughed at him. Cartouche, however, with a waggishness which never left him even in the most ferocious actions of his after-life, held the treasured watch to the ear of its unhappy owner, and, touching the button once more, exclaimed, with mock compassion, "Hear it sing for the last time!"—and the party disappeared, with roars of laughter.

They soon reached the *Tapis franc* of the Trois Lapins. The room which they entered was separated by a short passage from the street. It was low and long, and lighted by a blazing wood-fire. Numerous parties, none of the most reputable appearance, and of both sexes, occupied the tables; some drinking, some playing at cards and dice. Oaths, flash-songs, and ribaldry of the foulest kind, were heard on every side. The companion of Cartouche seemed well known; and the greetings

* A house where thieves assemble is thus called in the *Argot*.

which were showered on him from all quarters marked him a man of distinction, in his way. He noticed them but little; and passing to the fire-place, introduced Cartouche and Fifine to a woman who occupied a solitary table; on which stood a kind of oblong band-box, such as was used to carry lace in. She was about thirty or thirty-five years old, of a dark complexion, with a quick pair of black eyes, enlivening a set of regular and small features, and wore the dress of a substantial Normande. She seemed surprised at sight of the companions whom Verdure—for so the *tireur* was called—had brought with him; but without giving her time to ask any question, he introduced them:—

“Here, La Carette, kiss the sharpest-fingered *fleur*, for a young hand, I have seen this many a-day, and the prettiest *nonneuse* that ever dazzled a *badaud*’s eyes while other hands were in his pockets. And you, *mes enfans*, know Madame La Carette, the cleverest *grinchisseuse** that ever fobbed an ell of lace, or swallowed a handful of seed-pearls!”

This somewhat enigmatical recommendation puzzled the young pair, who were not yet familiar with the *Argot*; but the gracious reception of La Carette, who made room for our hero by her side, soon set them at their ease. No one in the room but their two new friends seemed to notice them at all.

“Eh bien, Verdure! what luck?” asked La Carette. “*Voyons les chopins*†.” Verdure answered by pulling from his pockets some six or seven purses, two diamond *solitaires*, and the watch, which he flung into her lap with a *nonchalant* air, that said, “Not so bad for two hours’ work!”

“*Bien, bien, l’amî! Et voilà pour mon fade*‡.”—As she spoke, she drew out of a capacious pocket under her apron, two or three packets of lace, a gold chain, and a bundle of rings.

“*Et f. . . pour la perruque noir*§!” exclaimed Verdure, snapping his fingers joyously as he surveyed with pride this very respectable-looking heap of honest earnings—“*L’Industrie va toujours!*” They then proceeded to examine the purses, which were well lined; for a *tireur* so experienced as Verdure was not likely to commit the serious blunder of robbing a man with nothing in his pockets. During this operation, our young couple remained unnoticed; but when it was concluded, and the plunder safely stowed away again, Verdure, turning to Fifine, said, with an air of great seriousness—

“*C’est une respectable grinche*|| *que ça!* May you one day be what she is now!” With this pious wish, he ordered lustily about him; and wine, with the thieves’ favourite dish, a *harlequin* (so called from its motley ingredients of fish, flesh, and fowl), were set before them. They ate gaily; and never did two of the uninitiated enjoy a “*bain de lézarde***” more than Cartouche and Fifine, to whom every fresh case of successful force or fraud seemed a new triumph of wit and dexterity. Their entertainer was distressed to find they did not *entrâve*††, and proceeded to supply

* Shoplifter.

† “Let’s see the produce of your robberies.”

‡ “Here is for my part!”

§ D’Argenson, Lieutenant-General of Police at this time, was thus called by the thieves, who hated him for his severity and active discharge of his duties.

|| Shoplifter.

** The recital of his deeds by an old thief to a young one, is so called.

†† Talk the *Argot*.

this gross defect in their education with all zeal. As the wine mounted into their heads, the party became noisy; and Fifine, who had drunk the least, had great difficulty, by nods and shrugs and treadings on his foot, to prevent Cartouche from attempting to parallel Verdure's exploits with his own of the previous day. Verdure waxed quite eloquent in praise of La Carette; and at last, with the air of a man who confers an immense favour, or rather an inventor who shews you the secret of his yet unpatented machine, taking the foot of his companion into his hand, began—"This foot, to look at, is no great things—*Au fait*, Carette! it's rather clumsy than otherwise;—but few hands are as useful to their owner. A *sinve**, *voyez vous*, if asked what this foot was good for, would say, To walk with. *Nigaud!* look here, *mes enfans*,"—and, while La Carette made a sort of modest objection, he lifted up her foot, and shewed them that the shoe was furnished with only half a sole. Fifine began to sympathize with her on having to walk through the mud of Paris with so deficient a *chaussure*. She smiled: while Verdure, with an air of compassion, said simply, "Shew 'em, poor things!" La Carette undid one of her packets of lace, threw the contents on the table before her, and assumed, with admirable mimicry, the expression of a country-woman who inspects coquettishly and curiously an article on a merchant's counter. Fifine and Cartouche watched her with attention. In a minute or two she ceased, and asked them, "Is any lace gone?"

"No!" they exclaimed in a breath.

"*Allons!*" and she drew from her shoe one of the pieces.

They comprehended in a moment. She had, by a sleight-of-hand, displaced one of the pieces; and, when it had fallen, had managed, with the uncovered toes, which use had made as flexible as fingers, to force the lace into her large shoes, *à la paysanne*. They screamed with delight; and begged her to repeat the trick, which she good-humouredly did; but their eyes strove in vain to detect the manner in which, without seeming to touch it, she got the lace on to the ground. With this and other tricks of the thieves' *passé-passé* she amused them, till they confessed in their hearts that Verdure had not exaggerated the talents of his companion. By this time the night was far advanced; the guests of the *Tapis franc* had gradually become fewer and fewer, and the huge landlord slept in his chair. Oaths and ribald-songs had died away into the snorings of the few who remained; and with their heads on the tables before them, or stretched on the rude *banquettes*, snatched a broken slumber. Cartouche and Fifine, who had already nodded two or three times despite the amusing tricks of La Carette and Verdure's even more amusing stories of his trade, rose, and took a courteous farewell of their entertainers; who, expressing a hope soon to meet them again—which was responded to with equal warmth—escorted them through the room into the street.

The throng in the fair was still considerable. The Doctor had ceased to puff his medicines, and, with the *Paillasse*, was superintending the packing of his stage and medicine-chest upon a small cart. As Cartouche and Fifine passed, he gave them a friendly nod; which proved to Cartouche that his eyes had not been idle during the *tireur's* operations among his audience.

* Simpleton.

As they neared their *quartier*, Cartouche observed that they were followed. The street was too dark to discover who the person was, but he seemed anxious to avoid recognition. They walked more hurriedly; and when Fifine reached the *fripier's*, Cartouche left her. They had arranged a probable story of the sick neighbour's having fallen into a sound sleep, which required no more of Fifine's attendance, to account for her return at the untimely hour. Scarcely had Cartouche taken the farewell kiss, when his unknown follower came up. He recognised an apprentice of his father's, two years older than himself, to whom all his *démarches* were familiar; who informed him, that the theft at the college was at length discovered; that the archers had been at his father's house, where two of them were then quartered, awaiting his return, to arrest him and carry him off to the Châtelet; and that he had with difficulty managed to get out, to give him this warning. He ended by recommending him to leave Paris at once. Cartouche, to whom the thought of his father's agony, at learning the guilt of a son he had so loved, and in whom he had felt such pride, never occurred—or, if it did, passed across his mind like an April cloud—determined at once on flight. At one moment he thought of returning to the *Tapis franc*; but he reflected, that it would be closed; and besides, should he gain admission, that the *tireur's* occupation exposing him continually to the *guet*, any detection would almost infallibly lead to the discovery that he was the robber of the Collège de Clermont. Besides, had he not 200 crowns in his pocket, besides the horse-dealer's purse;—and while that lasted, he would want for nothing. In short, he felt like a true cosmopolite, who, improving on the Greek proverb, holds, that whenever a man has money in his pocket, there is his country.

Inspired by these thoughts, Cartouche thrust his hat firmer on his head—gathered his short cloak closer about him—felt his pockets, to ascertain that all was safe in that quarter—and strode stoutly along, straight forward, utterly without care or plan; conscious that he must arrive somewhere; and very little caring whither, as he carried a certain welcome about him. He had passed the barriers, and the last houses, which, in despite of the tyrannical edicts of Louis XIV, still continued to be raised *hors des bornes*; and had been walking at hazard for nearly two hours, when a storm of sleet arose, which almost blinded and bewildered him. He struggled with it manfully; but the excitement of the night, want of sleep, and the unusual quantity of wine which he had imbibed under the influence of Verdure's stories and La Carette's tricks, combined to impair his boyish strength. He felt worn out, and unable to proceed. He knew, by the sighing of the wind through the branches, that he was in a wood. He groped about, until he reached a thicket some little distance from the road; sought out the thickest bush he could find, under covert of which some leaves had escaped the sleet, and made a dry and, under the circumstances, comfortable bed. He then wrapped himself up in the cloak he wore; rolled as far under the bush as he could; and fell asleep, without a thought of home, or indeed of any thing or any body he had left behind him, but Fifine, and his two acquaintances of the night.

And here for the present we will leave him.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW.

Poems, by ALFRED TENNYSON, in Two Volumes. 1842.

A new volume of Tennyson's Poems has just been given to the world; to which the author has prefixed a Collection, or rather a Selection, of those published by him some years ago. The two volumes now before us are, we presume, designed by him to be considered as his complete works up to the present time; and those effusions which have not been re-published, we are to treat as *un-published*.

Tennyson—for he now holds that literary rank in which the prefix of “Mr” is more honourably omitted than observed—is a Poet in the true sense of the word, and not a mere composer and editor of batches of juvenile versicles; this last class being as numerous in the present day as the class of those “*dederis quibus esse Poetis*” is becoming more and more rare. For the scanty survivors of that glorious band, whose strains were the pride of the early part of the nineteenth century, have long been almost mute; and few, very few, of the hundreds who have fluttered forth in emulation of them, have shewn such strength of pinion as to attract more than momentary notice.

Tennyson is one of the few new favourites of the poetical public; and if his favour is not so great and general as the beauty of many of his poems seems to challenge as his due, he may thank his own wilfulness, in mixing his pearls with pebbles, and not any unworthiness or lack of appreciation in those before whom he has laid them.

His first publication, in 1830, at once gained him fame, and a name in the literary world: his second publication, in 1832, was as well received, and many of its contents became at once extensively and permanently popular; and certainly he has no right to complain of the degree of attention and favour with which the present edition has been welcomed. But a poet who will persist in elaborately introducing quaintnesses of spelling and expression, who not only writes much doggrel, but prints it, never will be universally read and admired. The mass of readers will not do really beautiful poems justice, if their author does them injustice by introducing them in company with such sorry associates. People expect, and they have a right to expect—not indeed that every part of a volume of poetry shall be sublime and beautiful—but that no part shall be ridiculously and wearisomely absurd; and when they meet with ridiculous and wearisome absurdities, they are apt to lay the book down, nor is it easy to recall their attention to the worthier portions of its contents.

A great many gownsmen—and a great many other worthy individuals, not gownsmen—have probably, when in London, gone into The Cock, in Fleet Street, for luncheon or dinner; or may be, after the Theatre, to get “*a kidney and a tatur*,” or “*two upon ham*,” or some other of the vespertine delicacies for which the taverns of that neighbourhood are renowned. Some of them may probably, in one of the most sequestered boxes of that romantic coffee-room, amid the fumes of smoke, the incessant cries for half-pints of stout and goes of whiskey, have lingered in the vain hope of their Welsh-rabbits settling down if a little more grogged and smoked, and, while so lingering, may have turned over in their head all sorts of crotchets about things past and present. Possibly while engaged in such reveries, they may have glanced on the interesting head-waiter, who looks so keenly out after his penny gratuities, and, by some caprice of incipient night-mare, have blended him with the castles which they were building in the air or tracing on the sanded floor. If a

man were in such a place, in such a state, doggerel rhymes would very likely come into his head; but whoever would think of writing them out when he got home, still less of printing and publishing them? But our author, whom Law-clerks will be proud to hail as a fellow-patronizer of their favourite house, makes it known to us, vol. II. p. 182, that there is a

— plump head-waiter at The Cock,
To which he most resorts:—

and further on he eulogizes *Jeames*, (all head-waiters are *Jeameses*,) in the following mellifluous and inspired strains:—

Head-waiter, honour'd by the guest
Half-mused, or reeling-ripe,
The pint you brought me was the best
That ever came from pipe.
But though the port surpasses praise,
My nerves have dealt with stiffer.
Is there some magic in the place?
Or do my peptics differ?

* * * * *

A little further on, "*Jeames*" becometh a demi-god:

And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.
He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally;
I think he came, like Ganymede,
From some delightful valley.

Really "*Jeames*," in common gratitude, ought to take care that our author always has the joint "in prime cut," and a clean table-cloth, whenever he dines there.

From page 182 to page 184 the volume is filled with this sublime production. The History of "The Goose," at the end of the first volume, is quite as absurd. Now, in all these, and other absurdities of Tennyson's, there is no wit—nothing to provoke a smile, unless it be a smile of contempt. He has no more humour than a German. Atrocious, moreover, is the puerility of the following:—

THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

" SUZE never yet was Antelope
Could skip so lightly by.
Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
Will hit you in the eye!

" How lightly whirls the skipping-rope!
How fairy-like you fly!
Go, get you gone, you muse and mope—
I hate that silly sigh."

" Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
Or tell me how to die."—

" There, take it, take my skipping-rope,
And hang yourself thereby."

Now, has any author a right to insult the understanding of his readers by laying such unmitigated nonsense before them? If he wrote nothing else, it would be of no moment;—no one would want to see his books, or would be annoyed by his absurdities; but where a man writes many poems so very beautifully as Tennyson does, it is a positive injury to include others of this worthless class among them, and so force these vexatious failures on one's

observation. Wordsworth is no authority in favour of low puerile writing: he has succeeded in spite of it, and so will Tennyson: but success thus impeded, is deservedly slow and imperfect. Wordsworth's "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," and his "Betty Foy," are no more admired now than when first published; and such pieces as those we have been quoting will be blots on Tennyson's fame as long as they remain on his pages.

This portion of our duty has been an ungracious one; but it has been performed with no unfriendly feeling. We are glad to see that, in the present edition, Tennyson has discarded many pieces, originally published by him, that were objectionable, and objected to as low and puerile; that he has abandoned or mended many of his eccentricities in spelling and expression: and we hope, that before the next edition his works will have been thoroughly weeded.

We gladly turn to the more pleasing part of our subject—to the contemplation of the many merits of these volumes.

We have as yet no long elaborate poem from Tennyson:—and when we consider how early the present stage of his poetical career is, we look on it as creditable to him that we have not. It is a merit in him not to have plunged headlong into Epic or Tragedy, with the usual precipitancy of young writers. What his powers may be in conceiving and sustaining character, in designing and working out plot, we may hereafter have the means of more certainly determining.

But there is one poem in these volumes which, though short, *does* indicate, in an extraordinary degree, Tragic, or, if our readers like it better, Dramatic powers. We feel the more bound to mention this poem, as it seems to have been strangely misunderstood by the critics of Tennyson's Poems in the Quarterly and Westminster Reviews. The poem is called "St. Simeon Stylites," and is the uttering of one of those foul and desperate fanatics who, by way of life-long penance, lived on the tops of high pillars, exposed to the sun by day and the frosts by night, hoping thereby to take Heaven by storm. The Reviewers have found in it notions of Deity lower and grosser than those the African forms of his Fetisch god. And doubtless such notions there are expressed, mingled with appalling doubts and despairs, and anon with assurance not less appalling. The saint speaks the poem the day before his anticipated death;—the people are crowding round the base of his pillar with prayers and offerings, when he says to them—

" Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.
What is it I can have done to merit this?
I am a sinner viler than you all.
It may be I have wrought some miracles,
And cured some halt and maim'd;—but what of that?
It may be, no one, even among the saints,
May match his pains with mine. But what of that?
Yet do not rise: for you may look on me,
And in your looking you may kneel to God.
Speak! is there any of you halt or maim'd?
I think you know I have some power with Heaven
From my long penance: let him speak his wish.

" Yes, I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.
They say that they are heal'd. Ah, hark! they shout
'St. Simeon Stylites!' Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul!
God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be,
Can I work miracles and not be saved?
This is not told of any. They were saints.
It cannot be but that I shall be saved;
Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout, 'Behold a saint!'
And lower voices saint me from above.

Courage, St. Simeon! This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death
Spreads more and more and more, that God hath now
Sponged and made black of crimeful record all
My mortal archives."

Let our readers refer to the poem, and, when they have well pondered it, say whether, if such men have so lived and suffered, they must not have so thought. This poem, to be properly appreciated, should be read as one of a trilogy with "St. Agnes," which we will quote elsewhere; and "Sir Galahad," to which we refer those who wish to test the soundness of our judgment in this particular. The "St. Simeon" expresses the religion of the fanatical ascetic; "St. Agnes" that of the saintly world-renouncer; and "Sir Galahad" that of the chivalrous Christian Knight; these being the three co-existent phases of middle-age piety. And we have little hesitation in saying, that the man who has written the first of these three, if his capacity for framing a plot, and conducting a dramatic action, correspond to his power of developing, not describing, inward moods and passions, is potentially a dramatic poet of the first flight. We are only sorry that Tennyson has not had the three poems we have been speaking of arranged consecutively.

To speak generally, we would say that high and holy feelings, an earnest love of all that is beautiful and true, a keen sympathy with every nerve that vibrates in humanity, an affectionate observance of nature in her outward manifestations, an accurate discernment of the human passions and affections, great imaginative powers, perfect mastery over the English language, and an almost unrivalled melodiousness in versification—all these elements of the true poet are abundantly manifested in Tennyson.

But it would be unjust to let this part of our notice pass without a more particular dwelling on some merits he possesses in a remarkable degree. To him, as to every true poet, Nature is at once an obedient and powerless slave, and a despotic mistress. While he casts and moulds and combines her manifestations and moods, at will, till they all unite to body forth his master feeling, he never alters one feature, or ruffles one fold of her various garment. He does with her what he will, but only as she will have him to do it. In one poem, when he will express dreary desolateness of mind, he does it by an assemblage of natural objects, which impress the thought of his reader till he becomes the desolate subject of the poem.—We allude to his well-known "Mariana in the Moated Grange."—Here the landscape is complete, even to minuteness; but no one feature of it, natural as it is, but adds to the weight of melancholy that the first stanza prepares us for. In another poem, when he will express the sunny and joyous feelings of a happy lover, he makes the lover's happiness invest dead things with sympathy and delight, till they find a voice to speak it. This is done in the "The Talking Oak," where the lover wins from the Old Trunk, on which he has carved the name of his Olivia, the story how she has come and played under his shade, and kissed the name upon the rind, until at last—

" 'Tis little more: the day was warm;
At last, tired out with play,
She sank her head upon her arm,
And at my feet she lay.

" Her eyelids dropped their silken eaves.
I breathed upon her eyes,
Thro' all the summer of my leaves,
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

" I took the swarming sound of life—
The music from the town—
The whispers of the drum and fife,
And lull'd them in my own.

- " Sometimes I let a sunbeam alip,
To light her shaded eye ;
A second flutter'd round her lip,
Like a golden butterfly ;
- " A third would glimmer on her neck,
To make the necklace shine ;
Another slid, a sunny fleck,
From head to ankle fine.
- " Then close and dark my arms I spread,
And shadow'd all her rest—
Dropt dews upon her golden head,
An acorn in her breast."

These converse operations of making nature body forth mind, and mind invest nature with its own attributes, our poet performs with equal facility and truth ; and fulfils in both the highest office of Imagination—that power which, as Charles Lamb expresses it, " draws all things to use ; which makes things animate or inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects with their accessories, take one colour, and serve to one effect."

It would be very easy to determine, from Tennyson's poems, among what kind of natural scenes he has most lived. No one who reads " Locksley Hall," and the poem of " Mariana" above alluded to, can doubt that his native scenery is flat and fen-like. His native county, we believe, is Lincolnshire ; and nothing can better shew how all-powerful the influence of the mind over nature is, than the use to which he has turned the features of a county in common opinion the most unfitted in England for poetical purposes. We are proud to notice, also, that no few traces of Cambridge scenery are visible throughout the volumes. Indeed, we will venture to say, that not even Wordsworth himself has ever seen deeper into nature, has watched her features and operations with a more reverential attention, or with better reward, than Tennyson, whose devotion for her approaches almost to Pantheism. Yet does not his power rest with her. He is far-seeing beyond common men, in what pertains to political and social life. We cannot refrain from quoting, in illustration of this, his noble political creed, as we may call it :—

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make Knowledge circle with the winds ;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men or growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
 Cut Prejudice against the grain :
 But gentle words are always gain :
 Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
 Of pension, neither count on praise :
 It grows to guerdon after-days :
 Nor deal in watchwords overmuch ;

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
 Not master'd by some modern term ;
 Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
 And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
 With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
 Set in all lights by many minds,
 To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
 And moist and dry, deviating long,
 Thro' many agents making strong,
 Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.
 We all are changed by still degrees,
 All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
 To ingroove itself with that, which flies,
 And work, a joint of state, that plies
 Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;
 For all the past of Time reveals
 A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
 Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
 A motion toiling in the gloom—
 The Spirit of the years to come
 Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
 Completion in a painful school ;
 Phantoms of other forms of rule,
 New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
 But vague in vapour, hard to mark ;
 And round them sea and air are dark
 With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
 Is bodied forth the second whole.
 Regard gradation, lest the soul
 Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
 And heap their ashes on the head ;
 To shame the boasting words, we said,
 That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
 Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
 To follow flying steps of Truth
 Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
 Must ever shock, like armed foes,
 And this be true, till Time shall close,
 That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not less the wise of heart would cease
 To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
 But, with his hand against the hilt,
 Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, though dogs of Faction bay,
 Would serve his kind in deed and word,
 Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
 That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
 From either side, nor veil his eyes :
 And if some dreadful need should rise
 Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
 As we bear blossom of the dead.
 Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
 Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

But we must hurry on, without pausing to pluck every flower that charms our eye, and invites our hand, or our limits will soon be reached.

If we were to verify all our assertions of praise by quotations, we should transcribe into this Magazine an undue proportion of the contents of these two little volumes; but as, when we found fault, we produced proofs of culpability, so, where we praise, we must, in justice both to the author and ourselves, quote some of the passages on which that general praise is founded.

We will first extract part of the consolatory stanzas on the "Death of a Brother:"—

TO J. S.

I.

The wind, that beats the mountain, blows
 More softly round the open wold,
 And gently comes the world to those
 That are cast in gentle mould.

II.

And me this knowledge bolder made,
 Or else I had not dared to flow
 In these words toward you, and invade
 Even with a verse your holy woe.

* * * * *

VIII.

I knew your brother : his mute dust
 I honour and his living worth :
 A man more pure and bold and just
 Was never born into the earth.

IX.

I have not look'd upon you nigh,
 Since that dear soul hath fall'n asleep.
 Great Nature is more wise than I :
 I will not tell you not to weep.

X.

And though mine own eyes fill with dew,
 Drawn from the spirit thro' the brain,
 I will not even preach to you,
 "Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain."

XI.

Let Grief be her own mistress still.
 She loveth her own anguish deep
 More than much pleasure. Let her will
 Be done—to weep or not to weep."

XII.

*I will not say "God's ordinance
 Of Death is blown in every wind ;"
 For that is not a common chance
 That takes away a noble mind.*

XIII.

His memory long will live alone
 In all our hearts, as mournful light
 That broods above the fallen sun,
 And dwells in heaven half the night.

Of a very high order, also, are the merits of the following Hymn, of which we have already spoken :—

ST. AGNES.

I.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

II.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

III.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strews her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

The exquisite tripartite Ballad of "The May Queen," "New-Year's Eve" and its "Conclusion," is universally known and admired. It needs no re-printing here: all who have read or heard it must have felt how deep a master of pathos Tennyson can be. We subjoin a shorter piece, conceived and written in the same sweet spirit:—

EDWARD GRAY.

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town
Met me walking on yonder way,
"And have you lost your heart?" she said;
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will:
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea:
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!
Cruelly came they back to-day:
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—
Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair:
I repent me of all I did:
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly like a bird, from tree to tree:
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
There lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

"Locksley Hall," "The Day-Dream," and "Oriana," have been so generally quoted and admired, that we feel it necessary to do no more than refer to them here.

One of the most delightful features in Tennyson's poetry is the felicity with which he introduces classical allusions and characters. In the "Dream of Fair Women," after a fine description of Helen, how beautifully is Iphigenia introduced! The poet turns to her, as she stands by the side of Helen:—

- But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
 To her full height her stately stature draws ;
 " My youth," she said, " was blasted with a curse :
 This woman was the cause.
- " I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
 Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears :
 My father held his hand upon his face ;
 I, blinded with my tears
- " Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with sighs,
 As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
 The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
 Waiting to see me die.
- " The tall masts quiver'd as they lay afloat,
 The temples and the people and the shore ;
 One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat
 Slowly,—and nothing more."
- Whereto the other with a downward brow :
 " I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
 Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
 Then when I left my home."

How *Æschylean* are *Iphigenia's* words : they bring at once on the mind the scene depicted in that most awful opening chorus of the *Agamemnon*—the innocent victim, the *φιλόμαχοι βραβηῆς*, of whom the Sire confessed,

*Παυσανέμου θυσίας παρθενίου δ' αἵματος ἐφ-
 γῆ περιόργως ἐπιθυμῶν θέμις.*

How sonorous and Homeric is the epithet "heavy-plunging," in the fine line :
 " I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam."

We are not sure that the fine image which this epithet presents, of the vast mass of water rolling up to the shore, and then curling, crashing, plunging down in "star showers"* of foam, is not rather marred by the addition,

" Whirl'd by the wind."

The imagery is rather that of the sea *after* a gale, than *during* a gale : it is a scene often witnessed when the wind has dropped, but still

ῥοχθεῖ μέγα κύμα,

as it is correctly described in the *Odyssey*.

The poem in which Tennyson has shewn most originality, the most vivid power in portraying outward and inward nature, and the greatest skill in versification combined, is his "Choric Song of the *Lotos*-eaters;" from which we will give a few extracts :—

There is sweet music here, that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And through the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

* Compare Shelley's noble lines on the same image :

" I saw the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown."

Stanzas written in the Bay of Naples.

We know few passages in the language that equal—none that surpass the exquisite rhythm of these lines. Throughout the poem the melancholy melody of the numbers is preserved, as the weary mariners, under the spell of the charmed fruit, sigh forth their longings for “long rest and dreamful ease,” and,

Lend their hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy.

A hasty glance at the subject and pervading sentiment of the “Lotos-eaters” might lead us to think the idea taken from Thomson’s “Castle of Indolence:” but if we compare the two poems, we shall see they are distinct in design as in execution. The indolence which Thomson describes, is the indolence of the Sensualist: Tennyson’s is the indolence of the Visionary. Beautiful as the old poem is, the new one will suffer nothing by the comparison. After re-enjoying Thomson’s delicious stanzas, we can still appreciate such ideas and expressions as these:

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly,)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro’ the thick-twined vine—
To hear the emerald-colour’d water falling
Thro’ many a wov’n scanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch’d out beneath the pine.

And now let us ask, in conclusion, are we not justified in calling the man who can feel and write thus, A true Poet? Are we not entitled to hope, in spite of the blemishes in the present volumes, that the author is one who has given, and will give, the world “that which it will not willingly let die”?—that, in recounting the poets whom Cambridge may boast of, to the names of Milton, Dryden, Gray, Byron, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, we may worthily add that of Alfred Tennyson?

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MAY 7.—J. Hepburn, Esq., M.A., of Trinity; W. Walsh, B.A., of St. John's; F. N. Micklethwait, Esq., B.A., of Jesus; T. Dew, Esq., B.A., of Jesus; and W. Ritchie, Esq., B.A., of Trinity; were called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple.—On Saturday last the Norrisian Prize for the year 1842 was adjudged to Leopold Poynder, B.A., of Trinity: subject—"The Apostolical Epistles afford internal evidence that the persons to whom they were severally addressed had already been made acquainted with the great truths which those Epistles inculcate."—The Rev. J. Galland, M.A., formerly of Catharine hall, has been presented to the vicarage of Laneham, Notts, by the Dean and Chapter of York, in the place of the Rev. E. Wallis, deceased.—On Monday last R. Wyatt, Esq., Fellow Commoner, B.A., of Corpus Christi; J. Beardmore, Esq., Fellow Commoner, B.A., of Jesus; F. H. N. Glossop, Esq., B.A., of St. Peter's; and G. Bulpitt, Esq., M.A., of Trinity; were called to the degree of Barrister-at-law by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn.—The Rev. H. Kirby, M.A., Fellow of Clare hall, curate of the parishes of Brome and Oakley, in the county of Suffolk, has been instituted by the Bishop of Ely to the rectory of Great Waldingfield, vacant by the death of the Rev. F. Creswell. Patrons: the Masters and Fellows of Clare-hall.

MAY 14.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the grace, "To confirm the Report of the Theological Syndicate," was adopted by a majority of 58 to 25 in the Senior House, and 52 to 19 in the Junior. At the same congregation, the following graces also passed the Senate:—"To add the following regulations for Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarships: 'That the Examiners shall publish the names, arranged in the order of merit, of such Candidates as pass the examination with credit'."—The Master and Fellows of Caius have elected G. Budd, M.D., F.R.S., a Senior Fellow, and J. Tozer, M.A., a Frankland Fellow, of that Society.—The Rev. R. Rigg, M.A., has been presented to the rectory of St. Clement's on the Bridge, at Norwich. Patrons: the Master and Fellows of Caius.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Falmouth has appointed the Rev. W. W. Harvey, M.A., of Queens', rector of Truro, one of his domestic chaplains.—The Rev. W. R. Sharpe, B.A., Fellow of Catharine hall, has been appointed to the curacy of Clareborough, Notts.—The Rev. R. Morton, B.A., formerly of Catharine hall, assistant curate of St. Cuthbert's, York, has been appointed to the curacy of Geddington, Northamptonshire.—Rev. T. Fitzherbert, M.A., formerly of Queens', and curate of Marston Magna, is appointed to that vicarage, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Williams. Patroness, Mrs. Ann Fitzherbert.—On the 6th inst., C. J. Tindal, Esq., B.A., of Trinity; E. Hawkins, Esq., M.A., of Trinity; J. C. Maul, Esq., LL.B., of Christ's; George Jeudwine, Esq., M.A., of St. John's; and J. T. Walker, Esq., M.A., Fellow of Caius; were called to the degree of Barrister-at-law, by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn.

MAY 21.—*Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarships.*—On Tuesday last, the Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarships were adjudged as follows:—*First Class:* C. J. Elliott, B.A., Catharine hall. *Second Class:* C. Chambers, B.A., Emmanuel. M. Bright, B.A., of Magdalene, had a gratuity of 20*l.* awarded to him for the knowledge which he displayed at the examination.—The Rev. W. Wells, M.A., of Corpus Christi, has been appointed curate of the parish church of Stockport. The Rev. T. Corfield, formerly of Clare hall, has been preferred to the perpetual curacy of Benthall, Salop. Patron, the vicar of Much Wenlock. The Rev. W. H. Lethwaite, B.A., of Trinity, has been appointed to the curacy of St. Luke's church, Clifford Bramham, Yorkshire.—The Rev. T. Remington, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, perpetual curate of Cartmel, Lancashire, has been appointed chaplain to the Earl of Burlington.—The Rev. T. Lowe, B.A., of Catharine hall, perpetual curate of Tintwistle, Cheshire, has been preferred to the perpetual curacy of Oldham, on the petition of the inhabitants of the township.—The Rev. T. C. Colls, M.A., of Christ's, has been appointed curate of Ringsfield, Suffolk.—In the medical examination at Caius, held on Friday the 13th, E. T. Henery was well approved by the examiners. The

chemical examination was held on Saturday, and the first place assigned to A. W. Lewis.—On the 24th ult., the Rev. J. Healy, B.A., of Caius, was instituted by the Bishop of Peterborough, to the vicarage of Scalford, on the presentation of the Duke of Rutland.—Messrs. Rundle, Bridge, and Co., have presented to this University (and to that of Oxford also) a valuable cast in bronze of the far-famed shield of Achilles, the composition of our late great sculptor, John Flaxman, R.A.

MAY 28.—The Rev. W. Worsley, formerly of Christ's, curate of Spridlington, has been presented to the rectory of Braytoft, near Spilsby, by the Lord Chancellor, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Banks.—Yesterday, the Chancellor's Medal for the best English Poem: subject—"The Birth of the Prince of Wales," and the Camden Medal: subject—"Cæsar ad Rubiconem constitit," were both adjudged to H. J. S. Maine, scholar of Pembroke.—The Rev. H. S. Hildyard, Fellow of St. Peter's, has been presented to the living of Lofthouse, in the North Riding of York, vacant by the death of the Rev. Sir W. Murray, baronet. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.—On Monday last, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. H. V. Broughton, B.A., of St. Peter's, to the vicarage of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. P. Vivian. Patron, Quintus Vivian, Esq.—On Thursday last, the Rev. R. Foley, B.D., Fellow of Emmanuel, was presented by the Master and Fellows of that society, to the living of North Cadbury, Somersetshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. Blackall, B.D.—The Rev. W. F. Raymond, M.A., of Trinity, was installed as Archdeacon of Northumberland, in the cathedral of Durham, on Saturday, the 14th inst. On the following day, the Venerable Archdeacon "read himself in."—The Lord Bishop of London has presented the Rev. J. R. Stock, B.A., Scholar of St. John's, with the perpetual curacy of Cornish-hall-end, Essex.

JUNE 11.—Sir William Browne's Medal: Yesterday Sir William Browne's Medal for the best Latin Ode; subject—"Navis ornata atque armata in aquam deductur," was adjudged to H. J. S. Maine, Foundation Scholar of Pembroke. The Chancellor's Medal and the Camden Medal were adjudged to the same gentleman on the 28th ult.

The Rev. R. Moaley, M.A., of Trinity, incumbent of Trinity church, Ipswich, has been presented to the vicarage of Rotherham, in the county and diocese of York. Patron, Lord Howard, of Effingham.—The Rev. W. S. Salman, M.A., of St. John's, perpetual curate of Shire Oaks, has been presented, by the Rev. C. H. Rhodes, of Barbro' Hall, to the vicarage of Elmlton, Derbyshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. F. Foxlowe.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. J. F. Franklin, M.A., formerly Fellow of Clare hall, and perpetual curate of New Buckenham, Norfolk, to the rectory of West Newton, in that county, vacant by the secession of the Rev. W. Holmes.—Rev. J. Horner, M.A., formerly Fellow of Clare hall, rector of Mells, Somersetshire, has been appointed to a prebendal stall in the cathedral church of Wells.—Rev. J. O. Dakeyne, M.A., of Downing, perpetual curate of St. Benedict, has been appointed evening lecturer of St. Mark, Lincoln.—On Wednesday last, W. Talman, scholar, was elected a Foundation Fellow of King's.—On Monday last, the Rev. E. S. Dixon, M.A., of Corpus, was instituted to the rectory of Intwood with Keswick, in Norfolk, on the presentation of Mr. J. Dixon, of Norwich.—On Monday last, the Rev. G. Archdall, D.D., Master of Emmanuel, and Vice-Chancellor, was installed a canon of the cathedral church of Norwich, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Fisher.—The Rev. H. R. Slade, LL.B., formerly of St. Peter's, incumbent of Kenley, has been appointed, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, one of his lordship's domestic chaplains.

JUNE 18.—Saturday last, being St. Barnabas' Day, the following gentlemen were appointed Barnaby Lecturers for the present year:—*Mathematics*: D. T. Ansted, M.A., Fellow of Jesus'. *Philosophy*: J. Edleston, M.A., Fellow of Trinity. *Rhetoric*: Rev. R. Birkett, B.B., Fellow of Emmanuel. *Logic*: Rev. R. Buston, B.D., Fellow of Emmanuel.—The Rev. W. Valentine, M.A., of Trinity, has been presented to the incumbency of St. Thomas's, Arbour Square, Stepney. Patrons: the Principal and Fellows of Brasenose, Oxford.—On Friday, the 10th instant, the following gentlemen were called to the degree of Barrister-at-law, by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn:—J. B. Hume, Esq., B.A., Trinity; R. H. Tiliard, Esq., B.A., St. John's; T. Humphreys, Esq., B.A., St. John's; A. A. Doria, S.C.L., formerly of Trinity hall.

JULY 2.—The Rev. C. H. Bingham, B.A., formerly of Caius, has been appointed to the curacy of Kettering, Northamptonshire.—On Friday, June 24, the Master of Caius, by right of devolution, appointed C. Hue, B.A., to a Wortley Fellowship.—Rev. J. W. Saunders, B.A., formerly of Trinity, has been appointed chaplain to the London Hospital.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. W. Butler, M.A., of Trinity, curate of Creaton, Northamptonshire, to the vicarage of Wickham Market, vacant by the decease of the Rev. E. J. Bell. Value, £208.

JULY 13.—The Rev. T. Moore, M.A., has been instituted, by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the vicarage of West Harptree, in the county of Somerset, void by the promotion of the Rev. G. T. Hudson. Patron, the Crown. Value, £126.—On the 9th instant, the Rev. J. Gorle, M.A., of Clare hall, curate of Sheldon, Warwickshire, was instituted, by the Lord Bishop of Worcester, to the rectory of Whatcote in the same county. Patrons: Sir T. A. and Lady Dalrymple.—The Rev. J. G. D. Thring, LL.B., formerly of St. John's, has been appointed Assistant Rural Dean for the district of Cary, within the diocese of Bath and Wells.—The Rev. J. Kendall, M.A., formerly of St. John's, has been instituted to the vicarage of Lanteglos, by Fowey, on the presentation of J. Kendall, Esq., of Helston. Value, £196.—C. Sangster, B.A., scholar of St. John's, has been appointed Head Master of the Rochester and Chatham Classical and Mathematical Institution.—On the 30th of June, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. M. Garfit, M.A., to the rectory of Stretton, in the county of Rutland, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Lamb, on the presentation of Sir G. Heathcote, Bart., the patron. Value, £300.—The Rev. H. R. Lloyd, M.A., formerly of Trinity, late assistant curate of the parishes of West Grimstead and Plaitford, Wiltshire, and now perpetual curate of Taliaris (£133 per annum) in the county of Carmarthen, has been collated by the Lord Bishop of St. David's to the vicarage of Carew, value, £192 per annum, in the county of Pembroke, both being within the diocese of St. David's, aforesaid.

JULY 13.—The Rev. R. Cory, B.D., Senior Fellow of Emmanuel College, has been presented to the Vicarage of Stanground, with Farcet, Hunts., vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Y. Smythies. Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Emmanuel. Value, 1299*l*.—On the 2d instant, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. B. Dixie, M.A., to the Rectory of Market Bosworth, in the county of Leicestershire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. T. Burnaby, on the presentation of the Rev. C. Wright and Sir W. W. Dixie, Bart., the patrons. Value, 903*l*.

JULY 16.—*Model of the Toge Muhal, at Agra:* A magnificent ivory model of an Indian temple at Agra was presented to the University last week, by Mr. R. Burney, M.A., of Christ's college. It has been placed in the Pitt Press. It is an elaborately beautiful and interesting work of art. The value of the model is stated to be nearly 7000*l*. Yesterday week, the Rev. W. Fison, M.A., of St. John's, was licensed to the perpetual curacy of New Buckenham, in the county of Norfolk, on the nomination of the majority of the inhabitant householders of the said parish.—The Rev. R. Haggitt, M.A., Fellow of Clare hall, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Ely to the valuable rectory of Fornham All Saints, with Westley, in the county of Suffolk. Patrons, the Master and Fellows of Clare hall.—The Rev. J. Grisdale, B.A., formerly of Emmanuel, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Burton Hastings, in the county of Warwick, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. South, M.A.—Patron, T. Grove, Esq.—The Rev. W. T. Hurt, M.A., of Trinity, has been presented to the vicarage of Sutton-cum-Lound, Notts. Patron, his Grace the Duke of Portland.

The Income Tax—On Tuesday last, at a meeting at the Vice-Chancellor's, the following members of the University were chosen Commissioners under the Income-Tax Act:—*For General Purposes:* Rev. G. Archdall, D.D.; Rev. W. Webb, D.D.; Rev. W. French, D.D.; Rev. G. Ainslie, D.D.; Rev. J. Graham, D.D.; Rev. W. Hodgson, D.D.; Rev. W. Whewell, B.D.—*To Supply Vacancies:* Rev. R. Tatham, D.D.; William Hopkins, Esq.; George Leapingwell, Esq.; Rev. Thomas Worsley, M.A.; Rev. B. Chapman, D.D.; Thomas Le Blanc, Esq. LL.D.; Rev. G. Thackeray, D.D.

JULY 23.—The Rev. Sir H. Dukinfield, Bart., has been pleased to appoint the Rev. J. G. Gifford, M.A., of St. John's, curate of St. James's, Piccadilly, to the incumbency of St. Matthew's Church, Spring Gardens, London, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Tomlinson, Bishop of Gibraltar.—The Hon. and Rev. F. J. Grey,

M.A., of Trinity, son of Earl Grey, read himself into the valuable rectory of Morpeth, on Sunday week.—The Rev. T. W. Richards, B.A., of Sidney Sussex, and late curate of St. Andrew's, Worcester, has been appointed to the mathematical mastership of Oundle Grammar School, Northamptonshire.

JULY 30.—The Dean and Chapter of Durham have appointed the Rev. G. F. Townsend, M.A., of Trinity, to the vicarage of Brantingham, Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. Mayelston.—At a meeting lately held of the Board of Directors of the Wesleyan Proprietary Grammar School, Sheffield, F. Metcalfe, Esq., B.A., formerly of St. John's, was elected to the office of Second Master.—The very Rev. the Dean of York has instituted the Rev. J. Parker, M.A., of Catherine hall, to the vicarage of Ellerburne, Yorkshire, in exchange for the incumbency of St. Mary's, Preston, Lancashire.

AUG. 6.—Rev. W. H. Brookfield, M.A., of Trinity, late curate of St. James's, Piccadilly, has been elected assistant preacher of that church. He is also appointed to the incumbency of St. Luke's District Church, Berwick-street, Oxford-street, on the nomination of the rector of that parish.—The Rev. E. Richardson, B.A., formerly of Catherine hall, has been instituted to the rectory of Oxcomb, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Furness, M.A. Patron, B. Grant, Esq., Scamleaby Grove.—The Rev. E. Bird, formerly of Magdalene, has been appointed to the rectory of St. Thomas's, Birmingham, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Marsh. Value, 700*l.* per annum.—R. H. Kirby, Esq., B.A., scholar of St. John's, and late exhibitor from the Grammar School, Bedford, has been appointed Second Master of the Grammar School, Felsted.—On the 29th ult., the Rev. F. Smith, M.A., formerly of St. John's, was instituted by the Bishop of Salisbury to the rectory of Tarrant Rushton, Wilts, void by the cession of the Rev. C. Saunders, on the presentation of Sir J. W. Smith, Bart., of the Down House, in the parish of Blandford St. Mary, Dorset.—The Rev. J. Browne, M.A., of St. John's, curate of Bishopthorpe, has been collated to the vicarage of Hasby, Lincolnshire, by the Archbishop of York.

AUG. 13.—The Rev. B. S. Finch, B.A., of Trinity, has been appointed domestic chaplain to the Earl of Buchan.—The Rev. R. Remington, M.A., of Queen's, minor canon of the collegiate church of Manchester, has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Chester to the chapelry of Quernmore, in the parish of Lancaster.—Patron, the vicar of Lancaster.—The Rev. C. Porter, late Fellow of Caius, has been preferred to the rectory of Aughnacullen, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. R. L. Tottenham.—The Rev. W. T. Hobson, M.A., formerly of Corpus Christi, curate of Trowell, Notts., has been presented to the rectory of Strelley with Billborough. Patron, T. W. Edge, of Strelley Hall.—The Rev. C. J. Wade, M.A., of Jesus college, son of the late G. Wade, Esq., Dunmow, has been promoted to the rectory of Lower Gravenhurst, Bedfordshire. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

AUG. 20.—The incumbency of Witton, Northwich, vacant by the appointment of the Rev. D. Vawdrey to the rectory of Stepney, has been conferred by the Rev. R. Grenal upon the Rev. G. Gibbons, M.A., of Trinity, late curate of Weaverham.—The Rev. J. W. Watson, M.A., formerly of Trinity, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of St. Mary, Preston, Lancashire. Patrons, the Bishop of the diocese and others.—The Rev. S. Sunderland, B.A., formerly of Clare hall, has been presented to the vicarage of Peniston, Yorkshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. T. King, B.A. Patron, A. Bosville, Esq.—The Bishop of Lichfield has presented the vicarage of Tarvin, Cheshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. R. W. Evans, B.D., to his relative, the Rev. T. S. Bowstead, M.A., formerly of St. John's, and minister of St. Philip's church, Liverpool.—Rev. T. Hayes, B.A., formerly of St. John's, head-master of the Grammar School of Slaidburn, has been presented to the vicarage of Bracewell. Patron, Earl de Grey.—The Rev. G. Elton, of Caius, has been licensed by the Lord Bishop of Worcester, to the curacy of St. Nicholas church, Worcester, on the nomination of the Rev. H. J. Stevenson, rector.—The Rev. W. H. Henslowe, M.A., formerly of Jesus, has been licensed to the perpetual curacy of Wormegay, Norfolk, in the gift of the Lord Bishop of Norwich.—The Rev. C. Laing, M.A., formerly of Queens', late curate of Chesham, Bucks, has been appointed one of the chaplains to the East-India Company, in the Bombay Presidency.—The Rev. J. G. Harrison, M.A., formerly of Queens', has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Queenborough, Kent, in the gift of the corporation

of that borough.—On the 16th instant, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. J. Beaven to the vicarage of Welford, Northamptonshire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. W. Waring, of Magdalene, on the presentation of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, the patron.

AUG. 27.—The Rev. W. Turner, M.A., of Trinity, has been appointed to the incumbency of the new Church at Luton, near Chatham, which was consecrated last week by the Bishop of Rochester.—The Rev. A. Thompson, B.A., of Trinity, has been presented to the rectory of Ashby-cum-Fenby, Lincolnshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Williams.—The Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has appointed the Right Worshipful J. Phillimore, D.C.L., to be Chancellor (Official Principal and Vicar General) in and throughout the whole of the city and ancient diocese of Bristol, on the resignation of the Venerable Archdeacon Thorp.—On the 9th instant, the Rev. J. Burt, M.A., formerly of Queens', was licensed to the united perpetual curacies of Hoe and Letheringham, Suffolk, on the nomination of the Rev. O. S. Reynolds, of Debach.—The Rev. T. B. Ingham, formerly of Queens', and late rector of Congleton, Cheshire, has been appointed incumbent of the church recently erected at Rainhill.—The Rev. J. Snowden, M.A., curate of Middleton Tyas, has been preferred to the vicarage of Ilkley, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Clarke. Patrons, the trustees under the will of the late G. Hartley, Esq., Middleton Lodge.

SEPT. 3.—The Rev. J. W. K. Lockwood, B.A., formerly of Trinity, has been presented to the rectory of Everingham, Yorkshire. Patroness, Mrs. Martin.—The Rev. C. W. Woodhouse, B.A., late of Caius, has been appointed assistant minister of St. James', Sheffield.—The Rev. B. J. Armstrong, B.A., of Caius, has been instituted by the Bishop of Lincoln to the vicarage of Crowle, in the counties of York and Lincoln, vacant by the death of the Rev. G. Egremont. Patron, W. Duncombe, Esq., of Northchurch, Herts.—The Rev. H. Windsor, M.A., of St. Catharine's hall, has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of Lockwood, Yorkshire.—The Rev. G. C. Tomlinson, of Magdalene, late curate of Staughton, Bedfordshire, has been licensed by the Lord Bishop of Ripon to the incumbency of the parish church of the Holy Trinity, Coverham, in the North Riding of the county of York. Value 223*l*.—A school for the education of the sons of the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland is to be opened at Lucan. The Rev. J. Earle, B.A., late scholar of Clare hall, vicar of Aughten-cum-Cottingworth, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, has been elected to the head-mastership.—The Rev. P. W. Joliffe, M.A., formerly of St. John's, perpetual curate of the parish of St. James', in Poole, has been appointed by the trustees of the Canford Estate, official of the Peculiar of Great Canford and Poole, in the room of the Rev. W. O. Bartlett, deceased.—The Rev. H. T. Thompson, formerly of St. John's, was lately appointed chaplain priest of the collegiate church, Ottery St. Mary, by the Governors of the Corporation.—The Rev. J. Jackson, M.A., of Pembroke, has been presented to the incumbency of St. James's Church, Muswell Hill, near Hornsey.

SEPT. 7.—The Rev. I. D. Winslow, formerly of St. John's, has been presented to the vicarage of Napton-on-the-Hill, Warwickshire. Patron, the Lord Chancellor. Returned value, £345.

SEPT. 10.—The Rev. A. S. Thelwall, M.A., of Trinity, has been appointed to the ministry of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury.—The Rev. W. Hodgson, M.A., of Sidney Sussex, and perpetual curate of Whitewell, in the parish of Whalley, has been presented to the incumbency of Brathay, near Ambleside, by Mr. G. Redmayne, of Brathay hall.

SEPT. 17.—The Rev. G. B. Yarde, M.A., of Trinity, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln to the rectories of Wragby and Panton, vacant by the death of the Rev. A. Turnor, on the nomination of C. Turnor, Esq.—The Rev. R. P. Jones, B.A., of Trinity, has been appointed to the head-mastership of Denbigh Grammar School, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. W. Kirkham, B.A.

SEPT. 24.—The Rev. J. W. Clarke, B.A., formerly of Sidney Sussex, has been appointed to the incumbency of the Holy Trinity Church, Crockhamhill, Westerham, Kent. Patron, C. Warde, Esq., of Squerries.—The Rev. T. J. Burton, B.A., formerly of St. Peter's, has been appointed to the curacy of St. James's Church, Enfield Highway, on the nomination of the Rev. J. F. Russell, the incumbent.—The Rev. H. Eley, B.A., formerly of St. Peter's, has been collated by the Bishop of London, to

the perpetual curacy of St. Paul's, Waltham Abbey, Essex.—His Majesty the King of the Belgians has been pleased to appoint the Rev. J. Jessopp, M.A., formerly of St. John's, and minister of the English Episcopal Church, Ostend, to be one of his Majesty's chaplains.—The Earl of Hardwick has appointed the Rev. J. W. Inman, M.A., of St. John's, head-master of the Grantham School, to be one of his Lordship's chaplains.—The Rev. M. Wilson, B.A., formerly of St. Catharine's hall, has been appointed to the perpetual curacy of Edenfield, Bury, Lancashire.—The Rev. P. Cann M.A., formerly of Pembroke, has been presented by the Dean and Chapter of Bristol to the perpetual curacy of Broad-wood-Wigger, with the chapel of Week St. Germans, in the county of Devon.—The vicarage of Shelbourne, in the counties of Berks and Wilts, and within the peculiar jurisdiction of the Dean of Sarum, has been conferred on the Rev. J. Gore, M.A., formerly of Caius, and of the Cloisters, Windsor, by the Dean and Canons of Windsor.—The Rev. W. W. Willan, formerly of Christ's, has been appointed vice-principal of the Huddersfield collegiate school.—The Rev. J. R. Sherlock, M.A., formerly of Queens', late curate of Witney, in the county of Oxford, has been preferred to the incumbency of the new church of the Holy Trinity, Attleborough, Nuneaton, Warwickshire.—The Rev. T. Watkins, B.A., formerly of Queens', has been presented to the vicarage of Crickadarnne with Llandeulley, Brecknockshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. James. Patron, G. P. Watkins, Esq.

OCT. 1.—*New Fellows*.—This morning, the following gentlemen were announced as having been elected Fellows of Trinity:—H. A. Marsh; R. P. Mate; C. W. King; R. Watt; T. Preston; E. Cope; A. Cayley. At the same time, the Rev. G. A. Browne was elected Vice-master, in the place of the Rev. J. Browne, resigned.—The Rev. C. Badham, B.A., of Emmanuel, late curate of Chelmondiston, Suffolk, has been appointed to the curacy of St. Barnabas, Liverpool.—Rev. T. W. Irby, formerly of St. John's, has been appointed to the rectory of Rushmere, Suffolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. S. Colman. Patrons: Lord Boston and F. W. Irby, Esq.—The Rev. R. N. Whitaker, M.A., of St. John's, vicar of Whalley, Lancashire, has preferred the Rev. S. Smith, M.A., late curate of Waddington, to the district chapel of Barrowford, vacant by the appointment of the Rev. M. Wilson to the perpetual curacy of Edenfield.—On Thursday, the 22d ult., G. J. Boudier, scholar of King's, was elected a Fellow of that society.—The Rev. A. B. Haslewood, B.A., formerly of Christ's, and curate of Greenwich, has been appointed to the curacy of St. James's, Westminster.—The Rev. C. W. Lamprell, formerly of Clare hall, has been licensed to the perpetual curacy of West Wickham, in the county of Cambridge. Patron, the Earl of Hardwicke.

OCT. 8.—The Rev. T. S. Ackland, B.A., scholar of St. John's, mathematical master of the Royal Institution school, and late curate of St. Michael's, Toxteth Park, has been preferred to the perpetual curacy of St. Stephen's, Liverpool. Patrons: the rectors of Liverpool.—The Rev. W. Bennett, B.A., of St. John's, has been licensed by the Bishop of Peterborough to the curacy of St. George's, Whitwick, Leicestershire.—The Rev. W. M. Kerr, B.A., of St. John's, has been licensed to the curacy of St. Sepulchre, Northampton.—On Tuesday last, the Rev. O. Davies, M.A., of St. John's, was inducted to the fourth stall in Peterborough Cathedral, by the Very Rev. the Dean.—The Rev. J. K. Jennings, of Queens', has been appointed assistant minister of Milverton Episcopal Chapel, Leamington Priors.—On Thursday week, the Rev. W. Jackman, LL.B., of Trinity hall, was instituted to the vicarage of Falkenham, Suffolk. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.—The Rev. J. H. Carnegie, M.A., formerly of St. Catharine's hall, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury to the vicarage of Cranbourne, with the chapelries of Verwood and Boveridge annexed, in the rural deanery of Pimperene and archdeaconry of Dorset, void by the cession of the Rev. F. H. Pare. Patron and Impropiator, the Marquess of Salisbury.

OCT. 15.—Rev. W. Foster, M.A., of Trinity, has been appointed to the vicarage of Ashby, near Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.—The Rev. W. L. Coghlan, M.A., has been collated by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to the vicarage of Sandhurst, in the county of Gloucester, vacant by the death of the Rev. N. Tindal, A.M. Patron, the Lord Bishop.—The Rev. W. Butler, B.A., of Trinity, has been presented to the ministry of St. Silas's Church, Manchester.—The Rev. C. Lawson, M.A., of St. John's, morning lecturer at the Foundling Hospital, London, has been

appointed archdeacon of Barbadoes.—On Monday the 3d instant, the Rev. R. Fiske, B.A., of St. John's, was presented by J. Wilkes, Esq., of Lofts Hall, to the rectory of Wendon Lofts-cum-Elmdon, in the county of Essex, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. R. H. King.—On Thursday, the 6th instant, E. D. Green, of Queens', was elected by the trustees to the mastership of the endowed Grammar School at Langport, Somersetshire.—The trustees of the late Rev. C. Simeon have presented the vicarage of Burton-in-Kendal, Westmoreland, vacant by the death of the Rev. B. Waller, to the Rev. R. Morewood, B.A., of Queens'.—The Rev. G. S. Ebsworth, M.A., curate of Hoxton, has been presented by His Grace the Duke of Rutland to the vicarage of Ilkestone, Derbyshire.—On the 7th instant, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough instituted the Rev. H. E. Bullivant, B.A., of St. Catharine's hall, to the vicarage of Lubbenham, Leicestershire, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Bullivant, on the presentation of R. Mitchell, Esq., the patron.

Ocr. 22.—The Very Rev. G. Gordon, D.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's, Dean of Lincoln, has succeeded as Canon Residentiary to the Rev. R. Prettyman, LL.B., Precentor of Lincoln Minster.—The Rev. E. Brine, B.A., of Queens', entered on his duties as curate of St. Andrew's, in the city of Worcester.—The Rev. C. Easther, B.A., of St. John's, second master of Richmond Grammar School, has been appointed head master of the Grammar School of Kirby Ravensworth, Yorkshire.—The Hon. and Rev. G. D. Parnell, B.A., of Downing, third son of the late Lord Congleton, has been preferred to the rectory of the second portion of Burford with Whitton, C. Salop. Patron, the Hon. and Rev. G. R. Bowles.—The Rev. R. Barber, M.A., of St. John's, curate of Kirk Heaton, has been preferred to the perpetual curacy of Heage, in the county of Derby. Patron, the vicar of Duffield.—The Rev. J. Beckwith, B.A., of Corpus Christi, has been instituted to the rectory of St. Augustine, Norwich, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich. Value, £150.—The Rev. G. H. West, M.A., formerly of Jesus', curate of Thurlorton, has been presented to the perpetual curacies of Corfe and Trull, Somersetshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Gale. Patroness, Lady Cooper.—At a meeting of the Master and Seniors of Caius, on Wednesday last, the following elections to Fellowships were made:—Rev. F. W. H. Jerrard, M.A., to a Senior Fellowship on the Ancient Foundation; J. T. Walker, M.A., to a Fellowship on the Frankland Foundation; Rev. J. R. Crowfoot, M.A., to a Fellowship on the Wortley Foundation; Rev. A. T. Paget, M.A., to the Fellowship on Dr. Wendy's Foundation.—On the same day, the Rev. F. W. H. Jerrard was presented to the rectory of Stratton Saint Mary, Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Walford. Value £345.—At a meeting of the Perse trustees, the Master and Four Seniors, on Thursday last, R. Baggallay was elected a Perse Fellow.—At Christ's Audit on Wednesday last, the following gentlemen were elected Scholars:—E. R. Pitman, W. C. Izard, J. T. Layard, A. Davenport, W. O. Jenkyn, F. L. Cursham, D. M. Cust, E. W. Wilkinson, A. H. Wratishaw, and J. O. Picton.—F. Fuller, Esq., B.A., has been elected a Foundation Fellow of St. Peter's.—The Rev. J. Wix, M.A., has been appointed domestic chaplain to Lord Braybrooke.

Nov. 2.—On Tuesday the 25th ult., Mr. J. Purchas was elected to a Tancred Exhibition at Christ's.—The Rev. J. H. Titcombe, formerly of St. Peter's, has been appointed to the curacy of Hollymount, co. Down.—The Rev. G. Howard, B.A., formerly of Corpus Christi, has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln to the rectory of Penny Bentley, on the presentation of the Dean of Lincoln.—Yesterday, the Rev. W. Whewell, B.D., Master of Trinity, was elected Vice-Chancellor of this University for the year ensuing.—The Rev. C. J. P. Eyre, M.A., of Catharine's hall, late minister of St. Giles's, Reading, is appointed by J. Fitz Gerald, jun., Esq., the patron, to the incumbency of St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmund's.

Nov. 5.—At the Annual Meeting of the trustees of the Free Grammar School of King Edward the Sixth, in Grantham, on the 26th ult., Mr. H. Thomas, of St. John's, son of the late Rev. J. Thomas, rector of Trostrey, in the county of Monmouth, was elected an exhibitor, of 50*l.* per annum for four years.—Rev. H. Ward, M.A., of Queens', has been presented to the perpetual curacy of the new church of St. Mark, Hull. Patron, the Vicar of Sutton.—Rev. R. Garvey, M.A., of Emmanuel, vice-principal of the Proprietary School, Wakefield, to be principal of that school, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Fennell.

The Anatomical Museum.

The following Report has been issued by the Inspectors of the Anatomical Museum:—

Emmanuel College Lodge, Oct. 28, 1842.

"We, the Undersigned, being Inspectors of the Anatomical Museum for the present year, beg leave to report to the Senate:—

"That we have this day inspected the Museum, and have found the Collection in excellent order, and the Specimens in a perfect state of preservation; and that since the last inspection several valuable additions have been made to the Collection by the Professor of Anatomy, and other additions now preparing by him are in a state of forwardness.

"GEORGE ARCHDALL, Vice-Chancellor.

"JOHN HAVILAND, M.P.R.

"W. W. FISHER, M.D."

There will be Congregations on the following days: Wednesday, Nov. 30, Wednesday, Dec. 14, Friday, Dec. 16, at eleven. (End of term) at ten.—The Seatonian Prize, for the best English Poem on a sacred subject, was on Tuesday adjudged to the Rev. T. E. Hankinson, M.A., of Corpus Christi, for his poem on the following subject—"The Cross planted on the Himalaya Mountains." Mr. Hankinson has obtained this prize nine times since 1831 (inclusive).

The Civil Law Classes.

The Queen's Professor of the Civil Law has given notice that the following is the order of the classes for the academical year 1841-2:—*First Class*: Hindley Queens'; Millner, Magd.—*Second Class*: Morison, Trin.; Marsham, Aul. Trin. Seymour, Aul. Trin.—*Third Class*: Bruton, Pet.; Stawell, Caius.

Select Preachers.—The following persons have been elected, each for the month to which his name is affixed:

1842. *October* The Hulsean Lecturer.
November . . . The Rev. T. E. Hankinson, Corpus.
December . . . The Rev. R. C. Trench, Trinity.
1843. *January* . . . The Rev. C. Lawson, John's.
February . . . The Rev. E. Steventon, Corpus.
March The Rev. Prof. Robinson, Trinity.
April The Hulsean Lecturer.
May The Rev. J. W. Blakesley, Trinity.

PREVIOUS EXAMINATION.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1842.

Examiners:

Rev. C. H. MATORIN, M.A., King's. Rev. J. HEMERY, M.A., Trinity.
 Rev. J. E. DALTON, B.D., Queens'. Rev. C. S. DRAKE, M.A., Jesus'.

Auber, C.	Trin.	Jones, J. P.	Cath.	Sabin, J. E.	Emm.
Bristed, C.	Trin.	Kay, E.	Trin.	Sayres, E.	Trin.
Cruttenden, G. W.	John's.	Kidd, J.	Cath.	Scott, H. D. Y.	Trin.
Dodd, J. B.	John's.	Lediard,	Trin.	Sharpe, H. B.	Trin.
Dove, T. D.	Emm.	Lutt, E. K.	Sid.	Tomlin, A. J.	Queens'.
Gabb, B.	Christ's.	Morgan, A. A.	John's.	Wade, R. B.	Trin.
Grant,	Trin.	Mouncey, D. B.	Pet.	Woodd, J. B.	Corp.
Gurney, G. J.	Trin.	Pattison, W. H.	Caius.	Woolcombe, F. P.	John's.
Harris, G. P.	Trin.	Powlett, T. O.	Trin.	Wright, W. H.	Jesus'.
Hemsworth, A. B.	Trin.	Rooke, C. H.	Magd.		

Admissions, 1842.—St. Peter's, 15; Clare, 6; Pembroke, 9; Gonville, 25; Trinity hall, 13; Corpus, 27; King's, 1; Queens', 34; St. Cath. 13; Jesus', 13; Christ's, 25; St. John's, 111; Magdalene, 9; Trinity, 134; Emmanuel, 11; Sidney, 6; Downing, 3: total admissions, 455.

Nov. 12.—On Monday last the following gentlemen were elected scholars of St. John's:—Girling, Drew, Alston, Barnicoat, Bulmer, Adams, Slater, Bashforth, W. Brown, Campbell, Holcombe, Gorham, Wright, Stephen, C. Yate, Russell, Pierson, Hays, Gilby, Lloyd, Rigg, Colenso, Stocks.—The Rev. H. Foster, M.A. (B.A. 1838), of St. John's, has been licensed to the stipendiary

curacy of Lurgashall, near Petworth.—The Rev. W. A. Francis, M.A., of Christ's, has been appointed domestic chaplain to the Earl of Meath.

The Norrisian Prize—The Norrisian Professor has given notice that the subject for the present year is, "The writings of the New Testament afford indications that this portion of the sacred canon was intended to be a complete record of Apostolical doctrine." The essay, together with a sealed letter containing the name of the author, must be sent to one of the three stewards of Mr. Norris's Institution—who are, the Master of Trinity, the Provost of King's, the Master of Caius—on or before the tenth day preceding the Sunday in Passion Week 1843.—On Saturday last, W. Rough, M.A., of Trinity, was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple.—The Rev. S. B. Figott, (B.A. 1835,) formerly of St. Peter's, has been instituted to the rectory of Crawley, Sussex, vacant by the death of the Rev. S. Lacklin, on the presentation of Mrs. Jane Clitherow, of Boston House, Middlesex.—The Rev. J. Lockwood, M.A. (B.A. 1830), of Magdalene, curate of Barley, Herts, has been appointed chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London.—The Rev. J. B. Watson, B.A., formerly of Magdalene, has been appointed assistant curate of St. Mark's, Bath.—On Sunday, the 29th ult., the new church at Pelton, Durham, was opened for Divine Service by the Rev. H. Barrett, M.A. (B.A. 1829), formerly of Pembroke (who has been inducted to the same by the Lord Bishop of Durham).—On Thursday week, the Rev. W. Harker (B.A. 1840), formerly of St. Catherine's hall, was instituted to the vicarage of Child's Wickham, Gloucestershire, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. H. Harding. Patrons: John Hopkinson and Jonas Hopkinson, Esqrs. — On Wednesday, the 2d inst., the Rev. J. P. Birkett, B.A., of Jesus, was admitted a Foundation Fellow of that Society.—On Tuesday last, the Very Rev. Dr. Turton was installed Dean of Westminster.

Notices of Lectures.

The Queen's Professor of the Civil Law commenced his Course of Lectures, which occupies a portion of three terms, Tuesday the 8th day of November. The lectures are read in the Law School. The days of attendance in each week during the Michaelmas Term are Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, and at 10 o'clock on Thursday and Friday. The Professor appoints the following days for examination:—Wednesday the 16th November; Wednesday the 30th November; Friday the 9th December. The examination will be conducted on each day from 9 to 12, and 1 to half-past 3 o'clock. No student can be permitted to present himself for examination in the subjects of the lectures, on the 9th December, who has not passed the examinations on the 30th November. Those students only will be required to present themselves for examinations on the 16th November who have passed the examinations in the first book during the Easter term 1842.—The Norrisian Professor of Divinity commenced his lectures on Thursday, Oct. 20, at 1 o'clock, which will be continued at the same hour, on every succeeding Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, throughout the term. Twenty lectures must be attended in the same term, to obtain a certificate. There will be accommodation in the lecture-room only for those Questionists and Senior Sophs who have signified their wish to attend the lectures. Junior Sophs and Freshmen will have to defer their attendance until a future term.—The Regius Professor of Physic will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Principles of Pathology and the Practice of Physic on Monday, November 14, at 10 o'clock. The Medical Examinations for the present term commenced on Monday, Oct. 31, at 10 o'clock, in the Law Schools: those gentlemen that purpose to attend are requested to send their names to Dr. Haviland.—The Jacksonian Professor's Course on Mechanism, Statistics, and Dynamics, commenced on Tuesday, November the 3d, at the room in the Botanic Garden.—The Margaret Professor of Divinity resumed his lectures on the Early Fathers on Wednesday the 2d of November, at 1 o'clock, in the room at the Pitt Press; and will continue them on subsequent Wednesdays and Fridays of term. The first four lectures will complete his analysis of the writings of Irenæus. The remainder of the course will consist of a Summary Review of those writings, in

successive Lectures on the Evidences; the Canon of Scripture; the Interpretation of Scripture; the Sacraments; the Godhead; the Church; Points of Controversy with Rome; Heresies; Classical Antiquities.—The Professor of Anatomy will commence his Course of Lectures on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body on Tuesday, November 15, at 1 o'clock, in the Anatomical School.—The Professor of Political Economy will commence his lectures on the principles of that science at the Geological Lecture-Room under the University Library, on Tuesday, November 15, at 12 o'clock, and be continued daily.

The Downing Professor of Medicine has given notice, that he intends to begin a Course of Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence, on Friday, the 18th inst., at two o'clock, in the hall of Downing. His lectures will be continued every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, during the remainder of the term, and on the same days during the Lent and Easter terms. The Introductory Lecture will be public.

Meetings of Societies.

MAY 14.—*Cambridge Camden Society*.—Wednesday, May 11, 1842.—The Venerable the President took the chair, at a very crowded Meeting, at half-past seven o'clock; and the election of members commenced.—The Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalene, Oxford, and President of the Oxford Society for promoting the study of Gothic Architecture, was elected an Honorary Member by acclamation.—A list of presents received since the last meeting was read: among them was a view of the restoration of Hereford Cathedral, presented by the Very Rev. the Dean; and a view of the Chapel of St. Mary, now building at Arley Park, Cheshire, with the copy of the inscription on the foundation-stone, presented by R. E. E. Warburton, Esq., the sole founder.—On the recommendation of the Committee, it was next unanimously resolved,

"That the Members of the Durham Architectural Society be admitted, in compliance with Law XVIII., to the same privileges as have been granted to the Members of the Oxford, Exeter, and Lichfield Association."

The Report of the Committee, and that of the Treasurer, were then read.—The President then rose and delivered an eloquent address upon the history and prospects of the Society; explaining at length the position it occupied, and pointing out the general principles upon which its operations had been conducted.—It was unanimously resolved, on the motion of the Rev. J. J. Smith, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Caius, seconded by Dr. F. Thackeray, that the President should be requested to allow his address to be printed in the forthcoming Annual Report.—The election of the six members, who by Law VIII. were to form the original Committee, then commenced.—The members of the late Committee were successively proposed, and were declared severally elected.—Mr. Braithwaite, of London, exhibited some specimens of wood carving, as performed by his patent.—P. Freeman, Esq., of St. Peter's, made some further remarks on the open roofs of Suffolk, which he illustrated with several large drawings.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—At a Meeting of the above Society held on Monday last, Dr. Peacock, the President, in the chair—Professor Kelland read two memoirs—one "On the motion of glaciers," and one "On the laws of fluid motion."—Mr. Power read a memoir "On fluid motion;" and Professor Miller gave an account of the dioptrische untersuchungen of gases.

MAY 21.—*Cambridge Antiquarian Society*.—The General Anniversary Meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society was held at the Lodge, St. John's, on the 12th; the Rev. the Master of Clare hall in the chair.—After reading the minutes of the last Meeting, the Secretary proceeded to lay before the Society a Report of its proceedings during the past year; from which it appeared that it was gradually extending its operations and influence, and meeting with that success which the nature of its objects so well merited.—The Treasurer, in the next place, produced his statement of the funds of the Society, which he announced to be in a very flourishing condition: that, together with the Secretary's Report, was received, and ordered to be printed for the use of the members.—After reading several letters from different gentlemen on subjects connected with the Society's objects, the Council and Officers of the Society for the ensuing year were elected: after

which, Mr. Goodwin, of Corpus, gave the Society some account of two papers in preparation by himself; one containing some particulars of a translation of St. Matthew and St. Mark's Gospels into pure English, by Sir John Cheke; the other giving an account of the Master of Glomery.—The Treasurer then read a paper containing a Life of Dr. Fulke, Master of Pembroke hall, extracted from Hare's MSS., together with some account of the valuable documents contained in that collection, to which the Society hoped soon to publish an index.—The Secretary next laid before the Society an account of the building of the Library of Trinity College, illustrated by letters of Sir C. Wren, from the Library of All Souls' College, Oxford; together with a plan for the building, consisting of a square, surmounted by a cupola, with an Ionic Portico, which was not executed, drawn from the same source; as well as the original accounts of the expences of its erection preserved in the Library of the College.—The thanks of the Meeting were voted to the compilers of these papers; after which it adjourned till the ensuing October term.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—The Meetings of this Society will be held as follows: Monday (Anniversary for the Election of Officers, &c.) Nov. 7; Monday, Nov. 14; Monday, Nov. 28; Monday, Dec. 12.

Cambridge Camden Society.—We have much satisfaction in stating that a Society has been formed in the united dioceses of Down and Connor and Dromore, for the promotion of the study of ecclesiastical architecture, in connexion with the Cambridge Camden Society. A Meeting of Clergymen and Gentlemen was held at the clerical rooms, Belfast, on the afternoon of the 4th instant, when various Resolutions were passed regarding the formation of a "Down and Conner and Dromore Church Architectural Society," and a very interesting inaugural address was read by the Lord Bishop, who presided on the occasion. A Sub-Committee was appointed to construct a body of rules; and we understand the Society will meet again at the same place on the 1st of November, when the rules will be submitted, and a committee elected.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—At the Anniversary Meeting of the Philosophical Society, held on Monday, November 7, the Very Rev. G. Peacock, D.D., Dean of Ely, &c. in the chair, the following Officers and Council were elected for the ensuing year:—*President:* The Very Rev. G. Peacock, D.D., Trinity, Dean of Ely, &c. *Vice Presidents:* Rev. J. Challis, M.A., Trinity, Plumian Professor of Astronomy; W. Clarke, M.D., Trinity, Professor of Anatomy; Rev. W. L. P. Garnons, B.D., Fellow of Sidney. *Treasurer:* G. E. Paget, M.D., Fellow of Caius. *Secretaries:* W. Hopkins, M.A., St. Peter's; W. H. Miller, M.A., Professor of Mineralogy, Fellow of St. John's; Rev. R. Willis, M.A., Jacksonian Professor, Caius. *Old Council:* W. W. Fisher, M.D., Downing Professor of Medicine; Rev. R. Jeffreys, B.D., Fellow of St. John's; Rev. J. Power, M.A., Fellow of Trinity hall; D. F. Gregory, M.A., Fellow of Trinity; J. Tozer, M.A., Fellow of Caius; D. T. Ansted, M.A., Fellow of Jesus'; Rev. M. O'Brien, M.A., Caius. *New Council:* Rev. A. Sedgwick, M.A., Woodwardian Professor of Geology, Fellow of Trinity; Rev. W. Williamson, M.A., Fellow of Clare hall; Rev. S. Earnshaw, M.A., St. John's; Rev. W. N. Griffin, M.A., Fellow of St. John's; W. T. Kingsley, M.A., Fellow of Sidney.

Congregations.

Oct. 15.—At a congregation on Monday last, the following University Officers were appointed by the Senate:—

Proctors:

Rev. H. Wilkinson Cookson, St. Peter's. | Rev. J. H. Howlett, St. John's.

Moderators:

J. F. Robinson, St. Peter's. | Rev. B. M. Cowie, St. John's.

Scrutators:

Rev. C. H. Maturin, King's. | Rev. J. E. Dalton, Queen's.

Tazors:

J. Edleston, Trinity. | H. A. Woodham, Jesus'.

At a congregation, the following graces passed the Senate :—To affix the seal to the patent of the Chancellor of the University.—To appoint the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. French, Master of Jesus'; the Rev. Dr. Ainalie, Master of Pembroke; the Rev. Dr. Graham, Master of Christ's; Dr. Snowball, of St. John's; Mr. Martin, of Trinity; Mr. Philpot, of Catharine hall; and Mr. Birkett, of Emmanuel; a Syndicate to make the University return for the Income Tax.—On Wednesday, the 12th inst., the following gentlemen were appointed the Caput for the following year :—The Vice-Chancellor; Rev. Dr. Hodgson, St. Peter's, Divinity; Dr. Le Blanc, Trinity hall, Law; Dr. Haviland, St. John's, Physic; Rev. J. W. Blakesley, Trinity, Senior Non-Regent; Rev. J. Woolley, Emmanuel, Senior Regent.

Oct. 19.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following Graces passed the Senate :—

"To affix the Seal to a Letter of Thanks (written by the Orator) to Mr. R. Burney, M.A. of Christ's, for a valuable Ivory Model of the Tâge Muhâl at Agra, presented by him to the Fitzwilliam Museum.

"To affix the Seal to a Letter of Thanks (written by the Orator) to Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Co., of London, for a valuable Bronze Cast of the Shield of Achilles, by Flaxman, presented by them to the University of Cambridge.

"To affix the Seal to a Letter of Thanks (written by the Orator) to Sir Grenville Temple, for valuable Casts of the Ornaments of the Alhambra, presented by him to the University of Cambridge.

"To appoint Dr. F. Thackeray, M.D., of Emmanuel, Examiner for Medical Degrees, for the ensuing year.

"To sanction the payment of £230 to the Perse Trustees, on giving up the Premises in Free-School Lane, lately occupied as the Fitzwilliam Museum, according to the agreement made between the University and the Perse Trustees, dated 21st of January 1817.

"To sanction the payment of £50 annually to the Surgeon of the Spinning-House, Mr. Fawcett."

At the same congregation, the following gentlemen were appointed Pro-proctors: The Rev. G. Ray, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's; Rev. T. Overton, B.D., Fellow of St. John's.

Nov. 5.—At the congregation held Nov. 3, the following graces passed the Senate :—

"To allow Mr. Bernard, Hebrew Teacher, £30 from the University chest.

"Whereas, by a Grace of the 2d of June 1838, the examination of the Questionists who are Candidates for Mathematical Honours begins on the Monday preceding the first Monday in the Lent Term :

"That, in January next, the said Examination do begin on the Wednesday week preceding the first Monday in the Lent Term, and do continue on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of that week, and on the Monday and Tuesday of the following week.

"To appoint Mr. Mould, of Corpus Christi, and Mr. Gregory, of Trinity, Mathematical Examiners of the Questionists who are Candidates for Honours in January next.

"To appoint Mr. Thurtell, of Caius, and Mr. Dalton, of Queens', Mathematical Examiners of the Questionists who are not Candidates for Honours.

"To appoint Mr. Ray of Peter-House, and Mr. Collison, of St. John's, Classical Examiners of the Questionists.

"To appoint Mr. B. Smith, of Peter-House, and Mr. Colenso, of St. John's, Examiners of the Questionists in the Acts of the Apostles, and in Paley's Moral Philosophy.

"To re-appoint Mr. Bateson, of St. John's, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos of the ensuing year.

"To appoint Mr. Thompson, of Trinity, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos of the ensuing year, in the room of Mr. Bunbury, of Trinity, who declines examining a second time.

"To appoint Mr. Freeman, of Peter-House, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos of the ensuing year.

"To appoint Mr. Currey, of St. John's, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos of the ensuing year.

"To appoint Mr. Freeman, of Peter-House, an Examiner at the Previous Examinations in the Lent and Michaelmas Terms of the ensuing year.

"To appoint Mr. Bateson, of St. John's, an Examiner at the Previous Examinations in the Lent and Michaelmas Terms of the ensuing year.

"To appoint Mr. Thacker, of Trinity, an Examiner at the Previous Examinations at the Lent and Michaelmas Terms of the ensuing year.

"To appoint Mr. Woodham, of Jesus', an Examiner at the Previous Examinations in the Lent and Michaelmas Terms of the ensuing year.

- "To allow Mr. Skinner, of Jesus', to resume his Regency.
- "To allow Mr. Thompson, of Trinity, to resume his Regency.
- "To confirm the Report of the Finance Syndicate, bearing date June 28, 1842."

A grace to re-appoint Mr. Bateson, of St. John's, an Examiner of the Classical Tripos for the ensuing year was *non-placeted*; the numbers being 38 *placets* and 12 *non-placets*. A grace to confirm the Report of the Finance Syndicate, bearing date June 28, 1842, was also *non-placeted*; the numbers being 44 *placets* and 19 *non-placets*.

Nov. 5.—The grace to re-appoint Mr. Bateson, of St. John's, Examiner of the Classical Tripos in the ensuing year was carried in the Senate-house on Wednesday, the 2d inst., after a division in both the houses.—Non-Regent House: *Placet* 38, *Non-placet* 12. Regent-House: *Placet* 43, *Non-placet* 3.

Degrees Conferred.

MAY 14.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*: J. L. Fulford, Trinity; W. Joy, Trinity; J. F. Pownall, Trinity; R. H. Tillard, St. John's; R. Ferguson, Pembroke; T. R. Dickinson, Magdalene; C. Smith, Magdalene. *Bachelors of Arts*: H. M. Birch, King's; A. Hume, King's; H. Kirwan, King's; R. B. Collier, Trinity; P. R. Hammond, Trinity; J. H. Henderson, Trinity; M. S. Suckling, Trinity; J. R. Holligan, Trinity; R. G. Maule, St. John's; R. F. Burman, Caius; R. L. Koe, Christ's; N. Gream, Magdalene.

MAY 28.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred: *Honorary Master of Arts*: W. Beamish, Trinity. *Masters of Arts*: G. Jackson, Caius; W. Nagle, Caius; T. S. Egan, Caius; J. Dobie, Corpus; J. Chadwick, Corpus. *Bachelors of Arts*: C. Rashleigh, Trinity; T. O. Feetham, Trinity; J. Spencer, Trinity; F. G. Hughes, St. John's; W. Bennett, St. John's; E. K. Brenchley, St. John's; R. D. Jones, St. John's; W. L. Fowke, Queens'; W. Morgan, Queens'; D. Waller, St. Peter's; J. H. Roberts, Clare hall; E. M. Muriel, Caius; R. Musgrave, Caius; W. Rowe, Caius; K. E. A. Money, Corpus; W. Middleton, Corpus; E. Hutton, Catherine hall; R. Belaney, Catherine hall; C. W. Francken, Catherine hall; J. Appleton, Catherine hall; C. Macgregor, Catherine hall; J. W. Markwell, Christ's; W. Twyne, Magdalene; G. L. Allsopp, Emmanuel. *Bachelor in the Civil Law*: T. L. Edwards, Trinity. *Licentiales in Physio*: J. H. Simpson, Caius; C. H. Hare, Caius. At the same congregation, the following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem* of this University: J. F. D. Maurice, M.A., Exeter, Oxon.; L. W. Jeffray, M.A., Baliol, Oxon.

JUNE 18.—At a congregation on Saturday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors in Divinity*: Rev. J. D. Simpson, Fellow of Sidney Sussex, (compounder); the Ven. T. Thorp, Fellow and Senior Tutor of Trinity, and Archdeacon of Bristol. *Masters of Arts*: C. T. Osbourne, Sidney Sussex; Rev. A. T. Paget, Caius. *Bachelors in Medicine*: W. H. Drosier, Caius; A. D. White, Pembroke. *Bachelors of Arts*: W. Balderston, scholar of St. John's; R. P. Carew, Downing; F. H. Laing, Queens'; S. H. Lee-Warner, St. John's.

JULY 6.—At a congregation holden on Saturday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Doctors of Divinity*: J. F. Colls, Trinity; R. J. Geldart, Catherine hall; J. Hugill, St. John's; J. Prendergast, Queens'; G. Tomlinson, Bishop of Gibraltar, St. John's. *Bachelor of Divinity*: H. Hughes, St. Peter's. *Bachelor of the Civil Law*: F. Stonestreet, St. John's. *Bachelors of Arts*: J. Ambrose, St. John's; J. Sutherland, Queen's. *Ad eundem. M.A.*—J. H. Butterworth, M.A., Exeter, Oxford; B. Harrison, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford; C. H. Martin, M.A., Exeter, Oxford. *Ad eundem. B.A.*: J. G. Watts, B.A., Baliol, Oxford.

Masters of Arts: B. Addison, H. Bedford, W. W. W. Bowen, H. Dowson, J. Edwards, R. C. Hubbersty A. Peat, St. Peter's; F. J. Hare, R. James, E. M. Pridmore, Clare hall; W. N. Molesworth, E. W. Relton, A. Wallace, Pembroke; J. Abercrombie, J. Chevallier, G. French, Gonville and Caius; G. L. Gower, G. Neate, Trinity hall; W. Cox, B. B. Gough, B. L. Witts, Corpus Christi; S. Barrett, W. J. F. Edwards, T. Gardner, J. K. Jennings, C. Maunder, J. B. Morewood, L. S. Orde, E. W. R. Pulling, J. Sanders, J. Sawyer, W. S. Thomson, W. S. Wilson, T. M. Wythe, Queens';

T. Ainsworth, T. Bromley, T. Bull, C. J. P. Eyre, R. B. Frank, W. R. Sharpe, Catherine hall; J. Beardmore, V. B. Craike, J. H. B. Green, R. Lawson, F. N. Micklethwait, T. T. Storks, J. C. D. Yule, Jesus'; W. A. Francis, J. J. Matthews, Christ's; C. M. Arnold, F. S. Bolton, R. Bull, E. Evans, L. H. Fitz Gerald, S. S. Gower, H. J. Grasett, A. Hill, A. M. Hopper, C. Jackson, J. Jerwood, E. R. Kelly, W. M. Lee, E. Marsden, G. Mathias, W. D. Morrice, J. P. Parry, W. Pashley, W. J. Percy, J. Steavenson, R. Walmsley, W. Walsh, S. Whitaker, W. Wigson, St. John's; W. G. Brett, F. Brown, H. Cottingham, H. T. Dowler, J. W. Ede, D. Gillett, O. P. Vincent, Magdalene; H. H. Adcock, C. R. Alford, E. A. Barker, J. Blandy, H. J. Bolland, R. Creyke, C. De la Pryme, T. P. Ferguson, D. S. Halkett, W. P. Haslewood, E. J. Lawrence, G. Le-Hunte, Y. G. Lloyd, A. Malcolm, C. Marett, F. Matthews, E. Maxwell, F. Palmer, C. Penrose, O. Sadler, G. D. Sismey, C. A. Stevens, D. J. Stewart, J. Stewart, F. Sugden, S. B. Taylor, D. P. Vigers, W. Wright, Trinity; W. S. Holmes, G. A. Whitaker, R. V. Whitby, Emmanuel; W. Eade, J. Martin, T. C. Peake, Sidney Sussex.

JULY 6.—At the congregation held on Monday last, July 4th, the following degrees were conferred—the honorary degrees being conferred by His Grace the Chancellor of the University:—

Honorary Doctors of the Civil Law: H. R. H. Prince Adolphus Frederick Duke of Cambridge, K. G. &c.; the most noble, Walter Francis Montagu Douglas Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K. G. &c.; the Rt. Hon. George Earl of Beverley; the Right Hon. Lawrence, Earl of Rosse; His Excellency Count Kielmannsegg, Hanoverian Minister; His Excellency Baron Gersdorff, Saxon Minister; Edward Viscount Clive; Thomas Lord Walsingham; the Right Hon. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England. *Honorary Masters of Arts*: Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P.; Sir William Heygate, Bart.; Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, Bart., M.D.; Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Francis Barnard, K.B. *Doctor of Divinity, ad eundem*: The Right Hon. and Most Rev. John George Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, Prelate of the Order of St. Patrick, D.D., Oxford. *Doctors of the Civil Law, ad eundem*: His Excellency Edward Everett, American Minister, LL.D., Dublin; His Excellency le Chevalier Bunsen, Prussian Minister, D.C.L., Oxford; the Right Hon. James Earl of Bandon, D.C.L., Oxford; the Right Hon. John Earl of Eldon, D.C.L., Oxford; the Right Hon. Percy Clinton, Viscount Strangford, D.C.L., K.C.B., &c., Oxford; the Hon. W. C. Talbot, Christ Church, Oxford; Major-General Sir William Maynard Gomm, K.C.B.; Samuel Moore Kyle, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Cork; James Mac Cullagh. *Masters of Arts, ad eundem*: Frederick Mills Raymond Barker, Oriol, Oxford; John Mount Barlow, Oxford; Moses Mitchell, Magdalen hall, Oxford; Archibald Hamilton, M.A., Dublin. *Doctor of Music, ad eundem*: Benjamin Blyth, Mus. Doc., Oxford. W. Borrer, W. Raster, St. Peter's; Y. Fosbrooke, J. Harman, J. W. Holmes, E. R. Illingworth, B. Trapp, Clare hall; J. Cohen, H. Colson, C. Grain, J. Leach, Pembroke; E. C. Alston, R. B. Slipper, Caius; R. B. Gibson, W. T. Hobson, Corpus Christi; G. Goldney, King's; H. Belfour, J. Okey, Queens'; W. Cadman, J. D. Frost, G. Gibbon, J. Loxley, Catherine hall; W. Nicholson, R. P. Waller, Jesus'; W. F. Douglas, R. Freeman, Christ's; G. Bainbridge, E. Baylis, R. Fletcher, W. Jendwine, H. R. Julius, A. Leeman, J. A. B. Marshall, W. L. Metcalfe, J. G. Slight, J. A. O. T. N. Woodward, St. John's; W. H. Barber, W. Mallinson, W. S. Mare, R. Smith, Magdalene; E. Banbury, R. Bateson, W. Bennett, G. Boynton, H. Gordon, G. C. Hodgkinson, T. C. Howes, T. Liveasy, W. E. Mousley, W. P. Murray, E. Oliviant, J. W. Reeve, M. J. Rhodes, N. A. Roch, F. Russell, J. N. Simpkinson, W. B. Simpson, W. A. Smith, W. Smith, A. Thomas, A. Thompson, A. W. Upcher, R. P. Warren, E. J. Wallace, J. Wauchope, J. P. Wilde, Trinity; P. B. Brodie, J. Savage, J. Jolland, B. W. Savile, Emmanuel. *Bachelor of the Civil Law*: J. Cree, Corpus. *Doctor of Music*: E. Dearle, Queens'. *Bachelor of Music*: J. L. Hopkins, St. John's, organist of Rochester Cathedral.

OCT. 15.—At a congregation, on Monday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Master of Arts*: T. Reynolds, Queens'. *Bachelors of Arts*: E. Hughes, Queens'; T. Ramsbottom, Christ's.

OCT. 22.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Master of Arts*: S. P. Field, Pembroke; E. Whately, Trinity; W. Atkinson, Magdalene. *Bachelors of Arts*: J. P. Firman, Queens'; T. H. Bullock, King's; C. F. Tarver, King's.

NOV. 5.—At a congregation held on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Physic*: W. H. Ranking, Catherine hall. *Masters of Arts*: W. Sherwood, Catherine hall; T. J. Rowsell, St. John's; H. Nicholson, Emmanuel; J. Ellis, Pembroke. *Bachelors in the Civil Law*: G. Miller, Trinity hall; W. Peard, Trinity hall. *Bachelors of Arts*: R. W. Parker, Catherine hall; A. H. Novelli, Trinity. At the same congregation the following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem* of this University:—H. Randolph, M.A., All Soul's, Oxford; W. Taylor, M.A., Balliol, Oxford.

LIST OF FRESHMEN,

MATRICULATED NOVEMBER 14, 1842.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONER.	French, F.
Gordon, C.	Norris, W. H.
PENSIONERS.	Pattenden, G. E.
Belaney, A.	Shedden, T.
Bryan, W. G.	Slipper, W. A.
Blow, W.	SIZAR.
Carroll, J. W.	Coombe, C. G.
Farmer, J. P.	

CLARE HALL.

PENSIONERS.	
Haddock, J. W.	Metcalfe, W. L.
King, F. B.	Wardale, J.
King, W. B.	Williams, J.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	
Balleine, J. J.	Harries, G.
Brown, W. H.	Hotchkys, A. C.
Cobbold, E.	Smith, E.
Dalton, E.	Tasker, J. C. W.
Hammill, P. H.	

CAIUS COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONER.	Forbes, A. C.
Scott, J.	Kittermaster, F. W.
PENSIONERS.	Kingston, G. T.
Alderson, J. T.	Nourse, R. W.
Allen, T.	Pakenham, A. H.
Barclay, A. W.	Paris, J. R.
Carmichael, T. A.	Pilling,
Cobbold, R. W. W.	Price, H.
Clarke, F.	Peiritz, J. W.
Collier, G.	Smyth, W. H.
Crocker, A. St. John.	Stebbing,
Dankes, H.	Sutton, T.
Drake, W. S.	Watson, H. L.
Faulkner, H.	Woodrow, H.

TRINITY HALL.

FELLOW COMMONERS.	PENSIONERS.
Boothby, C.	Adey, F. W.
Hoets Van Rees.	Badger, T. S.
Smith, J. S.	Furnivall, F. J.
Smith, T. G.	Geldart, J.
	Goode, W.
	Joseph, N.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	Price, H. P.
Beloe, R. S.	Pritchett, W. H.
Boothby, W. H.	Scougall, H. B.
Bourne, J. G.	Spinks, R. D.
Brown, J. T.	Stock, J.
Campbell, S. C.	Trevor, G. A.
Clark, H.	Weston, M. B.
De Boinville, F.	Whish, H. F.
De Boinville, A. C.	White, T. P.
Dickson, W. E.	Wilcocks, T. A. J.
Evans, E.	SIZARS.
Ferrier, H. W.	Hunt, W.
Fryer, W.	Lomax, E. W.
Hamilton, J.	Robinson, A.

KING'S COLLEGE.

James, H.

QUEENS' COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONERS.	Fairhead, F. J.
Morgan, D. F.	Jopling, F.
Hardy, J.	Malone, R.
Wilson, A. W.	Reynolds, C.
PENSIONERS.	Taylor, G. W.
Allen,	Stevenson, W. A.
Burridge, F. B.	Watson, R.
Best, R. S.	Williams, H.
Bowman, E. B.	Williams, J. C.
Brealey, F.	SIZARS.
Brown, C.	Bailey, J. L.
Byers, O. B.	Brewer, W. J.
Clark, P.	Clarke, T.
Droiser, C. T.	Jolly, H. P.

ST. CATHARINE'S HALL.

FELLOW COMMONERS.	Gace, L.
Silver, S.	Hodgson, W.
Williams, T. C.	Hope, W.
PENSIONERS.	Knight, J.
Bailey, C.	Richards, J. R. R.
Dixon, W. T.	Sunderland, G. W.
Farrow, J. R.	

JESUS' COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	
Archer, C. J.	Pitcairn, J. P.
Carwithen, G. E.	Seymour, E.
Dowell, E. W.	Venables, H.
Hallewell, J. W.	White, W. H.
Horsley, E. L.	

CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	
Armitage, F. J.	Jones, R.
Baker, W.	Manley, W. I.
Bangham, T. A.	Prickthall, C. G.
Baynham, J. F.	Robinson, G. A.
Carter, J. A.	Sloggett, C.
Currie, F. L.	Thwaytes, R.
Gibbon, W. W.	Winham, D.
Goodwin, G. S.	

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONERS.	Clarke, J. M.
Clive, R.	Colls, H. H.
Mortlock, C.	Colenso, T. B.
Savage, W.	Cooper, W. W.
PENSIONERS.	Drury, C. R.
Aldridge, A. E.	Edwards, T. H.
Allen, E. J.	Foster, T. E.
Bacon, F.	Frost, G.
Baverstock, J.	Gaitakell, J.
Beasley, J.	Gilby, W.
Bennetts, J.	Gilder, H.
Birch, L.	Harkness, W.
Blacket, H. R.	Halsted, O. P.
Crofts, C. D.	Harding, J. R.
Church, G. L.	Haslewood, D.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.—Continued.

Haviland, G. E.	Sandeman, A.
Heberden, W.	Sargeant, J. B.
Helyer, F. J.	Simpson, A. W.
Hoare, J. S.	Smithers, W. H.
Holmes, G. G.	Stocks, E.
Holt, J. M.	Thomas, H. F.
Holt, R.	Towna, W.
Howse, F.	Vassall, W.
Howe, E. R. J.	White, T.
Humble, C. P.	Wightman, R.
Hussey, H. L.	Wilkinson, C.
Jeffery, E.	Willink, A.
Jones, J.	Wise, J.
Jones, H.	Wood, R. H.
Lambert, G.	Wood, B.
Lloyd, T. B.	Wroth, H. T.
Machell, R. B.	SIZARS.
Man, J. T.	Bell, J.
Marsh, F. A.	Biden, J.
Mayne, J.	Birch, G.
Mellor, G. C.	Bluck, J. H.
Merritt, J. P.	Bower, A.
Newton, A.	Cattley, H.
O'Beirne, E.	Cooper, J. E.
Penny, S. S.	Eastwood, J.
Pepys, P. H.	Howard, W. W.
Postlethwaite, J.	Matthews, J.
Price, J.	Pendred, W. L.
Probyn, J.	Reynolds, W. J.
Rumsey, J. R.	Tute, S.
Rigg, J.	White, W.
Riley, C.	Wilson, H.
Russell, J.	Wood, J. S.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

NOBLEMAN.	Brodrick, W.
Lord Gifford.	Budd, F. J.
FELLOW COMMONERS.	Calthrop, G.
Campbell, W. F.	Carne, J. J.
Cavendish, C. W.	Chalk, R. G.
Courteney, G.	Chamberlaine, G.
Gordon, D.	Cloves, W. P.
Gordon, J.	Compton, R. M.
Humbley, W. W. W.	Cooke, W. M.
Stuart, F.	Cox, T.
Crichton-Stuart, J. F. D.	Crawley, J. S.
Bridgman, G. T.	Crompton, G.
PENSIONERS.	Cross, R. A.
Adam, W. P.	De Winton, H.
Ainalie, H.	Dixon, H.
Ainsworth, D.	Dobree, P. S.
Allen, E. E.	Dobson, W.
Allen, J. W.	Ellis, E.
Anderson, J. R.	Ellis, F.
Armitage, W. J.	Fagan, G. S.
Baird, J. F.	Fenn, C. C.
Barclay, A. C.	Franks, E. R.
Bateson, G. W.	Fuller, J.
Beard, W. D.	Gall, F. H.
Bidgood, C. H.	Garland, G. V.
Blomesfield, S. E.	Gibson, E.
Brien, G.	Glover, J.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—Continued.

Gribble, J. H.	Seymour, G. A.
Hallam, H. F.	Sheppard, J. G.
Hancock, J.	Simpson, J. H.
Hastings, J. P.	Smith, C. F.
Hatchett, J. C.	Spring-Rice, Hon. W.
Hawley, H. C.	Standen, J. H.
Haworth, B. B.	Sowerby, J.
Hensley, L.	Stuart, W.
Hill, C. G.	Sykes, J. H.
Hoare, R.	Tailby, W. W.
Hogge, H.	Templer, W. C.
Hole, C.	Tooke, T. H.
Holroyd, G. F.	Tyrrell, W. H.
Hopkins, F. L.	Valpy, J. M.
Hughes, W. E.	Wagner, A. D.
King, W.	Wallich, L. C.
Knight, R. J.	Walmaley, H.
Leach, T.	Warner, T.
Leigh, T. E. B.	Waller, B.
Lindsay, H.	Weguelin, J. C.
Lloyd, E.	West, T.
Macgillycuddy, R.	Wilbraham, H.
Markby, T.	Wilkinson, A.
Methuen, F. P.	Williams, J.
Milbanke, H.	Willyams, J. K.
Millett, E.	Wolley, J.
Moor, A. P.	Wray, H.
Moore, J. S.	Wright, J.
Mowbray, G. T.	SIZARS.
Myddleton, R.	Grigson, W. S.
Nicholson, J.	Marillier, J. F.
Peacock, J. W.	Mellard, W.
Phelps, —	Russell, J.
Philpot, W. B.	Smith, J.
Potts, H. J.	Swatman, P.
Sarel, H.	Wilkinson, M. J.

MAGDALENE COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	Parkin, B.
Cocke, F. H.	Walker, J. J.
Grimston, F. S.	Woolley, J.
Heathcote, S. J.	SIZAR.
Micklethwait, S. N.	Lodge, J.
Neville, Hon. C.	

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONERS.	Oakes, O. P.
Fiske, E. F.	Pyne, E. M. D.
Didham, R. C.	Romanis, W.
PENSIONERS.	Rotton, J. E. W.
Clarkson, L. F.	Veasey, F.
Edwards, H.	Wilkins, T. H.
Fitzpatrick, J.	Williams, W. W.
Hodgson, E. D.	

SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE.

PENSIONERS.	Goddard, T.
Bere, C. W.	Thackeray, T.
Drew, D.	Thomson, F. F.
Gilbert, C.	

DOWNING COLLEGE.

FELLOW COMMONERS.	Roscow, T. T.
Edwards, J.	

CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEMS.

THE
BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By H. J. S. MAINE, Pembroke College.

"TU MARCELLUS ERIS."

WHICH of all sweetest things, that, long delayed,
Are by their lingering yet more precious made,
Has power to clothe the moment of its birth
With that rich joy that welcomes Thee to earth !
Ne'er, when we watched for spring, was half so sweet
The early violet bending at our feet—
No watchman e'er so welcomed from afar
The silver bursting of his beacon star—
No restless mourner, counting on their way
The stealing hours that usher in the day,
While night's bright cressets, paling one by one,
Proclaimed the weary time was almost done,
Started with such ecstatic joy to see
The darkness melted to transparency,
When morning on the distant hill-tops shed
Its first dim fringe of variable red.

Strange is our gladness, when another sun
Arises on another life begun,—
For signs most delicate of love are there,
The word scarce whispered, and the silent prayer,
The fixed eye, the gaze that will not part,
The o'ercharg'd fulness of the yearning heart,
An eloquence of welcome all unspoken,
As tho' by utterance the spell were broken.
But brighter moods of sparkling feeling prove
A nation in its majesty of love,
Glad eyes, and happy voices, and the sound
Of winged words that bear the tidings round,
And greetings soft in melody let fall
From lips by gladness made most musical,
The prayer of eager hope, that every hour
May spread new petals from the opening flower,
That western winds, which flutter round the bloom,
May add new virtues to its young perfume,
That tender hands, when tempests sweep along,
May guard right well its slender stem from wrong,
'Till, when life's summer follows on its spring,
The perfect man may form a perfect king.

O ! for the pencil of that dreamy fay*
Who haunts the footsteps of the dying day,
Whene'er in tropic climes the sunbeams leave
Her placid waters on a summer's eve !
There, when the sleeping sails look ghostly white
With argent broidery of the dew of night,
The tranced seaman sees beneath her hand
The heaving ocean stiffen into land,

* The appearances of the Calenture in the Tropic seas.

And shapely lines of cupola and dome
 Come mingling with the exile's cottage home.
 O! that the power who stains the twilight sea
 Would weave some gorgeous phantasy for thee,
 That, gently swimming o'er the mystic glass,
 The native land might in its beauty pass.
 Then pillar'd halls should glide beneath thy ken,
 And cities twinkling with the feet of men,
 And peasants' nestling cot, and faintest sheen
 Of low white walls upon the village green
 Spotted with groups at even, and at morn
 With slow wains bending 'neath the rustling corn.
 And then, with clustering vessels darken'd o'er,
 The crisp'd wave should kiss its yellow shore ;
 And islands shouldst thou see, that in the west
 The broad Atlantic pillows on his breast ;
 And cedarn depths of far lands, where the sun
 Sleeps when with us his glorious reign is done.
 These are thine heritage ; and yet of all
 That e'er was present to enchanter's call,
 What care hast thou ?—About thy cradled form
 The starry Dreams on silent pinions swarm.
 Softly, methinks, from crystal urns they drip
 Narcotic essence on thy parted lip—
 Smilingly parted—sure around thee glows
 Some mystic scene of infantine repose,—
 Some holy place, where never pain or care
 Come in the dreary guise on earth they wear ;
 Where some kind spirit of the Elysian isle
 Wins with bright visions thy unconscious smile,
 And charms to joy that universal woe
 Which thou wilt wake too soon again to know.
 Smile on—perchance that peaceful smile may be
 An earnest of thy future destiny.
 Sleep on—if Poesy hath word or spell
 To charm thy slumbers, thou shalt slumber well.
 Deep 'mid the Abbey's lines of chequer'd shade
 The mailed corpses of thy sires are laid ;
 There, sweeping daily o'er the chisell'd stone,
 The pealing anthems swell in solemn tone ;
 There, swinging in the nightwind's wierdlike breath,
 Sigh the broad banners o'er the dead beneath.
 Yet, wot we well, from every stone unsealed
 Troop the pale children of the storied eld ;
 The fathers to their son—for dear to them
 Art thou, so young a bud of such a stem :
 And two of all their helmets nearer bow,
 One dark as night*, and one with joyous brow†,
 E'en as the careless stripling laughed to view
 The quaint old Bacchanal that led his crew ;
 Yet both were warriors, and for England's right
 Plied their keen falchions stoutly in the fight :
 And now they press with steeled finger cold
 The silken coverlid's embroidered fold,
 Fitfully smiling, when the daybeams tinge
 Thy veined eyelid and its downy fringe.

* Edward the Black Prince.

† Henry Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V.

O! though we dream of phantoms ; though the dead
 Are not the watchers of thy peaceful bed —
 Thou hast no need of them, for o'er thy sleep
 Far gentler guardians silent vigil keep —
 Yet one*, methinks, a prince of holier fame,
 The latest scion of thy noble name,
 Might leave his heav'n thy sentinel to be,
 And shed his influence o'er thy couch and thee.
 He fought and conquered,—but his battle-field
 Knew not the contest of the spear and shield.
 Toil-worn was he,—but not with feats of blood,
 And weary—but with deeds of ceaseless good,
 Till, as a labourer at the close of day,
 Calmly and quietly he passed away ;
 But, in the little life he scarce began,
 The very child was more than bearded man.

And has not Fancy words of power, to bring
 Some gentle being from enchanted ring,
 One of those lovely sprites, who ne'er forgot
 In olden time to bless a prince's cot ?
 Methought she knew those denizens of air
 Who hold by Avon's stream their mossy lair,
 Where fairy feet along the pleasant meadow
 Trip 'mid the interchanging light and shadow,
 Where fairy spoils by tiny knights are won
 Beneath the arbitry of Oberon,
 And mantling acorn-cups are nightly filled
 With all the vintage that the rose distilled—
 Come, airy visitants ! and though ye trace
 No wondrous symbol on this childlike face,
 No mark of mystery, which every hour
 Works some new miracle of fairy power ;
 Yet worthier gifts obey your magic skill
 Than those, whose only law is changeful will.
 Give him, unlike the dreams which falsehood weaves
 About your western* flower's empurpled leaves,
 From all the vagrant thoughts that float round youth,
 First to discern, and then to choose the truth ;
 Give him to gain the steep, and deep below
 Behold the welling fount of knowledge flow ;
 Wake every faculty, as early dew
 Makes unborn germs to struggle into view —
 Then shall ye bless, when all your task is done,
 His royal mother with a royal son ;
 Then, gentle architects, your work shall stand
 The strong supporting pillar of the land.

Granta,—a nymph who holds her solemn sway
 'Mid towering pinnacle and cloister grey,
 Where, as a Sibyl o'er her leaves of yore,
 She cons her silent page of varied lore ;
 And oft the rapt enchantress reads afar
 The tangled orbit of each separate star,
 And knows the rainbow's spell, and how the tide,
 Endymion-like, doth haunt its silvery bride,—
 And now, when time has quenched the power which gave
 Etherial music to Castalia's wave,

* Edward VI.

† Shakspeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, (Act II. Scene 2.)

Has torn the magic from Hymettus' brow,
 And left Soracte nothing but her snow,
 She guards in many a speaking tome enrolled
 The glorious spirit of the days of old—
 This quiet votress of monastic cell
 With humblest verse, young stranger, greets thee well ;
 And twines, emerging from her letter'd gloom,
 Her sedgy chaplet in thy triple plume.

Then fare thee well ! and yet as o'er a lute
 The strong notes swell before the chords are mute,
 So to our ceasing lips unbidden stream
 The welcome accents of a holier theme.
 Since to one Teuton sire * of thine 'twas giv'n
 To aid of old the influences of Heav'n,
 Since once his good right hand preserved from scathe
 The stern Apostle of our dawning faith,
 Methinks, the vivid fire in him begun
 Works in th' immortal gift † that greets his son :
 For who can say that in the insensate mould
 Slept the bright spirit, when the limbs were cold,
 If from his fatherland the winds have sped
 Such blessed offerings for thy cradle's head !—
 Daughter of Zion, who from Horeb's brow
 Lookest in sadness on the plains below,
 Mothers their children have remember'd not,
 But Zion by her God was ne'er forgot ‡ :
 Look up, look up ! thro' swathes of rosy light
 The glorious sun is walking in his might.
 The day has broke o'er Judah ! never more
 Shall desolation gloom her sacred shore !
 Ne'er shall the wind among the willows § dank
 Shed mournful harpings o'er Euphrates' bank,
 For once again from many a land there come
 Those fainting exiles to their long-loved home !
 No more shall darkness hover o'er the hill
 Where that deep death-cry seems to linger still,
 But songs shall breathe o'er Jordan's lovely flow,
 That Salem knows the God she would not know,
 The silent city hears her Saviour's call,
 And sees him reign in Israel, all in all !

CÆSAR AD RUBICONEM CONSTITIT.

By H. J. S. MAINE, Pembroke College.

Nescio quid magni semper primordia cœpti
 Detinet, illapsumque moras interserit alto
 Proposito : minime, credo, quia mascula virtus
 Alserit, instantis molem aversata pericli ;
 Sed notos mutare Lares, placidumque tenorem

* The preservation of Luther from the emissaries of the Emperor Charles V., and the members of the Diet of Worms by the Elector of Saxony, the direct ancestor of Prince Albert. A.D. 1521.

† In this and the following lines the foundation of the Bishopric of Jerusalem by the King of Prussia is alluded to,

‡ " But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb ? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."—Isaiah xlix. 14, 15.

§ Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

Anteactæ vitæ, et quicquid subrisimus olim,
 Insomni curâ, paulisper euntibus ægor
 Unde oriatur, habet. Nimirum incepta morantur,
 Quo nova more dies: nec enim se protinus æther
 Induit* in lucem, verum color incipit arces
 Nare per Eoas sensim, sensimque coruscâ
 Nox afflata rotâ refugo pallescit amictu,
 Dum magis auricomum Sol et magis explicat orbem.

Ergo ubi discretas Rubico nitidissimus oras
 Prænatat, et saxa irriguo circumlita musco
 Hybernâs cavat auctus aquis, in margine Cæsar
 Constitit; ipse, tubâ ut primum reparabilis Echo
 Auditâ insonuit, vitreoque iterata fluento
 Ripa repercuta est longis prætexta manipulis,
 Figier actutum vexilla undantia in udo
 Cespitem, quæ, flavos sine fraude experta Britannos
 Et Boreale gelu, prima hæc dispendia nôrant,
 Jusserat; ah! felix, animum si forte morantis
 Intrasset pietas, quæ, talem† utcunque recessum
 Et varios flores et conscia senserit arva
 Præsentem spirare Deum, nota incola ruris
 Vim bibit usque novam! felix, si lucida Nais,
 Bacchati tutela loci, cui cara susurrans
 Fronde salix trepidâ et ventoso lilia nutu,
 Anteisset niveâ reprimens vestigia dextrâ.
 At tactu nec nympha levi, nec Naide major
 Obstabat pietas, quum pictæ ille advena sedis
 Admonitus sacros reducemque impune timorem
 Arceret, dictis affatus talibus amnem.

"Qui mihi qui querulo saltus interstrepis æstu,
 Rivule, tam tenui lymphâ tam magna moratus,
 Fontibus innatus quamvis exilliter arctis
 Non breve limen amas ripæ, sed longius æquo
 Volveris, assiduus stillantium exesor agrorum;
 Me quoque, quæ sæpe in superis procul exulat auris,
 Ignea vis animi jubet isto vividus utar
 Incursu, similiaque tui majora capessam;
 Talis ego audacter spernam terrestria, talis
 Affectem stellas, volitare per ora virorum
 Certus et insignis claræ subscribier† urnæ.—
 At, testor cælum et si quid divinius audit,
 Non temere advenio: lapsæ succurrere legi
 Si vetitum, et versos revocare in pristina mores,
 Admissum est scelus hoc, fateor;—tu spiritus aræ
 Vestalis, tuque usque tuæ Stator arbiter urbis,
 Et vos Indigetes, faciles ignoscite nostro
 Delicto: Brutos quippe hæc delinquere mecum
 Novi ego, Virginiosque truces. Certe, optime Consul,
 Non tu, venalisve audet, tua cura, Senatus
 Talia."—

Continuo cupidas ex ordine turmas
 Transtulit; at fama est Capitoli immobile saxum

* —"quum nux e plurima silvis
 Induet in florem." VIRG. *Georg.* I. 187.

† Vid. "Eustace's Classical Tour," tom. I. cap. vii.

‡ "Si quæret Pater Urbium
 Subscribi statuis" HOR. *Od.* III. 24. 27.

Eloquio mussasse Deum, tanquam aurea septem
 Libertas colles et non sua templa relinquens
 Spiraret tacita auritæ per compita Romæ
 Exequiale melos. Vicini ah! numina ruris,
 Fasne erat in solitiis, temeraria turba, latebris
 Securos agitasse dies, quibus Ansonis ora
 Et Latium curæ et rerum pulcherrima Roma?
 Nonne foret satius, ni frigida vena negasset,
 Indutis roseo solidas de lumine formas
 In mediâ emicuisse viâ? Semperne tacetis,
 Illustres heroum animæ, quibus incubat udo*
 Pollice Ver sanctis intexens sarta sepulchris?
 Emerito numquid cineri manet, unde nepotes
 Affletis virtute patrum? Genuisse Camillum
 Scilicet, immotique fidem vidiæse Cætonis
 Profuit invictæ, quum sic delinquitur, urbi!
 Anne hoc regis opus, cui Nais amata loquaces
 Inter aquas liquido quondam præcepta labello
 Edidit, et mediis immiscuit oscula verbis,
 Si sit postgenitis leges et tradita sacra
 Copia temnendi, cui præceps cunque libido
 Suaserit infensum patriæ procudere ferrum?

Nimirum tacitâ si surda indormiat æthrâ
 Majestas flammæ, at sceleri memor assidet usque
 Invigilans Nemesis: dic nobile marmor, et alti
 Dic madidum tu altare Jovis, quæ vulnera nôras,
 Et conjuratis nudata sub ensibus ossa,
 Lethalesque Idus, et non sine vindice Romam.

Quisquis eris, qui mente vagâ præconia laudum
 Præripis et causas nectens ante ausa moraria,
 Siste pedem: plausus aliis inhiare secundos
 Cordi sit, sterilique comam præcingere lauru,
 At tu impune caput violâ et crinalibus uvis
 Impedias, sortique vaces inglorius arctæ.
 Hic nemus, hic flores, hic puri suavior haustus
 Aeria, illucetque latex, et roscida Tempe
 Motantur Zephyro, et crispâ signata figurâ
 Herba tremit, choreas Dryadum testata recentes:
 Seria sin mavis, facilis tibi seria præbet
 Nostra quies; vitæ præsto est tranquillior usus,
 Qua Sophiamque colas, dulcesque ante omnia Musas,
 Nescius incerto rerum miscerier æstu.

* "When Spring, with dewy finger cold,
 Returns to dress their hallowed mould." COLLINS.

GREEK ODE.

By W. G. CLARKE, Trinity College.

AD DEXTRAM DE VIA DECLINAVI UT AD PERICLIS SEPULCHRUM
 ACCEDEREM.

Αἰγίδος δέσποινα, φίλα Θεᾶων,
 εἴ ποκ' ἀσμένα πολιόσχος τε
 ἔκλυες μάτηρ τέ, τὺ δ' εἰ γ' ἀλαθῶς
 εἴσοχ' ἐτίμης

εὐχοροῦς ἰσπλοκάμους Ἀθάνας—
 ἀλλὰ νῦν τῷδ' ἔνθε, τεῦ τε χωρᾷ
 γὰρ τ' ἐπωνύμα μογερώς ἐχούσα
 σίμμαχος ἔσσο.

πᾶ, θεά, ποκ' ἦσθ' ὅτ' ἔκλυσθεν ἄστυ
κῦμ' ἐπαλῶδων, μαροῖς πόδεσσι
τὸν τὶν ἐντιμόν ποκα Παρθενῶνα
ἐμπατεόντων;

φει', μάταν λιτᾶν ἐχόμεσθα' κωφοὶ
οἱ θεοὶ, λάθων δὲ τρέφοντι' κούκετ'
οὐδεν, ὦ πόλις, τιν ὀρημι λοιπὸν
πλὰν στονάχισθεν.

ἦνιδ' ἱροῖς σάμασιν ὡς ἀναιδῆς
αἰξ' ἐπενθρώσκει' κατέχοντ' ἐρήμας
ἐστίας ὥις ὄφιος, χρόνῳ δ' ἐχ-
θροῖο συνεργὸς

εἰσεφέρποις* ἀγριέλαιος αὐλᾶν*
κίονας φθέρρει' τάδε μουν' ἐπ' ἐντὶ
τᾶς πάλαι χρυσοστεφάνου χλιδῆς e-
ρεῖπῖ, Ἀθῶναι.

ἀλλὰ μὰν τεῶν ἀρετὰν ἄωτος
οὐ φθίνει περιπλομέναις ἐν ὥραις
οὐδὲ γηράσκει, γλυκίων δ' ἐπ' ἄμαρ
αὐξεται αἰέν.

τίς γὰρ ἐρδόντων κάλ' ἐπισβέσει' ἂν
φιλιτάταν μνάμαν τε κλεῶς τ' αἰώνων;
οὔτε Ῥωμαίων μένος οὔτε τοῦ Βυσ-†
δάντιον ἱρὸν

βαρβάρους ἀγρεύντος ἀναριθμοῖσι.
ὥς δ' ὅκ' εἰν Ὑπερβορείς δέδυκε †
ἄλιος μὲν, ὦραν ἄμφλέγοντι δ'
ἀφθιτοὶ αὐγαί,

τῶς ἐπ' οὐ τέθνακ' ἀνέρων παλαιῶν
οὔνομ', οὐς κρύναισα μύχοισιν αἶα
ἀγκάλισμ' ἔχει φίλον' ἀμπνέει τε
Κηρὸς ἄγευστος

Θάσσεος βία, βασιλεὺς τε Κῶδρος
ἐς πυλᾶς ἐκὼν Ἀῖδα κατενθῶν,
εὐγενοῦς τ' Ἀλκμαίονος οὐ κέκρυπται
ἔκγονος ἐσλος,

ὅσπερ ἐκ παγᾶς ἀρετὰν βαθείας
πῖν' ἄκρατον νᾶμα, Θεοῖς δὲ σὺν νευ-
σαισι, δῶρ' ἐὰ κεφαλᾷ γέρεα τε
κλεινότατ' εὖρε.

καὶ τί πλεὺν ὕμνοις κεν ἀναδράμοιμες §
ἢ τὰ σ', ὦ Περικλέες, ἔργα κενά;
ῥήσιες δ' ὦν φάντ' ἀδόλως πέτοισαι
ὡς Ἀγαρίστq

ματρὶ τᾷ σᾷ γεινομένη παρέμμεν
ἡξίων Μοῖσαι χάριτες θ' ἅμ' εὔνοι,
τᾶν καλαῖς λύραν διδαχαῖσι Φειδῶς
αιολόφωνον,

ἐκ μάχας φίλησθα δόμον κατενθῶν
ἐν κλαδί σκίφος τε φορῆν ἐλαίας,
ἄδεμὲν τε κυδιάνειραν αἰχμᾶν
Ἀρμόδιόν τε.

τεῦ δ' ἀδακότος ποχ' ἵπνῃ πλάναισί τ', ||
ἐν μελαμφύλλοις κορυφαῖς Ὑμέττου
χείλε' εὐῶδει κατέβρεξαν ἰῶ
φύλα μελίσσᾶν.

ἐν χρόνῳ δ' ἥριστεφάνοιο κάρπον
ἐκφορῶν ἄβας—τίς ἄρ' ἦν ἐνός τεῦ
εὐστόμοις παραγορίαισι πειθούς
φέρτερος ἄλλος

μήττις στρέφειν ἀέκοιτας ὄρθαν
εἰς ἀλάθειαν, χάριτος δ' ἀναγκαῖς
αὐτὸν δεσπόσδων ἐπ' ἐλευθέροισιν
ἐμβασίλευεν

ὃς βαρυφθόγγου κελαδεύματ' ὄχλον
ἄφρονα κτύπον τε τίθειες παρ' οὐδέν'
ὃς στάσιν δάμνησθα κακῆν, Τυφῶα
θυρίος ὡς Σδεύς.

σαῖς βολαῖς πασᾶν ἀρετᾶν δρέποισα]
ἄνθος, ἃ τεὰ πόλις ἐξέλαμψε
δεινὸν ὡς, εἰν Ἑλλαδί τ' ἐμπρέποισα
τὰς βαθυπλούτου

Θρακίας δάμασσε γυνᾶς, θαλάσσας
ἄσχατ'· εἰθ' ὅσας γε φόρησι νάσους
κόλπος Αἰγαίοιο, Σάμον Χίον τε
παί πλόεσαν,

ἦρξ' ἀπασᾶν ἃ πτόλις οἶ' ἐπασχες,
μάρψ' ὅκ' ἀγρίαισι Νόσος χέρεσσι
κλεινὸν οἰακοστρόφον, ἐς κακῶν Χάρ-
υβδιν ἀφύκτων

ἐμπετοῖσ' ἀπειροπλόων στρόβιαις
ποιμένων, μάταν δὲ πόθους ἀρίστου
ἀνέρος, πρύμναν θαμίν' ὃς κλάδοισιν
ἐστεφε δάφνας

ἐκ κακῶν σώσαις χαρίεντ' ἐς ὄρμον
κῆνος ὦν βέβακε, πάτρις δὲ τύμβῳ,
ζῶος ἂν φίλασε μάλιστα, ἔχει νιν
γαῖα θανόντα.

* Cf. Ion. 185.

† Videlicet, Mahmound II. Tureorum rex.

‡ In regionibus Lapland, Iceland, &c. post occasum solis lux diutissime manet.

§ Cf. Pindar. Ol. 8. 54.

|| Cf. Iliad. x. 98. et Hor. Od. III. 4.

τοῖον ὦν λαχὼν πότμον, ἐκ μεριμνᾶν
καὶ βίου λυθεῖς μαλ' ἑκαλὸς εὐδαι'
εἰ δὲ δὴ σᾶμ' ἄμμες ἄγαν ποθεύσιν
οὐκέθ' ὄρημες

ὁππάτεσσιν, ἀλλ' ἀνέρων γὰρ ἐσλῶν
πᾶσα γὰρ τάφος, φθιμένων δ' ἐπ' ἔργος
ἄφθιτος χάρις φρενὸς ἐγγέγραπτα
μνάμοσι δέλτος.

LATIN ODE.

By H. J. S. MAINE, *Pembroke College.*

NAVIS ORNATA ATQUE ARMATA IN AQUAM DEDUCITUR.

Si, murmurantūm garrula fontium
Proles, sacratæ gestit originis
Flumen recordari, suæque
Ulla fugit memor unda ripæ,
Teque et Deorum quicquid amans tui
Vivi immoratur, Thamesi, pumicis
Antro, Britannorum venustam
Crediderim meminisse terram,
Seu tu susurros inter arundinum
Carptim quieto lilia mordeas *
Humore, aive, auctu tumescens
Et sociâ reparatus urnâ,
Mireris arcem, et dædala Curis
Cæmenta Divo præside firmius †
Exstructa, collatamque classem, et
Aerios, tua fræna, pontes.
Est usque nostris cur, pater, annuas
Cœptis, et O! cur non sine plurimâ
Jam pace labentem secundes
Stratus aquam: nec enim faveri
Laus deerit: ah! si nescius effluas
Quid gens amatam fortis ob insulam
Possimus, et commistus æstu
Oceanî resonos videbis
Campos tuorum carbasa civium
Densare: cives, flos sacer amnium,
Precamur immissam carinæ
Excipias sine fraude molem:
Sic inter undas nobilis audies,
Nec suavior nec carior alveum
Rivus pererrabit, citato
Quotquot agunt cava saxa fluctu.
Ergo superbâ undantia purpurâ
Impune leni flamine inhorreant
Vexilla, compôstique fusum
Thamesidos speculata marmor,
Turba innocentem ludere gestiat
Ludum, et corollis ‡ ningere; dum sonos
Expromit infractos imago, et
Ripa vagum bibit icta plausum.

* — "Liris quieta
Mordet aqua." HOR. *Od.* I. 31, 7.

† Utpote flammis recens absumpta.

‡ — "Ninguntque rosarum
Floribus." LUCRET. II. 628.

Itur! ruentis conscius advensæ
Lubenter amnis dissilit: audio
Quos rauca Divos plebs vocârît,
Inque vices male certa linguam

Inter cadentem verba silentio,
Quùm nympha proræ (jussit enim Venus
Marina) votivos lacchi
Det latices; Genium apprecata,

Qui sæpe nostros per media expedit
Duella, ne non velivolas trabes
Gubernet, et custos profectos,
Sidus uti, tneatur Anglos.

Olim, ut vetustam nutriit illitâ
Cum veste musci pensilis arborem*
Annus reviviscens, et æthræ
Spiritus, ambrosiique rores,

Hæc, nota sedes alituum choro †,
Texebat, imos frondibus obserens
Ramos, odoratum cubile
Qua tenues violæ laterent,

Et prata amantis flos humilis rosæ,
Thymumque, et omnis copia narium,
Et cara Silvano scateret
Egelido pia lympha lapsu:

At dura trunci surpuit humidam
Bipennis umbram, scilicet oscula
Mellita mutantis Favoni
Fluctisonâ rabie: sed istud

Ne tu timendum plus nimio putes,
O Navis; ut te cunque leves aquæ
Rodunt, ut antennas sonantis
Cunque fugax quatit ala venti,

Tu sanctioris dium opus ingeni
Usque enitescis: mentibus additam
Testaris humanis sacratæ
Particulam, vaga quercus, auræ!

Hâc arte dudum enisa Britannia ‡
Ambire § nexis littora turribus
Dediscit, hâc major paratâ
Materie, solidoque saxo.

Quid mirum! ubi undas sic temerè ambulans||
Tumultuantis signa movet froti
Secura, natalique in æstu
Æquoreos posuit Penates!

* Scil.: Quercum, unde contextitur Navis.

† "Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis." HOR. *Od.* II. 2. 10.

‡ "Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep." CAMPBELL.

§ "Oras ambiit auro."— VIRG. *Æn.* X. 143.

|| Ita usurpatur.

Quin quære pontum ; et Pleiadum chorus,
 Et si quid inter sidera purius
 Candescit, illucens eunti
 Subveniat : neque tu minorum

Ibis favori credita numinum,
 Cui, fabulosâ luce potentior
 Pollucis, in prorâ sedebit
 Effigies venerando tanti

Herois* : ille ille abdita dexterâ
 Saxa indicabit præviâ, et suo
 Gaudebit infuso calore ad
 Arma suos stimulâsse cives !

Testis quid illi debeat Anglia
 Devictus undæ potor Ibericæ,
 Et Nilus, Arctoumque regnum, et
 Tu† trifidi decus, Iri, signi

Derepta malo ; nec tamen Elysi
 Est vel moranti in vallibus ignium
 Permissa majestas, et alti
 Sceptra maris : Deus ipse ponto,

Ipse inquietis invigilat vadis :
 Ipsius, ægri seu salis arbiter
 Fluctus apricantes coloret
 Assiduus Phaethontis ardor,

Sive instet Eurus, seu genus excubet
 Hostile, malo quominus hæreat
 Aplustre, componet minister
 Triste fretum, facilesque velis

Infundet auras, nec jubar aureum
 Non exserentem lampada sauciæ
 Prætendet, infidumque noctu
 Ætheriâ reget arte præsens

Tutela clavum : quin age fortiter,
 Quod prisca virtus insita navitis
 Suadebit, incisumque puppi
 Præcipiet tibi nomen†, aude.

I, temne ventum et prælia destina
 Audax secundo Numine : sit tibi
 Ad Seras, ad Calpen, ad Arcton
 Per liquidos via fausta tractus.

* Nelson.

† "The Tricolor."

‡ Trafalgar.

EPIGRAMMATA.

By W. G. CLARK, Trinity College.

IS SOLUS NESCIIT OMNIA.

Μοῦνος Ἀρισταγόρας Μυκάλην οὐκ ἄδεν ἔχουσιν
 Πυγμαίου τε φυὴν Αἰθιοπὸς τε χρόον,
 Ἐανθιπτόγλωσσον μάλ' ἔουσιν ἀμετροεπὴν τε
 Καὶ γὰρ ἐρᾷ Μυκάλης μοῦνος Ἀρισταγόρας.

PARI INCEPTO EVENTUS DISPAR.

ACCEPERE togam simul Autolycusque Lycusque,
 Ingenio, famâ, moribus, ære, pares.
 Quæsierant eadem "volitare per ora virorum,"
 Arte malâ Autolycus:—Quid Lycus? arte malâ.
 Ille latet fraudans; se in magnos tollit honores:
 Proditus hic sese sustulit in—laqueum.

By G. DRUCE, *St. Peter's College.*

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.* ACT IV. Sc. 1.

KING.

O CEREMONY, show me but thy worth!
 What is the soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream;
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour, to his grave;
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ.

ὦ σχῆμά μοι τύραννον, ὡς παρ' οὐδέν εἰ
 τῷδ' ἀνδρί· τίς δὴ τῆς γε θωπείας χάρις;
 οὐδέν γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν θρόνος τυραννικός,
 κληδὼν τε, καὶ τιμὴ τις εὐπρεπὴς ἔφνυς,
 δεινὸν τιν' ἐμβαλοῦσα τοῖς πέλας φόβον
 ἐν οἷς φοβῶν τις ἦσσαν ἢ φοβούμενος
 γέγηθεν. ἄρ' οὐκ ὀλέθριον θωπευμάτων
 πίνεις θάμ' ἰόν, φίλτατον σέβας δοκοῦν;
 καὶ δὴ νοσήσεις μοί ποτ', ὦ σεμνὸν κράτος,
 εἴτ' ἀξίου σὸν σχῆμά σοι μῆχος φορεῖν,
 ἡγεί γὰρ ἡγεί τοῖσδε φυσηθὲν κλέος
 θωπεύμασιν φλέγουσαν ἂν σβέσαι νόσον;
 ἄρ' ἦδ' ἂν ἐδρῶν γονυπετῶν ὦραν νέμοι;
 εἰ δ' αὖ κελεύεις πρὸς σε τὸν πτωχὸν πεσεῖν,
 ἐνεξίας ἔξεστι τῆς κείνου τυχεῖν;
 οὐκ ἔστι ταῦτα, σέμνοφρον φάντασμ', ὃ νοῦν
 ἀνακτος ὧδ' ἐκλεψας· ἀλλ' ἀναξ γεγὼς
 ἀνὴρ ὃδ' ἐξεύρηκεν ἣν ἔχεις φύσιν.
 οὐ γὰρ ποθ' ἀγνὰ χρίσματ', εὐ δ' ἐπίσταμαι,
 οὐ σκῆπτρον, οὐδ' ἀγάλματ', οὐδὲ τοῦν χεροῖν
 βάκτρον, ἕψος τε, καὶ στέφος τυραννικόν,
 οὐ ποικίλη χρωσὴ τε καὶ λίθοις στολή,
 οὐδ' αὖ προπομπὸς βασιλέως, ὠγκωμένη
 κληδὼν, θρόνος θ' ὃν ἵζεται, χλιδὴ θ' αἶμα,
 ἢ πόλλ' ἐπὶρρέουσα κύματος δίκην
 κλύζει τὰ θνητά, ταῦτα δ' οὐχ ἅπαντά σοι,
 τρεῖς ἀγλαὸν σχῆμ', οὐδ' ἐν εὐπρέπτῳ λέχει
 κοιμώμεν', οὐκ ἂν ὕπνον ὧδ' εὐδαί γλυκύν
 ὡς ἄθλιός τις δούλος, ὃς τὸ σῶμα μὲν
 πληρὴς, κενὸς δὲ φροντίδων, ἀναψυχὴν
 ἰὼν τάχ' εὔρετ', ἐπικόνου μεστὸς βορᾶς·
 κοῦκ εἶδ' ἀπεχθὴ νύκτα, Ταρτάρου γόνον,
 λάτρεις δ' ὅπως τις, ἡλίου κατ' ὅμμ' αἰεῖ,
 ἀπ' ἀντολῆς ἕως ἂν αὖ δύνη φάος,
 στάξας ἰδρώτα νύκθ' ὅλην εὐδαιμόνως
 καθεύδεν, εἴτα δ' ἐξ ὕπνου μεθ' ἡμέραν
 ὥρμησ' ἀναστὰς ἡλίου ζεύξων δίφρον,
 οὕτω δὲ τῷ τρέχοντι συντρέχων ἔτει
 ἔστ' ἂν θανὴ κερδιστον ἔσπευσεν πόνον.
 οὗτος δ' ὃ τλήμων, σχῆμά γ' εἰ μὴδὲν παρῆν,
 κάμπτων πόνῳ μὲν ἡμέρας, νύκτας δ' ὕπνῳ,
 πάντως ἂν ἔζη βασιλέως κρείσσω βίον·
 ὅστις γε, δούλος ὢν περ, εἰρήνης τυχὼν
 κοινὴς ἐπηῦρετ', ἀλλ' ὅμως, νωθρὸν φρονῶν,
 οὐκ οἶδ' ὅσον δεῖ βασιλεία τηροῦντ' ἔχειν,
 ὅπως αἰεὶ βέβαιος εἰρήνη μενεῖ,
 ἢ βούκολον μέλλει τιν' αὐξήσειν πλέον.



